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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1846.

VISIT TO MR. O'CONNELL AT DERRYNANE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I BELIEVE it was in 1835, that, on occasion of a public meeting at Nottingham, to petition for some reform in Ireland, in the course of a speech, I alluded to the great men and women whom that country had produced, and the benefits which we had derived in politics, literature, and philosophy, through their means. When I came to the mention of the name of Daniel O'Connell, and had stated my opinions of his services, not only to his own beautiful but oppressed country, but to the great and general cause of liberty and humanity, the people, in a fit of generous enthusiasm, rose *en masse*, and cried, "We will have him down to dinner!" My friend Mr. Boothby, now of the London bar, immediately responded, as a town-*councillor*, and leading person of the place, "We *will*!" The invitation was given; was accepted; and the public dinner to the Irish Liberator will be long remembered by the assembled thousands and tens of thousands who witnessed his entrance, as one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations of the noblest sympathies of Englishmen with the labours of the great champions of freedom.

During that entertainment, I was necessarily thrown into close communication with Mr. O'Connell; and he was kind enough to say, that he hoped, some day, to have the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Howitt and myself to Ireland. Being, therefore, this autumn, not only in Ireland, but at Killarney, I could not resist the temptation of paying my respects to Mr. O'Connell in his mountain home on the wild shores of the Atlantic.

I know well how deeply interesting the account of such a visit, to such a man and such a place, will be to vast numbers, both in this and other countries; and shall therefore here describe it, so far as can be done without trenching upon that domestic privacy which no one has a right to infringe, and of which no one can demand the display.

The wilds of Kerry, in which Derrynane lies, are by far the most bold and savage in their aspect of any part of Ireland which I have yet visited. To see as much as possible of them, I did not take the ordinary route from Killarney by Killorglin and Cahirciveen, but proceeded to the town of Kenmare, and thence, along the shores of the Kenmare river, to Derrynane. A finer drive is rarely to be found, than that from Killarney to the Pass of Coom Dhuv: it leads amid the mountains surrounding the Upper Lake. On the left hand, the wild heights of Turk Mountain tower above you; on the right, you successively gaze on the beautiful Turk Lake, on the bold cliff of the Eagle's Nest, and then on all the desolate mountains around the Upper Lake; on its own winding waters, and brown wilderness-banks, scattered with crags and rocks. The whole way to Coom Dhuv is one continual ascent; now passing beneath the feet of the mountains, deep between woods and thickets, in which the foliage of the arbutus is conspicuous; and then emerging evermore to enchanting views, over waters and mountains of a solitary, stern, but magnificent beauty. Beyond the Pass of Coom Dhuv, the scenery becomes still more stern and desolate. You wind along the sides of the most naked hills, whose black crags have been rent through with gunpowder, to make the road you travel; and the whole country before you, as it opens out, is dreary moorland, with a few scattered and wretched huts.

Alighting from the stage-car at Kenmare, one of those places which you hardly know whether to call a small town or a large village, I found the landlord of the inn where the car stopped, busily engaged in chopping a huge piece of beef into sundry lesser portions, amid a throng of ragged people, and a chaos of tubs, potato-baskets, and the like. The large rambling inn, with its dirty passages, its great peat-fire in its large desolate kitchen; its bare-legged women; its one great room—a sort of half lumber, half store-room; another filled with smoking guests, reminded me of many a similar *gasthaus* in out-of-the-world German villages. But what concerned me more nearly, the landlord coolly demanded just double the established fare for a car thence to Sneam, the next place. As I had received a hint at Killarney of the extortionate demands of this man, who calculates on strangers not being able to procure any conveyance elsewhere, I stepped across the road to a Mr. James Sullivan's, with whose name I had been provided. It was my destiny here, however, to have a specimen of the difficulty of getting out a small place, sometimes, in Ireland. Mr. Sullivan was out: gone to get his hay in the very neighbourhood to which I wished to proceed—that of Sneam; and his wife had the horse and the car, but nobody to drive it.

"Could nobody be got?—Surely there were plenty of men in Kenmare who could drive a car?" I suppose there were some dozens at that moment standing about the streets, with not the slightest visible sign of any thing to do; but the good woman shook her head.

"No; she was afraid not."

She had two grown-up bare-legged daughters, and these she sent hither and thither, but they came back without success. "No; Murphy, nor Ryan, nor Coglan,—none of them would go."

"Surely," said I, "employment cannot be so *very* scarce in Ireland as it is said to be. Not a man in Kenmare that is desirous, or has time to earn half-a-crown, by driving a car for one stage!"

"One would think not," said the woman. She paused to think.—"Biddy, your brother must go. Run and fetch him."

Away went the light-footed girl; and judge of my consternation, when I learned that this brother —the eldest son of Mrs. Sullivan, a lad of seventeen—was at plough some mile and half off! A good part of an hour was spent in waiting for this youth; but at length came his sister, hot with running, to say—"No; Egan would not leave the plough."

The good woman was now in despair. "I never knew such a lad as that," said she. "But there is another car in the town. Run, Biddy! and show the jintleman."

Biddy led me a good way down to a shop; but the person in the shop—a woman again—said, "No; their horse was out." Adding, with a significant look, "The landlord at the inn is the man for a car; a very *raisonable* man; and has iligant cars."

A light now broke upon me. The people were all afraid of this landlord; and returning to Mrs. Sullivan, I told her my opinion.

"There your honour has just hit on it," said she; "and that's the raison none of the men dare go to drive; for he'll not give any of them a day's work, that go with any *opposition* car."

I now began to fear that I must submit to the man's charges, and return to him; but Mrs. Sullivan began to show a proper zeal, and said she would have a man if it cost double what the landlord wanted. So out the daughter ran again. They showed vast interest in the affair; and, after flying hither and thither, came in triumph to say, that Dennis O'Shaughnessy would go, and the watchman was coming to harness the horse, and get him into the car. Presently the watchman, a tall, thin old fellow, appeared; and after trying first one bridle, and then another, and finding the traces wrong, and then that the doors of the shed where the car stood could not be got open, and the two girls going to push and shake at the doors on the other side of the street,—and half the street being up,—and one of the girls having to get in at a back window to undo the door inside,—at length out came the car, and out, *through the house* where I was sitting, came the great black horse to be put into it; and Dennis O'Shaughnessy appeared too, and away we went.

Our road lay along the banks of the Kenmare river, as it is called; that is, along a fine arm of the sea, running all the way from Derrynane, at its mouth hither, a distance of six-and-twenty miles. I do not know when I have enjoyed a drive more. To our left lay this fine sea-river, breezy and fresh, and beyond it rose wild moorland mountains, interspersed with patches of cultivation. The road, a new one, ran near the rocky shores of this ocean-stream, and the region into which we advanced became wilder and wilder. All round were nothing but naked and stony mountains, the highest ranges of which were the greenest. The lower regions were one chaos of bare stony ridges, and through these the road was cut. They were of a sort of clay-slate—the strata turned up, as it were, edgeways, and all worn and rounded by the action of the atmosphere, and of wintry tempests. Many of the rocky ranges resembled ships turned keel upwards; and between these were stuck, here and there, the huts of the peasantry. With the exception of the house and plantations of Mr. Dennis Mahoney, which lay down below us, between the road and the banks of the Kenmare river,—one old tower, peeping over the woods with good effect,—we saw scarcely any other than the huts of the poor. At one place we crossed, by a bridge, the romantic stream of the Blackwater, a mountain river lying deep between its rocky banks, and its rapid waters, dashed from one stony ledge to another, sufficiently suggestive of its name from their dark hue. Here my driver, with a true feeling of the beautiful in nature, would not be satisfied without my getting down from the car to look over the bridge on each side. Far below lay the roaring stream; and the lofty banks, beautifully wooded, showed to peculiar effect in this naked and stony region. As we proceeded again, my driver lamented that the recent act of Parliament, regulating the salmon-fishing, had completely deprived the proprietors here of the fishery altogether. From some cause, which naturalists perhaps may be able to explain, the salmon ascends some rivers long after the usual time of its ascent of fresh streams. This was the case here; and the termination of the salmon-fishing, by the act, early in September, found the fish only *beginning* to ascend this and other rivers in Ireland; and thus terminated the fishing here at its very commencement. The same complaint I heard in other places in Ireland.

A little beyond the Blackwater, a man suddenly slid down from a wagon-load of hay that met us. It was James Sullivan, who recognised his own car. Sending his wagon home by the man, he insisted on driving me himself; and a more hearty, communicative driver it was impossible to have. He went on telling me of all that concerned the whole country round; of Lord Lansdowne's estate, —that country of moorland and mountain,—stretching, I suppose, twenty miles along the other side of the Kenmare river; of the subterranean forests, of which great pine trees lay by the roadside; and a hundred other things. Anon he jumped off at a small public-house to give his horse some meal and water; and here I must go in and have a glass of whisky-toddy. A strange

scene it was. Half-a-dozen ragged people, old and young, squatted on the dirty mud-floor, round a peat-fire on the hearth, over which boiled a large kettle of cabbage, the savoury fumes of which seemed to disturb the dreams of a family of young pigs, which lay under a wooden couch by the wall, and pillowed their heads on pieces of turf. The landlord, posted within his counter, which partitioned off the business part of the apartment, and formed, in Irish fashion, a sort of half-bar, half-shop, with candles and bread also to sell, — set us out our glasses of toddy, and told me his adventures in London, where he had gone to seek employment as a baker, but could get none; Irish bakers and butchers, as he assured me, not being patronized in London, owing to their making bread, and dressing meat, in a totally different style from the English.

Arrived at Sneam as night was setting in, what was my consternation to find that there was no such thing as a car kept in the place; and James Sullivan was obliged to go back! Here I was, at some dozen miles from Derrynane, in a miserable Irish village, with no apparent means of escaping the next day. The landlady said that nothing in the world was there on wheels, but the common cars of the peasantry, except the gig of the Catholic priest; but that Mr. Welch was so good a man, that "Sure if he knew where I was going, he would lend it me." The thing did not appear quite so probable to me. Why should the good priest lend his *gig, the sole* decent vehicle in the place, to any *perfect* stranger that came there? But necessity has no law; and so away I went, guided by two bare-legged damsels, across some dark fields, to make this unconscionable request of the worthy priest. Mr. Welch, a clever and gentlemanly-looking man, received me and my statement with the greatest possible courteousness, and said that he would lend me, with all the pleasure in the world, both gig and horse, if I could wait till twelve o'clock; but that, having to go out to do duty at early mass, he could not be back before. *If I could wait!* The question was, if I could, by any means whatever, get away. I accepted the benevolent priest's offer with all possible thanks; and, after a long conversation with himself, and two other gentlemen whom I found there, took my leave. My stout landlady, who kept every now and then giving the greatest sighs and groans, as if she was in some deep trouble, — and yet, when I talked to her, laughed as heartily and merrily, — declared that I should find "the most iligant entertainment in her house, to be had any where between there and Dublin;" and though it did not *quite* come up to that amplitude of promise, it was far better than could have been expected, from the aspect of the wild country, the rueful village, and the inn itself, which, instead of a back-door, had a nice little pigstye, just where it should have been, opening into the house. But what a blow awaited me in the morning! The good woman informed me—how could it have been otherwise?—that the priest had been up betime, and had come there to say that he had got a call into the country, and had the rheumatism so bad in his back that he could not go without his gig; and, indeed, why should he? And, therefore, he was extremely grieved; but he could not have the pleasure of obliging the gentleman. I had an inward fear of this. The state of things had appeared really too supernaturally good; but what was to be done? At this moment, a car, with only a single gentleman in it, drove by, and out darted the landlady, with a wild cry, and pursued it, shouting amain. The car stopped. There was a short parley. The good woman appeared all tongue and eloquence. The jolly, broad-backed gentleman gave a shake of the head, and drove on.

"Oh! the mane man. Oh! the mane, unfeeling cratur!" came Mrs. M'Guin back, exclaiming; "And he to be going to Darrynane, and all alone; and to lave a poor, strange jintleman, that would ha' bin sich good company for him, when he's nobody but himself in the car? Och! it's quite unchristian althegither!"

"How could you ask him such a thing?" said I.

"How could I ask him! Why, wouldn't any body but a brute baste be glad to take a rale jintleman along wid him, that was left all shipwrecked, as one may say, and no manes of getting along; and he, the great fat cratur, wanting somebody all the time, if it were only to balance the car! 'Ah! he's a rale jintleman—a rale out and out jintleman,' says I to him, 'an' is going to the Liberator's.' And what does he say but, 'Why don't you keep a car yourself, Mrs. M'Guin? This is my own private car, and I'll take nobody at all up on the road,' says he. Will the gates o' heaven take him in, I wonder, when he gets there?" concluded the indignant Mrs. M'Guin.

I was no little amused at this singular appeal to a gentleman on the highway, but the difficulty remained; and Mrs. M'Guin said now there was nothing for it but to take a peasant's car, and do as well as we could. Soon, therefore, this vehicle appeared at the door, with a bony, black pony in it, and a boy of sixteen or so as driver. Let my countrymen, who have not seen what a peasant's car is, only imagine the vehicle on which I was about to take my journey to the great Liberator's! It was no other than a cart without any sides; simply a cart bottom with a pair of shafts. A little straw was spread on this bottom, and upon this was set my portmanteau; and seating myself on this as on a throne, and my driver taking his place at one corner, partly on one shaft, and partly on the car, away we went!

It was a fine Sunday morning, and the roads were black with people streaming along to chapel for six, and even eight and ten, miles round the country; the women all in their dark-blue cloaks. My driver had furnished himself with a bundle of willow switches, to beat on his horse; and of these he seemed to have great need. The horse appeared to have a particular aversion to motion; and before we had got half-way, the bundle of switches was used up, and the lad descended from the car, and propelled the animal by poking him in the sides with the sole remains of one of the sticks, now reduced to a mere peg. Tree there was none in the country; it was one wilderness of rocks and

stony hills; but, by a piece of extraordinary good fortune, we observed a few more willows growing in a garden hedge; and the boy made for them, and began to supply himself anew. From a hill above, however, there came a loud and gruff cry of wrath. There sat aloft, over our heads, several great fellows, who were furious at this plunder of so much valuable timber; and the lad was glad to make his escape with a whole skin. Anon we overtook a poor woman, whose foot was bleeding from a cut with a sharp stone, and I invited her to mount the car; and so we went on for some five or six miles, to the chapel to which she was going. Here she descended, drew on her shoes and stockings on the bank, and then joined the singular and picturesque group of worshippers. These were assembled in crowds round the chapel, which stood on a little hill close to a small village. The dark dresses of the people gave strong effect to the scene, and to an English eye it was striking. Not only in the chapel yard were hundreds kneeling, but in the streets of the village itself, under the walls of the cottages, where they could not even get a peep at the chapel. This is a very common sight; more people, often, are kneeling during mass outside than inside of an Irish Catholic church, or chapel, as it is always there styled. If you ask them why they kneel where they can neither see nor hear the mass performed, nor even catch a glimpse of the chapel, they always reply, "Oh, it seems to do them good!" And truly, as is the case with all Catholic worshippers in every country, they have an air of singular devotion. Amongst the people stood a numerous group of young men, with their huge, bandy sticks, ready for a game of hurling, as they there call it, after mass was over.

The way grew ever more and more wild. "Can Derrynane be in so wild a country as this?" asked I of the driver.

"Ay, faith is it, and far wilder," said he. "The Counsellor's house is all amongst the wild mountains; but he has *a meadow* such as ye'll hardly see any where else."

On turning the brow of a hill, there lay a descending country at the foot of the mountains, of some two miles in extent; there spread out the broad Atlantic to the left; and there, on its margin, amid its mass of embosoming wood, stood forth the gray pile of Derrynane.

As I approached the house, rain came on, and the wild, misty clouds gave a still more impressive aspect to the scene, while the white spray of the ocean was seen flying high against the rocks, and the roar of the sea came full of majesty on the wind. I made my driver stop at a respectful distance from the house, though I believe, and as it may be imagined in such a country, it was not the first time that a stranger had arrived in such a vehicle; and advancing towards it, saw the stalwart form of the Liberator passing up the court before me. Turning round, he looked at me for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Ha! Mr. Howitt, do I see you in Ireland? I am very glad to see you."

"It is long since we met," I observed.

"Yes, but you have taken good care that we should hear of you from time to time, by your writings. What delightful books those are which Mrs. Howitt has given us from the Swedish and Danish!"

"Why, do you really find time and inclination to read such books?"

"To be sure. I have read every one of them, except the last, 'Only a Fiddler,' which we have not received yet from Dublin."

While this was saying, we had advanced into the entrance-hall; my upper garment was removed, my portmanteau was already in charge of the staid old servant, so well known to visiters there, and we were ascending to the drawing-room, where I was introduced by Mr. O'Connell to those of his family then present, his amiable daughter, Mrs. French, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice O'Connell, and various guests.

But before we make farther acquaintance with these, we must endeavour to receive a clear impression of the place itself, and its environments.

I believe no good view has ever been taken of Derrynane. We have heard a deal of the princely style in which O'Connell lives there, and are therefore led to suppose that his ancestral abode is something quite magnificent. This is not the fact. The house at Derrynane is a good and capacious, rather than a grand house. On the contrary, taking into consideration the fame and standing of the great Irish Liberator, and the hospitality that both his position and his disposition dictate, it strikes one, on arriving at it, as a somewhat modest one. It is the fitting residence of a substantial country gentleman, and nothing more. It is of rather an irregular form, and has evidently been, from time to time, enlarged as became requisite, rather with regard to convenience than to one general design. Thus, you approach it by a sort of open court, formed by two projections from the main building. The one to your right consists of a part of the house, where, I suppose, the household affairs are transacted, as visiters seldom enter that portion; and of a small chapel which Mr. O'Connell has recently erected, and which is, indeed, not yet internally finished. The projection to your left, of two stories, contains, on the ground-floor, Mr. O'Connell's private study, and over it the library, with the windows overlooking the ocean. A small lobby in this projection first receives you; and advancing from it, you find yourself in a large one; in fact, in the very centre of the house, and where the grand staircase conducts you to the rooms above. Here you find the drawing-room, a fine spacious apartment, running at right angles with the projection containing the study and library, and towards the sea; and the windows on all sides give you views over the ocean, and the rocky hills around, with the plantations close under the house, and the green expanse of meadow between the house and the sea. Beneath this room is the dining-room, of the same dimensions. On the other side of the main staircase, you see a long passage leading to a variety of rooms; but to these, except it be to his bedroom in that direction, the visiter seldom pene-

trates. The library, the drawing and dining rooms, are the visiter's quarter, and a more airy and agreeable one he seldom will find. In themselves they are handsome, and handsomely furnished, with some family portraits, and other pictures; but with nothing that at all savours of a spirit of pomp or ostentation. They are handsome, home-like rooms, such as befit the abode of the country gentleman, or the reception of the prince, the noble, or the simple and unassuming man of taste. You feel that it is the house of one who has far higher claims to distinction than such as are derived from the mere splendour of abode. And what other house can show you such views from its windows? From the middle of a green wood you gaze down over a green meadow to the sea, which runs up into a sort of bay before the house, bounded by the high and stony ridge of Lamb Head, which shuts out the Kenmare river. Beyond the Kenmare estuary, you catch the view of the high and craggy point of that long promontory which separates Kenmare river from Bantry Bay. To the west, the eye follows the shores below the house, to where protrudes, far into the ocean, the green but wild foreland called the Abbey Island; because, in spring tides, it is sometimes separated from the mainland, but at other times can be reached across a narrow sandy neck on foot. In the corner, or inner sweep of the bay, formed by the running out of the Abbey Island from the mainland, you see the ruins of the old Abbey of Derrynane; whence the house of the *Liberator* is still often called Derrynane Abbey. Out at some distance in the ocean, in the same direction, you observe two lofty, insulated rocks, called Scariff and Dinish, of a bold and noble aspect, something like Ailsa Craig, off the coast of Scotland. Such is the view seaward from Derrynane; and when the ocean waves come swelling in with wind and tide, dashing their milky spray high over the black rocks which here and there stand aloft in the waters, and climbing, in snowy whiteness, the craggy shores in every direction, there is a wild grandeur about the scene which can rarely be surpassed. If we then walk out, and turn our gaze in an opposite direction, especially to the north and east, we find the place shut in by a sweep of noble mountains, reaching an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet. These form what is called in England a combe, or sheltered hollow, which is protected from all the severe winds, and builds a little secluded region of greenness and mildness; so mild, indeed, that the fuschia and the hydrangea are seen blowing there in great beauty in the open air. The house stands sufficiently elevated to command the fine sea view, and partly that of this green hollow, and its bold circle of craggy mountains. The house is partly battlemented, and the walls are all tiled from ground to roof with gray stone tiles; a defence against the action of the elements, no doubt found very necessary here, exposed as the house is to the winds and salt spray from the stormy Atlantic.

On the north side of the house lie the court-yard, farm-buildings, and offices; and, separated from these by the highway, lie, in the bosom of the sheltered hollow, the gardens. These are spacious, and very delightful. You cross an outer plot; pass under a sort of tunnel, or archway of some ten yards or so, and find yourself in a lovely flower-garden, with bee-hives standing here and there, and a beautiful spring of water, covered with a fanciful canopy of shell-work; and farther on you see still more tempting garden-walks, and masses of trees, half-concealing the rocks and hollows at the foot of the hills, which form the natural boundary to these pleasant gardens. As you advance, you come to a fine orchard, in the most central and sheltered part of this hollow; in one place you ascend a few steps, and find a little square platform on the boundary-wall, with seats round it, giving a splendid view of the mountains eastward; in another, you advance up a close woodland walk, and arrive at a summer-house, on a rocky knoll, giving one complete and airy view over both sea and land. Descending again by another path, you discover, at the foot of the rocks, a simple rural seat or bank, overhung by the trees, and with the flower-garden lying displayed at your feet.

This seat used to be the favourite resort of the uncle of Mr. O'Connell, from whom he inherited Derrynane. This old gentleman, who seems to have been a man of both powerful physical frame, and lofty moral character, lived to within one year of a hundred. He was for some years blind before his decease, and delighted to sit here, where, beneath the fresh canopy of trees and rocks, he could hear the distant sound of the sea. That sound, so full of majesty, seemed not only to soothe him, but to bring, as it were, a visible perception of the scenes around, in which it made so grand a figure, and to call up the vivid acts and images of his past life. "There was no fear of death in his strong and prepared mind," said Mr. O'Connell, one day, as we passed this place. "In front of this seat, at some distance, grew a splendid ash tree. Once, having sat for some time as in deep thought, he said,

"'Daniel, I have a favour to request of you.'

"'Of me, uncle; what can that be?'

"'Measure me the girth of that tree.'

"I did so, and told him what it was."

"'I thought so;' he said. 'I thought it was as large as that. The favour I would ask, Daniel, is, that that tree may now be felled.'

"'May be felled? What, the tree you have always seemed to take such pleasure in!'

"'Yes, I would have it cut down.'

"'Then certainly let it be cut down. There is no occasion to ask the permission of me.'

"'Yes, as this place will be yours, I would not do any thing without consulting you. I thank you for giving me leave to fell this tree, and now I will tell you for what purpose I would fell it. It is to make my coffin of its wood. I have for some time thought that it would be large enough, and I now find that it is. Send for the carpenter.'

"The carpenter was sent for. 'Now, carpenter,' he said, addressing him, 'I want you to make my coffin. You must cut down that ash; saw it up into boards of an inch and quarter thick, and of twenty-two inches deep; the entire boards will be

large enough both for that, and for the bottom and lid of a suitable proportion. As for the length, what do you think that should be?'

"The carpenter, running his eye over the fine old man, and considering in himself for some time, replied:—

"'I should say seven feet, your honour.'

"'Seven feet! Why, I never stood more than six feet three; age has something decreased my height, but death, I know, will stretch me out again to a certain degree; but, seven feet! why that is the proportion for a giant; let it be six feet five.'

"With this the old gentleman dismissed the man and the subject. The tree was felled; the boards sawn and seasoned, and the coffin made according to his directions."

This anecdote strongly reminded me, as it will others, of the singular scene in Miss Bremer's story of "The Neighbours," in which Ma chere Mere orders *her* coffin.

The plantations which thus embosom these charming gardens, and the house also, are of considerable extent, and have pleasant drives through them in different directions. Taken in contrast with the bareness of the surrounding country, and the rugged character of the hills, they present a very attractive and refreshing mass of verdure to the eye. They are, however, but young, and have, I believe, been for the most part planted by the Liberator himself.

The meadow lying between the plantations and the sea, presents, from the house, a most agreeable object; and offers one of the most charming places for walking, while the emerald billows are booming on the hard sands. Here, on Sunday afternoons, and on holidays, in the fashion of Catholic countries, the peasantry also assemble to a game of hurling, or a dance; and the Liberator and his family often go out, and walk amongst them, and give a livelier zest to their sport by the interest they take in it. The sea-sand, by that admirable provision of Providence, seen wherever a low shore is seen, has been thrown up into a bank, which the sea-grass has grown upon, and with its roots knit, as it were, into ocean-proof firmness; the sea thus creating its own barriers. The meadow actually lies below the water at high-tide; and, were the bank to give way, the whole meadow, and part of the plantations, would be overflowed. Of this there are some fears, from the looseness of the sand at a part called the Gap, or Dead Man's Gap, from funerals formerly having been carried along the shore to the abbey, and through this gap. To favour the accumulation of sand, thorns and stakes are driven down on the shore, which seem to answer the purpose; yet not so as entirely to allay all fears of the effects of some tremendous tempest from the west.

Walking along this meadow on Sunday afternoon, with Mrs. French, and one or two other visiters, I observed a troop of people blackening all the road at some distance along the shore, and making towards the Abbey Island. Another moment, and the loud sounds of lamentation revealed what was the cause of this sombre concourse. It was a funeral. It was the first time I had seen an Irish funeral; and, especially in this striking scene, on the wild-looking Abbey Island, and amid the ruins of the abbey itself, the opportunity was not to be lost. Accompanied by part of the walkers, I hastened after the throng, and became a witness of this strange ceremony.

As I drew nearer, the aspect of the place and people became more and more impressive. I was soon crossing the sandy hollow, over which the waves, dashing at high tides, resolve what is otherwise only a promontory, into the Abbey Island. Behind me rose the bold, rocky shores of the mainland, crags upon crags, and hills beyond hills, stretching away still higher and more wildly inland; while amongst them were perched the huts of the people, half peasantry, half fishers. To the right lay a small, well-sheltered harbour, with a hooker, or sort of yacht, belonging to Mr. Maurice O'Connell; to the left, the ocean; and before me, the high, craggy knolls of the island, and the naked ruins of the abbey church in the foreground, just at hand. The nets of the fishermen were spread to dry on the sandy swells about, while the fishermen themselves had joined the dark groups who were assembled around the abbey, where the mourners were now sending forth the loud chorus of their melancholy cries. A more striking scene could scarcely present itself. The ruins, merely those of the abbey church,—a building of the plainest description, like most country churches in Ireland,—stood close on the rocky margin of the sea, above the broad beach which stretches below, but up which now the waves were rolling, foaming, and thundering in magnificent strength. Their voice of ancient sublimity mingled itself solemnly with the shriller cries of the people, whose fathers, from generation to generation, the hoary ocean had seen coming hither, with wail and gesture of grief, to deposit their dead. Within the ruins, all was one dark * mass of mourners; and around, on the turf, and amid the rocks projecting here and there from it, were scattered separate groups, who were down on their knees, flinging their arms about in a frantic fashion, and uttering thrilling cries of lament. The sombre throng was the greater, as it is a custom in the rural districts of Ireland, for all who meet a funeral to turn back and follow it, so that sometimes the procession is swelled immensely.

One would have thought that this violence of grief, accompanied by so much action, must have quite worn them out, when one called to mind, that from the hour in which the deceased expired, the principal group had been engaged in "keening," or bewailing the dead, with lights burning before the coffin. Some of those with me, however, assured me that on these occasions they do not neglect to take sufficient refreshment; and that the scene, if observed by an English eye, would sometimes draw forth a smile in the presence of death. The mourners will howl, and lament, and get into a perfect frenzy of correspondent action; but on some one coming in, they will suddenly break off, bring out the whisky bottle, and

* Not in actual mourning; but only dark-looking, from their dark blue coats and cloaks.

eat, and drink, and become quite merry over the gossip of the neighbourhood; and then, after a good interval, as if awaking to the renewed sense of their loss and their duty, will recommence their wailings.

On this occasion I observed, that even the most energetic lamenters lifted up their heads at our approach, and took a sly side-peep at the visiters from Derrynane; when, having satisfied their curiosity, they went off again in their not inharmonious exclamations, which, I was told, recited the virtues of the dead. What greatly surprised me, was, to observe no priest amongst them performing any burial service; and this, I am told, is quite common, owing to the wide district where often only one priest resides; and where, therefore, taken with their other daily duties, the attendance on all funerals would become next to impossible.

The men, I observed, all stood with their hats on. Nor did another discovery the less surprise me. I looked for the grave, and found that there was none! Near the coffin stood two men, with the narrow potato-spades of the Irish, which have long handles and no crutches; and, after a good long time of lamentation, they began to shovel away the earth and turn out the stones, and, in fact, to make a grave! This, too, I understand is a common custom in that part of the country. As this fact made it obvious that it would be a considerable time before the funeral was over, I quitted the spot, and returned thither the next day to take a more leisurely view of the ruin. I now saw that they had made this grave close to the tomb of the O'Connells. Very deep it could not have been made, under the circumstances, yet deep enough to have dislodged the bones of a former tenant.

What a singular scene is a rural burial-place in Ireland! With a strong feeling of the sanctity of the spot, they cling to those old ruins of churches and abbeys: yet how few traces are there of that neatness and external adornment of the cemetery which seem to mark the affection of survivors for those who are gone! It is seldom that you find inscribed tombs and headstones, except of the rich. The common herd lie mingled in the common earth, with scarcely any distinguishment but a rude stone, of perhaps a foot high, gathered on the spot, and set upright on the centre of the grave. The whole of the interior of this ruin was filled with the dead, laid close as possible, side by side, and was consequently studded thickly with those short, rude, unhewn stones of memorial. This crowding into this roofless ruin, was owing to the feeling of the greater sanctity; for without was almost limitless space, yet within there was but one grave, the tomb of the O'Connells, which had any inscription. Without, it was the same. I could but discover one stone, and that a flat one, with one inscription. Every other evidence of the neatness which distinguishes an English grave-yard, was wanting. The bones which had been dug out of the grave of yesterday, were laid on the next grave, and a few stones piled upon them,—a faint trace of the old habit of piling the cairn over the dead. The boards of the old coffin were thrown into a corner, where my companion on the occasion assured me they would lie and rot. At the east end, where the high altar had been, a considerable quantity of disinterred bones were laid, and stones piled upon them; and both within and without, amongst the long grass of the graves, lay about these unsightly boards of old disinterred coffins. It is no doubt the poverty of the common people which has led them to retain the old habit of merely raising a rough stone in memory of the dead; but it were to be wished that they studied a little more the decorous aspect of their burial-places, by interring again the bones, and burning the coffin boards.

In the south-west corner of the abbey ruin stands an object of interest to the visiter,—the tomb of the O'Connells. Here rests Mrs. O'Connell; and here will, doubtless, one day rest the remains of the man who has made his name familiar throughout the world, for his exertions in behalf of his oppressed country. This is a plain altar-tomb, set close into the corner; and on the western wall above it, a Gothic arch encloses an iron cross. On the tomb is inscribed—

Dom.
Erected to the Memory of
Daniel O'Connell Townley, of Derrynane, Esq.
Who departed this life 1770, full of years
and virtues.

Also of Mary his wife, &c. Also of
Maurice O'Connell, Esq.
Their son, who erected this monument. The chief ambition of his long and respected life was to elevate an ancient family from unmerited oppression. His allegiance was pure and disinterested: his love of his native land sincere and devoted. His attachment to the ancient faith of his fathers, and to the Church of Christ, was his first pride and his chiefest consolation. He died on the 10th of February, in the 97th year of his age. They loved him best who knew him most. May his soul rest in eternal peace!

This date, Mr. O'Connell assured me, should be ninety-nine. Why the old gentleman, at the latter end of his life, persisted in depriving himself of two of his years, never could be understood.

From the dead, however, we come back to the living. It is well known that O'Connell has not only always been enthusiastically attached to those wild hills and shores of Derrynane, but that he has as enthusiastically followed the chase there. His pack of harriers, of native breed, are known all over Europe; and the ardour with which he has followed them daily from hill to hill, when he has retired from the field of national agitation, for a season, to the mountains of Kerry, is regarded by himself as one of the most efficient causes of the maintenance of that almost gigantic frame and constitution, which have enabled him to battle for half a century with the evils and the enemies of his country. To the present hour, when he has reached his seventieth year, that ardour remains unabated. At the mention of the stern beauties of his native region, and at the cry of his hounds,

the spirit of Irish enthusiasm kindles visibly in him; and, as in the arena of national exertion, he scorns to be second in the field. It is worth the journey from England, to join O'Connell in a hunt on his mountains.

To those who are accustomed only to the turn-out of an English field-day, to the troop of red-coated horsemen scouring over the hedges and ditches of a level country, the hunting here must be novel indeed. If you will ride here after the hounds, it must be on goats, and not on horses. Your field is one wild chaos of rocks and crags, from one ascent to another; now clambering aloft to catch sight of the pack, whose sonorous cries you hear; and now rushing down to gain some other eminence which shuts out the view. It is not at ten or twelve o'clock either that the pack will throw off. O'Connell is up by peep of day, and out with his hounds into the mountains. Even to this day, the only indulgence that he allows himself, on these occasions, is to ride a horse up the steep road from his house to some spot near the scene of action. At six o'clock in October he is out. About a score of hounds, the number which he prefers to the whole pack, are seen drawing near the house from the kennel. Gentlemen are turning out, furnished with leaping-poles; and a troop of such wild-looking fellows, as Ireland only can produce, are hanging about, ready to give their necessary assistance as scouts and beaters on the occasion. There are two huntsmen in red caps and red jackets, armed with the same staves. The Liberator appears also grasping his; and away goes the throng towards the heights.

The life of O'Connell at Derrynane has always been that of an old clan chieftain; and when you see him, and his friends, and his followers, thus setting out for the chase, you are irresistibly reminded of some graphic sketch in the novels of Walter Scott. But the huntsmen and the tribe of followers have dispersed over some of the steep fields at the foot of the hills, and are beating over the bushes. There is a period of watching and expectation, while the hounds silently traverse the ground in all directions, with busy noses; and as silently stand the Liberator and his friends on some neighbouring eminence, awaiting the discovery of the hare. At once a hound gives mouth; the rest run, at the cry, in his wake; there is a general joining in the joyful clamour; and the hare is seen careering away up the valley. Now, then, for the hills; and luck to him who has a nimble foot and a free chest, for he will need them. From this moment, all is excitement and eager pursuit. Round the hills circles the started hare, and is found and lost,—seen, and again only traceable by the cry of the pursuers. Now all is silence;—the hounds have lost the scent, and again the musical peal of voices comes streaming fuller and fuller down the wind. Here is the bewildered hare coming directly upon you. Still! There she stands, reared on her hind legs, and listens in the very midst of you. But now!—she catches the view of you, and is gone over crag and hollow like a flying shadow. The scouts are already on every hill top. There is a whistle,—she is seen by one of them, who points from his airy elevation the way that she is taking. The huntsman's voice, shouting "Forwards, forwards!" is heard, and once more the pack is upon the track. Louder grows the cry, more eager, more continuous. Away! down the rugged brae, or you are too late! Here come the eager pack close on the flagging victim; and a loud halloo announces that the chase is over!

Thus does it go, from one romantic region to another; now winding along the green and lofty mountain side; now lost amidst savage projecting crags, that frown far above you, and streamlets roaring and tumbling down the dizzy depths far below you; and now, from some far commanding point, taking in a glorious survey of hills and ocean, the wide plain of Waterville, or the distant rocky islands of the Skelligs, or the splendid bays of Ballinskelligs, Valentia, or the distant Dingle.

Afternoon sees a motley throng descending the winding road from the mountains, down towards Derrynane. The light hue of the dogs, and the scarlet gleam of the huntsmen's costume, are prominently visible; and as they draw near, you wish for a painter to give you the picturesque and weary company on a broad canvass. It were a picture which, at a future day, when the great and the little men of the present generation are gone from the scene, and the Liberator and his agitations for emancipation and repeal are become matters of history, and of a more impartial judgment than can perhaps be arrived at by us, would be gazed at with intense interest by our children. That stalwart and manly figure in the centre; the men who surround him, often characters of note and influence in the political world; the dogs, a peculiar old Irish race, many of them with long shaggy coats, with serious faces and erect tails, trotting on as if from some great achievement; and they who crowd behind, in raiment and with locks as wild as their own hills and moors,—what most prodigal elements for a splendid painting by Landseer!

But the Liberator and his friends betake themselves to the house,—it is the important hour of six. The hospitality of Derrynane is proverbial. Few whom the love of travel, or the curiosity to see the Great Agitator in his mountain home, draw thither, depart without being asked to take a refreshment; and never, during O'Connell's stay there, is the house without guests, and those often numerous. There is generally a considerable company assembled at dinner; and the drawing-room, at other hours, is often vocal with a troop of the Liberator's grandchildren, of whom he has no fewer than six-and-thirty! Nowhere does O'Connell appear to more advantage than in the midst of his own family. He seems to be particularly happy in his family relations. Children, grandchildren, guests, and domestics, appear animated by one spirit of affection and respect towards him. It speaks volumes, that within doors and without, in his own neighbourhood, the enthusiastic attachment to him is perhaps greater than any where else.

The person of O'Connell is too well known to all the English world to need any description here; but no one can avoid being struck with his ap-

pearance as you see him at home. That large figure, built like one of the ancient round towers of his country, arrayed in a reddish, well-padded dressing-gown, and the repeal cap upon his head,—thus you see him seated at breakfast, generally at a side-table by himself, for the convenience of reading his letters and newspapers, which the postman, early in the morning, brings over the hills from Cahirciveen. The Repeal cap is of green velvet, with a narrow gold band surrounding the upper part in Vandykes; thus, for all the world, resembling to the eye a crown. Thus arrayed, the Liberator—a title constantly used by his servants and friends—reminds you of some old king in a German story; but no old king in any German story ever occupied that position of importance, or exercised that moral influence which the Irish Agitator exercises at this moment. While he opens letter after letter, or glances over the columns of every newspaper published in Ireland, besides English and French ones, which have issued from his capacious post-bag, the workings of a gigantic machinery, in daily operation, for compelling this great country to do justice to his long-abused native land, are laid open to his eye; and thoughts which will to-morrow send out an electric action to every nook of Ireland, sit solemnly on his brow. The accuracy with which that machinery works, and how well all its movements and results are known to the great director of them, a simple fact may demonstrate. Two days after I left, he was setting out on his tour of Repeal agitation. At dinner he said, "At Cashel I shall have 500,000 of the Tipperary boys to meet me." The report of that gathering in *The Times* afterwards showed how well-founded was the assertion.

Another point, which strikes you in a visit to Derrynane, is that which springs from Mr. O'Connell's particular faith. As a Catholic, he possesses a mighty hold on the minds of his countrymen. And he is no mere nominal and careless Catholic. He keeps a domestic chaplain or confessor, the jolly-looking Father O'Sullivan; and it at first somewhat startles you to hear, perhaps, during the day, a sound of merry children's voices from the drawing-room, and on entering, behold, amid all the noise and childish laughter, the holy father walking to and fro, as if totally unconscious of the juvenile racket around him, with his breviary in his hand, muttering his prayers. In the observances of his religion, O'Connell has always been seriously zealous and regular. Seeing this, people have often said, "Can this be genuine, deep feeling of religion, or is it policy? Can such a masterly intellect as that of O'Connell really be spell-bound by the puerilities of many of the Catholic rites and dogmas?" The thing is perfectly simple and easy of belief. For my part, reverencing the sacred right of fullest liberty of conscience and opinion, and accustoming myself to look with a friendly sympathy on the practices of all religious sects, I see daily how omnipotent are the spells of habit and education, and especially how the heart clings to the veriest baubles of a religion that is persecuted. Lord Shrewsbury, in his book on the Ecstatica, not only relates in profoundest faith all the marvels of those singular women with the bleeding stigmata, facts perfectly explainable on mesmeric principles, but gravely relates that St. Loyola was in the habit, by the very force of his religious zeal, of elevating himself into the air, and was found in this state, more than once, four or five feet from the ground. "Can his lordship really believe such nonsense?" ask the readers. No doubt of it. Education and a persecuted religion have made far more than that easy to his faith. So with O'Connell. We see him paying reverence to what in our eyes are exploded fables; nay, more, to what are in principle totally opposed to that zeal for liberty which has always distinguished him, and made him ever ready to come forth at public meetings in defence of the rights of black, white, or copper-coloured man. One morning, on opening his letter-bag, he exclaimed, "Bravo! I have got it!" "What is that?" I asked. "It is *The Cambridge and Oxford Magazine*, containing Smythe's Defence of the Jesuits,—the first defence by a Protestant of that much misrepresented body of men." I could only smile to myself. It was the advocate of universal liberty rejoicing in the defence of the greatest band of spiritual tyrants which ever stood in the onward path of humanity! But this needs not a single word. The defence of a body of men with a world's history against them, and at this moment ripe for a fresh expulsion from every country in Europe, for their domineering interference with the progress of political freedom, and with the sanctity of domestic life,—is a thing which is beyond the capacity of any form of words. But such are the anomalies of mind produced by education and riveted by persecution.—At nine o'clock every morning, the bell at Derrynane rings for mass. From all parts of the house, troop the members of the family, visiters, and servants, to the chapel; and for one hour the whole place is as still as a tomb. At ten, breakfast is served, and then commence the ordinary affairs or amusements of the day. Such is O'Connell at Derrynane.

But says some curious inquirer, "How do the people seem in his own neighbourhood? Are they better off than elsewhere?"

This is ticklish ground. Every one knows that O'Connell as the centre of one of the greatest movements in modern times,—a movement involving the conflicting interests of thousands, as these thousands are taught to think them, and the hopes of millions, is equally bespattered with praise and vituperation. Every hour in Ireland you hear, as you pass from one company to another, the most violent and opposite assertions. "Oh! O'Connell is a great trader—he is a great benefactor—he robs the poor Irish through the nose—he is the sole hope of the country—he laughs in his sleeve at his own blarney—he is the only man who ever yet effected the slightest good for Ireland—he makes a good thing of it—he has sacrificed a far better," &c. &c. Is not that queer ground for an observer to go upon? Yet the question is a very natural and legitimate question, and I shall not shirk it. My object was to learn, and is now to declare the truth: I have, and can have, no other.

Spite, therefore, of what has been said to the contrary, it struck me that the people, all along that coast — those as well on O'Connell's as on Mr. Mahoney's and Lord Lansdowne's estates, as on others — *were* better off; they were, at least, much better dressed. True, their huts were the poor, genuine Irish huts in general; but their little allotments seemed well cultivated, and the people had a healthy, cheerful look. True, when I asked the cause of the better appearance of the people, O'Connell did not say, "That is the effect of my influence; that is the effect of my beneficence amongst them:" but simply, "That is because they get plenty of fish; while inland they get only potatoes. The fishermen's families make money of part of their fish, and their neighbours get part from them for a trifle; and thus they live better and dress better." Certainly I did not observe those *excessively* ragged garments which astonish you in many places. Poverty unquestionably there was enough: it is a national evil, not to be eradicated but by a national remedy. Where it is outwardly removed in part by better houses, you still find it on the hearth. At Mount Kennedy, in Wicklow, on the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, and almost close to his house, at the inn I could get nothing for dinner but a potato and some bread and butter. There was neither meat nor bacon in the house; and on going down stairs to depart, I stumbled by accident into the room where the landlord and family were dining; and what was their dinner? about a bushel of potatoes boiled in their husks, and poured out in a heap on the bare board. Around this swine's feast the whole family was sitting, and each with a little heap of salt at his elbow, was peeling his potatoes and dipping them in it. Now, any traveller passing through this country in the night, and witnessing such a scene at the inn, would have set the country down as sunk in the extreme of poverty, and Lord Fitzwilliam as a bad landlord. On the other hand, had he passed through the country by day, and not entered the inn or the cottages, he would have set the neighbourhood down for rich and happy; for it is beautifully cultivated: there is a model farm belonging to Lord Fitzwilliam; the houses are good, and his lordship employs, the year round, about a hundred and fifty labourers, at one shilling per day; the usual wages in the country being sixpence a day in summer, and nothing in winter. Again, any one wishing to impeach the consistence of character in Miss Edgeworth, who has written so ably for the improvement of Ireland, might say, and with truth, that in the very neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown are to be seen some of the most wretched huts, and most wretched objects in Ireland. So easy is it to make a one-sided statement regarding things and persons in Ireland, of all countries in the world. My opinion then is, that the people are much better off about Derrynane than in many other parts of that country; and I observed that a great number of people were employed in improvements on the Derrynane estate. The people with whom I spoke of O'Connell, in the neighbourhood, evinced a general enthusiasm regarding him; and it seemed to be a source of great pride that he always conversed with them in their native Irish.

But what, says another, is your general impression of Repeal? Is it good for Ireland? Does O'Connell really do good or mischief by his agitation? That is another vexed question; but as it is an important question, and one which, in my opinion, should not be treated as a party question, but one of national utility, I will answer that too, and in the directest manner. My impression is, that it is a great and beneficial agitation; and that it is *our* fault, and not that of O'Connell, if it does not produce the most signal good. *It were good for Ireland, did it only compel the English government to rivet, as it does, its most anxious attention on that country and its condition.*

I am no indiscriminate admirer of any man. I scorn to flatter the greatest of mankind, be he who he may. I am too proud to bow the knee to any Baal, though all the world beside should run after him. I am of no party but that of the people; I never was, and never will be. My object has always been to maintain independence, and an unbiassed judgment; but if, by word or deed, I can serve the common cause, I am ready to do it, and, if need be, to suffer for it. Having, therefore, seen Ireland with my own eyes, I unhesitatingly avow, that any agitation which has for its object to raise the country out of its present wretchedness, is better than none; that it is not only constitutional but honourable to every Irishman to cry for Repeal. *It is for Irishmen to seek* JUSTICE THROUGH REPEAL, *and for us Englishmen to render Repeal unnecessary* BY JUSTICE!

It is high time that the condition of Ireland was changed. It is high time that so fine a portion of the empire was raised, by wise and kindly government, to an equality of comfort and prosperity with the rest of the United Kingdom. There is no kingdom on earth where prosperity and happiness are so gloriously united as in England; there is none in Europe where the people are so poor and miserable as the people of Ireland. This cannot originate in nature, for nature has been bountiful; it originates, then, in government; and it is the sacred duty of that government, as it values human happiness, and the honour and stability of the common country, to put an end to this poverty, to eradicate this misery. Every man who feels for his fellow-man, or who is jealous of his country's fame, should join in this demand, be he English, Scotch, Welch, or Irish; for it is the duty of all, were it not the interest of all. But duty and interest cannot be divided; duty is bound up by a wise Providence indissolubly with the general good, and therefore we may join in the cry of "Justice to Ireland," all the louder, for that justice is clearly the interest of every subject of the British crown. There is not a party which can be named, whose real interest it is not that Ireland should be raised out of her present condition. What anxiety would be saved to government, and what an increase of revenue would be effected by a better state of things in Ireland! The merchant would find a better market; the landed proprietor would derive a better

rent; for the grand evils of Ireland remedied, its natural fertility would be stimulated by capital, and a richer source of profit would be found for all parties in the prosperity than can possibly be extracted from the exhaustion of that country.

The condition of Ireland is no equivocal one. There is no mistake about it. On its face the most unobservant traveller sees written poverty and wrong. He sees the traces of the harsh ploughshare of political oppression deeply scored into her surface. It is a beautiful but a melancholy land. On the side nearest to England, you see a bordering of prosperous and as it were contagious beauty; but advance a little, and that is left behind. You look in vain for the garden-like aspect, thickly crowded with rich farms, noble country seats, swarming villages full of comfort and taste, and towns alive with an active population, as in England. The farther you go, the barer becomes the scene. Here and there some solitary park lifts its verdurous trees, or some river winds along through beautiful meadows, and banks splendid with their forest foliage; but from one such refreshing object to another, all is bare, and shorn as it were to the quick. The fields are fenced with rude banks, often without bush or tree; the houses are all the wretched huts which for their wretchedness have become proverbial. And why is this? It is because the proprietors have not lived here as in England, to throw over their estates a garment of rural beauty, — to build, to plant, to see that fair rents and expended capital enabled the farmer to enrich the lands *in his* tenure, and to diffuse amid the population the fruits of well-paid labour. For ages on ages there has been carried on a system of drainage, not of the bogs, but of the purses of the cultivators. It has been one long application of bleeding and depletion. It has been, as if we expected a man to grow fat and vigorous with a dozen vampyres every night sucking his blood. To what an extent this has gone, is testified by the air of blight and desolation, which lies on the country. It is testified by rags and dolefullest cabins. Ireland is a land of splendid styes, but wretched houses. It is testified by a general destitution, which no Christian government can see with composure, far less inflict, and which no people ought to be content to submit to. But it is only when you explore the abodes and the mode and means of existence of this people, that the awful truth of these things becomes realized to you.

You see fat pigs lying before every door, or on every hearth; but do those who rear these animals eat them? Such an idea never enters their heads. As Goldsmith said long ago—

> As for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
> They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

The English labourer kills his pig at Christmas, and hangs a pair of fat flitches luxuriously from his cottage ceiling. Never is such a thing seen in Ireland. It may be said that scarce an Irish cottar knows the taste of bacon; the pigs all walk off to England!

Hens stalk about his door; their eggs are all sent to England. Turkeys strut and feed in his fields; but they fly away to England when ready for the spit. Splendid herds of bullocks graze his meadows; but as soon as fat, they march away to England: he never tastes a steak of them. Dairies of fine cows graze, too, in the pastures; but their milk is all made into butter, which sails away to Eugland. Go into an English dairy, and you see the butter neatly rolled into pounds for the consumption of the next market town; but go into an Irish dairy, and a row of ominous firkins arrests your attention; into them every pound of butter finds its way, and so over to England. Corn waves on the plains of Ireland: it is a real fact; though it seems doubtful, when we hear of the bulk of the people existing only on potatoes. Corn *does* wave there; but no sooner is it cut than it takes wing for England. The landlord is gone to England, and all sorts of landed produce, by some strange mesmeric effect, seem resolved to go after him. There is but one exception—the potato. *That* is Irish to the core. The poor half-brother of corn cleaves to the poor half-brother of England, and is his sole prop and support.

But, gracious Heaven! to think only of one everlasting and unvarying meal of potatoes, and nothing else! Of a whole nation — at least of six out of eight millions of its population — eating potatoes, and nothing but potatoes, morning, noon, and night, from day to day, and from year to year, to the end of their lives! There is something hideous in the very idea. Whatever luxury or luxurious change other mortals may enjoy, the Irish peasant is presented, by step-dame Nature, with one eternal potato. The sheep on the hills seeks variety of food, or it pines and perishes; but the Irish peasant — a man, and the brother of the richest epicure — is compelled to his one monotonous mess; and if he perish, it is for want of *even that!*

If a clever fellow had sate down to plan a scheme by which he might reduce a whole nation to that singular condition, that it should produce all the good things of this world, yet should enjoy none of them; that they who raised them should never taste them; that corn, cattle, butter, eggs, bacon, should all fly the lips of the modern Tantalus, who was surrounded by them in their growth; and that, by a strange and inexorable law, they should all pass out of the country, and leave him nothing but potatoes, he would have found it an attempt overmatching the most transcendant intellect. But here has England, almost without a thought, and by the simple application of sufficient cold steel and saleable sinews, most perfectly accomplished this unhappy miracle. And because Irishmen have not been contented to tolerate this condition, which none in human shape ought to tolerate, from time to time they have been massacred without mercy, and placed on the scale of serfs.

It is to raise Ireland and the Irish from this condition, that Mr. O'Connell has devoted the energies of a most powerful mind and constitution, and the years of a long life. Not only Irishmen, but every Englishman who feels for the honour of

his country, and would not have the despots of the continent, the false Prussian and the savage Russian, pointing as they do with devilish leer to Ireland, that foul blot in the midst of our glories; not only Englishmen, but every man who believes in the Gospel, and would have his neighbour used as himself, ought to thank him.

What wants O'Connell? That Ireland should, in all respects, be placed on a footing with England. Can any thing be more reasonable? But, say you, "He wants repeal of the union." True; and if he and his countrymen think that it will heal the wounds of Ireland — and I believe they sincerely do think so; if they think it will enable them to get rid of the curse of absenteeism, and enable the Irish farmer and cottar, not only to feed cattle and pigs, but to feed upon them, they have a great right to demand it.

You and I think that Repeal would *not* do this; and, therefore, we oppose and prevent it. But we admit the evil, and would seek another remedy: —*there is but one;* and that is, to give to Ireland every thing which it needs besides! I repeat it; it is for the Irish to urge Repeal, and it is for us to render it unnecessary. If we would destroy the influence of O'Connell, O'Connell has long ago taught us the secret. Mr. Brotherton has assured me that, once sitting beside O'Connell in the House of Commons, he said to him, "If we were to grant to Ireland so and so, would you then give up agitation?" "My friend!" said O'Connell, smiling significantly, "agitation then would give up me—*I could not agitate!*"

That is the Agitator's own secret for putting him down. He has told us one secret; but he has discovered another, and in that lies all his present strength. It is the misfortune of Ireland that the fabric of its political and social system is built on a rotten foundation. Its government was seized by violence, and has been maintained by violence. Property, both that of the church and the people, was seized and put into hostile hands. Hence the root of bitterness which is continually producing the bitter fruits of hatred, jealousy, and faction. Property, if, from long use and sanction, it cannot now be made to change hands again, must, at least, be made, by the influence of wise laws, to yield to the population of the country something more than rags and potatoes,—it must yield employment, hope, and sufficiency. A difficult and nice matter!—but one which must be fairly and firmly met, or the sanctity of property itself will be destroyed by the hostility to its abuses. Guns and bayonets have hitherto silenced all murmurs; but these will answer no longer. *They cannot cope with the great secret of O'Connell.* Better days are come for the world; better knowledge has streamed out from between the leaves of Christ's Testament; better feelings animate man towards his brother man. The people of England, every day, see more clearly the scandal of the condition of the people of Ireland. We are a proud people, we English, and blush to be taunted with our cruelties to our poor relations. We are better than proud — we feel, and at length acknowledge, the sufferings and the patience of our fellow subjects of Ireland: and the sympathies of one great nation will demand justice and generosity toward another. Never again can a Strongbow, an Essex, a Strafford, or a Cromwell, sail to Ireland and silence all murmurs with the point of a pike, or the thunder of cannon. The barracks of Ireland are vast;— how formidably do they crown many a hill! The armed police, those green dragon-flies that haunt every way-side, are numerous; but a new power is rising over their heads in every parish — it is the national school. Mr. O'Connell has discovered, and has taught it to the Irishman, that the most victorious power is a patient demand of his rights — and before that power arms are useless.

O'Connell has commenced a new era in the history of the world. He has had the sagacity to take his stand on a great Christian principle; and neither man nor government can put down that power, unless he is prepared to put down Christianity too. He has proclaimed to his countrymen, that the moral influence of right, and its firm but peaceable assertion by an injured people, is omnipotent; that before it powder loses its explosive power; words are blunted, and bayonets refuse to advance. The piety of a nation has responded to the grand avowal in the acclamation of millions; and the fate of the great question is decided. At the judgment-seat of God and the whole world, a nation boasting of its Christianity must bow to the right.

It is not my intention to pronounce an eulogium on Mr. O'Connell. No man is perfect; and it were easy to point out many serious errors in O'Connell's political progress: many things, especially violence of language, which might be amended in his mode of conducting this great question. It is a matter which merits his own most serious reflection; for with the wisdom of his procedure is bound up the question of his true success, and nothing less, than whether he shall eventually be hailed as the father and enfranchiser of his country, one of the Washingtons and Franklins of mankind. But spite of all his faults, it must be conceded to him, that he is the first national champion and reformer who has taken his stand on a full and sublime faith, in the invincible energy of moral power. And to this splendid appeal, how triumphant has been the answer from the heart of man! how magnificent has been his success! For the greater part of half a century since he assumed this course of policy, as a simple member of the Catholic Committe, or a leading one of the Catholic Association, he has gone on from strength to strength, and, like a giant oak, has struck his roots through the whole length and breadth of animated Ireland. He has done that which none of the great Irish patriots have done before. The Fitzgeralds, the Emmetts, the Wolfe Tones, the Plunketts, the Grattans, none, nor all of them, burning, as they did, for the renovation of their country, could avail to unite the hearts, and concentrate the energies, of the Irish people, in an evergrowing and invincible confederacy,—invincible because it was pacific. But from year to year the great Agitator has gone on, and the barriers of Catholic exclusion

have fallen before him. He has opened parliament and office to his fellow believers, and has well won the proud title of "The Liberator." That point gained, he now advances as steadily, and with a progress as astounding, towards the great object of Repeal of the Union. They who affect to scoff at this agitation can know nothing of the vast and enthusiastic hold which it has taken of the hearts of the Irish, nor of the accuracy which marks the movements of the gigantic machinery of Repeal. Such a machinery, propelled by the hopes and the intense distress of seven millions of people, is irresistible. O'Connell at its head, has attracted the eyes and the wonder of all nations. There is scarcely a newspaper in any language or quarter of the world, which does not constantly record the proceedings of O'Connell and the Repeal Association. With a wisdom drawn from the divinest of all philosophy, does he guide, restrain, or stimulate the great moral mass of his nation; and the attempt to break the spell of this proceeding, and to excite his followers to outrage, by the English government, recoiled confoundingly on its own head. The spectacle of this great conflict between O'Connell and the English government, between Physical and Moral Force, arrested the profound attention of the whole civilized world, and the result was a lesson which will never again be forgotten.

Mrs. Child, noting this event in America, says—"Let us turn again to proofs of the world's progress. Look at the glorious position of Ireland. *Where* can you find moral grandeur to be compared to it in the history of nations? A people trampled on for generations, and therefore ignorant and violent,—a people proverbially impulsive, bold, and reckless, stand before the imposing array of British power, and say, as William Penn said, when threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, "Well, friend, thy strength shall never equal my patience." Their oppressors, learned in the operations of brute force, arrest the Irish Liberator, on the day of a great Repeal gathering, when the populace are met in masses, and under the influence of strong excitement. Having cannon and troops in readiness, they seize O'Connell, nothing doubting that a storm of stones and shillelahs will give them a specious pretext for placing Ireland under military control. But, lo! neither heads nor laws are broken! The British government stands check-mated by the simple principle of peace. O'Connell has assured the Irish people that moral power is mightier than physical force; and they, with their strong hands and hearts burning with a sense of accumulated wrongs, believe the words he has so wisely uttered. Here is a knot for diplomatists, a puzzle for politicians! Swords will not cut it, cannon cannot shatter it, fire will not burn it. It is a power that transcends governments, and governments must surrender before its unconquered majesty.

"Perhaps," adds this noble woman, one of the finest specimens of female American mind, "you will say that O'Connell acts only from policy, as statesmen and generals have done before him. But does it mark no progress that a man who sways millions to his will, perceives that this is the best policy? Is there no encouragement in the fact, that the most exciteable and turbulent people believe the word he has spoken? Could the Irish have attained this wonderful self-command, if Father Mathew had not prepared them for the work? The law of Temperance has made a pathway in the desert for the law of love, and the forces of the Millennium are marching in, bearing on their banners — 'Friend, thy strength shall never equal my patience.'" *

This is the grand position which O'Connell has assumed, and while he maintains it in the true spirit, not all the powers of earth can prevent his advance. He has put the British empire on its trial before heaven and all mankind, in the court of Christian truth; and the great champion of civilization and freedom, she who has broken the bonds of the slave, and given its death-blow to the slave-trade; she who succours distress in all quarters of the world; who sends out the missionary to its most distant people, and takes to her bosom the persecuted of every nation, whether Pole, Greek, German,—it is not for her to flinch and bow her head in dishonour before such a tribunal. Repeal or no Repeal,—the condition of Ireland has been forced by a stupendous agitation on the knowledge of the British people, and Ireland must be raised from her degradation, and her brave people be permitted to eat the fruits of their own labours. The question raised is not a question of party: it is one of humanity and national honour; and it will be the fault of its adjustment, if it be not for the good of all. The *laissez faire* system is at an end; the whispers of the prudent people who say, "We are mending, only let us alone," are drowned in the acclamations of millions who have discovered that this system, which has lasted five hundred years, and has left Ireland what it is, might last five hundred years longer; and men now-a-days, very naturally desire to reap the goods of this life, and see them safe in the hands of their children; not merely probable some centuries hence. The Agitation has taught them the greatest secret of sacred philosophy; and this in the hands of a nation will compel England to vindicate its high name, and retrieve the honour of its magnanimous character, in the common prosperity of the whole empire.

CHILDREN.

"'Twas pretty, though a plague."—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

Poor Helena's account of her feelings, while engraving Bertram's lineaments on the tablet of her heart, will answer for the description of the emotions with which parents not unfrequently contemplate their offspring, especially if they are numerous: and be it remarked, that the childish

* Letters from New York, vol. ii. p. 104.

character is only fully developed in large families. If there are but a pair, and, still more, if there is only one, it is odds but the child has no childhood: either it is too much neglected, or too much attended to. If the parents are busy, the pair, or the single one, is habitually placed in the corner, to keep out of mischief, or left to a nursery-maid, who has her caps to mind, and the young fellow she sets them at. The child soon feels that it is *in the way;* grows timid; its little affections and little faculties are kept unclosed by the chilly atmosphere of home. If made the pet and plaything of idle parents, the matter is even worse: it contracts prematurely the thoughts of old people. Neglected children have a partial childhood; but "the pet" is cheated out of that period of its existence.

To see children as they ought to be, you must see them in numerous covies. The real child is only to be found in a house where you can't set down a foot heedlessly without trampling on one. There they are so much in the way, that people are not allowed to forget them; and they are so many, that none of them can be spoiled by petting. Besides, children make by far the best keepers and companions for each other. A baby in its bascinet, trying to rest on its feet, while propping its little hands on the rim, or reaching over to catch something, is enough to outwear the vigilance and patience of the most pattern nurse-maid; but set a little creature of two or three years old, the quiet and gentle one of the family, to watch the baby, and, proud of the commission, it never tires. The baby, too, is more amenable to its tiny coercion, when seeking to break bounds. Such a group is the only beautiful emblem of the power that love imparts to human weakness. When the blind is imagined directing the lame, while the lame carries the blind, the picture is painful and humiliating; but there is no such alloy in the picture of an elf, only half emerged from babyhood, keeping baby from hurting itself, while baby supplies the place of a plaything.

Or perhaps it is a gallant unbreeched boy who takes upon him the guardianship of a sister some twelve moons his senior. How soon the "lord of the creation" shows himself in the male. There is a mischievous, laughing self-confidence in an urchin of two years, that girls never attain. If any other class of intelligent existence have it in their power to contemplate human beings, the most inexperienced among them must at once have a presentiment that in the baby-boy, they behold a creature whose will is to be law to himself and others. A nursery-maid, when children who are verging towards the transition epoch at which the child passes into the boy or girl prove unusually stubborn, sometimes threatens to leave them. Let the experiment be tried, and it is ten to one that the culprit, if a girl, looks on while the bonnet and shawl are being pinned, half-incredulous, half-anxious, that her younger sister is dissolved in tears, and that while baby keeps crowing utterly unconscious of what is passing, little master, with a pout on his lip and a frown on his brow, doggedly sets his back against the door to prevent egress, and says nothing. In girl-children, the intellect develops itself more rapidly than in boy-children; but the character is much earlier *pronounced* in the male. This may be the reason why we always find in the nursery pairings off, a brother and sister keeping themselves somewhat apart from the rest. Where there are two, one must go before: either the elder girl has not the talent of leading, or the younger feels instinctively that she has no authority over her by divine right. The boy takes the lead unconsciously, and yet, as in after life, the girl has perhaps more influence over him than he over her.

It is a stirring little republic a nursery; feuds are incessantly recurring. The tears and passions of a nursery are like the rainy weather of England: it requires an effort of reflection to convince us the sunshine is more frequent than the squalls. It is difficult for one not attached to a child by custom, or the mysterious link of paternity, to estimate its character fairly. The more of energy, and of consequent promise for after life, a child has, the more apt it is to repel. Headlong and unreflecting, sufficing to itself, entirely possessed by the flush of young emotion, it needs when in health, no sympathy, and seeks for none. It cannot move without jostling an old maid or old bachelor in some sore point. Sorely does it try even paternal, and still more maternal forbearance. We must love children, as God loves us—not as we love our equals in age, quite as much from a refined selfishness, as any other cause; but simply because we love them. Affectionate creatures they are, and nestle themselves into your very heart when the mood is on them; but changeable as the elements, you must look for long intervals of forgetfulness. The intelligent unintermitting love borne by children to their parents, is the fruit of a much more mature age; the product of habit, and developed reason, emotion, and conscience. The best among us, looking back to his own childhood, grieves to think how coldly he repaid the affection lavished upon him by fond parents. If they survive, he "pays them well in after years,"—if gone, the debt of unrequited love is transferred as a legacy to his own children.

To the reflecting mind, there is no claim so strong as that which a child has upon us, for unremitting devoted affectionate cherishing. It is there because we have been happy. That happiness we sought, careless, utterly thoughtless of it. Exclusively seeking our own gratification, we have forced it to encounter this rough world, and all its trials. The voiceless baby speaks to our conscience: you who have subjected my helplessness to all these wishes and wants, how deeply bound you are to provide! And this unconscious plea is urged with smiles so sweet, and glances so bright, as could well fascinate of themselves. Every day develops some new charm. The baby learns to smile recognition, and then to creep to its mother; an arch expression mingles with the smile of the child, and elevates it to the rank of intelligent beings; and as it nears the extreme verge of childhood, intervals of tempered seriousness descend upon its eyes and brow, foreshadowings of the deep

and awful emotions of maturity. Drop by drop water wears holes in the solid rock; day after day, with smile and arch look, and grave questioning, the child penetrates into the heart of hearts. If there be a love that is undying, it is that of the parent for the child. If there be love in which lurks no alloy of selfishness, it is that of the parent for the child. The love of man and woman is a beautiful and terrible emotion, strong beyond expression, triumphing over terror and death; and yet the best security for the permanence and happiness of wedded life, is to be found in that seemingly fragile chain which is knit by children's hands.

No wonder that among rude nations, the name of mother has ever been so coveted. Man—with shame we confess it—is more apt to be hurried away by the emotions of the moment than woman. It is not because he is less grateful for the love he has sought and won,—it is not because his conscience bears in less indelible traces, the duty he owes to her who has confided her whole happiness to him,—that the married man is more apt to forfeit his faith than the married woman. It is simply because passion is more overmastering with him. Man is the wooer because he is the weaker to resist passion; man is, for the same reason, less able to struggle against transient ficklenesses. But when, by yielding, man has broken up the household tie, his consequential sufferings are the greater of the two. Be this as it may, man, without regarding him as less capable of deep and *enduring* love than woman, is more accessible to temptation, and more apt to break the tie. In the rude childhood of nations, while the will is untamed by any of civilized society's appliances, man is, of course, more apt to fall. The delicate tact of woman soon discovered the power a child has over a father's heart, and the additional hold which that power gives its mother upon him. And the fairest and most fascinating dame of our day may rest assured, that cherished though our young brides may be, the mothers of our children are regarded with a deeper, more enduring, and holier affection.

The part that children play in the economy of families is an important one. But important functions often devolve upon creatures trivial in themselves. Not so in the case of children. The child is greater than the man. The man is himself, and that is often a shabby enough concern; but the child is a thing of hope and anticipation; we know not what it may become. The arch, laughing glance of these eyes, which flash upon us when the bushy, nut-brown hair is thrown back by a toss of the head,—what a lovely creature that may become, to make some honest man's heart ache! That boy, with flaxen hair slightly tinged with the golden, while his clear, resolute eye looks fearlessly at every thing it encounters, what may he not accomplish in after life! To us there is more of terror in the passions of children than of grown men. They are so disproportioned to their causes, that they rudely draw back the veil from our own hearts, reminding us "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Of all expressions of pain, we can least endure the wail of an infant. The poor imp cannot explain its little sufferings; and if it could, so little lies in our power to alleviate them. There is nothing for it but to have one's heart rent by its complainings, and pray in one's helplessness that its dark hour may pass away.

The healthy child is pure and noble in its dispositions, wherever its lot may be cast. For a time it may be immersed in the sties of the lowest and most brutal debauchery, without being contaminated. It may even learn the language of vice,—and doubly shocking it is to hear the slang of depravity uttered by a child,—but the passions yet slumber which must be awakened before these words become to it more than mere empty sounds. Even less defiled than Una, in the bandit's den or the brothel, angels watch over and keep the child pure amid surrounding filth. And yet, even in the most carefully nurtured child of the most virtuous parents, bursts of ungovernable self-will betray the lurking elements of what may gather and grow to crime. The trail of the serpent is over the fairest buds of promise. This it is that causes many a heart-ache to the fond mother as she looks forward to her child's after-life. This glorious creature may be after all a cast-away,—wrecked by its own impulses! And terror but deepens the love the promise of its young beauty had inspired. Children are treasures so great as to be constantly a cause of fear to the possessor. There is nothing for it but to recommend them with "trembling hope" to the care of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

FAIRIES AND RAILROADS.

I.

I lay in the fir-tree's shade
On the scented hay, new made
But yesterday.
The sun in the blue sky was bright overhead,
And I shifted my bed as it onward sped
Its westering way.

Sparrows were picking up busily
Grubs or grain in the stubble,
Now and then looking round warily.
Sometimes a noise would arise and trouble
The whole gather'd host, and it flutter'd away
To yon clump of oaks on the right;
Then one bolder would wing a roundabout flight
His supper again to spy
In the hay;
And every one that flew away appear'd to fly back double.

And ever and anon, with a rumble and a grumble,
Two miles hardly on rush'd the train, the London main.
Now at Waltham station seem'd its foot to stumble;
Snorting then with indignation, faster, faster it would tumble;
Till amid the distant sky 'gan its noise to wane
Gentle as the breeze's sigh, or the pattering rain,
Till at last I listen'd but in vain.

II.

And whether 'twas the sunshine or the shade,
The silence or the noise, each into each
Vandyked as 'twere in glaring contrasts,—sleep
Began to creep over my vacant brain.
At least, methinks, 'twas what our earth calls sleep;
For as I closed mine outer eye, it seem'd
To open inwards (as the rays contract
Within a lens, but to spread pencil-wise
Beyond the focus,) and I seem'd to see
And seem'd to hear things strange to see or hear.

III.

Methought I saw, beneath the crust of earth,
Domes, galleries, halls, intricate passages,
A dim-lit world; strange creatures moved therein,—
Huge purple serpents, bristling o'er with hair,—
Monsters with jetty armour,—things with scythes
For jaws; a teeming world truly! There flow'd
Rivers therein,—some even with the soil,—
Some dipping like adventurous divers;—rocks
There were and mountains; and one strangest ridge,
Long, gnarled, stern, beneath whose scaly crust,
Half visible, flow'd other milky streams.
And as mine eye grew to that glimmering height,
Behold! I saw the shapes of living men
Green-clad, fair-visaged, thronging to that ridge
From every side,—above, below; emerging
From each dark winding passage; and I knew
That they were Fairies.

IV.

Mournfully they stepp'd,
And slowly round the fir-tree's sappy root
(For now I knew it) took their destined seats;
While all those creatures, subject to their sway,
The earthworm, and the emmet, and the grub,
The beetle, and the cricket, spread around,
Listening in awe; the field-mouse in her nest,
Mastodon of the troop, crouch'd watching, lest
Unruly imp or gnome should burst upon
Their solemn conclave. Fourfold was the array;
Fourfold the ivory thrones, that from the sides
Of that root-ridge had sprung, to rest their kings.
Yet one was smallest, and far over all,
Greater and sadder, English Oberon
Sate, with his crown half poised upon his head.
Silent they sate, that fairy parliament,
Silent, bare-headed, e'en as those who feel
Their nation's fate upon them. Oberon
Now spoke:—

"Of Britain and of Erin, oldest lords,
We meet this time for action. Have we seen
And laugh'd to scorn the Roman and the Saxon,
The Dane and Norman, thus to yield our groves,
Our meadows, and our brooks, our grots, and dales,
The whole sweet treasure of our rural peace,
Before the navigator's spade, the stoker's shovel,
And all the abominable arsenal
Of railroad labour? Men of peace are we;
For peace have yielded much, too much already.
Where is our Lancashire? our Middlesex?
Our Stafford? Step by step, the steam-engine
Hath sent a wailing tribe to exile. Lo!
Now they seize all at once. From sea to sea,
Not a dale, not a lea, not a bank, soon
Is left, where we can 'scape the railroad whistle.
For action have we met, and not for words.
Speak, friends, I claim your counsel!"

Then arose,
Stuttering with wrath, the youngest of the four
Deliberant princes. In his haste excused
By the time's need: most wild and rude he seem'd,
And hot, as one but newly stung by insult.
And as his uncouth speech outflow'd, I knew
(Will Shakspere told it me) 'twas a Welsh fairy:—

"Meet them by force," he cried, "those deadly foes!
Let fall the mountain boulders on their heads.
Toss angry torrents through their damm'd embankments.
Their excavations choke with crazy mould.
Where hundreds gather 'neath the tunnell'd rock,
Send *Jack o' the foul air*, when they look not for him,
To dance upon their powder, and blow up
The miner with his mine!"

"A bog for me!"
A second shouted, twirling round his head,
As 'twere a club, his long grass sceptre, till
His brother princes shrank away. "A bog
For me and *Jack o' lantern*, after dusk!
'Faith, and it's I that led a happy life,
With ne'er a human worm to doubt my power.
'Tis I that had a hundred towers and castles,
Caves, rocks, and lairs, hill-sides innumerable.
'Tis I that will not lose, without a blow,
My kingdom!" (and he smote the air again;)
"I'll fright each navigator as he steps
Across my hallowed bounds;—send elfin voices
To howl round every hut;—perch goblin-shapes
Astride on ditch and wall, and fill the night
With uncouth shadows; I'll ——"

"And so you may;
But what shall I, who have no bogs, no mountains,
No rustic fears to sway?" said Oberon,
Half wrathful, half disdainful. Now the last
Of that strange conclave, ('twas a queer old elf:
Half clad, it seem'd, in deer-skin, like a Celt
Of olden times,—his upper fay, again,
In Paisley mixture,) rose, and drawling said:—

"Force is of no avail. Better to use
Our native weapons, fraud and trickish wiles.
How often have we deck'd a clumsy clown,
That on our games had stolen unperceiv'd,
In lace and satin,—fill'd his purse with gold,
And sent him packing homewards, drunk with joy,—
Swelling with future insults, to be wreak'd
On all whose foot he lick'd till now;—and he,
Stealing into his cottage, fearfully,
Hath doff'd his bravery,—reckon'd his gold,—
Lock'd all within his chest, or press, or cupboard,
—And, the next morning, 'twas but leaves and sand!
This age,—a paper age,—is won with paper.
Ourselves, who may all shapes at will assume,
Turn we projectors, and, to gull mankind,
In lieu of clinking gold and silver, which,
By ancient custom, in the earth we'll bury,—
Give them our fairy paper, darkly fill'd
With mystic words of, *premiums*, *dividends*,
Increasing traffic, and such gilded sounds.
Eagerly will they grasp, eagerly hoard;
Till, wakening on the morrow, they shall find
'Twas fairy-money,—till the upturn'd sod
Fall to its place again, for want of hands,
Gold-bought, to move it,—till the hateful rails
Rust on their sleepers, and our grass begins
To grow atween. Thus only can we yet
Avert this danger."

He had said, and all
Kept silence. Oberon, at last: "Wise friend,
Thou hast well spoken. 'Tis our only hope.
Or else—farewell for ever to these isles!"

V.

A something twitch'd my ear, and I awoke.
—I had dosed o'er my *scrip certificates*.

VI.

And now, when the shares are going down,
I think, I think of the elf-mock'd clown,
Of the council in Elfin-Hall;
That Scotch fay hovers before mine eyes,
And a flouting voice ever cries, ever cries:—
"Fairy-money!
Fairy-money!
'Tis Fairy-money and moonshine all!"

J. T.

LETTERS FROM NAPLES.

BY MADAME WOLFENSBERGER. WRITTEN DURING HER RESIDENCE THERE IN 1843-4.

(*Concluded from page 714 of our November Number.*)

LETTER TWELFTH.

The two Models.—The young Assassin.—Maternal Love.—Love of Vengeance.

An old, heavy, half-savage looking man may often be seen lounging or sleeping in the sun before the houses of the Chiaja, or begging of the strangers as they come forth from their hotels, into the gay promenade of the Villa Reale. He is clothed in the dirty coarse blue cloth dress of the peasantry, with a rough sheep's skin on his back, by way of a mantle, and, instead of stockings, his legs are cased in untanned leather, wrapped round with cords. His high conical hat is of course old beaver, and there is no appearance of his enjoying the luxury of a shirt.

Sometimes he carries a huge staff in his hand, at others he pretends to play upon a mountain clarionet, a wild harsh instrument, from whence, however, the natives of Calabria frequently draw the softest and most melodious notes, before the images or pictures of the Virgin. But this tattered beggar has evidently no melody in his composition, and when chance favours him, he gladly resorts to other means to add to his scanty gains. For a small hire he frequently plays the part of an *artist's model*; but though his dress, from its wildness, is picturesque, its colours are neither bright, nor agreeable for a painter, and his dark inexpressive face is not a subject for study. To make up for his own deficiencies, he now frequently brings to the city with him, a daughter, whose youth and gay coloured costume are more desirable models, and latterly, his wife has been his almost daily companion.

Anxious to add a sketch of these perfectly natural figures to our portfolio, we engaged them both to sit to us, though certainly upon a near inspection, it was not without some unpleasant feelings, that we saw them enter our chamber, and seat themselves on our chairs. It was absolutely necessary to be a most zealous devotee of art, to forget in our love of the picturesque, the dirt of these miserable creatures. The man was obtuse and stupid, yet cunning withal, and failed not to put in practice his rude arts and flattery, in order to obtain from us, if possible, double the sum he was paid by the Neapolitan artists.

The woman was attired in a very pretty, but dirty costume of many colours, with a laced boddice, and a folded linen head-cloth, forming a square above her forehead, so as to protect her eyes from the sun. She was evidently worn thin by toil and want; but though no longer young, her features were fine, delicate, and almost of a noble cast. Yet, they were deeply sad. Hour after hour she sat before us, without uttering a syllable, even to her husband, or changing her position in the slightest degree, with her eyes fixed on the walls with the same unvarying expression of hopeless misery. She seemed to take no interest in our proceedings, in fact, to be unconscious where she was, or wherefore she was there; and if she thought at all, her thoughts were evidently engaged by some object far away.

When we at length ordered food and wine to be set before them, we observed that she at first eat greedily; but suddenly she checked herself; she muttered something to her husband in a low voice, and quickly wrapped the remaining portion of her meal in a tattered cloth she drew forth from her pocket.

The old man laughed and shrugged his shoulders, but he paid no further attention to her proposition, whatever it might have been, and he emptied the bottle and dishes before him, with the delight of one who was evidently little accustomed to partake of such good cheer. His wife brushed a tear from her eye, as she watched him, and then, with a deep sigh, turned away, and resumed her former place without uttering a word. The husband well knew what she meant, but he was in no humour to deny himself a good meal; and in the enjoyment of a bottle of wine, he forgot the misfortune that weighed down his poor wife to the earth.

We afterwards learnt, that their only son was at that time in the galleys for assassination, where the condemned criminals are compelled to perform labours the most severe, whilst they are scarcely allowed sufficient nourishment to sustain life. The feeble and delicate, who have no friends to afford them aid, commonly die ere the term of their punishment is concluded; the strong and daring, and the most desperate, who have commonly associates at large, fail not to live in plenty, by means of the daily gifts conveyed to them, and return to society hardened instead of reformed, by their years of captivity and toil, and public exposure.

The poor mother well knew the sufferings of her son, and however criminal he might be in the eye of the law, she only felt he was her child. Every farthing she could earn, every crust she could spare from her scanty meals, she carried daily to him; and when the chained convicts, returning from their labour, were marched two and two towards their prison, she was ever waiting by the way-side to give her scanty savings to the half-famished convict.

We are no sentimental sympathizers with crime, but the story of this young man deeply moved our compassion. He was, as we have said, an only son; he had been his mother's pride and joy, and we were assured he was of a brave, generous, and noble nature, but entirely uneducated. He grew up without his moral feelings receiving other direction, or light, than such as his ignorant

parents could bestow, and their influence was rather for evil, than for good. His virtues even, were passions, and his conduct the wild result of natural ungoverned impulse.

Two peasants, or rather banditti of his neighbourhood, of the worst class, conceived a bitter enmity against one of their associates, but unwilling to incur the danger of assassinating the object of their hatred, they agreed to make this unfortunate young man the tool of their vengeance. They excited a quarrel between him and their intended victim, and seized the moment of excited passion, to persuade him that nothing but blood could wash out the stain of the insults he had received. The youth listened,—he believed—and in an evil moment he obeyed. He planted a knife in the heart of his adversary at the instigation of these subtle fiends, and was condemned to years of hard labour in the galleys, whilst those who were the cause of his crime, walk at liberty through the streets of Naples.

Men of a similar character, but of greater daring, have been pointed out to us, lounging in the neighbourhood of the wine-houses, their great cloth mantles thrown like a drapery around them, who were said to have committed more than a dozen assassinations, and who have either found means to elude all punishment, or have come forth from the galleys, more than ever hardened, and irritated against society, to recommence their course of crime.

LETTER THIRTEENTH.

The evil Eye. — Unlucky Personages. — Counter Charms. —Miracles.— Gunpowder.— Processions. — Convent Fare. —A scene in the interior of a Monastery.—A Peasant's Death-bed.

We have spoken of the superstitions of the country; but in the city the great mass of the people is not more enlightened. Priests, nuns, sorcerers, in fact all who, from superior piety, or knowledge of the black art, pretend to be gifted with powers of divination, find ample employment for their prophetic faculties. Women, in all cases of sickness and danger, have innumerable charms to divert the threatened calamity, and the belief in the evil eye is wonderfully general. A gentleman of talent and instruction one day confessed to me with some confusion, that though he had not made up his mind as to the truth of the common idea that there were persons, whose fixed glance could ensure the misfortune, or even death of those against whom it was directed, yet he was perfectly convinced that there were others whose presence had an evil influence on all who had the misfortune to find themselves in their company; and that when, by an intuitive feeling, he was warned of the proximity of such a one, he never failed to defend himself from the consequences, by making use of the prescribed charm against their power. This is neither more nor less, than to stick out the first and fourth fingers, whilst the second and third are folded beneath the palm of the hand; nay, even a miniature model in this form, or a small spike of coral, is considered sufficient to defend the wearer from the evil eye, and few are without one of these spells against misfortune.

It is a common thing for the women to cut off their long and beautiful hair as a votive offering to the Virgin, which they have vowed in moments of deep affliction; and under the same excitement, the most extraordinary tasks are frequently undertaken to propitiate some favourite saint. A gentleman, during our residence in Naples, went regularly three times a-week to shave the beards of the sick in the Hospital of the Incurables; though whether to expiate a sin, or avert an affliction, we could not learn.

Miracles are still of as frequent occurrence here, and are as firmly believed, as in the middle ages. Every year, on the morning after Christmas day, the king proceeds, with other members of his family, in state to the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, near the market place, rendered famous by the revolt of Massaniello. In this sacred building is an image of the crucifixion, which is usually covered, so as to conceal it from the eyes of the vulgar. On this day alone, the veil is removed by the archbishop, in the presence of the king, when the noble ecclesiastic cuts a lock of hair, about two inches long, from one side of the head of the image. When this is again uncovered on the following year, by the same personage, it is invariably found that the hair has grown again to its former length; and on the announcement of the miracle, a hundred cannon from the different fortresses of the city, proclaim it to the delighted people, whilst fireworks of every description are let off by the pious, before the gates of the church. The old miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Gennaro, three times a-year, when placed before the head of the saint, is still in full activity. It was only once during the reign of Murat, that the miraculous blood remained obstinately hard, which the people were given to understand, was in consequence of the saint's detestation of the newly established government of the French. Loud clamour and tumult ensued, and the city was menaced with insurrection; when Murat with all despatch, sent half-a-dozen cannon to be planted against the cathedral, and at the same time caused an intimation to be given to the priests who were there officiating, that if the blood of St. Gennaro did not immediately melt as usual, in less than five minutes the whole building should be brought to the ground by a discharge of artillery. Preparations were actually made to this effect: but before they could be completed, the relenting saint proved propitious, and tranquillity was restored amongst the populace.

The people believe the truth of these wonders with their whole heart. Superstition is to them a second life, and a support in place of the consolations of Scripture, amidst the many heavy sufferings to which they are exposed in their wretched state. The money spent even by the poor for gunpowder, and all sorts of fireworks to discharge in honour of their favourite saints, surpasses belief. We have frequently been awakened in the middle of the night by the report of guns and

cannon, fired for no better purpose; and during the festival of Christmas, an ignorant listener might readily believe that an enemy was actually bombarding the city.

To attempt to talk reason on such subjects, is at once to expose yourself to the stigma of heresy; and it is said that nothing, except the suppression of the Lotto, would be more likely to produce a rebellion in Naples than the prevention by the police of this noisy rejoicing.

At nine o'clock on the evening of new-year's day, the whole Quay of Santa Lucie was lighted up by fireworks, torches, and flaring candles, on the stalls and at the windows of the shops and houses, whilst the report of petards was incessant. Hundreds of men, women, and children, thronged the wide space between the sea and the houses; when suddenly from the parish church on the slope of the hill towards the palace, issued a procession of about thirty priests and boys, clothed in white from head to foot, with holes in the linen for their eyes, that increased the spectral appearance of their figures, as they glided along bearing torches in their hands.

One alone, dressed in black, with a mitre on his head, walked in the centre of this group, under a gilded canopy, bearing a small wax image of the Saviour. A band of music formed a part of the procession; and the shouts of the noisy multitude (without exception the most noisy in Europe) accompanied the pageant. Men, and children, ran before, behind, and around, discharging a perpetual volley of squibs and crackers on every side of the priests, who nevertheless steadily pursued their way to the front of the little ancient church of Santa Lucie, which having reached, they turned and retraced their steps to the holy edifice from whence they came.

An immense crowd of all classes had, in the meanwhile, there assembled, to receive the precious image, which was borne with the utmost solemnity to the high altar. The officiating priest there held it up to the public gaze, crying, "Behold the Saviour!" One after another, the whole congregation of the crowded building, then passed the altar, and knelt and kissed this waxen divinity.

We saw a silver bust of St. Anthony a few days ago, paraded through the parish, of which this saint is the patron. At the corner of every street, a row of little cannons was placed, which were discharged as the procession passed, whilst fires blazed in all directions, and the women, leaning from their windows, threw down grains, somewhat less than English halfpence, to the priests. In fact, all the money given to the poor in other countries is here bestowed upon the clergy, either under the false pretence of charity, or for their own use. There are monasteries and nunneries without end, supported by begging.

There is one convent near the Chiaja, containing two hundred nuns, of whom ten, in rotation, go begging daily for the establishment, and who receive the smallest sums with gratitude.

I asked an Italian artist, who told me he had a weekly visit from one of this sisterhood, how much he gave each time. "A grain," he said; "I cannot do more; I have a family to support by my profession, and I have many such visits."

The principals of religious establishments, thus maintained, are required to set three dishes on the table at dinner, and two at supper, before their monks and nuns; and if by any hazard a portion of this appointed fare is wanting, the utmost discontent is excited, and loudly expressed, by the members of the society.

In the country monasteries, the brethren are extremely courteous and hospitable to strangers who take up their residence with them for a time, especially if furnished with a recommendation; it being always understood, that such visiters pay at their pleasure for the accommodation they receive. Artists frequently fix themselves for a time in these establishments, when on professional excursions in the interior of the kingdom; and if of a sociable and agreeable character, they are joyfully welcomed by the brethren, who often make them the confidants of many a merry tale and ludicrous adventure, not always calculated for modest ears.

A friend of ours, who has in this manner spent much time in the neighbourhood of Pæstum, on a recent visit proceeded in quest of accommodation to the same monastery where he had previously lodged. As an illustration of these fraternities, I will give the narrative he recounted to us, of his adventures there, in his own words, as nearly as possible.

"The porter who answered my summons at the gate," he began, "was an old acquaintance, who, the moment he recognised me, assured me I could not have arrived at a more fortunate moment. 'There is one of the fraternity dead to-day,' he added, 'and you have just come in time to partake of our good cheer.'

"However such an announcement might have appeared extraordinary to a stranger, it excited no surprise in my mind, for I well knew the custom prevalent in the monasteries throughout the kingdom, of sending information of the death of a brother to every religious establishment of the same order in the province, when a mass is celebrated for the soul of the departed, and an additional dish and bottle of wine are served at supper, to refresh the throats and stomachs of the monks, after the fatigues of the double labours of the day. Nor must it be supposed that this bottle is of ordinary dimensions; but an enormous flask, which a man could scarcely embrace in his extended arms.

"The prognostications of the porter proved just, and I spent a merry afternoon in the company of my old acquaintances; and after having made an excellent supper together, we sat down to finish the evening, in the refectory, in separate parties, each sympathetic pair having a bottle between them. My associate was a healthy, rosy-faced fellow, whose brown gown and sandals had not subdued his love of good cheer and pleasant company, and moreover he was particulary addicted to the enjoyment of a pipe.

"Alternately smoking and sipping his wine, as he listened and responded to the jests of the company, the time glided rapidly away, till all the

rest of the society had retired to their dormitories for the night, and we alone remained, with our bottle and our tobacco. Freed from observation, and animated by the effects of the good cheer, our conversation became more unrestrained, and the worthy father was laughing till the tears trickled over his cheeks, when a loud ringing at the gate suddenly arrested his mirth.

"'In the name of St. Francis!' he cried, 'what is coming here? A malediction on them all, that they cannot leave a poor man in peace half an hour together.'

"'What can be the matter! what can they want at such an hour?' I demanded.

"'Me! to be sure,' answered the Franciscan. 'Would to the saints I had only been in my bed, for it is always he who is last up must go to visit the dying, and I warrant it is some poor wretch on the point of departing for the next world who wants a priest to shrive his soul.' Pong—pong—pong. 'Cannot you have patience till I have finished my glass. But I must go, I must indeed; there is no help for it: though in truth I have no taste for crossing the hills this dark night, with no better companion than the poor peasant who has come in search of me. You must keep me company, by St. Francis you must!'

"I confess I found myself so comfortable after the good cheer of the evening, that I was even more provoked than the monk at such an interruption of our enjoyment; but as he stood waiting for me with the candle in his hand, before he proceeded to answer the third peal at the bell, and I well knew that in spite of his portly person his cowardice was extreme, I had no alternative but to accompany him.

"'Come, then, come,' he cried, as soon as he had learnt my consent. 'You will take your stick, and I my crucifix, and we will do the best we can. Follow me.'

"As the monk had expected, we found a poor, half-starved peasant boy at the gate, who informed us that his mother was at the point of death, and required the presence of a priest. The good man shrugged his shoulders; to refuse the petition was impossible, and we accordingly sallied forth, each of us carrying a lantern, and my companion doubly armed with his cross and his pipe.

"The night was dark; so dark that we could distinguish but little of the surrounding country, though the friar, who well knew by previous attacks on his brethren, that the by-roads were infested by robbers, cast many an anxious glance around, as the tall grass rustled in the wind. After walking nearly a mile and a half, we arrived at a wretched village amongst the hills. We had then to clamber up a broken bank to the abode of the dying woman, which stood at a considerable distance from all the other cottages.

"I shall never forget the scene which we discovered there. Half excavated in the rock, half built up with rude stones, the hovel more resembled the den of wild beasts than the home of a human being. Its filth and gloom were perfectly revolting. A small lamp threw a feeble ray over its black and rugged walls, and on the bed, where scarcely covered with filthy rags lay the dying woman. It was nothing but a bundle of straw. Two persons knelt beside it, with their heads buried in the coverings, and three half-famished looking children slept on a pile of grass and leaves in another corner.

"The priest, laying down his pipe on a stone at the entrance, proceeded to perform his sacred functions. But before he began, I demanded of a man we had found in the hovel, if there was nothing could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the poor woman, who appeared in mortal agony. 'We have had a doctor,' he replied, 'but as we had no means of buying the medicines he ordered, he told us we might give her water.' And there, to be sure, at her side, stood the pitcher from which she had drank, and water was the only refreshment of any description the house contained.

"The priest then held up his cross, and proceeded to question the penitent, if she had renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? she, poor famished creature, who had been born only to toil and to suffer. Utterly unmoved by the horror of the scene, which habit had rendered familiar to him, and without any respect for the rites he wished to impose as sacred upon others, he every four or five minutes thrust his crucifix into my hand, and rushed to the door to refresh himself with his favourite pipe; then, returning to the bed, he continued where he had left off, till he again suddenly gave me the crucifix, and hurried away to indulge in the luxury of another half dozen puffs. All the while as he passed backwards and forwards, continuing his solemn questionings. The whole ceremony passed somewhat in this manner:—'Dost thou in all sincerity and truth renounce the devil and all his works?' [*puff.*] 'Hast thou put away from thee all carnal desires—' [*puff*] 'and sinful indulgences,' [*puff, puff.*] But enough! My heart bleeds even to remember this frightful desecration of a sacred and solemn rite, and I cannot even now forget the feelings that overpowered me when I looked on the poor dying woman about to depart with no better preparation to meet the judgment of her Maker, and knew that even the minister of the church, who had come hither ostensibly to afford her, an ignorant creature, weary and worn out by suffering and deprivation, the last comforts of religion, was watching eagerly for her soul to take flight, that he might enjoy the pleasure of his pipe without interruption, and escape from the wretched dwelling, where she had dragged on years of misery, to the luxury and comfort of his monastery.

"'Why, in the name of Fortune, do they not wait till the last moment, before they send for us, instead of keeping one out of a warm bed, to stand shivering half the night in a damp hole like this, saying Paternosters?' he muttered to me at length. I could not reply. I had thought him a good fellow till that hour, but I now learnt that, under the guise of frankness and cheerfulness, the hardest heart may be hid. A monk is, in fact, cut off from all sympathy with his fellow-creatures; want he can never know, and he pities

not the necessities of others; whilst religion, with the greatest number, is at best only an empty form.

"Irritated by such conduct, and impatient at hearing the most inapplicable and unintelligible language addressed to a poor wretch in the last agonies of death, I could not help asking him if he had no better comfort to offer to the poor creature, who had never had it in her power to commit the sins against which he preached to her.

"'What can I do?' he replied; 'we must show them we are something!' And the spirit of the dying departed, and the monk resumed his pipe, and we returned together to his monastery, to finish our bottle."

LETTER FOURTEENTH.

Literature.—Forbidden books.—Colletta.—Cuoco.—Mystères de Paris.—Orfana de l'Annonciata.

Before bidding farewell to Naples, we feel anxious to add, to our passing sketches, a slight notice of its literature; and yet this is a difficult subject, since there is nothing now permitted to be published in the country, that is worthy of the name. The number of ancient and valuable books forbidden by the censorship is very great, and no work has recently been written of any value that has not been suppressed. The works of Colletta and Cuoco, two modern Neapolitan historians, are both forbidden to be sold, or read; and though they were procured for us by a friend in the city, it was with considerable difficulty, and we were warned when they were delivered into our possession, to keep them carefully under lock and key.

The history of Colletta commences with the beginning of the eighteenth century, and ends with the year 1825. It is an admirable work, written by a statesman who acted a part in, or was a witness of many of the most important transactions he relates, in the most elaborate part of his narrative, touching the wars and revolutions which occurred in the kingdom of Naples during the present century. It is vigorously, clearly, and concisely written, and would hold a high place in the literature of any country; being not only the production of a highly cultivated and powerful mind, but of a man largely acquainted with mankind, and whose talents and learning had been rendered practical, and whose judgment had been strengthened by habits of activity, and an extensive intercourse with mankind. Few writings, it is said, bear so strongly the impression of the author's mind, as the history of Colletta. There may be traced the thoughts of his whole life, his disappointed hopes, his lofty designs, and indomitable attachment to all that is noble and excellent in human nature and human institutions. To write, was with him to act—to act for the benefit of Italy, freed from all the vile obstacles which, whilst he had filled public employments, had prevented him governing according to his liberal judgment.

Not a word escaped from his pen, that does not bear the impress of truth; much of which, the stranger every day feels confirmed, by all he sees and hears in Naples, at the present day; and he speaks so openly of the abuses and errors of the government, which have contributed to the present misery and degradation of his country, that it is not surprising the work is forbidden. But though strictly proscribed, it is read and admired by all thinking and enlightened men throughout the kingdom, by whom it can be obtained.

After serving in the army under King Ferdinand, and the brief republic created during his majesty's absence from the country, Colletta became a civil engineer, and during the reign of Murat, was appointed intendant of the roads and bridges, with the rank of general.

During the fifteen months he held this office, he executed many great works, and formed yet greater designs. In 1814, he was made a counsellor of state; in 1815, he bore a part in the campaign against the Austrians, and finally made the best terms for Murat and for Naples, which their position and the times permitted. During the transient existence of the new constitution, which Ferdinand swore (A.D. 1820) to observe, Colletta was created minister of war: but when the faithless tyrant returned from Laybach the following year, to renounce his promises, under German protection, the general was one of the first victims to his vengeance.

After a three months' imprisonment in the castle of St. Elmo, he was conducted by an Austrian guard to Brunn in Moravia. The severity of the climate, the calumnies of the government, and a painful sense of banishment from his unfortunate country, there slowly undermined his health, till in 1823, after an absence of two years from Italy, he obtained permission to remove to Florence.

There, to soften the pains of exile, he commenced his admirable history; and such was the soothing influence of this literary labour, that he frequently returned thanks to Heaven for the idea of composing it, and prayed to be permitted to live to finish it and witness its publication, though well aware of the danger attending the accomplishment of his wishes.

He remained almost poor, although he had filled so many distinguished offices: but though compelled to live with the utmost parsimony, he was contented with mediocrity, and the affection and reverence of the virtuous recompensed him for years of trial. He died at Florence in 1831, having completed his history, which remains an indisputable evidence of his ability and desire to serve his beloved country, from whence his noble qualities had alone caused his banishment.

The works of Cuoco are less calculated to become generally popular; being rather philosophical disquisitions on the laws, politics, and public events of his time and country, than a regular narrative of facts; nevertheless the history of his own time in Naples, contains many remarkable passages, and bears ample testimony to the want of faith, the cruelty, and the weakness of the government during the reign of Ferdinand. The whole is a dark page in the chronicles of mankind.

The productions of many of our English novelists

are translated into Italian, and sold without obstacle on the part of the censors; but the "Mystères de Paris," is strictly forbidden. Yet a month after its publication it was in all the circulating libaries, where any one known by the librarians could readily obtain it. We had more difficulty in procuring a new Neapolitan work, printed without the name of author or publisher, and suppressed almost immediately after its publication. This is a novel called "The Orphan of the Annonciata," and now known to have been written by a young man named Ranieri, who was thrown into prison as soon as this discovery was made. It is the narrative of a poor girl brought up in the orphan asylum from her earliest infancy, supposed to be related by herself. Its real object is to make known to the public the frightful abuses perpetrated within the walls of this ostensibly charitable establishment, and to give the true and exact particulars of a crime, the most appalling, committed not long ago, by a priest connected with it, and to whose care the education of the girls was partly confided. It is a work of very considerable talent, and written with a strength, eloquence, and originality, very different from the feeble imitative style of most modern Italian authors. As a picture of existing abuses, it was calculated to do much good, in a country where the atrocities it represented, had till then been carefully hidden from the eyes of the public; and though many of its details are no doubt too revolting for a work of fiction, they are necessary to fulfil the object of the author, and cannot fail, when perused, to awaken all thinking minds, not only to a perception of the degraded state of the heartless creatures, male and female, in connexion with the hospital of the Annonciata, but also of the immoral condition of the lower orders in general.

Were not the truth of the details he gives, on these two subjects, confirmed by the disinterested natives of the country, who have the best means of knowing the state of the establishments of which he speaks, it would be impossible for a stranger to believe that human nature could be so degraded as he has represented it. A country cannot be called civilized, where the servants of the public, the agents of charity, are permitted with impunity to inflict on helpless babes and children, the dreadful sufferings there can be no doubt they endure, within the walls of these horrible prisons; for such must the Seraglio and Annonciata be called.

The price of this little work was originally only a few shillings: but it is now so difficult to be obtained, that we were asked fifteen piastres for a copy that was offered to be secretly sold.

Other books, such as a new history of the Sicilian Vespers &c., have recently been seized by the police, and are proscribed. I am incompetent to speak of their merits, having hitherto been unable to procure them. But the fact of their suppression is sufficient to prove that no amelioration is to be hoped for Naples by means of the press; a press which is forbidden to speak of abuses, or to print any work of education unless written by a priest.

Such have been some of my impressions of the kingdom of Naples. I only regret that my powers of language are too feeble to convey to others, in their original force and brightness, the ideas of beauty, gaiety, superstition, dirt, corruption, and misery, which were there imprinted on my own mind — but that is impossible.

Yet there are inhabitants of the city who know the people well, who ever persisted in assuring me, they were a good people; that otherwise they would not submit with patience to the penury and starvation, which are the present consequences of the avarice and corrupt despotism of their governors; and that whilst a few starving creatures in despair, threw corn into the royal carriage last December, the populace in any other country would long ago have broken out into open rebellion under the pressure of such fearful deprivations as drove them here, after long suffering, to this act of famishing despair.

It may be so; but we have heard many stories which prove that in the provinces the passions of the inhabitants still exist in all the savage and untamed violence of nature, whilst from my short experience the natives of the capital, and its vicinity, appear to me to possess the true character of all slaves. Fawning and servile, when there is any thing to be gained, from the highest to the lowest, with few exceptions, education and habit have generated a most fearful indifference to all moral duties; and pride, misery, luxury, and meanness exist in conjunction. The great are deficient even in common honesty; and the poor, not content with plundering the rich, whenever an opportunity occurs, pilfer from one another, without pity or compassion for the poverty that, perhaps, exceeds their own. The populace will submit to the most insulting language without resentment, for which a Roman would take immediate vengeance with a dagger; and though their passions are violent and quickly roused, they are entirely devoid of that industry, truth, and steadiness of purpose, which constitute the force of a nation.

When we remember how other nations have, in their youth, shaken off the yoke of tyranny, we cannot help feeling a suspicion that in Naples there must be some great defect of national character, which has rendered its people subject for so many succeeding generations, either to foreign or domestic tyrants, whilst it is a remarkable fact that Naples has never produced one heretical sect in religion.

It is true, that during the present century, the Neapolitans have made more than one attempt to acquire political freedom and a just government, which, crushed by foreign interference, most sadly failed, and in their failure, brought destruction or banishment on the few virtuous and enlightened men who were capable of appreciating the grievances of their country, and endeavoured to redress them. But all that occurred in these revolutions tended to prove that no sudden changes can effect the regeneration of this beautiful but degraded country. The people are too strongly attached to their idleness, their vices, and their superstitions, to be ready for liberty; and it is very

doubtful if amongst the higher classes the materials for a liberal, just, and honest government could be found. The spirit of regeneration must come to this paralyzed nation from without; and the whole system of education must be changed for half a century, before the inhabitants of Naples can be in any degree worthy of the beautiful land they inhabit.

NOTES ON GILFILLAN'S "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(*Continued from page* 761 *of our December number.*)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,—*continued.*

MR. GILFILLAN, whose eye is quick to seize the lurking and the stealthy aspects of things, does not overlook the absolute midsummer madness which possessed Shelley upon the subject of Christianity. Shelley's total nature was altered and darkened when that theme arose: transfiguration fell upon him. He that was so gentle, became savage; he that breathed by the very lungs of Christianity—that was so merciful, so full of tenderness and pity, of humility, of love and forgiveness, then raved and screamed like an idiot whom once I personally knew, when offended by a strain of heavenly music at the full of the moon. In both cases, it was the sense of perfect beauty revealed under the sense of morbid estrangement. This it is, as I presume, which Mr. Gilfillan alludes to in the following passage, (p. 104,) "*On all other* subjects the wisest of the wise, the gentlest of the gentle, the bravest of the brave, yet, when *one* topic was introduced, he became straightway insane; his eyes glared, his voice screamed, his hand vibrated frenzy." But Mr. Gilfillan is entirely in the wrong when he countenances the notion that harsh treatment had any concern in riveting the fanaticism of Shelley. On the contrary, he met with an indulgence to the first manifestation of his anti-Christian madness, better suited to the goodness of the lunatic than to the pestilence of his lunacy. It was at Oxford that this earliest explosion of Shelleyism occurred; and though, with respect to secrets of prison-houses, and to discussions that proceed "with closed doors," there is always a danger of being misinformed, I believe, from the uniformity of such accounts as have reached myself, that the following *brief* of the matter may be relied on. Shelley, being a venerable sage of sixteen, or rather less, came to a resolution that he would convert, and that it was his solemn duty to convert, the universal Christian church to Atheism or to Pantheism, no great matter *which*. But, as such large undertakings require time, twenty months, suppose, or even two years,—for you know, reader, that a railway requires on an average little less,—Shelley was determined to obey no impulse of youthful rashness. Oh no! Down with presumption, down with levity, down with boyish precipitation! Changes of religion are awful things: people must have time to think. He would move slowly and discreetly. So first he wrote a pamphlet, clearly and satisfactorily explaining the necessity of being an atheist; and, with his usual exemplary courage, (for, seriously, he was the least *false* of human creatures,) Shelley put his name to the pamphlet, and the name of his college. His ultimate object was to accomplish a general apostacy in the Christian church of whatever name. But for one six months, it was quite enough if he caused a revolt in the Church of England. And as, before a great naval action, when the enemy is approaching, you throw a long shot or two by way of trying his range,—on that principle Shelley had thrown out his tract in Oxford. Oxford formed the advanced squadron of the English Church; and, by way of a *coup d'essai*, though in itself a bagatelle, what if he should begin with converting Oxford? To make any beginning at all is one half the battle; or, as a writer in this Magazine [June 1845] suggests, a good deal more. To speak seriously, there is something even thus far in the boyish presumption of Shelley, not altogether without nobility. He affronted the armies of Christendom. Had it been possible for *him* to be jesting, it would *not* have been noble. But here, even in the most monstrous of his undertakings, here, as always, he was perfectly sincere and single-minded. Satisfied that Atheism was the sheet anchor of the world, he was not the person to speak by halves. Being a boy, he attacked those [upon a point the most sure to irritate] who were gray; having no station in society, he flew at the throats of none but those who *had;* weaker than an infant for the purpose before him, he planted his fist in the face of a giant, saying, "Take *that*, you devil, and *that*, and *that*." The pamphlet had been published; and though an undergraduate of Oxford is not (technically speaking) a member of the university as a responsible corporation, still he bears a near relation to it. And the heads of colleges felt a disagreeable summons to an extra-meeting. There are in Oxford five-and-twenty colleges, to say nothing of halls. Frequent and full the heads assembled in Golgotha, a well-known Oxonian chamber, which, being interpreted, (as scripturally we know,) is "the place of a skull," and must, therefore, naturally be the place of a head. There the heads met to deliberate. What was to be done? Most of them were inclined to mercy: to proceed at all—was to

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*"A Gallery of Literary Portraits." By George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait.

proceed to extremities; and, (generally speaking,) to expel a man from Oxford, is to ruin his prospects in any of the liberal professions. Not, therefore, from consideration for Shelley's position in society, but on the kindest motives of forbearance towards one so young, the heads decided for declining all notice of the pamphlet. Levelled *at* them, it was not specially addressed *to* them; and, amongst the infinite children born every morning from that mightiest of mothers, the press, why should Golgotha be supposed to have known any thing, officially, of this little brat? That evasion might suit some people, but not Percy Bysshe Shelley. There was a flaw, (was there?) in his process? his pleading could not, regularly, come up before the court? Very well—he would heal that defect immediately. So he sent his pamphlet, with five-and-twenty separate letters, addressed to the five-and-twenty heads of colleges in Golgotha assembled; courteously "inviting" all and every of them to notify, at his earliest convenience, his adhesion to the enclosed unanswerable arguments for Atheism. Upon this, it is undeniable that Golgotha looked black; and, after certain formalities, "invited" P. B. Shelley to consider himself expelled from the University of Oxford. But, if this were harsh, how would Mr. Gilfillan have had them to proceed? Already they had done, perhaps, too much in the way of forbearance. There were many men in Oxford who knew the standing of Shelley's family. Already it was whispered that any man of obscure connexions would have been visited for his Atheism, whether writing to Golgotha or not. And this whisper would have strengthened, had any further neglect been shown to formal letters, which requested a formal answer. The authorities of Oxford, deeply responsible to the nation in a matter of so much peril, could not have acted otherwise than they did. They were not severe. The severity was *extorted* and imposed by Shelley. But, on the other hand, in some palliation of Shelley's conduct, it ought to be noticed that he is unfairly placed, by the undistinguishing, on the manly station of an ordinary Oxford student. The undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge, are not "boys," as a considerable proportion must be, for good reasons, in other universities,—the Scottish universities, for instance, of Glasgow and St. Andrew's, and many of those on the continent. Few of the English students even *begin* their residence before eighteen; and the larger proportion are at least twenty. Whereas Shelley was *really* a boy at this era, and no man. He had entered on his sixteenth year, and he was still in the earliest part of his academic career, when his obstinate and reiterated attempt to inoculate the university with a disease that he fancied indispensable to their mental health, caused his expulsion.

I imagine that Mr. Gilfillan will find himself compelled, hereafter, not less by his own second thoughts, than by the murmurs of some amongst his readers, to revise that selection of memorial traits, whether acts or habits, by which he seeks to bring Shelley, as a familiar presence, within the field of ocular apprehension. The acts selected, unless characteristic,—the habits selected, unless representative,—must be absolutely impertinent to the true identification of the man; and most of those rehearsed by Mr. Gilfillan, unless where they happen to be merely accidents of bodily constitution, are such as all of us would be sorry to suppose naturally belonging to Shelley. To "rush out of the room in terror, as his wild imagination painted to him a pair of eyes in a lady's breast," is not so much a movement of poetic frenzy, as of typhus fever—to "terrify an old lady out of her wits," by assuming, in a stage-coach, the situation of a regal sufferer from Shakspere, is not eccentricity so much as painful discourtesy—and to request of Rowland Hill, a man most pious and sincere, "the use of Surrey chapel," as a theatre for publishing infidelity, would have been so thoroughly the act of a heartless coxcomb, that I, for one, cannot bring myself to believe it an authentic anecdote. Not that I doubt of Shelley's violating at times his own better nature, as every man is capable of doing, under youth too fervid, wine too potent, and companions too misleading; but it strikes me that, during Shelley's very earliest youth, the mere accident of Rowland Hill's being a man well-born and aristocratically connected, yet sacrificing these advantages to what he thought the highest of services, spiritual service on behalf of poor labouring men, would have laid a pathetic arrest upon any impulse of fun in one who, with the very same advantages of birth and position, had the same deep reverence for the rights of the poor. Willing, at all times, to forget his own pretensions in the presence of those who seemed powerless—willing in a degree that seems sublime—Shelley could not but have honoured the same nobility of feeling in another. And Rowland Hill, by his guileless simplicity, had a separate hold upon a nature so childlike as Shelley's. He was full of love to man; so was Shelley. He was full of humility; so was Shelley. Difference of creed, however vast the interval which it created between the men, could not have hid from Shelley's eye the close approximation of their natures. Infidel by his intellect, Shelley was a Christian in the tendencies of his heart. As to his "lying asleep on the hearth-rug, with his small round head thrust almost into the very fire," this, like his "basking in the hottest beams of an Italian sun," illustrates nothing but his physical temperament. That he should be seen "devouring large pieces of bread amid his profound abstractions," simply recalls to my eye some hundred thousands of children in the streets of great cities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, whom I am daily detecting in the same unaccountable practice; and yet, probably, with very little abstraction to excuse it; whilst his "endless cups of tea," in so tea-drinking a land as ours, have really ceased to offer the attractions of novelty which, eighty years ago, in the reign of Dr. Johnson, and under a higher price of tea, they might have secured. Such habits, however, are inoffensive, if not particularly mysterious, nor particularly significant. But that, in defect of a paper boat, Shelley should launch upon the Serpentine a fifty pound bank note, seems to my view

an act of childishness, or else (which is worse) an act of empty ostentation, not likely to proceed from one who generally exhibited in his outward deportment a sense of true dignity. He who, through his family,* connected himself with that "spirit without spot," (as Shelley calls him in the "Adonais,") Sir Philip Sidney, (a man how like in gentleness, and in faculties of mind, to himself!) —he that, by consequence, connected himself with that later descendant of Penshurst, the noble martyr of freedom, Algernon Sidney, could not have degraded himself by a pride so mean as any which roots itself in wealth. On the other hand, in the anecdote of his repeating Dr. Johnson's benign act, by "lifting a poor houseless outcast upon his back, and carrying her to a place of refuge," I read so strong a character of internal probability, that it would be gratifying to know upon what external testimony it rests.

The life of Shelley, according to the remark of Mr. Gilfillan, was "among the most romantic in literary story." Every thing was romantic in his short career; every thing wore a tragic interest. From his childhood he moved through a succession of afflictions. Always craving for love, loving and seeking to be loved, always he was destined to reap hatred from those with whom life had connected him. If in the darkness he raised up images of his departed hours, he would behold his family disowning him, and the home of his infancy knowing him no more; he would behold his magnificent university, that under happier circumstances would have gloried in his genius, rejecting *him for ever*; he would behold his first wife, whom once he had loved passionately, through calamities arising from himself, called away to an early and a tragic death. The peace after which his heart panted for ever, in what dreadful contrast it stood to the eternal contention upon which his restless intellect or accidents of position threw him like a passive victim! It seemed as if not any choice of his, but some sad doom of opposition from without, forced out, as by a magnet, struggles of frantic resistance from *him*, which as gladly he would have evaded, as ever victim of epilepsy yearned to evade his convulsions! Gladly he would have slept in eternal seclusion, whilst eternally the trumpet summoned him to battle. In storms unwillingly created by himself, he lived; in a storm, cited by the finger of God, he died.

It is affecting,—at least it is so for any one who believes in the profound sincerity of Shelley, a man (however erring) whom neither fear, nor hope, nor vanity, nor hatred, ever seduced into falsehood, or even into dissimulation,—to read the account which he gives of a revolution occurring in his own mind at school: so early did his struggles begin! It is in verse, and forms part of those beautiful stanzas addressed to his second wife, which he prefixed to "The Revolt of Islam." Five or six of these stanzas may be quoted with a certainty of pleasing many readers, whilst they throw light on the early condition of Shelley's feelings, and of his early anticipations with regard to the promises and the menaces of life.

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world, from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep; a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walk'd forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept — I knew not why; until there rose,
From the near school-room, voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes —
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasp'd my hands, and look'd around —
(But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which pour'd their warm drops on the sunny ground,)
So without shame I spake — I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power: for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check. I then controll'd
My tears; my heart grew calm; and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore:
Yet nothing, that my tyrants knew or taught,
I cared to learn; but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind:
Thus power and hope were strengthen'd more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
To those who seek all sympathies in one! —
Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone: —
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts and cold, like weights of icy stone
Which crush'd and wither'd mine, that could not be
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

Thou, friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell, like bright spring upon some herbless plain;
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom† thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walk'd as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I trod the paths of high intent,
I journey'd now: no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went.

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* "Family:" *i. e.* The *gens* in the Roman sense, or collective house. Shelley's own immediate branch of the house did not, in a legal sense, represent the family of Penshurst, because the *rights* of the lineal descent had settled upon another branch. But *his* branch had a collateral participation in the glory of the Sidney name, and might, by accidents possible enough, have come to be its sole representative.

† Of Custom: — This alludes to a theory of Shelley's, on the subject of marriage as a vicious institution, and an attempt to realize his theory by way of public example; which attempt there is no use in noticing more particularly, as it was subsequently abandoned. Originally he had derived his theory from the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of his second wife, whose birth in fact had cost that mother her life. But by the year 1812, (the year following his first marriage,) he had so fortified, from other quarters, his previous opinions upon the wickedness of all nuptial ties consecrated by law or by the church, that he apologized to his friends for having submitted to the marriage ceremony as for an offence; but an offence, he pleaded, rendered necessary by the vicious constitution of society, for the comfort of his female partner.

Now has descended a serener hour ;
And, with inconstant fortune, friends return :
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power
Which says — Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.
And from thy side two gentle babes are born
To fill our home with smiles ; and thus are we
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn ;
And these delights and thou have been to me
The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

My own attention was first drawn to Shelley by the report of his Oxford labours as a missionary in the service of infidelity. Abstracted from the absolute sincerity and simplicity which governed that boyish movement, qualities which could not be known to a stranger, or even suspected in the midst of so much extravagance, there was nothing in the Oxford reports of him to create any interest beyond that of wonder at his folly and presumption in pushing to such extremity what, naturally, all people viewed as an elaborate jest. Some curiosity, however, even at that time, must have gathered about his name ; for I remember seeing, in London, a little Indian ink sketch of him in the academic costume of Oxford. The sketch tallied pretty well with a verbal description which I had heard of him in some company, viz., that he looked like an elegant and slender flower, whose head drooped from being surcharged with rain. This gave, to the chance observer, an impression that he was tainted, even in his external deportment, by some excess of sickly sentimentalism, from which I believe that, in all stages of his life, he was remarkably free. Between two and three years after this period, which was that of his expulsion from Oxford, he married a beautiful girl named Westbrook. She was respectably connected ; but had not moved in a rank corresponding to Shelley's ; and that accident brought him into my own neighbourhood. For his family, already estranged from him, were now thoroughly irritated by what they regarded as a *mesalliance*, and withdrew, or greatly reduced, his pecuniary allowances. Such, at least, was the story current. In this embarrassment, his wife's father made over to him an annual income of £200 ; and, as economy had become important, the youthful pair — both, in fact, still children — came down to the Lakes, supposing this region of Cumberland and Westmoreland to be a sequestered place, which it *was*, for eight months in the year, and also to be a cheap place — which it was *not*. Another motive to this choice arose with the then Duke of Norfolk. He was an old friend of Shelley's family, and generously refused to hear a word of the young man's errors, except where he could do any thing to relieve him from their consequences. His grace possessed the beautiful estate of Gobarrow Park on Ulleswater, and other estates of greater extent in the same two counties ; * his own agents he had directed to furnish any accommodations that might meet Shelley's views ; and he had written to some gentlemen amongst his agricultural friends in Cumberland, requesting them to pay such neighbourly attentions to the solitary young people as circumstances might place in their power. This bias, being impressed upon Shelley's wanderings, naturally brought him to Keswick as the most central and the largest of the little towns dispersed amongst the lakes. Southey, made aware of the interest taken in Shelley by the Duke of Norfolk, with his usual kindness immediately called upon him ; and the ladies of Southey's family subsequently made an early call upon Mrs. Shelley. One of them mentioned to me as occurring in this first visit an amusing expression of the youthful matron, which, four years later, when I heard of her gloomy end, recalled with the force of a pathetic contrast, that icy arrest then chaining up her youthful feet for ever. The Shelleys had been induced by one of their new friends to take part of a house standing about half a mile out of Keswick, on the Penrith road ; more, I believe, in that friend's intention for the sake of bringing them easily within his hospitalities, than for any beauty in the place. There was, however, a pretty garden attached to it. And whilst walking in this, one of the Southey party asked Mrs. Shelley if the garden had been let with *their* part of the house. "Oh, no," she replied, "the garden is not ours ; but then, you know, the people let us run about in it whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house." The *naïveté* of this expression "run about," contrasting so picturesquely with the intermitting efforts of the girlish wife at supporting a matronlike gravity now that she was doing the honours of her house to married ladies, caused all the party to smile. And *me* it caused profoundly to sigh, four years later, when the gloomy death of this young creature, now frozen in a distant grave, threw back my remembrance upon her fawn-like playfulness, which, unconsciously to herself, the girlish phrase of *run about* so naturally betrayed.

At that time I had a cottage myself in Grasmere, just thirteen miles distant from Shelley's new abode. As he had then written nothing of any interest, I had no motive for calling upon him except by way of showing any little attentions in my power to a brother Oxonian, and to a man of letters. These attentions indeed he might have claimed simply in the character of a neighbour. For as men living on the coast of Mayo or Galway are apt to consider the dwellers on the sea-board of North America in the light of next-door neighbours, divided only by a party-wall of crystal,— and what if accidentally three thousand miles thick ?—on the same principle we amongst the slender population of this lake region, and wherever no ascent intervened between two parties higher than Dunmail Raise and the spurs of Helvellyn, were apt to take with each other the privileged tone of neighbours. Some neighbourly advantages I might certainly have placed at Shelley's disposal—Grasmere, for instance, itself, which tempted at that time † by a beauty that

* "*Two* counties : — the frontier line between Westmoreland and Cumberland, traverse obliquely the Lake of Ulleswater, so that the banks on both sides lie partly in both counties.

† "At *that* time !"—the reader will say, who happens to be aware of the mighty barriers which engirdle Grasmere, Fairfield, Arthur's chair, Seat Sandal, Steil Fell, &c. (the lowest above two thousand, the higher above *three* thousand feet high,)

had not been sullied; Wordsworth, who then lived in Grasmere; Elleray and Professor Wilson, nine miles further; finally, my own library, which, being rich in the wickedest of German speculations, would naturally have been more to Shelley's taste than the Spanish library of Southey.

But all these temptations were negatived for Shelley by his sudden departure. Off he went in a hurry: but *why* he went, or *whither* he went, I did not inquire; not guessing the interest which he would create in my mind, six years later, by his "Revolt of Islam." A life of Shelley, in a Continental edition of his works, says that he went to Edinburgh and to Ireland. Some time after, we at the lakes heard that he was living in Wales. Apparently he had the instinct within him of his own Wandering Jew for eternal restlessness. But events were now hurrying upon his heart of hearts. Within less than ten years the whole arrear of his life was destined to revolve. Within that space, he had the whole burden of life and death to exhaust; he had all his suffering to suffer, and all his work to work.

In about four years his first marriage was dissolved by the death of his wife. She had brought to Shelley two children. But feuds arose between them, owing to incompatible habits of mind. They parted. And it is one chief misery of a beautiful young woman, separated from her natural protector, that her desolate situation attracts and stimulates the calumnies of the malicious. Stung by these calumnies, and oppressed (as I have understood) by the loneliness of her abode, perhaps also by the delirium of fever, she threw herself into a pond, and was drowned. The name under which she first enchanted all eyes, and sported as the most playful of nymph-like girls, is now forgotten amongst men; and that other name, for a brief period her ambition and her glory, is inscribed on her grave-stone as the name under which she wept and she despaired, — suffered and was buried, — turned away even from the faces of her children, and sought a hiding-place in darkness.

After this dreadful event, an anonymous life of Shelley asserts that he was for some time deranged. Pretending to no private and no circumstantial acquaintance with the case, I cannot say how that really was. There is a great difficulty besetting all sketches of lives so steeped in trouble as was Shelley's. If you have a confidential knowledge of the case, as a dear friend privileged to stand by the bed-side of raving grief, how base to use such advantages of position for the gratification of a fugitive curiosity in strangers! If you have no such knowledge, how little qualified you must be for tracing the life with the truth of sympathy, or for judging it with the truth of charity! To me it appears, from the peace of mind which Shelley is reported afterwards to have recovered for a time, that he could not have had to reproach himself with any harshness or neglect as contributing to the shocking catastrophe. Neither ought any reproach to rest upon the memory of this first wife, as respects her relation to Shelley. Nonconformity of tastes might easily arise between two parties, without much blame to either, when one of the two had received from nature an intellect and a temperament so dangerously eccentric, and constitutionally carried, by delicacy so exquisite of organisation, to eternal restlessness and irrritability of nerves, if not absolutely at times to lunacy.

About three years after this tragic event, Shelley, in company with his second wife, the daughter of Godwin, and Mary Wollstonecraft, passed over for a third time to the Continent, from which he never came back. On Monday, July 8, 1822, being then in his twenty-ninth year, he was returning from Leghorn to his home at Lerici, in a schooner-rigged boat of his own, twenty-four feet long, eight in the beam, and drawing four feet water. His companions were only two,—Mr. Williams, formerly of the eighth Dragoons, and Charles Vivian, an English seaman in Shelley's service. The run homewards would not have occupied more than six or eight hours. But the gulf of Spezia is peculiarly dangerous for small craft in bad weather; and unfortunately a squall of about one hour's duration came on, the wind at the same time shifting so as to blow exactly in the teeth of the course to Lerici. From the interesting narrative drawn up by Mr. Trelawney, well known at that time for his connexion with the Greek revolution, it seems that for eight days the fate of the

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—"what then? do the mountains change, and the mountain tarns?" Perhaps not: but, if they do not change in substance or in form, they "change countenance" when they are disfigured from below. One cotton-mill, planted by the side of a torrent, disenchants the scene, and banishes the ideal beauty even in the case where it leaves the physical beauty untouched: a truth which, many years ago, I saw illustrated in the little hamlet of Church Coniston. But is there any cotton-mill in Grasmere? Not that I have heard: But if no water has been filched away from Grasmere, there is one water too much which has crept lately into that loveliest of mountain chambers; and *that* is the "water-cure," which has built unto itself a sort of residence in that vale; whether a rustic nest, or a lordly palace, I do not know. Meantime, in honesty it must be owned, that many years ago the vale was half-ruined by an insane substruction carried along the eastern margin of the lake as a basis for a mail-coach road. This infernal mass of solid masonry swept away the loveliest of sylvan recesses, and the most absolutely charmed against intrusive foot or angry echoes. It did worse: it swept away the stateliest of Flora's daughters, and swept away, at the same time, the birth-place of a well known verse, describing that stately plant, which is perhaps (as a separate line) the most exquisite that the poetry of earth can show. The plant was the *Osmunda regalis;*

> "Plant loveller in its own recess
> Than Grecian Naiad seen at earliest dawn
> Tending her fount, or *lady of the lake*
> *Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.*"

It is this last line and a half which some have held to ascend in beauty as much beyond any single line known to literature, as the Osmunda ascends in luxury of splendour above other ferns. I have restored the original word *lake*, which the poet himself under an erroneous impression had dismissed for *mere*. But the line rests no longer on an earthly reality—the recess, which suggested it, is gone: the Osmunda has fled; and a vile causeway, such as Sin and Death build in Milton over Chaos, fastening it with "asphaltic slime" and "pins of adamant," having long displaced the loveliest chapel (as I may call it,) in the whole cathedral of Grasmere, I have since considered Grasmere itself a ruin of its former self.

boat was unknown: and during that time couriers had been despatched along the whole line of coast between Leghorn and Nice, under anxious hopes that the voyagers might have run into some creek for shelter. But at the end of the eight days this suspense ceased. Some articles belonging to Shelley's boat had previously been washed ashore: these might have been thrown over board: but finally the two bodies of Shelley and Mr. Williams came on shore, near Via Reggio, about four miles apart. Both were in a state of advanced decomposition; but were fully identified. Vivian's body was not recovered for three weeks. From the state of the two corpses, it had become difficult to remove them; and they were therefore burned by the sea side, on funeral pyres, with the classic rites of paganism, four English gentlemen being present — Captain Shenley of the navy, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Lord Byron, and Mr. Trelawney. A circumstance is added by Mr. Gilfillan, which previous accounts do not mention, viz. that Shelley's heart remained unconsumed by the fire; but this is a phenomenon that has repeatedly occurred at judicial deaths by fire. — The remains of Mr. Williams, when collected from the fire, were conveyed to England; but Shelley's were buried in the Protestant burying ground at Rome, not far from a child of his own, and Keats the poet. It is remarkable that Shelley, in the preface to his Adonais, dedicated to the memory of that young poet, had spoken with delight of this cemetery — as "an open space among the ruins" (of ancient Rome,) "covered in winter with violets and daisies;" adding — "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

I have allowed myself to abridge the circumstances as reported by Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hunt, partly on the consideration that three-and-twenty years have passed since the event, so that a new generation has had time to grow up — not feeling the interest of *contemporaries* in Shelley, and generally, therefore, unacquainted with the case; but partly for the purpose of introducing the following comment of Mr. Gilfillan on the striking points of a catastrophe, "which robbed the world of this strange and great spirit," and which secretly tempts men to superstitious feelings even whilst they are denying them:

"Every body knows that, on the arrival of Leigh Hunt in Italy, Shelley hastened to meet him. During all the time he spent in Leghorn, he was in brilliant spirits, — to him ever a sure prognostic of coming evil." [That is, in the Scottish phrase, he was *fey*.] "On his return to his home and family, his skiff was overtaken by a fearful hurricane, and all on board perished. To a gentleman, who, at the time, was with a glass surveying the sea, the scene of his drowning assumed a very striking appearance. A great many vessels were visible, and among them one small skiff, which attracted his particular attention. Suddenly a dreadful storm, attended by thunder and columns of lightning, swept over the sea, and eclipsed the prospect. When it had passed, he looked again. The larger vessels were all safe, riding upon the swell; the skiff only had gone down for ever. And in that skiff was Alastor!* Here he had met his fate. Wert thou, oh religious sea, only avenging on his head the cause of thy denied and insulted Deity? Were ye, ye elements, in your courses, commissioned to destroy him? Ah, there is no reply. The surge is silent: the elements have no voice. In the eternal councils the secret is hid of the reason of the man's death. And there, too, rests the still more tremendous secret of the character of his destiny." †

The last remark possibly pursues the scrutiny too far; and conscious that it tends beyond the limits of charity, Mr. Gilfillan recalls himself from the attempt to fathom the unfathomable. But undoubtedly the temptation is great, in minds the least superstitious, to read a significance, and a silent personality in such a fate applied to such a defier of the Christian heavens. As a shepherd by his dog fetches out one of his flock from amongst five hundred, so did the holy hurricane seem to fetch out from the multitude of sails *that* one which carried him that hated the hopes of the world: and the sea, which swelled and ran down within an hour, was present at the audit. We are reminded forcibly of the sublime storm in the wilderness, (as given in the fourth book of "Paradise Regained,") and the remark upon it made by the mysterious tempter —

> This tempest at this desert most was bent,
> Of men at thee.

Undoubtedly, I do not understand Mr. Gilfillan, more than myself, to read a "judgment" in this catastrophe. But there is a solemn appeal to the thoughtful, in a death of so much terrific grandeur following upon defiances of such unparalleled audacity. Æschylus acknowledged the same sense of mysterious awe, and all antiquity acknowledged it, in the story of Amphiaraus. ‡

Shelley, it must be remembered, carried his irreligion to a point beyond all others. Of the darkest beings we are told — that they "believe and tremble:" but Shelley believed and *hated*; and his defiances were meant to show that he did *not* tremble. Yet, has he not the excuse of something like *monomania* upon this subject? I firmly

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* "Alastor," *i. e.* Shelley. Mr. Gilfillan names him thus from the designation, self-assumed by Shelley, in one of the least intelligible amongst his poems.

† The immediate cause of the catastrophe was supposed to be this: — Shelley's boat had reached a distance of four miles from the shore, when the storm suddenly arose, and the wind suddenly shifted: "from excessive smoothness," says Mr. Trelawney, all at once the sea was "foaming, breaking, and getting up into a very heavy swell." After one hour the swell went down; and towards evening it was almost a calm. The circumstances were all adverse: the gale, the current setting into the gulf, the instantaneous change of wind, acting upon an undecked boat, having all the sheets fast, overladen, and no expert hands on board but one, made the foundering as sudden as it was inevitable. The boat is supposed to have filled to leeward, and (carrying two tons of ballast) to have gone down like a shot. A book found in the pocket of Shelley, and the unaltered state of the dress on all the corpses when washed on shore, sufficiently indicated that not a moment's preparation for meeting the danger had been possible.

‡ See "The Seven against Thebes" of Æschylus.

believe it. But a superstition, old as the world, clings to the notion, that words of deep meaning, uttered even by lunatics or by idiots, execute themselves; and that also, when uttered in presumption, they bring round their own retributive chastisements.

On the other hand, however shocked at Shelley's obstinate revolt from all religious sympathies with his fellow-men, no man is entitled to deny the admirable qualities of his moral nature, which were as striking as his genius. Many people remarked something seraphic in the expression of his features; and something seraphic there was in his nature. No man was better qualified to have loved Christianity; and to no man, resting under the shadow of that one darkness, would Christianity have said more gladly—*talis cum sis, utinam noster esses!* Shelley would, from his earliest manhood, have sacrificed all that he possessed to any comprehensive purpose of good for the race of man. He dismissed all injuries and insults from his memory. He was the sincerest and the most truthful of human creatures. He was also the purest. If he denounced marriage as a vicious institution, *that* was but another phasis of the partial lunacy which affected him: for to no man were purity and fidelity more essential elements in his idea of real love. I agree, therefore, heartily with Mr. Gilfillan, in protesting against the thoughtless assertion of some writer in *The Edinburgh Review*—that Shelley at all selected the story of his "Cenci" on account of its horrors, or that he has found pleasure in dwelling on those horrors. So *far from* it, he has retreated so entirely from the most shocking feature of the story, viz. the incestuous violence of Cenci the father, as actually to leave it doubtful whether the murder were in punishment of the last outrage committed, or in repulsion of a menace continually repeated. The true motive to the selection of such a story was—not its darkness, but (as Mr. Gilfillan, with so much penetration, perceives) the light which fights with the darkness: Shelley found the whole attraction of this dreadful tale in the angelic nature of Beatrice, as revealed in the portrait of her by Guido. Every body who has read with understanding the "Wallenstein" of Schiller, is aware of the repose and the divine relief arising upon a back-ground of so much darkness, such a tumult of ruffians, bloody intriguers, and assassins, from the situation of the two lovers, Max. Piccolomini and the princess Thekla, both yearning so profoundly after peace, both so noble, both so young, and both destined to be so unhappy. The same fine relief, the same light shining in darkness, arises here from the touching beauty of Beatrice, from her noble aspirations after deliverance, from the remorse which reaches her in the midst of real innocence, from her meekness, and from the agitation of her inexpressible affliction. Even the murder, even the parricide, though proceeding from herself, do but deepen that back-ground of darkness, which throws into fuller revelation the glory of that suffering face immortalised by Guido.

Something of a similar effect arises to myself when reviewing the general abstract of Shelley's life,—so brief, so full of agitation, so full of strife. When one thinks of the early misery which he suffered, and of the insolent infidelity which, being yet so young, he wooed with a lover's passion, then the darkness of midnight begins to form a deep, impenetrable back-ground, upon which the phantasmagoria of all that is to come may arrange itself in troubled phosphoric streams, and in sweeping processions of wo. Yet, again, when one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fleshliness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness,—suddenly out of the darkness reveals itself a morning of May, forests and thickets of roses advance to the fore-ground, from the midst of them looks out "the eternal* child," cleansed from his sorrow, radiant with joy, having power given him to forget the misery which he suffered, power given him to forget the misery which he caused, and leaning with his heart upon that dove-like faith against which his erring intellect had rebelled.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

The timid Night had set her sentinels
O'er the blue fields of Heaven; a warm breeze blew
From the poetic south, the clime where dwells
All th' inspiration our cold world e'er knew:
I gazed upon the heavens until I grew
More spiritual, and every sense more keen;
For I could hear the pink of falling dew
And see gay creatures dancing in its sheen.
Oh, such a dream might glorify a life!
Methought I stood with Nature, soul to soul,
And ask'd her if her bosom had its strife
As well as ours. She gather'd up her stole
And answer'd mild, My attributes ye see,
Love, Beauty, Music—Can they disagree? G. M.

* "The eternal child:" this beautiful expression, so true in its application to Shelley, I borrow from Mr. Gilfillan; and I am tempted to add the rest of his eloquent parallel between Shelley and Lord Byron, so far as it relates to their external appearance:—"In the forehead and head of Byron, there is more massive power and breadth: Shelley's has a smooth, arched, spiritual expression; wrinkle there seems none on his brow; it is as if perpetual youth had there dropped its freshness. Byron's eye seems the focus of pride and lust; Shelley's is mild, pensive, fixed on you, but seeing you through the mist of his own idealism. Defiance curls on Byron's nostril, and sensuality steeps his full large lips: the lower features of Shelley's face are frail, feminine, flexible. Byron's head is turned upwards; as if, having risen proudly above his contemporaries, he were daring to claim kindred, or to demand a contest, with a superior order of beings: Shelley's is half bent, in reverence and humility, before some vast vision seen by his own eye alone. Misery erect, and striving to cover its retreat under an aspect of contemptuous fury, is the permanent and pervading expression of Byron's countenance:—sorrow, softened and shaded away by hope and habit, lies like a 'holier day' of still moonshine upon that of Shelley. In the portrait of Byron, taken at the age of nineteen, you see the unnatural age of premature passion; his hair is young, his dress is youthful; but his face is old:—in Shelley you see the eternal child, none the less that his hair is gray, and that 'sorrow seems half his immortality.'"

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND VENGEANCE: A HIGHLAND TALE.

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, BART.

With the exception of the Point of Stoir, to which the old red sandstone formation gives a comparatively level exterior, the district of Assynt, in Sutherland, exhibits a peculiarly wild surface. When looked at from the sea, it presents a strange assemblage of barren round-topped hummocks of granite, resembling vast iron-looking blisters. Those on the very borders of the coast appear as if enormous waves had been for centuries heaving over their bald heads, till every earthy particle had been washed from them; and thus it is that the country behind them is hastily set down in the note-book of the voyager as of the same character. But a little more attentive observation shows that the rocks are sprinkled with irregularly formed patches of soil, yielding corn and rich grass, and producing a strange speckled appearance of green, mingled with reddish gray; and when the voyager lands and explores the country, which he must make up his mind to do with no little personal fatigue, he finds that these apparent hillocks are in reality small hills of rock, which are mostly isolated, and which have hollows of corresponding depth running around them, united to those in their vicinity by communicating ravines and glens of the wildest character, where lakes and ponds of surpassing beauty, enamelled with water lilies, are seen to unfold themselves like mirrors at every turning, in which the mimic reflexions are frequently dimpled and disturbed by the playful trouts with which they swarm. These lakes and pools, diversified by rocks and promontories, are generally strung together by the winding threads of small streams, many of which throw themselves over wild cascades. And as you climb laboriously over the rocky heights, stepping from one stone to another, or dive through the hollows by a continued process of active jumping over bog and rill, you find many a cottage perched on the sides of the eminences, each generally sheltered by some broad-faced cliff, that renders it, and its curiously shaped patches of oats, bear, or potatoes, safe from the blasts that sweep furiously over the country from the Western Ocean. Birch and oak copse, and even trees, are not wanting in certain parts; and they were probably much more abundant at the period we are going to treat of, that is, about a century and a half ago. And to add to those beauties that every where disclose themselves, Flora has been extremely generous in scattering her vegetable charms every where in great profusion. But that which gives the finish to all these varying scenes by which the traveller is successively bewitched, is the general background that is formed by the bold outlines and craggy steeps of the more inland mountains, the wider glens of which contain lakes of considerable extent. We have said enough to convince the stoutest and hardiest pedestrian that it must be no joke to have some twenty long Scottish miles or so, of such a country, between him and his resting-place. It is true that the noble Duke who owns the vast domain of which this is a part, and who, with his predecessors, has been so much lied against and maligned, apparently for no other reason than because their beneficence, and the self-sacrifices they have made, have been unbounded, and that any thing like them is rarely, if ever, met with in other Highland proprietors; it is true, we say, that his Grace has, at an enormous private expense, carried excellent roads through the country in all directions, entirely free from tolls, which make it as easy to travel, where they exist, as it is in any part of the kingdom, and consequently strangers use them in abundance. But at the period at which the circumstances we are about to relate took place, the country was a *terra incognita* to all but its own inhabitants.

It is now, then, about a century and a half ago, when two young girls might well be said to flourish in Assynt; for they were the beauties of the district, and each had her host of admirers. The one, who was dark, with raven ringlets, elevated brow and nose, black piercing eyes, and with a full and prominent lip of haughty expression, was familiarly called Janet Dhu, or Black Janet. The other was denominated Morh Bane, or Fair Marion, from the exquisite fairness of her complexion, her golden hair, and her bright blue eyes. They were neighbours' children; and though of tempers and dispositions extremely opposite, they grew up in friendship together, until it happened that their path was crossed one morning, as they went with baskets and hooks to cut bent grass on a sandy part of the coast, by a tall handsome young fisherman and farmer, called Cathol Kerr. This is a name which tradition says was imported into Sutherland from Ireland, whence the ancestors of the young man had come some generations before. Cathol had been seen by neither of the young women previous to this accidental meeting; but he seemed to have known them, for he addressed them courteously by their names, walked with them along the margin of the beach to the place where their task was to begin, gave them his assistance in selecting the spot where the bent grew longest, and where it could be most abundantly reaped; and then, after having, as is not uncommon in such rustic interviews, told them who he was, and expressed a hope that he might meet with them soon again, he parted with them in a tolerably advanced state of intimacy, and proceeded along the shore to follow out his vocation.

"He is a beautiful man!" said Morh Bane in Gaelic, after both had stood gazing at his fine, tall, well-formed, athletic, and firmly-knit figure, until it had disappeared among the bent-covered sand hills.

"A beautiful man!" exclaimed Janet Dhu, in the same language, but with a vehemence that

startled her friend, who glanced with surprise at her flushed countenance. "A beautiful man, Mohr Bane! He is a god, if ever there was one on earth!"

"Nay," replied Morh Bane, "I should think it profane to call him that; but, in my judgment, he has as much beauty as ever God gave to man."

"Fie, girl!" cried Janet Dhu, with yet greater vehemence. "You have no heart in you, if you can say no more than that! I say he is a god; and he shall be my god for the rest of my life! I will worship him; and if I have any charms about me—and such I have, if the lads be not false in what they tell me—I shall leave none of woman's arts untried, but I shall have him for my love, even if I should follow him barefoot over the world till I win him!"

"Would such behaviour be maiden-like?" said Morh Bane, with her eyes cast modestly down towards the sand. "What would the neighbours say of a lass who should woo so boldly?"

"What are the neighbours to me?" cried Janet. "I care not for neighbours!—nay, I care not for kith nor kin! He shall be mine, I tell you, though I die for it. My heart has been suddenly so filled with love for him, that I feel there is now room in it for none else."

"Say not so," replied Morh Bane, mildly. "Though you may love him so much, your mother must still be dear to you; and surely you would not put grief into her old heart, or make her ashamed of her daughter's forwardness, even to win the love of Cathol Kerr?"

"*I tell you*," said Janet, with still greater excitement, "that much as I love my poor old mother,—and I do love her very much,—my love for him is of another sort. For his love I would consent to part even with my mother, ay, and to fine all else of good both here and hereafter."

"Janet!" exclaimed Morh Bane, with surprise and horror, "speak not at that wild rate. Think of your immortal soul."

"And who are you, thus to preach to me?" cried Janet, violently enraged, "and what is it to you how I love him? I see it," cried she, after a pause, "I see it all. You love him yourself, and you would fain put me off him, that you may the more easily work out your own wiles to catch him. But mark my words!" continued she, with all the fury of jealousy upon her, and with all the air and action of a prophetess, as she poured forth her denunciation,—"My heaviest curse shall fall upon you, if you but look at him. And here," continued she, stooping down and scooping up a large handful of the minute dry sand at her feet, "here, I swear by all the spirits of hell, that these millions of grains which I now scatter to the winds, are but few compared to the number of those torments which my hourly curses shall bring upon you, if you should ever win him from me!" And having uttered these terrible words, with the fury of an enraged demon, her whole frame straining convulsively, her dark eyes flashing lightnings, her bosom heaving, and her hair breaking loose from its binding, and streaming from her head wildly in the breeze, she threw the sand into the air, and leaving her basket forgotten on the ground, and waving her sickle to and fro, she strode away from Morh Bane, and was soon lost among the sandy hillocks.

Morh Bane stood for some moments in silent astonishment and dismay. She was well aware of the violence of her companion's temper, but she had never seen it excited to so great an extent as this before. She sat down on the ground beside her basket, and wept bitterly, for a considerable time. She then roused herself to her task, at which she toiled with a heavy heart for some two or three hours. A very cursory consideration of her feelings told her, that, as far as they were concerned, Janet had no little cause for jealousy, seeing that she herself felt that she could not help loving Cathol Kerr. Then the distressing scene she had had with one who had been so long her friend, and who had now so strangely uttered threatenings and curses against her, returned so powerfully upon her, that she was unable to pursue her work, and she again sat down on the ground and wept. As she thought the matter over, she was disposed to believe that some sudden madness had attacked Janet. And madness, indeed, it certainly was; but it was a madness which had its origin in the excess of her sudden and intense love for Cathol Kerr, working on a mind unaccustomed to restrain its passions, and at once generating ungovernable jealousy and hate of a rival; and these were terrible ingredients to come into contact with so fiery and untamable a spirit as that of Janet Dhu.

As Morh Bane was still seated on the ground, with her head reclining on the bent grass that filled her basket, her blue eyes suffused in tears, and directed towards heaven, she was startled by an approaching footstep; and, looking round, she beheld Cathol Kerr, the unconscious cause of her present distress.

"Morh Bane! and weeping! Why do I find you thus?" said he, in a soft soothing voice, and with much earnestness of manner. "What can have happened to have banished those smiles that gladdened that lovely face in the morning? Tell me the cause of this change. Has any one dared to offend you? for if he be man I will make him rue it. Speak! answer me, I entreat you. You seem faint—some sudden illness—water perhaps—ah, the well yonder—" and he ran off immediately and brought water from the spring in a little cuach; and, seating himself beside her, he put it to her lips.

"A sudden faintness came over me," said she, with some confusion, after having drank a little of the water. "I thank you kindly, Cathol, for your charitable attention."

"Charitable!" exclaimed Cathol. "But are you better?"

"I am so well, thank you," said Morh Bane, "that I may now rise and hasten home."

"Nay," said Cathol, in a tender voice, "rest yet a while: you have not yet recovered strength for so long a walk, with so heavy a burden as that; and when you do move, you shall have the help of my arm, and I shall bear your basket on

my back. But I would speak with you, lovely Morh Bane! This is too blessed an opportunity to be allowed to slip by. I know I must appear as a stranger to you, seeing that I never was known to you till this morning. But your angel face has never left this heart of mine since the first day I accidentally beheld you in the church you go to, where I one day went as a stranger. I have sat in none other since. Take then the truth from me. My love for you is such, that if you cannot return it, my life is doomed to be forlorn, since I never could love another. I must learn my fate, then, whether it be for happiness such as few men may know, or whether it be for despair. But I do not ask you to answer me now. I would not take you thus by surprise. I would have you know me, so that you may judge whether you could love me, or be happy with me as your husband; and if I should be so blessed that you could bring your mind to think so, I can promise you an honest heart, and a strong working arm for your support, together with a snug, well-plenished cottage for your abode, and some bonny rigs of a well-stocked farm."

So suddenly had this declaration come upon Morh Bane, that the whole tide of her blood forsook her heart for a moment, and rushed into her face; and she fell back, like a drooping lily, upon Cathol's bosom. Speedily recovering herself, and rising with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, she stammered out a few confused and half-intelligible words, in which her very desire to conceal the love which she so deeply felt, made her unwittingly the more betray it. Cathol Kerr was a happy man; and he became still more so, when Morh Bane, after having somewhat recovered herself, opened her guileless heart to him; and, whilst she thanked him for that delay which he had allowed her, and which she accepted, that she might know more of him before she should be called on to give him her virgin pledge, she yet, in her innocence, made so many soft admissions, that he felt in his heart that the foundation of his future happiness was surely laid.

How sweet was their converse as they walked together homewards to her father's cottage; he carrying her laden basket! The distance was considerable, and the way such as our readers may imagine, from the general description of the country which we have already given. The path ran winding through hollows, among rough hillocks, where Cathol's arm and hand were essential to aid and support his companion, and to help her over the bad steps, though, strange to say, many was the time that Morh Bane had travelled it alone, and in the dark too. She, poor girl! was all this time in a kind of waking dream: but it was a dream that partook of Elysium. All thoughts of Janet Dhu, and the dreadful scene of the morning, were now banished by the ecstatic conviction which entirely possessed her, that she was beloved by Cathol Kerr.

They had gone about two-thirds of the way towards her father's cottage, and had gained the summit of a narrow neck of ground that came sloping down from the knolls on either side, and thus connected two hillocks with each other; when, as they were again about to descend into the next hollow, they came at once on the cottage where Janet Dhu lived with her aged mother. It was perched on the brow of the hillock to the right, and connected with it was the irregular dry-stone fence of a small patch of garden-ground. These simple objects would, of themselves, have brought back to the mind of Morh Bane all that had passed in the morning, had they not been recalled to her in a manner much more striking. The sound of the footsteps of the two lovers, for lovers they now most certainly were, struck upon the ear of Janet Dhu, who was at that moment, whether accidentally or otherwise, engaged within the little garden. She raised her tall form halfway over the fence, and, violent as was her spirit, and high-charged as it then was with combustible passions, she was so utterly confounded by beholding Cathol Kerr linked arm in arm with Morh Bane, and both walking together in a manner that left her without a shadow of doubt as to the terms that subsisted between them, that she stood fixed and silent, like a figure of stone. Cathol Kerr was too much occupied with his present happiness, to notice even the cottage or the garden. His eyes, indeed, never wandered up the bank, or any where else, away from the object of their undivided attraction. But it was not so with Morh Bane. The bust and the terrible countenance of Janet Dhu appeared to her like the sculptured image of one of the Norwegian Furies. Her complexion was pale as marble; and her long dark locks, which she had so recently seen her, in her rage, toss loose to the winds, were now thrown into the wildest confusion by that volcanic agitation which her soul had been undergoing. Her eyeballs were stretched, and they were fixed on her rival, and they followed her as she went, and darted murderous lightnings after her from the fiery brain within. They reached the very heart of Morh Bane, and if she had not been supported by the strong arm of Cathol Kerr, she must have fallen to the ground. As it was, she was quite unable to remove her eyes from the basilisk gaze that followed her, until the downward path that she and Cathol took, winding round the hillock, shut out the terrific figure from her view.

Meanwhile, Cathol Kerr's happiness was augmented, by perceiving that the beloved form of her he was supporting leaned more heavily upon him as he led her onwards, from which he secretly congratulated himself on her increasing confidence in him. But few were the words that fell from the poor girl, and little were they to the purpose of the conversation he addressed to her.

At length they reached her father's cottage. He was an old fisherman who could now do little for himself. His darling Morh Bane was the sole object of his solicitude, and many an anxious thought he had regarding her. Cathol Kerr soon made the old man thoroughly acquainted with the object of his visit, and of all that had passed between him and his daughter. Morh Bane's silence, and confusion, and paleness of countenance, were all very naturally attributed, both by father

and lover, to maiden modesty. The father personally knew Kerr and his excellent and amiable character; and these, with his comfortable circumstances, were so notoriously in the mouths of all the neighbourhood, that the certain prospect which was thus so suddenly opened to the father of seeing his only child placed in the arms of such a protector, before he should go to his long home, appeared to him like a miraculous and kind dispensation from the hand of Providence. He rejoiced with gratitude and trembling, to see those anxieties regarding his daughter, that had so long haunted his imagination like spectres, and which had often robbed him of his necessary sleep, now at once put to flight. He gave way to his joy in floods of tears, whilst he embraced his future son-in-law over and over. Cathol was at once made, as it were, free of the house. He was told, not by Morh Bane, but by her father, that the oftener he came there the more welcome he should be. At length, after a greatly prolonged visit, during which he had risen more than a dozen times to go away, and had again seated himself, now seduced by his own wishes, and now by the entreaties of the old man, he finally departed from the house of his future father in-law.

Cathol Kerr had spent so much time so happily in this manner, that the shades of evening were beginning to descend before he took his way towards his own home. His path was not the same that he had come with the girl of his heart, but it was altogether of the same description. One portion of it led him by the edge of one of those small pond-like lakes which we have already noticed as being common in Assynt. The little hollow spot, the bottom of which was almost entirely filled by its sheet of mirror, was set in a frame of cliffs of no very great height, which were clothed here and there with patches of scrambling brushwood. The moon had just risen over these; and if an artist had desired to have painted Diana admiring herself in her own especial looking-glass, he might have here studied his subject from the life. But there were circumstances here also which the poet alone could have described. All nature was motionless, and perfect stillness reigned every where, except only when the drowsy hum of beetles, or of other insects brought abroad by the warm air, was faintly heard. Cathol Kerr, though a rustic, was a lover of the beauties of the works of God, and his spirit was at that moment well attuned to harmony with such a scene. There was one feature in it, however, which, although it might have added greatly to its sentiment, both with the poet and the painter, was yet, as regarded the present feelings of Cathol Kerr, rather like one of those touching discords which are now and then thrown into musical composition, for the purpose of increasing the general effect. A small, green point, washed on all sides by the waters of the lake, was nearly covered over by the graves of an old burial ground, where reposed the ashes of many an individual who had been the hero of his brief day, and where the recumbent and mailed effigies of some, rudely carved in stone, lay scattered about among the rank herbage. One or two of these were raised about a foot or so above the earth by pillars roughly hewn; and on one of them, to the surprise, and, as will not be wondered at when the period is considered, in some small degree to the alarm of Kerr, was seated a woman's figure, which appeared as still as the stone on which it rested. Cathol stopped abruptly when it first caught his eye; but it was only for a moment, for he had a stout heart; and although he firmly believed it to be some supernatural appearance, he immediately resolved to ascertain what it was. He advanced boldly towards it therefore, until he was within a few feet of it, and instantly addressed it.

"Who or what may you be?" said he, in the Gaelic language; from which, as we must again once for all warn our readers, all the dialogues of our present narrative are translated. "Who may you be who have chosen such a place as this to rest in?"

The figure turned its head towards him, the moonlight fell upon its face, which had been shaded by a plaid thrown loosely over the head and person, and Kerr beheld the features of Janet Dhu. But there now remained in them none of that storm by which, as we have seen, they had been so fearfully agitated in the morning. They were calm, tranquil, and placid as the unruffled surface of the little sheet of water on the margin of which she was seated. Janet could be a deep dissembler, and she could always, with due time for preparation, seem to be what she pleased, when it suited her purpose to appear different from what she really was.

"Cathol Kerr! is it you?" said she, mildly, as she arose and saluted the young man, with great modesty of mien and grace of manner.

"What, Janet!" exclaimed Cathol; "you so far from home at this hour! Where have you been?"

"I have been some miles over there to see a friend," replied Janet. "The way was bad, and I felt weary and almost faint from a slight sprain, and so I sat down here to rest me a little, thinking that may be some one might come by, for truly I shall have ill making out to our house unless some kind person gives me the convoy."

"'Tis lucky I came, then," said Cathol. "You shall have my arm, long as the way may be. Your mother must be wearying for you by this time."

"That she will, indeed," said Janet meekly; "but for all that, I cannot think of trailing you so long a travel out of your way; and I am rested now."

"Tut! speak not of that," said Cathol. "Here take my arm, if you be but ready, and let us be moving."

Janet took his arm accordingly, and she took it moreover with the full intention of taking her own use thoroughly out of it; for on the pretence of feebleness and fatigue, she made it the fulcrum by which she drew herself towards him so as to bring her person into very close union with that of the young man who supported her. In reply

to the simply expressed apologies with which she accompanied this manœuvre, the unsuspicious Cathol bid her make her mind easy, for that her weight was nothing to him; and he told her to lean well on him, and, as he said so, he drew her, if possible, yet closer to him. But thus united, their onward progress was so very much impeded, that they made but slow way through paths which were in themselves so difficult, and they were frequently compelled to stop ere they could pass over the bad steps.

"I know not how to thank you, dear Cathol," said Janet, on one of these occasions, and after much commonplace conversation had passed between them; "and yet, silly girl that I am, what am I saying? for I have no right to call you dear."

"Nay, then," said Cathol jocularly, "you need not study your words so particularly, in order to thank me for what I would do for any woman under the sun, and much more for so pretty a girl as you are, Janet, under that moon."

"Do *you* think *me* pretty?" said Janet, with great apparent simplicity, and, at the same time, laying an especial emphasis on both the pronouns.

"Who can see you, even for a moment, and not think you so, Janet?" replied Cathol.

"Ah!" replied she, "it's little I care what others may think of me, if I thought that you could but think so."

"Well, then," replied Cathol, "I do think, and I do say, that you are very beautiful."

"Do you truly say so?" exclaimed she, with a wild expression of rapture, which she could not restrain. "Then may I tell you my whole mind, like an honest girl. I love you, dearest Cathol, more than tongue can tell! I so love you that I am prepared to die for you. Nay, I must die if I cannot be thine. So, take pity on me, dearest Cathol! and if you think that I have beauty, as you say I have, oh, tell me that you will love me! Oh, Cathol!" continued she, throwing off, altogether, that mask of simplicity which she had hitherto worn, "tell me! — tell me, that you love me! I know that, in thus opening my inmost soul to you, I am breaking down the bounds that mankind say should confine a modest maiden's speech; but never woman loved before as I now love you, dearest Cathol! You are all this world — you are Heaven itself to me! and, if I cannot gain you, neither earth, with all its wealth, nor Heaven, with all its promised joys, could make up to me for the loss of you. Crush me not with despair, then! but take me—take me, if not for your wife, oh, take me for your slave! I will work for you—I will follow you, barefoot, throughout the world, adoring you as I go! Take me — take me, dearest Cathol; all that I ask of you is to make me your own!" And, before Kerr, in the utter astonishment and confusion into which he was thrown by this maniac address, could prevent her, she threw herself into his arms, and clasped him to her breast, weeping and sobbing convulsively.

"Janet!" said Cathol, after recovering himself from his astonishment, and speaking in a compassionate tone, whilst he gently relieved himself from her embrace, "what can have so excited you? You are beautiful; very beautiful. But you know that our love is not always under our own control, and I cannot give you such love as you would have. As a friend, as a brother, I could love you; and ——"

"Friend! — brother!" cried Janet, rising more and more into her true character, and throwing off alike all that bodily weakness, and simplicity of mind, which she had assumed. "What are such fruitless affections to me? But stay; you say you think me beautiful—very beautiful; and yet you can only love me as a sister, or as a friend merely? Then you must love another!" She paused for his reply, with her head bent eagerly forward, as if, by the light of that moon, she would have read his very heart.

"Nay, now you press me too hard, Janet," replied Cathol; "but, as you have been so open with me, I must e'en tell you; and, perhaps, all circumstances considered, it is but fair that you should know, that I do love another."

"Morh Bane!" cried Janet, in a deep sepulchral voice.

"Nay, I cannot, and I ought not to name names," said Cathol, somewhat surprised at her knowledge. "In telling you that my love is already another's, I have told you all that in any way concerns you, and I can tell you no more."

"You have, indeed, told me enough," said Janet bitterly. "And do you think that, out of what you have told me, I cannot gather the whole truth? You love Morh Bane! You love her, and yet what is your love to her, compared to the madness with which I love you? But, in loving Morh Bane, you love, as you think, maidenly modesty, and virtue, and a woman with an angel's temper! Ha! ha! ha! — Poor blind man! poor blind Cathol! Little do you know that in wedding Morh Bane you will wed yourself to lightness, and looseness, and the temper of a devil, all covered by unmatched deceit."

"Hold, base woman!" cried Cathol Kerr, unable, for a moment, to restrain his rage. "I have seen and heard enough of Morh Bane to know what she really is. It is yourself you have been describing in these wicked words. It is you who are the light one, as your behaviour towards me this night has but too well proved. It is you who are full of deceit, and well have you tried it on me this night; but your affected simplicity has been thrown away on me. As to your devil's temper ——"

"Now you shall not want proof of that too," said Janet, at once giving full way to her fury. "Accursed be your loves! may no union ever take place between you! Or, if it does, may it breed poisonous hate and endless discord, so that this life may be converted into an earthly hell! May — may —— But union between you there can never be. Morh Bane shall never marry Cathol Kerr, unless she will wed his corpse!" and suddenly drawing a dirk from her bosom, she sprang upon him, ere he was aware, and buried its blade in his breast.

She tarried only to see that he fell backwards; and

then flying up the bank, the murderess was instantly lost amid the wild intricacies of the country.

Cathol Kerr lay so much like one dead, that if any one had seen him stricken down, he must have believed that he was killed outright by the blow. But the fact was, that it had not proved fatal. As Janet Dhu rushed upon him, he had, instinctively, drawn back his body to such an angle that it went beyond her reach to make her intention quite effectual. The wound was of great length; for, from the position which the upper part of his person had assumed, the point of the weapon had passed over the ribs, ripping up the muscles in its progress downwards, but perforating no vital part. His fall was owing to the throwing back of his heel against a tuft of heather, which tripped him; and his stupor was to be attributed to a severe cut and contusion, which he received, on the back of his head, from a large stone on the ground. He bled so profusely, from both his wounds, that his animation was at length restored. A confused recollection of what had taken place, began faintly to dawn on him, and gradually became clearer and clearer. He sat up on the heather, opened his plaid, and satisfied himself, by the application of his hand to the wound, that it was not fatal. He thanked God for his miraculous preservation, and then making an effort to rise, he drank a little water from a neighbouring rill, which so much restored him, that he began slowly to retrace his way homewards. But he lost so much blood by the mere motion, that he had not gone far when he swooned away and fell. How long he lay after that, he could not tell; but when he again recovered his senses, he found himself supported up by two young men of his acquaintance. He had hardly opened his eyes, when, with true Highland curiosity, they both opened their mouths on him with long strings of questions. Had he had time to collect his wandering senses, he would have concealed his knowledge of the person who had wounded him: but, ere he wist, her name escaped his lips, and having thus caught hold of one end of the clue, they failed not afterwards to wind as much of it out of him as they could whilst they stanched his wounds, and partly carried him and partly assisted him home. They were not the men to bury any such important intelligence as this in oblivion. They had hardly lodged him safely in his own bed, before the whole of the district resounded with the murderous attempt of Janet Dhu. By daylight, the spot where it took place was visited by every one, and the pool of blood, which still appeared, and every little mark on which any circumstance, whether true or false, could be hung, were carefully examined and noted. That Cathol Kerr must die of his wound, was, in the opinion of all, a matter beyond question; and consequently, as Cathol Kerr had been murdered by Janet Dhu, every one declared that she should be immediately taken up as a felon. But however much was said upon this head, nobody thought of acting on this judgment until too late: for when, at length, a *posse comitatus* did proceed to the place where she dwelt, they found the cottage empty,—both mother and daughter having disappeared, no one could tell whither. Janet, indeed, had been seen by some one going towards home at a late hour of the previous night, and consequently after the murder; but there was no evidence as to how or whither she and her old mother could have conveyed themselves so mysteriously away.

Amidst all this outcry, the news reached Morh Bane in its worst form. The poor girl, overwhelmed by the intelligence, was carried to bed in a dead swoon. This endured so long, that her father, and those about her, feared she was gone. But it so happened that, as she was recovering consciousness, a message from Cathol Kerr himself enabled the old man to relieve his daughter's mind, by telling her the true state of matters. Morh Bane shuddered, as she thought on Janet Dhu's curse, and how fearfully she had begun to work out the fulfilment of it. But love soon triumphed over weakness. Rousing up her energies, and rising from her bed, she obtained her father's immediate consent that he would go with her to Cathol Kerr's house, that she might tend his sick bed and nurse him; and accordingly both set out thither without one moment's delay.

If any thing can be considered as a certain cure for the bodily wounds or maladies of a young man, it is the angel-like ministrations of the woman he loves, and, above all, of that loveliest of creatures, whom he is soon to make his wife; for at such a time, is there one of them that is not the loveliest of creatures? But Morh Bane was, in very truth, loveliness itself, and her angel form moved in a manner so very etherial through the wounded man's chamber; and every thing he took, whether of medicine or of food, became possessed of qualities miraculously healing and refreshing, and the bandages and dressings were put on by so fair and gentle a hand, that even the pain usually produced by their removal became exquisite pleasure, by mere association; and he expressed his delight by the many kisses he imprinted on that dear hand. Morh Bane blushed, and ever and anon whispered, that he would certainly hurt himself if he did not keep himself more quiet. But she was wrong. The less quiet he was in this way, the more rapidly the young fellow seemed to amend; and so quick was his improvement, that in a week he was so well as to be able to get up. Whilst this week contributed so far to his bodily recovery, it was yet more successful in fostering the favourable progress of his love-suit. Janet Dhu was entirely forgotten and forgiven by all parties. It was manifest that she had fled from the country; and Morh Bane now thankfully looked to have no farther trouble from her.

As neither Morh Bane nor her father had now any desire to plead for farther delay, the maiden's final consent was given at length. They continued the guests of Cathol Kerr, till he was again so perfectly well as to be able to go out to attend to his usual occupations; and in about a fortnight after that, the wedding was celebrated at her father's, and the bride was brought home in procession, with all the usual parade of Highland

ceremonial, and with the blowing of bagpipes and the firing of guns. All the lads and lasses, and older men and matrons of the neighbourhood, with whom both the bride and bridegroom were especially popular, were congregated, on this joyful occasion, in a large barn belonging to Cathol Kerr, where dancing began in the evening, and was carried on with great spirit.

Their mirth and jollity had been going on for some hours, and were at their highest pitch. The bridegroom and bride were both on the floor, dancing an animated reel, with the best man and best maid, as the bridegroom's man and bride's-maid are called in Scotland; when Morh Bane, whose face was towards an open window of the barn, uttered a sudden scream, and sank down in a seat that was near her. The eyes and attention of most of the guests were immediately directed with anxiety towards her, in the belief that some illness had come over her. But some individuals, who chanced to be looking towards the window, exclaimed with one voice, "Janet Dhu!" For one moment she was seen by all who turned their eyes that way; her head thrust quite within the aperture; her long hair tossed in wild confusion about her face, from which her eyes shot lurid glances towards the innocent bride. But she had vanished in a moment, and, for a time, was forgotten, in the general solicitude that arose about Morh Bane, and the undivided attention that was paid to her. She had so far recovered as to admit of the dancing going on, and the floor was already filled by the numerous couples, when a strong odour of burning was smelt, and before a minute had passed away, fire began to burst inwards through various parts of the thatched roof, as well as through the windows. The alarm became instantaneously general; fearful screams arose; and a general rush was made for the door at the eastern end of the barn. But there the pressure against it became so great, that it was impossible to open it. In vain were those behind entreated to retire; and the suffocation of those in front appeared to be certain. Cathol Kerr, amidst the general dismay and confusion, was the only individual who fully preserved his presence of mind. He looked to the western end of the barn, and knowing that the gable wall there was merely built of sods and stones in alternate layers, he seized up one of the benches, and assailed it with a series of blows so forcible, that he soon succeeded in making a large hole in it towards the foundation, after which the demolition of the greater part of the remainder was achieved with comparative ease and expedition. The flames inside of the barn now burst forth with tenfold fury, from the sudden accession of so great a volume of air from without. No time was to be lost, for the blazing rafters were beginning to crack and fall. Without a moment's delay, he lifted his bride in his arms, and bore her through the large opening he had made in the gable, calling loudly on the crowd of guests to follow him. Amidst the crushing, the shrieks, and the wailings that prevailed among those that were still vainly struggling at the eastern end of the barn, some time elapsed before he was heard, or before they could comprehend that any opening of escape had been created for them. Then it was that they left the door, and came rushing towards the ruined gable, where the opening, large as it was, got so choked by their pressure, that the barn was but slowly emptied of its contents; so that, although it fortunately happened that all got out alive, many were sorely burned by the falling beams. As for Cathol, he no sooner saw that every one was out of the place, than he conveyed his bride into her home hard by; and after seeing her safely lodged, he hastened back to the burning barn, to administer what help he could to those who had suffered. Loud were the cries and curses against the wicked perpetrator of this direful outrage.

"Janet Dhu! Janet Dhu! Let us find and murder Janet Dhu! It was she who did this horrid deed! It was Janet Dhu who put fire to the barn, to burn us all to death! Let us hunt for her, and take her life on the spot!"

Such were the shouts and threats that prevailed; and by and by all who were young, and not materially disabled, whether they were men, or whether they were women, some armed with such rustic weapons as they could snatch up, and some without any weapons at all, hurried away to scour the neighbourhood, in search of her whom they resolved to sacrifice. Meanwhile, some of the seniors, and others who remained, commenced a survey around the outside of the walls of the barn, in the hope of gathering, from appearances, some information as to the manner in which the incendiary had effected her horrible work. A neighbouring peat-stack had been pulled down, and a great part of it was gone. A good many sheaves of corn had been taken from one of the ricks; heaps of peats, now small in magnitude, but which had manifestly been large, were still smouldering, in a red heat, opposite to the windows and door. It was clear as noonday to every one, that, taking advantage of the entire and intense occupation of both the minds and bodies of those who were assembled within the barn, in the dancing and merriment that was going forward; and finding that there was no eye outside to watch her, she had piled up great heaps of peats, mingled with broken-up sheaves of corn, against the door and windows, and after having thrown fire on various parts all around the thatch, and introduced the insidious germs of conflagration into the piles she had made, she had waited till all was about to burst into flames; and then, believing herself to be triumphant in her wickedness, she had dared so far as to show her head within the window, that she might glut her vengeance by one last look at those whom she was thus so direfully sacrificing. After some hours, those who went so boldly away, with the hope of catching her, returned one by one, all unsuccessful; but each hoping, that some one among the rest had been more lucky. As they compared notes together, fear fell upon the whole mass of them; and before they parted, no one doubted that Janet Dhu had, in some mysterious manner, acquired powers much beyond those of a

human being. Whence these were said to be derived, we may well leave it to the sagacity of our readers to pronounce.

The snug residence of Cathol Kerr was situated in an extremely wild, rocky, and picturesque glen, the fractured and irregular sides of which, full of intricate creeks and sinuosities, are thickly fringed with hazel groves, whence bare, lichen-tinted, and fantastically-shaped cliffs, rear themselves up here and there, and look down on a lively active burn, that dances in merry mazes through the bottom, laughing and singing as it goes, until it enters a considerable freshwater lake, about a mile or two farther down. This finally discharges its waters into that well-known and extremely romantic sea inlet, called Loch Roe, or the Nut Loch; a name which it derives from the profuse produce of the neighbouring hazel woods. Loch Roe has a very narrow entrance from the Western Sea, the width between the two rocky heads which guard it on either side being, perhaps, hardly so much as an hundred yards. Within this it expands considerably; and it branches off, moreover, into a great number of small bays, which curiously indent the land. The whole of its shores are rocky; and, on the southern side, the crags rise into a group of hills, of which that known by the name of Ard Roe, at its western end, thrusts out a bold bluff talon seawards, which guards the southern side of the entrance to the loch; whilst its northern side is defended by a rocky point of lesser elevation. These form so complete a check to every sea, however tremendous, that may be rolling without, that every part of the haven within is preserved at all times in a state of quiescence, resembling that of an unruffled mill-pond, so that the reflections of the surrounding objects on its surface are hardly ever disturbed.

It is not easy to conceive greater earthly happiness than was enjoyed by Cathol Kerr and Morh Bane after their marriage. Cathol pursued his various occupations, sometimes working on his little farm, and sometimes going to sea to fish, in a well-found boat he had moored in one of the little natural harbours of the loch; and for the navigation of which he had always four good hands to assist him, who were paid by shares of the produce of their joint-fishing. His young wife busied herself in the minor cares of the farm, or in her household employment: it being her especial pride and pleasure to have a clean warm house, and a comfortable meal for him, when he returned home. As for the old man, her father, he sat in his arm-chair, by the fireside, the very picture of human contentment. Then they were so kind and charitable to all around them, that they made themselves universally beloved; and, as a proof of this, soon after the fire, all the stout working young fellows in the neighbourhood, turned voluntarily out with their horses and tools, and, in a few days, they built Cathol a much better barn than that which had been burned. Months slipped away in this manner, without a thought of Janet Dhu, except when her name was transiently mentioned by some neighbour, and then it was only to repeat the general belief that she had fled from the country.

(To be continued.)

MY OLD HOME.

It was a vision of my home that rose before my gaze,
As, midst the watches of the night, I dreamt of other days;
A vision of my early home—how beautiful and bright!
But yet a sadness mingled with the image of delight.

I thought I stood within its walls; the sunshine shone as gay
As on that morn I look'd my last, then tore myself away;
The sheltering trees, the grassy plat which stretch'd before the door,
Were still as freshly green and bright as they had been of yore.

I saw the spots where once we play'd, the walks where once we ranged,
And still they look'd the same to me, my heart alone was changed;
The churchyard walls stood gray and cold beneath the noonday sun,
And shadows rested on the graves, as they of old had done.

And 'midst these graves I noted one, though it was not alone;
The mellow sunshine softly play'd upon the sculptured stone,
My mother's voice was in mine ears, as in my childhood's day,
She told me of a Saviour's love, and taught my lips to pray.

I saw each dear familiar spot, each old familiar thing;
I felt once more upon my cheek my native breeze of Spring;
And gladsome murmurs reach'd mine ear of many an ancient strain,
And kindred voices welcomed me unto my home again.

My father, with his snowy hair, sat in his wonted place,
And smiles of fondest greeting shone on that beloved face;
And sister forms came crowding round, in happiness and tears,
To bid me welcome with the looks I loved in other years.

For many days had pass'd away since I had last been there,
And I had left my father's hearth to seek another's care;
Had left my childhood's sunny spots, in other scenes to roam,
And for another's love gave up my loved ones and my home.

There was no change in aught I saw; no envious shade had pass'd
Above those fair and open brows, since I had seen them last.
The laughing eye, the sunny smile, did still with them remain;
But though they look'd the same to me, I *did not feel* the same.

For life to me had oped its page, and though no grief had shed
Its dark and chilling bitterness on my devoted head,
I felt this world had other scenes than those I once had known,
And I must share in other's cares, if I would shun my own.

And such is life: its changing scenes, its sunshine and its gloom,
Must chequer still the veiled path which leads us to the tomb.
Ah! happy still that unto us the cheering hope is given,
To find, secure from earthly change, a lasting home in Heaven.

C. A. W.

MR. CARLYLE'S OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.*

THE world has now got, in an authentic form, the letters and speeches of Wellington, of Nelson, of Chatham, of Washington, and a hundred more of lesser repute, then why not those of "The MAN Oliver Cromwell?" He was surely of not less mark than the greatest of them. So, and rightly, thinks Mr. Carlyle; who, treating very cavalierly the voluminous all that has for two hundred years been said of this prince of Puritans, girds on his armour, and sets himself to the Herculean task of clearing away whole cart-loads of the rubbish which has overwhelmed the character and memory of his hero, and of exhibiting the "Man Oliver" by the light of his own unquestioned writings and performances; which may best show the true man, and also, surely, much of the genuine history of the Cromwellian period.

Into this rich mine we cannot in the passing month drive a deep shaft; but leaving, or nearly so, Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, untouched, we shall, however cursorily, notice how Mr. Carlyle has "elucidated" them, and made of the Protector a hero yet greater than his Odin or his Mahomet. He sets out, in the first place, with an introduction, entitled "Anti-Dryasdust," and which is just another chapter of "Sartor Resartus;" bearing upon the seventeenth century, as well as the present degenerate age; which no one has a better knack of tickling in a peculiar way—of piquing, and yet pleasing, than the commentator on Cromwell — no, not even his Master, Jean Paul. In the second chapter, "On the Biographies of Oliver," we have a dim or oracular intimation, that Mr. Carlyle may one day add another "dull book" "to the thousand, dull every one of them," that have been issued on this subject. And then we have a few sharp shots at the "wretched old books" about "Oliver," and their framers; at Noble and "Carrion Heath;" but no mention whatever of modern or living writers on Cromwell and his era, save one, which is highly complimentary to Mr. Forster, author of the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

"The Cromwell kindred" brings forth nothing new, where, indeed, nothing new was to be found. The old story is merely set forth in the Carlyle characters or hieroglyphics;—which many people pretend they cannot understand; though nothing can be more easily read, or is really more simple, after one has, through five sentences or so, sought the key. No style could, in fact, be more easily imitated than that of Mr. Carlyle, by such wags as the authors of "The Rejected Addresses;" though some of the ideas lie far beyond their reach, which he so quaintly and fantastically, and, to say all in a word, so affectedly dresses up; for nearly the same purpose which makes itinerant and other showmen attire their walking or riding human advertisements in extravagant and obsolete garbs and costumes, to attract the general gaze, and draw gaping spectators to their wonderful performances.

Mr. Carlyle has personally, as we infer, visited Huntingdon and St. Ives, and other places connected with the personal history of "Oliver," since he gives very graphic pen-and-ink sketches of the old English town and its vicinity, and of St. Ives, which we take to be one of the very ugliest and most sluggish small market towns in all broad England. He imagines that the mother of Cromwell, Elizabeth Steward, may, as is always asserted, have been "some half of a fractional part of a cousin to Charles Stuart, King of England." Nor does he strenuously deny that Oliver's father, as a matter of thrifty management, may have malted and actually brewed part of the grain raised on his own land; and that thus Cromwell may have merited the contumelious charge of being "a brewer's son." It is enough that Oliver's father, Robert, was a respectable country gentleman, the son of the knight of Hinchinbrook, and connected with the best gentry of the neighbouring Fens; and, which is far more to the purpose, the cousin-german of John Hampden. Nor has Mr. Carlyle a doubt but that "Oliver's" family was related to that of the "Thomas Cromwell" of Henry VIII. though Cromwell himself disowned the connexion. Mr. Carlyle labours as hard, and as minutely, to clear up such points, as if this account of "the Cromwell kindred" formed a finished chapter of the Life which he half promises—and gives as much of birth and genealogy as the unheraldic plain reader can well bear. But, at last, we get to the early boyhood of "Oliver," which reads exactly as if Jean Paul Richter had written it, and Mr. Carlyle made a free translation. It runs thus:—

Early in January of this year, (1603,) the old Grandfather, Sir Henry, 'the Golden Knight,' at Hinchinbrook, died: our Oliver, not quite four years old, saw funeralia and crapes, saw Father and Uncles with grave faces, and understood not well what it meant,—understood only, or tried to understand, that the good old Grandfather was gone away, and would never pat his head any more. The maternal Grandfather, at Ely, was yet, and for above a dozen years more, living.

The same year, four months afterwards, King James, coming from the North to take possession of the English crown, lodged two nights at Hinchinbrook; with royal retinue, with immense sumptuosities, addressings, knight-makings, ceremonial exhibitions; which must have been a grand treat for little Oliver. His Majesty came from the Belvoir-Castle region, "hunting all the way," on the afternoon of Wednesday, 27th April, 1603; and set off, through Huntingdon and Godmanchester, towards Royston, on Friday forenoon. The Cambridge Doctors brough thim an Address while here; Uncle Oliver, besides the ruinously splendid entertainments, gave him hounds, horses, and astonishing gifts, at his departure. In return there were knights created, Sir Oliver first of the batch, we may suppose; King James had decided that there should be no reflection for the want of Knights at least. Among the large batches manufactured next year was Thomas Steward of Ely, henceforth Sir Thomas, Mrs.

* Two Volumes Octavo; with Portrait of Cromwell, &c. Pp. 1214. London: Chapman and Hall.

Robert Cromwell's Brother, our Oliver's Uncle. Hinchinbrook got great honour by this and other royal visits; but found it, by and by, a dear-bought honour.

Oliver's Biographers, or rather Carrion Heath, his first Biographer, whom the others have copied, introduce various tales into these early years of Oliver: of his being run away with by an ape, along the leads of Hinchinbrook, and England being all but delivered from him, had the Fates so ordered it; of his seeing prophetic spectres; of his robbing orchards, and fighting tyrannously with boys; of his acting in School Plays; of his, &c. &c.—The whole of which, grounded on "Human Stupidity," and Carrion Heath alone, begs us to give it Christian burial once for all. Oliver attended the Public School of Huntingdon, which was then conducted by a Dr. Beard, of whom we shall hear again; he learned, to appearance moderately well, what the sons of other gentlemen were taught in such places; went through the universal destinies which conduct all men from childhood to youth, in a way not particularized in any one point by an authentic record. Readers of lively imagination can follow him on his bird-nesting expeditions, to the top of "Barnabee's big Tree," and elsewhither, if they choose; on his fen-fowling expeditions, social sports, and labours manifold; vacation-visits to his Uncles, to Aunt Hampden, and Cousin John among others: all these things must have been; but how they specially were, is for ever hidden from all men.

Like Mr. Knight, in his very pleasing *conjectural* biography of the childhood and boyhood of Shakspere, Mr. Carlyle often adverts to contemporary public events; and, among other movements, to the first germ and development of Puritanism, and its probable effects on the dawning mind of young Oliver. As a specimen of this vivifying mode of writing biography, inaccurate as it may be, we must indulge in an extract, still imagining that here we are copying from what must have been originally intended for part of a complete Life of the Protector; so ample is the scale on which it is composed.

In November, 1605, there likewise came to Robert Cromwell's house, no question of it, news of the thrice unutterable Gunpowder Plot. Whereby King, Parliament, and God's Gospel in England, were to have been, in one infernal moment, blown aloft; and the Devil's Gospel, and accursed incredibilities, idolatries, and poisonous confusions of the Romish Babylon, substituted in their room! The eternal Truth of the Living God to become an empty formula, a shamming grimace of the Three-hatted Chimera! These things did fill Huntingdon, and Robert Cromwell's house, with talk enough, in the winter of Oliver's sixth year. And again, in the summer of his eleventh year, in May, 1610, there doubtless failed not news and talk, how the Great Henry was stabbed in Paris streets: assassinated by the Jesuits;—black sons of the Scarlet Woman, murderous to soul and to body.

Other things, in other years, the diligent Historical Student will supply according to faculty. The History of Europe, at that epoch, meant essentially the struggle of Protestantism against Catholicism,—a broader form of that same struggle, of devout Puritanism against dignified Ceremonialism, which forms the History of England then. Henry the Fourth of France, so long as he lived, was still to be regarded as the head of Protestantism; Spain, bound up with the Austrian empire, as that of Catholicism. Henry's "Grand Scheme," naturally strove to carry Protestant England along with it; James, till Henry's death, held on, in a loose way, by Henry; and his Political History, so far as he has any, may be considered to lie there. After Henry's death, he fell off to "Spanish Infantas," to Spanish interests; and, as it were, ceased to have any History, may begin to have a *negative* one.

Among the events which Historical Students will supply for Robert Cromwell's house, and the spiritual pabulum of young Oliver, the Death of Prince Henry in 1612, and the prospective accession of Prince Charles, fitter for a ceremonial Archbishop than a governing King, as some thought,—will not be forgotten. Then how the Elector Palatine was married; and troubles began to brew in Germany; and little Dr. Laud was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon:—such news the Historical Student can supply. And, on the whole, all students and persons can know always that Oliver's mind was kept *full* of news, and never wanted for pabulum!

Oliver, born in 1599, in 1616 was entered at Cambridge.

Curious enough, of all days, on this same day Shakspere, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died:

Obiit Anno Domini 1616.
Ætatis 53. Die 23 Apr.

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakspere was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's Father had, most likely, come with him; it is but twelve miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's Father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspere's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History, the Literature of Shakspere, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English History, the armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many very Visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one People in its time plays many parts.

Mr. Carlyle, in his own quaint involuted fashion of connecting his words, denies roundly that Cromwell, coming early to his patrimony, was a wild youth, addicted to gaming and other vices, of which there is, at all events, no better evidence than the assertion of "Carrion Heath;" and he sees no satisfactory evidence of Oliver ever having studied law, or being of any "Inn." But if it so happened that Oliver was in London upon Thursday the 29th October, 1618, he might, very probably, have been eye-witness to a great and striking scene. There is no denying this; and so, *apropos des bottes*, we see, and are right well-pleased to see, the last hours of Raleigh painted by Mr. Carlyle:—

This morning, if Oliver, as is probable, were now in Town studying Law, he might be eye-witness of a great and very strange scene: the Last Scene in the life of Sir Walter Raleigh. Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palace Yard; he appeared on the scaffold there "about 8 o'clock" that morning; "an immense crowd," all London, and in a sense all England, looking on. A cold hoar-frosty morning. Earl of Arundel, now known to us by his Greek Marbles; Earl of Doncaster, ("Sardanapalus" Hay, ultimately Earl of Carlisle:) these with other earls and dignitaries sat looking through windows near by; to whom Raleigh in his last brief manful speech appealed, with response from them. He had failed of finding Eldorados in the Indies lately; he had failed, and also succeeded, in many things in his time: he returned home with his brain and his heart "broken," as he said;—and the Spaniards, who found King James willing, now wished that he should die. A very tragic scene. Such a man, with his head grown gray; with his strong heart "breaking,"—still strength enough in it to break with dignity. Somewhat proudly he laid his old gray head on the block; as if saying, in better than words, "There then!" The Sheriff offered to let him warm himself again, within doors again at a fire. "Nay, let us be swift," said Raleigh; "in few minutes my ague will return upon me, and if I be not dead before that, they will say I tremble for fear." If Oliver, among "the immense crowd," saw this scene, as is conceivable enough, he would not want for reflections on it.

Whether Oliver saw Raleigh beheaded or not,

he certainly did, about this time, both see and woo Elizabeth Bourchier, daughter of a city knight, to whom, at the age of twenty-one, he was married in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate. The young couple went to keep house with Oliver's mother.

The Son, as new head of the house, an inexperienced head, but a teachable, ever-learning one, was to take his Father's place; and with a wise Mother and a good Wife, harmonizing tolerably well we shall hope, was to manage as he best might. Here he continued, unnoticeable but easily imaginable by History, for almost ten years: farming lands; most probably attending quarter-sessions; doing the civic, industrial, and social duties, in the common way;—living as his Father before him had done. His first child was born here, in October 1621; a son, Robert, baptized at St. John's Church on the 13th of the month, of whom nothing farther is known. . . .

In October 1623, there was an illumination of tallow lights, a ringing of bells, and gratulation of human hearts in all Towns in England, and doubtless in Huntingdon too, on the safe return of Prince Charles from Spain *without* the Infanta. A matter of endless joy to all true Englishmen of that day, though no Englishman of this day feels any interest in it one way or the other. But Spain, even more than Rome, was the chosen throne of Popery; which in that time meant temporal and eternal Damnability, Falsity to God's Gospel, love of prosperous Darkness rather than of suffering Light; infinite baseness rushing short-sighted upon infinite peril for this world and for all worlds. King James, with his worldly-wise endeavourings to marry his son into some first-rate family, never made a falser calculation than in this grand business of the Spanish Match. The soul of England abhorred to have any concern with Spain or things Spanish. Spain was as a black Domdaniel, which, had the floors of it been paved with diamonds, had the Infanta of it come riding in such a Gig of Respectability as was never driven since Phaëton's Sun-chariot took the road, no honest English soul could wish to have concern with. Hence England illuminated itself. The articulate tendency of this Solomon King had unfortunately parted company altogether with the inarticulate but ineradicable tendency of the Country he presided over. The Solomon King struggled one way; and the English Nation, with its very life-fibres, was compelled to struggle another way. The rent by degrees became wide enough!

For the present, England is all illuminated, a new parliament is summoned; which welcomes the breaking of the Spanish Match, as one might welcome the breaking of a Dr. Faustus's Bargain, and a deliverance from the power of sorcerers. Uncle Oliver served in this parliament, as was his wont, for Huntingdonshire. They and the Nation, with one voice, impelled the poor old King to draw out his fighting tools at last, and beard this Spanish Apollyon, instead of making marriages with it. No Pitt's crusade against the French Sansculottism in the end of the Eighteenth Century could be so welcomed by English Preservers of the Game, as this defiance of the Spanish Apollyon was by Englishmen in general in the end of the Seventeenth. The Palatinate was to be recovered, after all; Protestantism, the sacred cause of God's Light and Truth against the Devil's Falsity and Darkness, was to be fought for and secured. Supplies were voted; "drums beat in the City" and elsewhere, as they had done three years ago, to the joy of all men, when the Palatinate was first to be "defended:" but now it was to be "recovered;" now a decisive effort was to be made.

In these years Cromwell was subject to hypochondriac maladies, and his physician was often sent for at midnight to the "spleen-struck" patient, who as often thought "he was just going to die," and had fancies about "the Town Cross,"—upon which Mr. Carlyle thus dilates—

Brief intimation, of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson, too, had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have, and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the wilderness, Choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? "Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness." The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black smoke as of Tophet filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become *flame* and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage!

It is therefore in these years, undated by history, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his Conversion, his deliverance from the jaws of Eternal Death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man: properly the one epoch; the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity for evermore. Wilt thou join with the Dragons? wilt thou join with the Gods? Of thee, too, the question is asked, Whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in "Four surplices at Allhallow-tide," with words very imperfect; or by no man and no words, but only by the Silences, by the Eternities, by the Life everlasting and the Death everlasting. That the "Sense of difference between Right and Wrong" had filled all Time and all Space for man, and bodied itself forth into a Heaven and Hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan Old-Christian Ages; this is the element which stamps them as heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our Species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of Heroic had ever been among us.

For many centuries, Catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine Sense, had been current more or less, making the generations noble: and here in England, in the Century called the Seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto,—not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases.

Is this to be held as the one distinct profession of his own religious opinions, his own belief, which, amidst a world of the vague, the formless, and shadowless, which, on the question of religion, lie scattered throughout his writings, may henceforth be assumed as the creed of one who has in turns praised and denounced the good and the evil in every sect under the sun—Odinism and Mahomedanism, with Papistry? Some of Mr. Carlyle's late productions made the High Church party,—actually the Puseyites, fancy that he was veering round to the right side, and welcome a potent auxiliary. The present work will set them right; but neither must the Scottish True-blue Presbyterians and their Free Church, fancy that their ancestors have gained him. No, no: it is thus he treats them—

The Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realizing it. Not easy to realize such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realizing it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets: the sheep-

skin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many: but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric.

Whatever Mr. Carlyle may be, his "Oliver" was now an avowed Puritan, and he consorted with Puritans in general, many of whom were Gentry of his own rank, some of them Nobility of much higher rank. A modest devout man, solemnly intent "to make his calling and his election sure,"—to whom, in credible dialect, the Voice of the Highest had spoken. Whose earnestness, sagacity, and manful worth gradually made him conspicuous in his circle among such.—The Puritans were already numerous. John Hampden, Oliver's cousin, was a devout Puritan, John Pym the like; Lord Brook, Lord Say, Lord Montague,—Puritans in the better ranks, and in every rank, abounded. Already, either in conscious act, or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious Thought and Manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.

There is a blank of several years in the life of "Oliver," when we find him a captain in the army of the Parliament, and King Charles plunged into a sea of troubles with that refractory body.

Unfortunate king, we see him chafing, stamping,—a very fiery steed, but bridled, check-bitted, by innumerable straps and considerations; struggling much to be composed. Alas, it would not do. This Parliament was more Puritanic, more intent on rigorous Law and divine Gospel, than any other had ever been. As, indeed, all these Parliaments grow strangely in Puritanism; more and ever more earnest rises from the hearts of them all, "O Sacred Majesty, lead us not to Antichrist, to *Illegality*, to temporal and eternal Perdition!" The Nobility and Gentry of England were then a very strange body of men. The English Squire of the Seventeenth Century clearly appears to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English Squire. "He wore his Bible-doctrine round him," says one, "as our Squire wears his shot-belt; went abroad with it nothing doubting." King Charles was going on his father's course, only with frightful acceleration: he and his respectable Traditions and Notions, clothed in old sheepskin and respectable Church-tippets, were all pulling one way; England and the Eternal Laws pulling another;—the rent fast widening till no man could heal it.

This was the celebrated Parliament which framed the Petition of Right, and set London all astir with "bells and bonfires" at the passing thereof; and did other feats not to be particularized here. Across the murkiest element in which any great Entity was ever shown to human creatures, it still *rises*, after much consideration, to the modern man, in a dim but undeniable manner, as a most brave and noble Parliament. The like of which were worth its weight in diamonds, even now;—but has grown very unattainable now, next door to incredible now.—We have to say that this Parliament chastised sycophant Priests, Mainwaring, Sibthorp, and other Arminian sycophants, a disgrace to God's Church; that it had an eye to other still more elevated Church-Sycophants, as the mainspring of all; but was cautious to give offence by naming them. That it carefully "abstained from naming the Duke of Buckingham." That it decided on giving ample subsidies, but not till there were reasonable discussion of grievances. That in manner it was most gentle, soft-spoken, cautious, reverential; and in substance most resolute and valiant. Truly with valiant patient energy, in a slow steadfast English manner, it carried, across infinite confused opposition and discouragement, its Petition of Right, and what else it had to carry. Four hundred brave men,—brave men and true, after their sort! One laments to find such a Parliament smothered under Dryasdust's shot-rubbish. The memory of it, could any real memory of it rise upon honourable gentlemen and us, might be admonitory,—would be astonishing at least. We must clip one extract from Rushworth's huge Ragfair of a Book; the mournfullest torpedo rubbish-heap of jewels buried under sordid wreck and dust and dead ashes, one jewel to the wagon-load;—and let the reader try to make a visual scene of it as he can.

The letter of Thomas Alured is not for us, who must not lose view of the other, the modern "True Thomas," and his commentary on the scene of "weeping."

> This scene Oliver saw, and formed part of; one of the memorablest he was ever in. Why did those old honourable gentlemen "weep!" How came tough old Coke upon Lyttleton, one of the toughest men ever made, to melt into tears like a girl, and sit down unable to speak? The modern honourable gentleman cannot tell. Let him consider it, and try if he can tell! And then, putting off his Shot-belt, and striving to put on some Bible-doctrine, some earnest God's Truth or other,—try if he can discover why he cannot tell!—
>
> The Remonstrance against Buckingham was perfected; the hounds having got all upon the scent. Buckingham was expressly "named," a daring feat: and so loud were the hounds, and such a tune in their baying, his Majesty saw good to confirm, and ratify beyond shadow of cavil, the invaluable Petition of Right, and thereby produce "bonfires," and bob-majors upon all bells. Old London was sonorous; in a blaze with joy-fires. Soon after which, this Parliament, as London, and England, and it, all still continued somewhat too sonorous, was hastily, with visible royal anger, prorogued till October next,—till January as it proved. Oliver, of course, went home to Huntingdon to his harvest-work; England continued simmering and sounding as it might.

In the same desultory style, the History of the period is continued. Buckingham is assassinated, and his murderer, Felton, executed with Mr. Carlyle's own touch; and the session is opened with "Tonnage and Poundage," and all that grew out of those cabalistic words.

In regard to religion, also, matters looked equally ill. Sycophant Mainwaring, just censured in Parliament, had been promoted to a fatter living. Sycophant Montague, in the like circumstances, to a Bishopric: Laud was in the act of consecrating him at Croydon, when the news of Buckingham's death came thither. There needed to be a Committee of Religion. The House resolved itself into a Grand Committee of Religion, and did not want for matter. Bishop Neile of Winchester, Bishop Laud, now of London, were a frightfully ceremonial pair of Bishops; the fountain they of innumerable tendencies to Papistry and the old clothes of Babylon! It was in this Committee of Religion, on the 11th day of February, 1628-9, that Mr. Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, stood up and made his first Speech, a fragment of which has found its way into history, and is now known to all mankind. He said "he had heard by relation from one Dr. Beard, (his old schoolmaster at Huntingdon) that Dr. Alablaster had preached flat Popery at Paul's Cross; and that the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Neile) had commanded him, as his Diocesan, he should preach nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was, by the same Bishop's means, preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to Church-preferment," added he, "what are we to expect?"

Dr. Beard, as the reader knows, is Oliver's old schoolmaster at Huntingdon, a grave, speculative, theological old gentleman, seemingly,—and on a level with the latest news from town. Of poor Dr. Alablaster there may be found some indistinct, and instantly forgetable, particulars in *Wood's Athenæ*. Paul's Cross, of which I have seen old Prints, was a kind of Stone Tent, "with

leaden roof," at the north-east corner of Paul's Cathedral, where sermons were still, and had long been, preached in the open air; crowded devout congregations gathering there, with forms to sit on, if you came early. Queen Elizabeth used to "tune her pulpits," she said, when there was any great thing on hand; as Governing Persons now strive to tune their Morning Newspapers. Paul's Cross, a kind of *Times* newspaper, but edited partly by Heaven itself, was then a most important entity! Alablaster, to the horror of mankind, was heard preaching "flat Popery" there,—"prostituting our columns" in that scandalous manner! and Neile had forbidden him to preach against it. "What are we to expect!"

The record of this world-famous utterance of Oliver still lies in manuscript in the British Museum, in Mr. Crewe's Note-Book, or another's: it was first printed in a wretched old Book called the *Ephemeris Parliamentaria*, professing to be compiled by Thomas Fuller; and actually containing a Preface recognisable as his, but nothing else that we can so recognise: for "quaint old Fuller" is a man of talent, and this book looks as if compiled by some spiritual Nightmare, rather than a rational Man.

This Parliament, forcing the Speaker to keep his place, passed their memorable protest against *Arminianism, Papistry*, and illegal *Tonnage and Poundage;* and, when it was abruptly dissolved, Cromwell may once more be presumed to have gone home to Huntingdon; and no more Parliaments were summoned for many years, while the Bishops as they pleased worked out their fancies.

Vexations, spiritual and fiscal, beyond what we can well fancy now, afflicted the souls of men. The English Nation was patient; it endured in silence, with prayer that God, in justice and mercy, would look upon it. The King of England, with his chief priests, was going one way; the Nation of England, by eternal laws, was going another: the split became too wide for healing.

During this long interval, "Oliver" had sold his properties at Huntingdon, and commenced grazier and farmer, on a large scale, at St. Ives.

His mother still at Huntingdon, within few miles of him, he could still superintend and protect her existence there, while managing his new operations at St. Ives. He continued here till the summer or spring of 1636. A studious imagination may sufficiently construct the figure of his equable life in those years. Diligent grass-farming,—mowing, milking, cattle-marketing: add "hypochondria," fits of the blackness of darkness, with glances of the brightness of very Heaven; prayer, religious reading and meditation; household epochs, joys and cares;—we have a solid, substantial, inoffensive Farmer of St. Ives, hoping to walk with integrity and humble devout diligence through this world, and, by his Maker's infinite mercy, to escape destruction, and find eternal salvation in wider Divine Worlds. This latter, this is the grand clause in his Life, which dwarfs all other clauses. Much wider destinies than he anticipated were appointed him on earth; but that, in comparison to the alternative of Heaven or Hell to all Eternity, was a mighty small matter.

The lands he rented are still there, recognisable to the tourist; gross, boggy lands, fringed with willow-trees, at the east end of the small Town of St. Ives, which is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts.

By framing the narrative somewhat like the Almanac Chronicles, which tell that on this day such and such a thing happened, the most remarkable events of the period are recorded in the "Elucidations," and are welcome enough in themselves, though occasionally somewhat away from the matter in hand. Thus, in the same year that Cromwell's seventh child was born, at St. Ives, Prynne, we are told, incurred the peril of having his ears cropt; and further,

It carries our thought to extensive world-transactions over sea, to reflect, that in the end of this same year, "6 November, 1632," the great Gustavus died on the field of Lützen, fighting against Wallenstein; victorious for the last time. While Oliver Cromwell walked peacefully intent on cattle-husbandry, that winter-day, on the grassy banks of the Ouse at St. Ives, Gustavus Adolphus, shot through the back, was sinking from his horse in the battle-storm far off, with these words:—"*Ich habe genug, Bruder; rette Dich.* Brother, I have got enough; save thyself."

On the 19th of the same month, November 1632, died likewise Frederick Elector Palatine, titular King of Behemia, husband of King Charles's sister, and father of certain princes, Rupert and others, who came to be well known in our History. Elizabeth, the Widow, was left with a large family of them in Holland, very bare of money, of resource, or immediate hope; but conducted herself, as she had all along done, in a way that gained much respect. "*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr,* All for Glory and Her," were the words Duke Bernhard of Weimar carried on his flag, through many battles in that Thirty-Years War. She was of Puritan tendency; understood to care little about the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, and much for the root of the matter.

The reader will, by this time, perceive that if Mr. Carlyle can make a hit, he never foregoes the opportunity, though he may turn back, wheel far enough round, or fly off at a tangent, to strike the blow effectually. That dealt in the extract below is not far amiss, however, in these times of revivals and conversions to Romanism. Charles the First, in a northern progress, had visited the establishment of Little Gidding, on the western border of the same county in which Oliver was now a farmer. Little Gidding, the very model for a Puseyite or Newmaniac Institution, was

A surprising Establishment, now in full flower; wherein above fourscore persons, including domestics, with Ferrar and his Brother, and aged Mother, at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant Monachism, and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy, and merely religious duties; employed themselves in "binding of Prayerbooks," embroidering of hassocks; in almsgiving also, and what charitable work was possible in that desert region; above all, they kept up, night and day, a continual repetition of the English Liturgy; being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another as on shipboard; and never allowing, at any hour, the sacred fire to go out. This also, as a feature of the times, the modern reader is to meditate. In Isaac Walton's "Lives," there is some drowsy notice of these people, not unknown to the modern reader.

These little, quaint, and pithy extracts might be multiplied abundantly, but our readers must already have a tolerably clear idea of the character of Mr. Carlyle's work.

The Ship-money Writ, now, in 1634, had just come out, and "Cousin Hampden" had decided not to pay it; and now we first get hold of Oliver's own letters, and the eccentric "Elucidations" of his Editor.

It must, by his own showing, have cost Mr. Carlyle incredible pains to collect the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell, which lie scattered, in print and manuscript, in a hundred repositories. Of the Speeches, he considers himself the first *reader* for nearly two centuries past; but with so many "Histories of England," and of "the Commonwealth" and its Statesmen, this is surely im-

probable; or else History is indeed but the Old Almanac it has been called. But the hard task was not ungrateful; and now Mr. Carlyle tells us:—

Whatever words authentically proceeding from Oliver himself I could any where find yet surviving, I have here gathered; and will now, with such minimum of annotation as may suit that object, offer them to the reader. That is the purport of this Book. I have ventured to believe that, to certain patient, earnest readers, these old dim Letters of a noble English Man might, as they had done to myself, become dimly legible again; might dimly present, better than all other *evidence*, the noble figure of the Man himself again. Certainly there is Historical instruction in these Letters —Historical, and perhaps other and better. At least it is with Heroes and God-inspired men that I, for my part, would far rather converse, in what dialect soever they speak! Great, ever fruitful; profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men. . . . . .

I called these letters good,—but, withal, only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance—not always even clearness of expression—is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable, pressing business alone: but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality can be dispensed with, is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step, he presses through, towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous;—forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue, picture of the business that is to be done. There is in these Letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an Intelligence, and Soul of a Man, greater than any speech. The Intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small Intelligence. He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely says one, is worthy of the name of Poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour, and belief, without words,—how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight!

I have corrected the spelling of these Letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner.

Surely the reader has here sufficient encouragement to enter upon this extraordinary collection. If farther stimulant is required, it may be found in the parallel instituted between the old Puritanic Reformers—who believed that England should become "All Church," presided over, not by "Sham Priests," but by some order of Spiritual Heroes, destined to lead and guide their fellowmen, and put to shame this insincere and Unheroic Age of Corn-Law Leagues and Repeal Associations. We would fain hope that Mr. Carlyle's opinion of his own age is not quite so bad, so contemptible, as he is for ever telling us it is.

The first Letter that is given—the first extant, so far as is known—is addressed by Oliver, at St. Ives, to Mr. John Storie, at "the Sign of the Dog, in the Royal Exchange, London." It is about the means of supporting a Dr. Wells in a Lectureship established at Huntingdon, when to withdraw the pay was "to let fall the Lecture." The "Elucidation" of this first epistle is ominously *lengthy*: nor can we much admire the tone in which the commentator speaks of his predecessor, Noble, which might better beseem a captious weekly journal, than a grave and dignified historical dissertation on dates, and facts, and the opinions of a poor forgotten creature, gone to his grave in generations long past. In the same false tone is the notice of the execution of Laud, the passion for singularity, for saying things like nobody else, betraying Mr. Carlyle into instances of questionable taste.

Poor old Laud is condemned of treason, and beheaded, years ago; the Scots, after Marston fight, pressing heavy on him; Prynne, too, being very ungrateful. That "performance" of the Service to the hyperborean populations in so exquisite a way, has cost the Artist dear!

This refers to ceremonial forms of worship which Laud had introduced in the chapel of Holyrood, to the bitter indignation of the Presbyterians. The second letter of Oliver is to Mrs. St. John, "a beloved cousin," and is a rare specimen of the spiritual epistolary style of that age; and upon it Mr. Carlyle hangs whole pages of conjectural narrative, and a most graphic sketch of the outbreak of the famous Jenny Geddes. The Elucidation of this said letter contains other things, wrapt up in a haze of words, which the profane may be apt to designate as *cant*—of a new mintage, indeed; but not the less cant, of which, however, in all its forms, Mr. Carlyle professes himself the irreconcileable foe.

As Cromwell gets involved in public affairs, and finds something to tell in his correspondence that is worth hearing, his commentator becomes less diffuse, though he diligently carries forward the thread of public and personal history, which connects and renders the Letters intelligible. The plan is, in short, exactly that of Mr. Twiss in the late Life of Lord Eldon; and that of the sons of Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Wilberforce in compiling the memoirs of their respective fathers.

One of the best of Oliver's letters of an early date, though he was forty-five when it was written, is that addressed to his brother-in-law, Colonel Walton, whose son had fallen at the battle of Marston. It is dated "Leaguer before York," which city fell a few days afterwards. We give it entire, inviting our readers to contrast the style of the Puritan Commander—who sent to glory all who fell in the cause, as confidently as Mahomet promised Paradise to his warlike followers—with that of Napoleon, Nelson, or Wellington.

DEAR SIR,—It's our duty to sympathise in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, that so we may sorrow together.

Truly, England and the Church of God hath had a great favour from the Lord, in this great Victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this War began. It had all the evidences of an absolute Victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the Godly Party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The Left wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but

I believe, of twenty thousand the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.

Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

Sir, you know my own trials this way: but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort, that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, "It was so great above his pain." This he said to us. Indeed, it was admirable. A little after, he said, "One thing lay upon his spirit." I asked him, "What that was?" He told me it was, "That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies." At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and, as I am informed, three horses more, I am told he bid them, "Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run." Truly, he was exceedingly beloved in the Army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious Saint in Heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays your truly faithful and loving brother, OLIVER CROMWELL.

My love to your daughter, and my cousin Perceval, sister Desbrow, and all friends with you.

We copy out Mr. Carlyle's closing sentence on this letter:—

On the 24th of which same month, (24th October, 1644,) the Parliament promulgated its Rhadamanthine Ordinance, To "hang any Irish Papist taken in arms in this country;" a very severe Ordinance, but not uncalled for by the nature of the "marauding apparatus" in question there.

Mr. Carlyle finds nothing to condemn, and much to extol, in Cromwell's subsequent proceedings in Ireland; and boldly asserts, that if that unfortunate country had escaped the blessings of the Restoration, and remained as Oliver left it settled, it would now have been peaceful and flourishing; and we may infer, not Roman Catholic. Of this terrible campaign, it is said:—

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism, and sibylline execration, into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Fifteen Letters of his in a mass, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked, and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments, and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery, which, in fact, is this Editor's case too. Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think—"Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!" But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time there was yet no distracted jargon of "abolishing Capital Punishments," of Jean Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! . . . . .

At lowest, here is a set of military despatches of the most unexampled nature: most rough, unkempt,—shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations—the black, ravening coil of sanguinary, blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere—"Sanguinary, blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false; representing no fact, but the contrary of fact; behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you."

But we make over Oliver's Editor to the "wild Justice" of Ireland. He waxes wilder and more wild, as the "Irish Papists" must inevitably think; who, in the premises even as laid down by himself, will perceive little to justify this conclusion:—

In this way, not in the way of "extermination," was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed "kurisees" are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted,—of which some instances occur,—are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity!

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown up gradually into a sober, diligent, drab-coloured population, developing itself, most probably, into some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily, in all its actions and procedure, a real Gospel of Veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order to all men; and certain other "Protestant Churches of Ireland," and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, had of a surety never found footing there! But the Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn up by the roots, and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drab-coloured Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This "Curse of Cromwell," so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.

And thus closes volume first of "The Letters and Speeches of Cromwell," who, up to this point, is still speechless.

Volume second, contains ample material for two goodly tomes. First there is the war with Scotland, and "Oliver's" Letters written during his campaign there, with the "Covenanted People," and their Covenanted head Charles II. down to the decisive battle of Worcester; together with Mr. Carlyle's copious annotations, and "Elucidations;" and next, the "Little Parliament," and the subsequent his-

tory of the whole period of the Protectorate, to the death of the Protector; including of course many letters, and the whole of Oliver's long orations. He was not in general one of your reasoners and debaters. No rhetorician he: he told what he wanted to be done, or what he had done, and that pretty plainly, "unintelligible" as he is described; and all he had done was right. For this strong self-will, Mr. Carlyle likes him all the better. Such beseems the hero, the master, and leader of his kind. Mr. Carlyle chuckles so triumphantly over the dismissal of "the Rump" of the long Parliament, deeming it rare sport, that we should almost fear the same temperament might lead him to admire the "Iron Duke" and a handful of the Guards, turning Lord John and Sir Robert to the door, while "prating" with Mr. Cobden over questions about "provender." The dismissal of Parliaments, like the decapitation of kings, is not perhaps so far amiss, once in a thousand years, though the historian, even in the single instance, should either intimate caution, or enter his protest in form. The kicking out of the Rump, is justified by arguments or reasons drawn from Oliver's long speech in vindication of that strong measure. Now, on this one point at least, Mr. Carlyle should have held "Oliver's" questionable authority. This passage in Cromwell's history, affords us a highly characteristic extract, and we should confess, in extenuation of Cromwell's act and our commentator's triumph in it, that the Rump had certainly displayed equivocal tendencies.

Wednesday, 20th April, 1653. My Lord General accordingly is in his reception-room this morning, 'in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings;' he, with many Officers: but few Members have yet come, though punctual Bulstrode and certain others are there. Some waiting; some impatience that the Members would come. The Members do not come: instead of Members, comes a notice that they are busy getting on with their Bill in the House; hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible! New message that it will be Law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord General, at first incredulous, does also now hasten off; nay, orders that a Company of Musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them! "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!"—My Lord General, the big hour is come!

Young Colonel Sidney, the celebrated Algernon, sat in the House this morning; a House of some Fifty-three. Algernon has left distinct note of the affair; less distinct we have from Bulstrode, who was also there, who seems in some points to be even wilfully wrong. Solid Ludlow was far off in Ireland, but gathered many details in after-years; and faithfully wrote them down in the unappeasable indignation of his heart. . . .

'The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place.' For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "This is the time; I must do it!"—and so 'rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,'—rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"'Come, come!'" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "'I will put an end to your prating,'" and steps forth into the floor of the House, and 'clapping on his hat,' and occasionally 'stamping the floor with his feet,' begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!' You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. 'You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!'" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command: and 'some twenty or thirty' grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snapchances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration: "'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,'" and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "'some of you are ——'" and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's Commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the Devil's Commandments. 'Corrupt unjust persons,'" and here I think he glanced 'at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not:' "'Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel:' how can you be a Parliament for God's People! Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble! Take it away!"—and gave it to a musketeer. And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than any thing else, declares He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "'It's you that have forced me to this,'" exclaims my Lord General: "'I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.'"

And so all was over, and the door locked,—not even "a dog barking at their going,"—and Mr. Carlyle winds up:—

It is said my Lord General did not, on his entrance into the House, contemplate quite as a certainty this strong measure; but it came upon him like an irresistible impulse or inspiration, as he heard their Parliamentary eloquence proceed. "Perceiving the Spirit of God so strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood." He has done it, at all events; and is responsible for the results it may have. A responsibility which he, as well as most of us, knows to be awful: but he fancies it was in answer to the English Nation and

to the Maker of the English Nation and of him; and he will do the best he may with it.

An admirable argument were this in the mouth of Cortez or Robespierre, or of Suwaroff giving "Glory to God," after he had sacked a city; or of any Grand Inquisitor,—all of them being men led of the "Supreme Wisdom,"—all giving God thanks for their achievements.

The "Spirit of the Lord," had in like manner inspired Oliver in setting forth to the wars in Scotland. He spoke of the good to be done, "by good brave men,"—and to Ludlow, whom he wished to go to Ireland, he talked for an hour together of the hundred-and-tenth psalm; and so, says Mr. Carlyle—

Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David's, which had become English Oliver's: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's World with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew word,—two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol, and articulate interpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

"The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies," &c. &c.

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. "A god-intoxicated man," as Novalis elsewhere phrases it.

Oliver's Scottish Despatches, and Family Letters, and also his curious correspondence with the Edinburgh clergy on points of theology and policy, fill much space. There would be rare work here for Dr. M'Crie were he happily still alive; but he has, we believe, some, however unworthy, controversial successors. At the time Oliver held possession of Edinburgh, and was besieging its castle, he thus closes an account of the proceedings of the campaign, given to the President of the Council of State:—

I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious People, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the People generally 'are so' given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed.

I rest,
'Your Lordship's most humble servant,'
OLIVER CROMWELL.

One of "Oliver's" priests now regularly held forth in St. Giles on Sundays; "the Scots clergy," Mr. Carlyle remarks,

still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. 'Many Scots expressed much affection at the Doctrine preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their usual way of groans,'—Hum-m-mrrh!—'and it's hoped a good work is wrought in some of their hearts.' I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another's throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart,—Hum-m-mrrh!

Cromwell's speeches—and very able speeches they are, when their object is kept in view, which is, in general, to vindicate his own conduct, to bear out foregone conclusions—are of great length: in fact, spoken pamphlets at the close or opening of a Parliament; vindicatory or apologetic, and occasionally rather mystifying than explanatory. Those who, with Mr. Carlyle, take the trouble to peruse them, will find the "Protector" a very fair Conservative of those times, and by no means the latitudinarian in the great matter of liberty of conscience for which he has with one party incurred odium, and with another obtained credit. "Our Oliver" Protector would not, assuredly, long have suffered the magistrate "to wear the sword in vain."

Mr. Carlyle interpolates the speeches with numerous quaint remarks, in the manner of the *asides* and stage directions in a dramatic scene; a liberty with "Oliver's" text which would hardly be tolerated in an ordinary editor, who must modestly have restricted his own fancies and illuminations to the margin or the foot of the page. At all events, we trust modern reporters will not adopt this new practice, as it would be an intolerable nuisance.

In the assumed character of "a certain Commentator," whose remarks are of course given with marks of quotation, Mr. Carlyle throws in here and there passages in explanation or extenuation of the course of his hero in trying emergencies. In the preface to Cromwell's third Speech, at the opening of the first Parliament of the Protectorate, Mr. Carlyle treats, as very insignificant or impertinent, debates about "Governments" and "Constitutions," and about "Parliaments and Single Persons," and their distinct or co-ordinate power, and authority, and other "bottomless subjects;" but Cromwell, now "His Highness," was compelled to speak out about such trifles, and, in September 1654, to make the best defence possible for what he had done to the "Rump" in April, 1553. "But certainly," says Mr. Carlyle, "the Lord Protector's place that September Tuesday was not a bed of roses."

His painful asseverations, appeals and assurances, have made the Modern part of his audience look, more than once, with questioning eyes. On this point, take from a certain Commentator sometimes above cited from, and far oftener suppressed, the following rough words:

'"Divers persons who do know whether I lie in that," says the Lord Protector. What a position for a hero, to be reduced continually to say He does not lie!—Consider well, nevertheless, What else could Oliver do? To get on with this new Parliament was clearly his one chance of governing peaceably. To wrap himself up in stern pride, and refuse to give any explanation: would that have been the wise plan of dealing with them? Or the stately and not-so-wise plan? Alas, the *wise* plan, when all lay yet as an experiment, with so dread issues in it to yourself and the whole world, was not very discoverable. Perhaps not quite reconcileable with the *stately* plan, even if it had been discovered?'

And again, with regard to the scheme of the Protectorship, which his Highness says was done by "the Gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government," after divers days' consulting, and without the least privity of his: 'You never guessed what they were doing, your Highness?' Alas, his Highness guessed it,—and yet must not say, or think, he guessed it. There is something sad in a brave man's being reduced to explain himself from a barrel-head in this manner! Yet what, on the whole, will he do?

There is much more of this; and when all is concluded, we are forced to believe that great men, yea, Heroes, may shuffle and equivocate and lie very much like small men; but then it is for grand and godlike purposes, in fulfilment of their destinies as the appointed Rulers of men; every man being sent into the world, we presume, to

fulfil his one proper function, whether that shall be the office of a "flunkey" or of a "Lord Protector." This is Mr. Carlyle's fundamental principle; but men of plain understanding, who go some length with him, will require to see the rare men-children born into the world, with the letters H E R O plainly charactered round the iris, before they can go much farther on this misty road.

Throughout his whole annotations, the Editor finds hardly one word to say for Cromwell's fellow-workers, for the high-minded and truly great men, the noble band who, in the field and the council, had paved his way, or aided him, heart and hand, while his objects seemed pure, disinterested, and patriotic. Nay, there are even some gentle sneers pointed at them, as somewhat pragmatical persons, obstructing a Hero's path with their pribbles and prabbles. Even Mrs. Hutchinson, "the Heroine" of the period, has not altogether escaped. But some day or other, Mr. Carlyle may do justice to the patriot and republican Heroes of the Commonwealth.

We would fain give a snatch of "Oliver's" Speeches; but where there is little space, selection is difficult. The Parliament which assembled in 1656, contained a strong leaven of men, having, as Mr. Carlyle phrases it, "stiff Republican ways." But the Protector was able for them. They were the *Brissotins* of that day; but he was in himself a "Mountain." The speech opens with a tirade against the avowed, "the natural enemy" of the nation, Spain; but glances, in side hits, at secret enemies at home. Getting over the Spanish part, after a very curious and truly *Oliverian* handling of it, the Lord Protector advances a stage, in which the reader sees both "Oliver" and his Elucidator, in their natural lineaments. We pass Cromwell's exposition of the late insurrectionary movements of Cavaliers and Jesuits, and come to another kind of danger:—

There is a generation of men in this Nation who cry up nothing but righteousness, and justice, and liberty; [*Coming now to the Levellers and "Commonwealth's-men."*] and these are diversified into several sects, and sorts of men; and though they may be contemptible, in respect they are many, and so not like to make a solid vow to do you mischief,—yet they are apt to agree *in aliquo tertio*. They are known (Yea, well enough) to shake hands with,—I should be loath to say with Cavaliers,—but with all the scum and dirt of this Nation, [*Not loath to say that, your Highness!*] to put you to trouble. And when I come to speak of the *Remedies*, I shall tell you what are the most apt and proper remedies in these respects. I speak now of the very time when there was an Insurrection at Salisbury, 'your Wagstaffs and Penruddocks openly in arms'——[*Sudden prick of anger stings his Highness at the thought of that great Peril, and how it was treated and scouted by the incredulous Thickskinned; and he plunges in this manner*]——I doubt whether it be believed there ever was any rising in North Wales 'at the same time;' at Shrewsbury; at Rufford Abbey, where were about Five-hundred horse; or at Marston Moor; or in Northumberland, and the other places,—where all these Insurrections were at that very time! [*Truly it is difficult to keep one's temper: sluggish mortals saved from destruction; and won't so much as admit it!*]——There was a party which was very proper to come between the Papists and Cavaliers; and that *Levelling* Party hath some accession lately, which goes under a *finer* name or notion! I think they would now be called "Commonwealth's-men,"—who perhaps have right to it little enough. And it is strange that men of fortune and great estates [*Lord Grey of Groby; he is in the Tower; he and others,*] should join with such a people. But if the *fact* be so, there will need no stretch of wit to make it evident, it being so by demonstration. [*His Highness still harps on the incredulity of a thickskinned public, naturally very provoking to him in these perilous, abstruse, and necessarily* SECRET *operations of his.*]

I say, this people at the very time, they were pretty numerous,—and do not despise them!—at the time when the Cavaliers were risen, this very Party had prepared a Declaration against all the things that had been transacted 'by us;' and called them by I know not what 'names,' "tyranny," "oppression," things "against the liberty of the subject;" and cried out for "justice," and "righteousness," and "liberty:"—and what was all this business for, but to join the Cavaliers to carry on that Design? And these are things, not words! That Declaration we got; and the penner of it we got [*Locked him fast in Chepstow; the unruly Wildman!*]: and we have got intelligence also how the business was laid and contrived;—which was hatched in the time of the Sitting of that Parliament. I do not accuse anybody: but that was the *time* of it;—an unhappy time! And a plausible Petition had been penned, which must come to me, forsooth [*Through that obtuse Constitutioning Parliament, I fancy!*] "To consider of these things, and to give redress and remedies." And this was so.—

Now indeed I must tell you plainly, we suspected a great deal of violence then; and we did hunt it out.

Oliver proceeds to unfold the intrigues set on foot against himself and his government; and goes over much ground in a roundabout way, before he gets to LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE:—

As to those lesser Distempers of people that pretend Religion, yet which from the whole consideration of Religion, would fall under one of the heads of Reformation,—I had rather put these under this head; and I shall the less speak to it, because you have been so well spoken to already to-day 'elsewhere.' I will tell you the truth: Our practice since the last Parliament hath been, To let all this Nation see that whatever pretensions to Religion would continue quiet, peaceable, they should enjoy conscience and liberty to themselves;—and *not* to make Religion a pretence for arms and blood. Truly we have suffered them, and that cheerfully, so to enjoy their own liberties. Whatsoever is contrary, 'and not peaceable,' let the pretence be never so specious,—if it tend to combination, to interests and factions, we shall not care, by the grace of God, *whom* we meet withal, though never so specious, 'if they be not quiet!' And truly I am against all "liberty of conscience" repugnant to *this*. If men will profess,—be they those under Baptism, be they those of the Independent judgment simply, or of the Presbyterian judgment,—in the name of God, encourage them, countenance them; so long as they do plainly continue to be thankful to God, and to make use of the liberty given them to enjoy their own consciences! For, as it was said to-day, undoubtedly "*this* is the peculiar Interest all this while contended for." [*An excellent "Interest;" very indispensable in a state of genuine Protestantism, which latter has itself for some time been indispensable enough.*]

Men who believe in Jesus Christ—that is the Form that gives being to true religion, 'namely,' to Faith in Christ and walking in a profession answerable to that Faith;—men who believe the remission of sins through the blood of Christ, and free justification by the blood of Christ; who live upon the grace of God: those men who are certain they are so [*Faith of assurance,*]—'they' are members of Jesus Christ, and are to Him the apple of His eye. Whoever hath this Faith, let his Form be what it will; he walking peaceably, without prejudice to others under other Forms:—it is a debt due to God and Christ; and He will require it, if that Christian may not enjoy his liberty. [*True Tolerance; a noble thing: patience, indifference as to the Unessential; liveliest impatience, inexorable* INTOLERANCE *for the Want of the Essential!*] And who, Mr. Editor, is to determine the *essential?*

If a man of one form will be trampling upon the heels of another form; if an Independent, for example, will despise him 'who is' under Baptism, and will revile him, and reproach and provoke him,—I will not suffer it in him. If, on the other side, those of the Anabaptist 'judgment' shall be censuring the Godly Ministers of the Nation who profess under that of Independency; or if those that profess under Presbytery shall be reproaching or speaking evil of them, traducing and censuring of them,—as I would not be willing to see the day when England shall be in the power of the Presbytery to impose upon the consciences of others that profess faith in Christ,—so I will not endure any reproach to them. But God give us hearts and spirits to keep things *equal!* Which, truly I must profess to you, hath been my temper. I have had some boxes 'on the ear,' and rebukes,—on the one hand and on the other; some censuring me for Presbytery; others as an inletter to all the Sects and Heresies of the Nation. I have borne my reproach: but I have, through God's mercy, not been unhappy in hindering any one Religion to impose upon another. . . . . .

If it shall be found to *be* the Civil Magistrate's real endeavour to keep all professing Christians in this relation to one another; not suffering any to say or do what will justly provoke the others;—I think he that would have more liberty than this, is not worthy of any.

This therefore I think verily, if it may be under consideration for Reformation:—I say, if it please God to give you and me hearts to keep *this* straight, 'it may be a great means' in giving countenance to just Ministers, —[*In such semi-articulate uneasy way does his Highness hustle himself over into the discussion of a new Topic*]—in countenancing a just *maintenance* to them, by Tithes or otherwise. For my part I should think I were very treacherous if I took away Tithes, till I see the Legislative Power settle Maintenance to Ministers another way. But whoever they be that shall contend to destroy Tithes,—it doth as surely cut their 'the Minister's' throats as it is a drift to take Tithes away before another mode of maintenance, or way of preparation towards such, be had. Truly I think all such practices and proceedings should be discountenanced. I have heard it from as gracious a Minister as any is in England; I have had it professed: That it would be a far greater satisfaction to them to have maintenance another way,—if the State will provide it. [*Sensation among the Voluntaries?——His Highness proceeds no farther in that direction at present. The next sentence suddenly drawing itself up into a heap; comprising both ideas, "*TITHES*" and "*EQUALITY*," and in free-flowing half-articulate manner uttering them both at once, must be given precisely as it stands,—Grammar yielding place to something still needfuller, to* TRANSPARENCY *of Speech with or without grammar.*]——Therefore I think, for the keeping of the Church and people of God and professors in their several forms in this liberty,—I think as it, 'this of tithes, or some other maintenance,' hath been a thing that is the root of visible Profession [*No public maintenance no regular priest,*] the upholding of this—I think you will find a blessing in it:—if God keep your hearts to keep things in this posture and balance which is so honest and so necessary. [*Better keep up Tithes, till we see!*]

This gives but a very bald notion of Oliver's opinions as to liberty of conscience and the power of the civil magistrate in ecclesiastical matters.

In the following year, no time being lost, previous to the opening of Parliament, a day of fasting and prayer was to be held, before the great question, already settled—"of settling the nation," by giving Cromwell the title, with the authority of a King, and power to nominate his successor—was to be considered. "The petition and advice" to "his Highness" to this effect, had already been concocted:—

We can see, the Honourable House has 'a very good resentment of it.' The Lawyer-party is all zealous for it; certain of the Soldier-party have their jealousies. Already, notwithstanding the official reticence, it is plain to every clear-sighted man they mean to make his Highness King!

On this, a subject very near the heart of "his Highness," he speaks a speech, a brief one this time, before taking the affair, in which he had diligently if secretly laboured, and which was now "cut and dry," into "prayerful consideration." There are "hollownesses," "hypocrisies," "falsities," &c. &c. which Mr. Carlyle does not stop to denounce. The Protector had to seek and obtain an answer from the Most High before he could either consent to be a King, and have the substantial power of one, or refuse; and a very few days elapsed before Oliver was enabled to pronounce the kind of *nay* which all men read *yea*:—

It is the nature of a Courtship withal: the young lady cannot answer on the first blush of the business; if you insist on her answering, why then she must even answer, No!—

The young lady said *No;* but the courtship was not broken off. Though long coquetting with the title, it was "the substance of the business" that Oliver looked after; but he would also submit to the name, "since the Parliament desired to have this title." And so he said,—

It hath stuck with me, and doth yet stick. And truly, as I hinted the other day, it seemed as if your arguments to me did partly give positive grounds for what was to be done, and partly comparative grounds; stating the matter as you were then pleased to do,—for which I gave no cause that I know of, that is, for comparing the effects of Kingship with those of such a Name as I at present bear, with 'those of' the Protectorship 'to wit.' I say I hope it will not be understood that I contend for the name; or for any name, or any thing 'of a merely extraneous nature;' but truly and plainly 'for the substance of the business,'—if I speak as in the Lord's presence; ay, in all right things, as a person under the disposal of the Providence of God,—neither "naming" one thing nor other; but only endeavouring to give fit answer as to this proposed Name or Title. For I hope I do not desire to give a rule to any body—'much less to the Parliament.' I professed I had not been able,—and I truly profess I have not yet been able,—to give a rule to myself 'in regard to your Proposal.' I would be understood in this. [*Yes, your Highness. "That it is not doubt of the Parliament's wisdom; that it is not vain preference or postponence of one 'name' to another; but doubt as to the substantial expediency of the thing proposed, uncertainty as to God's will and monition in regard to it,—that has made and still makes me speak in this uncomfortable, haggling, struggling, and wriggling manner. It is no easy thing forcing one's way through a jungle of such depth! An affair of Courtship, moreover, which grows and has to grow by the very handling of it! I would not be misunderstood in this.*"]

I am a man standing in the Place I am in [*Clearly, your Highness;*] which Place I undertook not so much out of hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil [*Note this*],—which I did see was imminent on the Nation. I say, we were running headlong into confusion and disorder, and would necessarily 'have' run into blood; and I was passive to those that desired me to undertake the Place which I now have. [*With tones, with a look of sorrow, solemnity and nobleness; the brave Oliver!*] A Place, I say, not so much of doing good,—which a man lawfully *may*, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience,—a man *may* (I say) lawfully, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience; a man may lawfully, as the case may be (though it is a very tickle case,) desire a place to do good in! [*Window once more into his Highness! "Tickle" is the old form of* TICKLISH: "*a*

tickle case indeed," his Highness candidly allows; yet a case which does occur,—shame and woe to him, the poor cowardly Pedant, tied up in cobwebs and tapethrums, that neglects it when it does!] I profess I had not that apprehension, when I undertook the Place, that I could so much do good; but I did think I might prevent imminent evil.—And therefore I am not contending for one "name" compared with another;—and therefore have nothing to answer to any arguments that were used for preferring 'the name' Kingship to Protectorship. For I should almost think any "name" were better than my "Name;" and I should altogether think any person fitter than I am for such business; [*Your Highness?—But St. Paul too professed himself "the chief of sinners,"—and has not been altogether thought to "cant" in doing so!*]—and I compliment not, God knows it! But this I should say, That I do think, you, in the settling of the peace and liberties of this Nation, which cries as loud upon you as ever Nation did for somewhat that may beget a consistence, 'ought to attend to that;' otherwise the Nation will fall in pieces! And in that, as far as I can, I am ready to serve not as a King but as Constable 'if you like!' For truly I have, as before God, often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good Constable set to keep the peace of the Parish. [*Hear his Highness!*] And truly this hath been my content and satisfaction in the troubles I have undergone, That you yet have peace. . . .

If I know, as indeed I do, that very generally good men do not swallow this Title,—though really it is no part of their goodness to be unwilling to submit to what a Parliament shall settle over them, yet I must say, it is my duty and my conscience to beg of you that there may be no hard things put upon me; things, I mean, hard to *them*, which they cannot swallow. [*The Young Lady will, and she will not!*]

These speeches about the Kingship are throughout highly illustrative of the character of Cromwell. He would, and he would not; he longed, yet was afraid; and finally leaves Mr. Carlyle in doubt of his real wishes, and, we should imagine, him alone.

Some more of Cromwell's Opening Speeches, his "last speeches," as they proved, occur upon such topics, as "the state of the nation," and "our foreign relations." One paragraph is not inapt, is indeed very apt, to the present crisis:

I say, I beseech you to look to your own affairs at home, how they stand! I am persuaded you are all, I apprehend you are all, honest and worthy good men; and that there is not a man of you but would desire to be found a good patriot. I know you would! We are apt to boast sometimes that we are Englishmen: and truly it is no shame for us that we are Englishmen;—but it is a motive to us to do like Englishmen, and seek the real good of this Nation, and the interest of it. [*Truly!*]—But, I beseech you, what is our case at home!——I profess I do not well know where to begin on this head, or where to end,—I do not. But I must needs say, Let a man begin where he will, he shall hardly be out of that drift I am speaking to you 'upon.' We are as full of calamities, and of divisions among us in respect of the spirits of men, 'as we could well be,'—though, through a wonderful, admirable, and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired providence of God, 'still' in peace! And the fighting we have had, and the success we have had—yea, we that are here, we are an astonishment to the world! And take us in that temper we are in, or rather in that distemper, it is the greatest miracle that ever befell the sons of men, 'that we are got again to peace.' And whoever shall seek to break it, God Almighty root that man out of this Nation! And He will do it, let the pretences be what they may! [*Privilege of Parliament, or whatever else, my peppery friends!*]

'Peace-breakers, do they consider what it *is* they are 'driving towards! They should do it!' He that considereth not the "woman with child,"—the sucking children of this Nation that know not the right hand from the left, of whom, for aught I know, it may be said this City is as full as Nineveh was said to be;—he that considereth not these, and the fruit that is like to come of the bodies of those now living added to these; he that considereth not these, must have the heart of a Cain; who was marked, and made to be an enemy to all men, and all men enemies to him! For the wrath and justice of God will prosecute such a man to his grave, if not to Hell!

Look to that, demagogues! And again:

I say, look on this Nation; look on it! Consider what are the varieties of Interests in this Nation,—if they be worthy the name of Interests. If God did not hinder, it would all but make up one confusion. We should find there would be but one Cain in England, if God did not restrain! We should have another more bloody Civil War than ever we had in England. For, I beseech you, what is the general spirit of this Nation? Is it not that each sect of people,—if I may call them sects, whether sects upon a Religious account, or upon a Civil account? Is not this Nation miserable in that respect? What is that which possesseth every sect? What is it? That every sect may be uppermost! That every sort of men may get the power into their hands, and "they would use it well;"—that every sect may get the power into their hands! [*A reflection to make one wonder.—Let them thank God they have got a man able to bit and bridle them a little; the unfortunate, peppery, loud-babbling individuals,—with so much good in them, too, while 'bitted!'*]

It were a happy thing if the Nation would be content with rule. 'Content with rule,' if it were but in Civil things, and with those that would rule worst;—because misrule is better than no rule; and an ill Government, a bad Government, is better than none!—Neither is this all: but we have an appetite to variety; to be not only making wounds, 'but widening those already made.' As if you should see one making wounds in a man's side, and eager only to be groping and grovelling with his fingers in those wounds!

But this whole speech is a noble and brave one, and makes one forgive in "Oliver" a multitude of speechifying sins. And if farther reconcilement is wanted with him, before he goes hence, comes Mr. Carlyle's section of "The Death of the Protector;" and Oliver stands forth, not alone, the great man which he ever was, but a sore-tried, a humbled, and an afflicted man.

His Speakings, and also his Actings, all his manifold Strugglings, more or less victorious, to utter the great God's-Message that was in him,—have here what we call ended. This Summer of 1658, likewise victorious after struggle, is his last in our World of Time. Thenceforth he enters the Eternities; and rests upon his arms *there*. Oliver's look was yet strong; and young for his years, which were Fifty-nine last April. The 'Threescore and ten years,' the Psalmist's limit, which probably was often in Oliver's thoughts and those of others there, might have been anticipated for him: Ten Years more of Life;—which, we may compute, would have given another History to all the Centuries of England. But it was not to be so, it was to be otherwise. Oliver's health, as we might observe, was but uncertain in late times; often 'indisposed' the spring before last. His course of life had not been favourable to health! "A burden too heavy for man!" as he himself, with a sigh, would sometimes say.

These closing scenes, and the death of Cromwell's favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, are related in Mr. Carlyle's peculiar manner, and made effective and touching; but not more so than the simple narrative, which is borrowed from Maidston, one of the Protector's household, who wrote down these passages as they occurred:

'His time was come,' says Maidston; 'and neither

prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life and continue him longer to us. Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as was observed, in a more than ordinary way. Besides many a secret sigh,—secret and unheard by men, yet like the cry of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications. All which,—the hearts of God's People being thus mightily stirred up,—did seem to beget confidence in some, and hopes in all; yea some thoughts in himself, that God would restore him.'

The last days and hours of the great Pillar of the Puritan cause, certainly afford a remarkable contrast to the death-beds of Kings, as history has painted them.

And now the prophet-voice is uplifted at the close of the Book, in a warning shout to this adder-eared generation, to this degenerate but reading England; which is told that,

Oliver is gone; and with him England's Puritanism—laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all the Centuries—soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none be found;—and nothing is left but to recall the old disowned Defender with the remnants of his Four Surplices, and two Centuries of *Hypocrisia*, and put up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, 'mewing her mighty youth,' as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much liker a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward; with its Ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other 'sheltering Fallacy' there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day,—in a terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise!—Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousandfold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.

Let us hope that Mr. Punch will not take the hint, and limn poor Old England in this dismal Ostrich-like plight.

Now, if Mr. Carlyle would but for once hint what he would have us set about first, what *do* after we are aroused, it would be mighty satisfactory. The "Four Surplices at All-Hallowtide" are become at best mouldy, rent garments; but then our modern "Voluntaryism" finds no more favour with him. Some among us are labouring to abolish "Death Punishments" as unchristian; but their small labours or nibblings are held as naught. Others want an improved and extended representation; but this is all idle talk. Peace for its own sake, abhorrence of war and blood in any shape, appear a weakness, a reading amiss the Divine will. To the "Elucidator,"

"Slaughter is God's Daughter,"—

and the great want of our time—of all time—is a Hero. And where are we to look for "the coming Man?" Not, we are certain, to the Treasury Benches, nor the Opposition Benches, nor the Cross Benches, nor the Bench of Bishops, nor yet to Conciliation Hall. Is it not cruel, then, to taunt us in this way with our grovelling, cowardly desires for "provender" and "a whole skin," and never to say one plain, specific word as to how we may rise to something higher and more worthy of Mr. Carlyle's aspirations, and of Cromwell's countrymen?

We may have more to say upon the spirit and the execution, but above all, upon those constituents of this book which Mr. Carlyle has with so much pains and care dug up, and furbished anew; but, meanwhile, let this cursory and not uncandid exhibition of beauties and blemishes suffice. Cromwell despised those "flunkey" artists, who, in painting him, left out his "warts."

HOW IS PARLIAMENT TO GET THROUGH ITS RAILWAY BUSINESS?

The number of railway companies which have lodged their plans and specifications in time, is not yet exactly known. To all appearance, however, upwards of seven hundred have cleared this "hog-score." Of these, however, only a moiety will come to have petitions for bills presented. Some companies which have "come to time" at the Board of Trade, were "nowhere" (in the phraseology of the turf,) when the clerks of the peace called. And on the list of those which have in so far complied with the standing orders are more than one that will find it utterly impossible to raise the wind for the deposits.

The process of breaking up is already becoming curiously manifest in some of these companies. As illustrative of the real character of the railway mania, and indicative of the nature of the "consequential sorrows," it deserves a glance in passing. Internal dissensions are breaking out among directors, and their co-adjutors hurrying them before mayors and bailies, preparatory to more regular campaigns in the courts of law. Newspapers are sending in their advertising bills, pressing for payment, and boards are auditing these bills, calling for vouchers, quarrelling rates of charge. Again, operative surveyors are clamorous for wages, and secretaries or treasurers are sometimes hard up for ready cash. Lastly, parties to whom scrip has been allotted have not always taken it up, and now refuse to pay deposits for a concern which they believe, or affect to believe, cannot go on. Lastly, some Boards, to accelerate the payment of deposits, have reduced the amount of their calls; impatient holders, who have been precipitate in paying up, ask to have the excess refunded,—which, out of an empty treasury, is not always an easy matter. Out of the discussions to which these applications and rejections give rise, come tart remarks and bitter rejoinders. One angry man goes with quiet, concentrated malice, at white heat, to consult his lawyer; another rushes, roaring like a boy that has been soundly thrashed, into a mayor's court, to tell his "pitiful story." The newspapers as usual blow the coals, for every "excitement" promotes sale. The public mutters, "try the responsibilities of directors in a law court," and Mr. D. W. Harvey, and other deeply staked directors,

respond to the hint by advertising a Defensive Association. The genius of Westminster Hall laughs, crows, and claps its wings: nay, it did so months ago. In July, the *Law Magazine* coolly discussed the various points likely to arise when this crisis came: the hoodiecraws croaked their consultations anent picking bones in the ears of their unheeding victims.

All these things indicate the real character of the railway delusion. Cold-blooded, predetermined swindling has had little part in it. All the "stags" in Capel Court might have been seen at one time at the height of the fever in any one of the crack eating-houses of the neighbourhood. There they resorted day after day—the Jewish variety of the Caucasian type predominating in their features—with silk and velvet lapels, rings, and brooches, coats of the newest cut, and trousers of the newest shade, yet dirty and greasy withal—slobbering turtle and champagne. There were not enough of them in all to take up the shares of half-a-dozen lines. The panic came and they disappeared like flies when frost sets in. "Tom," we said to the waiter at the ———, two days after the commencement of the panic, "what has become of all these fine gentlemen?"—"I don't know, sir, but they were the best customers in my time." Only one of them has since revisited the glimpses of the day—shockingly "seedy," and asking below his breath for a basin of mutton broth.

Oh no, these poor devils had little to do in getting up the steam. The standing army of swindlers has not been increased. The swell mob of trade has only taken advantage of the railway throng and crush to do a good stroke of business. The mischief has been done by amateurs. Railways have been regarded as gold mines used to be: if a railway company could but be "got up," no misgivings haunted its framers about the long and dreary period during which it must be all outlay and no returns. Managing directors, without money themselves, counted upon the deposits; shareholders who were penniless, were sure they could find others who had pence to buy them out. The company was there, and the money was sure to come after. Confidence, dash, generosity, were sure to command success. So crack engineers were engaged at large salaries, and received *carte blanche* for their surveyors and surveying parties. Advertising agents were instructed to be active and liberal; they boasted of their instructions to editors and proprietors of newspapers. The newspapers puffed and charged like heroes; the directors and secretaries bragged to the newspaper writers; surveyors composed epics on the capabilities of their lines, and shareholders listened to the lay with the vague, swelling, dreamy delight of opium-eaters under the influence of their drug. All concerned assumed that the nominal capitals of all the projected companies would be actually forthcoming; all counted upon the share in the plunder which they had in imagination allotted to themselves, being as sure as if they had already held it in gold. But pay-day has come, and with it a scramble, and there is not enough for all. And like angry fools they are going to make the matter worse; for, instead of fairly dividing what is actually there—all having been fools and deluders alike—they are calling in the lawyer to say who is to have the oyster.

This is a digression, but not a useless one. It shows how many lines, which have so far complied with the standing order, must drop like apples from an overladen tree, shrivelled and dead before they are ripe. Of the seven hundred and odds which had their plans and specifications duly lodged on Sunday ("the better day the better deed,") the 30th of November, not above three hundred, or three hundred and fifty, will actually get the length of petitioning for bills. Even this, however, is an alarming prospect for easy-going members of parliament, not yet recruited from the fatigues of last session. It is considerably more than the number which more than half-killed the most of them. The bills relating to railways presented last session were two hundred and twenty-five, and out of these parliament, with unheard-of labour, contrived to manufacture only a hundred and twenty acts. How many of the three hundred and fifty spectres—the abstract ideas waiting to be made actual existences—which flutter around the door of the House of Commons, crowded and unsubstantial as the ghosts which beset Ulysses when he penetrated to Hades, will become railway acts before the close of 1846? How will parliament, which fairly broke down under two hundred and twenty-five bills—leaving some of them in a kind of limbo of Vanity, neither bills nor acts—dispose of this increased number? Even Joseph Hume, who cannot live without hard work, quails at the prospect.

Be it remembered here, that the arrear of half-finished railway acts, left at the end of last session, will be sure to be increased in that which is approaching. Last session some seven bills were arrested in the Lords, soothed with a promise that their progress would be accelerated in 1846, by allowing them to go over certain stages *pro formâ*. It will be well if seven times seven are not left in this equivocal position at the close of the coming session. The constitution of parliament, and its mode of transacting business, look as if they had been devised for running up such arrears. We are not alluding just now to the suspicion of undue *bias* which, more or less, attaches to all members of parliament when dealing with private bills of any kind, and most particularly with railway bills,—not of the personally objectionable character of M.P.s as judges in railway matters, but of the formal obstruction to the progress of railway business, arising from the very constitution of parliament. Parliament is a body of gratuitous, amateur workers, and will, as a matter of course, take its own time and way of working. Members of parliament will have their long vacation, and a very long one it is. The real railway business of the empire, even after all the bubbles have been blown off, is large and increasing. In all busy and populous districts, along all the great national lines of travel and traffic, the railway must of

necessity supersede the common road. Even suppose the change were accomplished, the annual railway business submitted to the legislature—the construction of new lines to meet the wants of a growing or shifting population, amalgamations, and extensions, &c.—must greatly swell the amount of private bills. But at the start of the new system the business is, for a time, of necessity preternaturally large; for all lines of road must be transformed at once into the new and improved form. It will not do to go on leisurely, year after year, giving one or two ports or marts the benefit of railway accommodation in 1846, one or two in 1847; all must have them at once; for the seat of trade which lags astern of the other in this respect will enter the field of competition at a disadvantage. The railway business to be disposed of by the legislature is great and unintermitting: as soon as one job is disposed of another will spring up. To prevent the accumulation of arrears in a business of this kind, *a permanent tribunal to adjudicate in railway matters is indispensable.* Parliament sits only half of the year, and insists upon beginning all its business *de novo*, at the commencement of each new session. During the six months of the recess new (really wanted) railways are constantly coming up; and while parliament is disposing of them, as many more emerge, which must stand over till another session. When that session comes, these new schemes, the additions to them made during the recess, and the dropped bills of last session, must all be taken up from the beginning. The arrears in the Court of Chancery are a joke to the railway arrears which will soon accumulate in parliament, if this mode of despatching business is to be persevered in. As to asking parliament to delegate functions, for the discharge of which it is at present obviously unfit, to a competent responsible tribunal, that is out of the question. Parliament will not lower its dignity by allowing others to do what it cannot do itself. But if parliament will not delegate the task to others, it ought to take some measures to enable it to discharge the duty itself. The General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland has a permanent Commission, that transacts business to the full as well as the Assembly itself. A Commission of its own members, appointed by parliament to sit permanently, for the forwarding of railway bills, might prevent the accumulation of arrears. Besides, the members acting upon such a commission might really come in time to know something about railways. It might be made a condition with members nominated to this commission, that they should have no interest in any railway; and, to compensate for this privation, and to induce them to undertake so much labour, salaries might be awarded to them.

This, however, is as Utopian as any other plan that can be devised for enabling parliament to set about business in a business-like manner. Parliament will go on in its old jog-trot fashion. There is no rational ground for hope that any thing more will be done for several years to communicate greater aptitude for the despatch of business, to the forms and organization of parliament, than has already been done. We are at the mercy of committees of the House of Commons. The Board of Trade has vacated the field, and considering the effects of its interference last session, this must be regarded as an advantage. The Board of Trade was authorised to do something—what, was never clearly explained—in the way of digesting railway business, for its easier examination by parliament. But neither time nor means were placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade to enable it to accomplish the task satisfactorily. Five intelligent and respectable gentlemen were enabled to read cursorily the *ex-parte* statements of all the railway projectors who applied to parliament, and to report on their comparative plausibility. Reports rapidly got up without mature and deliberate inquiry, carried no weight with them. The only effect of the Board of Trade reports, was to increase the amount of gambling speculations on 'Change. The Board of Trade is, therefore, out of the field, and the House of Lords was never in it. A stray peer may at times make an effort in his own house, to modify the decision of the House of Commons on a railway bill, if it is adverse to his interests or crotchets; but his fellow peers are too sensitive to the expression of public opinion to assist him. The House of Lords, although it goes through all the forms of inquiry and debate, is, except in very extreme cases, nothing more than a court to register the railway edicts of the Commons. The committees of the House of Commons possess *de facto* supreme jurisdiction in railway matters, and they will keep it, until the public inconvenience becomes so great, that the power is wrested from them. This will not happen in the coming session, nor in the next after it.

Some of our readers may be incredulous; but we sincerely believe, that amid all the crowd of idle young gentlemen, and desperate jobbers, who form the staple material of parliament, there are a sufficient number of honest and intelligent members to keep the railway committees in order. We believe, therefore, that, provided the Ministerial crisis do not turn all their heads, by dint of working the committees of selection and classification earnestly, members may be set to work at an early period of the session, on different groups of bills in such a way as will ensure some progress being made before its close. The great secret here, as in all undertakings, will be the proper economy of labour.

By economy of labour is not meant what many are already broadly hinting at—taking the least possible amount of work in hand. The business actually before parliament must be honestly and fairly grappled with. *Shirkers* never yet made good and efficient workmen. It is insinuated that the standing orders ought to be enforced with *literal* rigour, in order to get rid of as many bills as possible. Such policy, even if parliament had only to deal with private interests, would be objectionable on the score of justice. Much more so when it is considered that the interest of *the public* has to be taken into account. Bills thrown out on purely formal grounds may be precisely those bills which it is most for the interest of the

public to have carried. It will be wise in parliament to construe its standing orders in a liberal sense, and whenever a plausible scheme is promoted by substantial capitalists to give them a chance of pleading their cause along with the rest. Nay, more, seeing that the public has a right to have those schemes preferred which are most conducive to its interest, parliament has no right to give any preference to those schemes which stuck in the House of Lords last session. Let them have the full benefit of any concession that *can* be made on the ground of the trouble and expense they have already been put to. Let the notes of their last year's evidence be received by the committee as if taken by itself. We would even have gone the length of dispensing in such cases with any notice beyond a brief formal intimation that the application for a bill was to be renewed next session. But for the final decision on the merits of competing claims, the better line applying for a bill this session ought in justice to the public to have the preference to the inferior line which last session, having no such rival, contrived to get into the House of Lords. The public is entitled to the best line that existing lights can devise. It is not by diminishing the number of lines upon which parliament is to adjudicate that the railway business of the session is to be brought within manageable compass, but by the judges adopting a clear and precise view of the end to be attained, keeping this view constantly before them, and regulating all their proceedings with the one exclusive aim to find it out. The cardinal principle most conducive to the attainment of this end, is to aim at giving the public the greatest amount of railway accommodation, with the least possible expenditure of money and labour. One great means of eschewing extra expenditure of either, is to promote wherever it is possible the construction of direct trunk lines. In the infancy of the railway system, it was common for a railway to meander through a district, going out of its way to catch the large towns. This was natural enough when men were sceptical as to whether a railway under any circumstances could be made to pay. Thus it came that the railway from London to Manchester and Liverpool was made to go round by Birmingham. But the trade of Liverpool and Manchester will not submit to be made merely auxiliary to that of Birmingham; and we have already the Trent Valley line by which Birmingham is placed on a branch of a more direct trunk line, as in a few years we shall have the direct Manchester an extension of the direct system. Now had a direct line been constructed to the north at first, with branches to accommodate Birmingham and other great marts, a much shorter total mileage of railway would have required to be constructed: in other words more miles of railway have been made than are actually required. But a still greater and more useless outlay would have been saved. Every inconvenient circuitous line allowed to be constructed, becomes a *vested interest*, incurs great expense itself to prevent the construction of a better, and forces the promoters of the improved line to incur much unnecessary expenditure. The first duty of the railway committees is to promote to the utmost of their power the connexion of our great marts and harbours, by direct lines, with branches for district accommodation.

Having adopted this principle as their guide, the committees might materially economize time and exertion, by adopting the following form of process: 1st, To investigate the capability of the district to support a railway. The affirmative here would be maintained by all the schemes; the negative only by general opponents to any railway, if such there were. All the schemes might combine to prove this part of their case, and by taking this step first and apart, much time would be saved. 2d, To investigate in succession the *bonâ fide* character of each company. Each company of a group might be called in succession to prove its list of shareholders and their means. It would be open to each of their rivals or any of their competitors to lead counter-proof. As soon as the affirmative or negative was established to the satisfaction of the committee, the inquiry should be closed: any company failing to prove its competency ought to be put out of court. 3d, Each of the remaining companies should then be called in succession to state and prove the advantages of its line. Any counter evidence should next be received. And when the case of one was closed, the next should be taken up without pronouncing any deliverance. 4th, When they had been all gone through, the committee ought to decide which one or more lines ought to be constructed, with what modifications of the original plan. By keeping promoters, counsel, and witnesses, to the point, proceedings might thus be much expedited.

LITERARY REGISTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Paula Monti; or, The Hotel Lambert. By M. Eugene Sue. From the French; by the Translator of "The Mysteries of Paris," and "The Wandering Jew." Octavo. London: Chapman & Hall.

Eugene Sue is, beyond question, *the novelist of the day*, not alone in France, but Britain. There is, as we think, no great cause for rejoicing in the vehement manifestation of the popular taste which, for the hour, places this author above all the other fictionists of Europe; but no denying a fact which can only be accounted for by the love of excitement, and the strong, and even morbid propensity of human nature to pry into the darkest and most inscrutable depths of that greatest of mysteries, the human heart. The same impulse which made the English like "Eugene Aram," and the "Thieves' Literature," leads the people of both nations to gloat over "The Mysteries of Paris;" the identical feeling which thrills the reader of "Caleb Williams," or "The Monk," enchains him to the "Wandering Jew." Both are unhealthy, though not in the same degree. In the meanwhile, those active and skilful ministers to the public taste, who have given us the works of Dickens, labouring in their vocation, present the British public, in succession

with the works of Eugene Sue in a form which entitles them to appear in respectable society. The present romance, "Paula Monti," is produced in one large and handsome volume, adapted to take its place among the *Christmas-Books*. The letter-press and binding are elegant: the illustrations, by *Jules David*, first-rate; neither vulgar caricatures, nor idealized extravagant non-entities.

But the work itself, the kernel of this beautiful shell, we fear that it may be too harmless or insipid for palates spoiled by the strong stimulants and high peppering previously administered by Eugene Sue. Comparatively, "Paula Monti" is an *innocent* book, having only one murder, and two suicides, among the principal characters, and only one thoroughly detestable incarnation of hardened depravity, *De Brevannes*. A female creature, a mulatto or gipsy, of the Fenella genus, (for which, by the way, Goethe and Walter Scott have much to answer,) though the main agent in carrying forward the plot, is too far removed from ordinary motives and sympathies, —from common nature, or from any nature with which mankind is acquainted, to produce moral effect of any sort. This nondescript creature, (*Iris*,) therefore, though of great use to the artistic purposes of M. Sue, is of little real detriment to any of his readers, and may charm some of them. Thus, though displaying throughout the peculiar genius and bent of the author, "Paula Monti" is comparatively innocuous. As in all French romances, even the least exceptionable of them, the noblest characters are, as ever, in love with the wrong man or the wrong woman; which is a pity, as, saving this fatality, and the crimes and murders to which it leads, they are the best souls imaginable; the most generous and high-minded men, the most beautiful, amiable, and devoted women. It seems, however, impossible to construct a French sentimental novel upon any other principle than this. The plot of "Paula Monti" is simple, and yet not very probable, even setting aside the agency of *Iris*, which is almost supernatural. The merits of the book are therefore found in the characters, one or two striking situations, and the force of the style, with a vein of philosophical speculation and analysis above the reach of the commonplace novelist. In further commendation of "Paula Monti," we must say that the most charming of the female characters, *Bertha Raimond*, is irreproachable; for, that her outraged heart revolts from her cruel, brutal, and libertine husband, and is in process of wandering to another, is scarcely felt by the reader as a sin; nor enough, perhaps, as a danger: and in this, lurking mischief lies. A sort of poetical justice is also dispensed, in killing off the depraved and criminal characters, and uniting those lovers who are comparatively innocent and worthy; the husband of "Paula Monti" with *Bertha* the wife of *De Brevannes*. The work, of course, presents many desirable extracts; but we prefer leaving the whole to the reader, as those we would most wish to give are too long, and would suffer both from mutilation, and from being read without the needful key of the preliminary narrative, or the explanatory conversations. The form of the work, like most modern French fictions, is highly dramatic, and its incidental scenes throw much side-light upon, if not French, then Parisian corrupt manners.

Burns' Fireside Library.

Several pretty German tales have been added to this neat series. Four short tales by the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, form one of the small paper stitched tomes. The "Sheik of Alexandria" of Hauff, and the pretty little romance of "The White Lady" of Woltmann, another.

The Novels and Romances of Mrs. Bray. Volume VII. *Trelawny of Trelawne.*

This Cornish half-domestic and half-legendary tale, though by no means the most brilliant of the series, derives an interest from local colouring, and the authentic facts of family history and tradition which are connected with it.

Trials of the Heart.

This forms the eighth volume of Mrs. Bray's Novels, which consists of several tales under the above general title. It is not the least interesting of the series.

The O'Donoghue; a Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago. Octavo. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Dublin: Curry & Co.

Mr. Lever's latest work is here completed, and comes forth, like other books of the season, in one goodly volume. The progress of this popular writer has been steadily onward; and the improvement between the coarse and rollicking "Harry Lorrequer," and "Tom Burke of Ours," or the "St. Patrick's Eve," and "The O'Donoghue," is much more marked, as we think, than that between the first and latest productions of any other contemporary writer of fiction. Of nearly the whole corps, from "Waverley" and "Pelham" downwards, we should say that the "first sprightly runnings" of fancy and imagination, the first creaming of the creative mind, are ever the richest, unless the writer be very juvenile, still in long clothes. Fictionists, like other artists, may, and must, from the mere practice of their weapon, improve in artistic skill, or in execution, but more rarely in creative power, or in the exhibition of accumulated knowledge of life. Mr. Lever is a striking exception; for which one reason may be, that having an unexpected reputation to sustain, he now bestows more pains upon his literary labours, than on the stories thrown off much at random in the early part of his career.——In one thing Mr. Lever has imitated Sir Walter; in huddling up with somewhat unfitting haste the close of his tale. He ought to receive this piece of criticism as a compliment. His readers become so well acquainted with all the characters, so warmly attached to some of them, so deeply interested in their fortunes, that they would like to linger in saying *farewell* to "The O'Donoghue." We take for granted, that a work appearing in numbers is so well known to the majority of readers, as to make it superfluous to tell its plan, or advert to its incidents. It is in spirit, as in scene and characters, in incident and humour, thoroughly Irish; and though the story lies fifty years back, a broad and generous view is taken of what "Justice to Ireland" still means, and of the obstacles which oppose its course at the present moment. These do not lie wholly with England and its government.

Pomfret; or, Public Opinion and Private Judgment. By H. F. Chorley. Three Volumes post octavo. Colburn.

Mr. H. F. Chorley is known as the author of more than one novel, much above par, as novels go. In the present work, if he has not been more successful than on previous occasions, the cause may be that he has attempted greater things. His secondary personages, his

"poor cousins," his Tyrwhitt family and puffing printsellers, are faultless and admirable of their kind; his nobly-conceived heroine, an imperfect or unfinished work. The sheathing of the chrysalis is still seen sticking to the beautiful new existence, struggling to free itself, and stretching its new-found wings to seek the empyrean. The secondary title of the story is, we presume, taken from the unjust and cruel "private judgments" that are formed, especially by women, of female actors and singers, and the "public opinion" of their position in society; and also of a man who, like "Pomfret," gives up, in obedience to the dictates of conscience, of "private judgment," his comfortable living in the Church of England, and thus incurs the violent condemnation of the "public opinion" he has outraged. But Pomfret, if a conscientious, is not a brave man. His discoveries of great truths, whatever these may be, he keeps all to himself. Not only does he belong to no sect, but he disclaims all sects, and refuses to preach his new doctrines, or to tell what his sincere convictions have led him to adopt in rejecting the Thirty-nine Articles. We are led to infer that he is an Arian, or, if there be now no Arians, then a Unitarian; but he acts on the cowardly and selfish maxim, "If I had a handful of truths in my grasp, I would not open my hand to let one of them fly out." He who first said so was a great thinker but a poor doer; and "Pomfret" is the latter, though otherwise a most excellent and amiable man. But the novel bearing his name, shows so much and such varied talent and brilliancy, and is so much a tale of the world and of the time, that we take leave, as public *tasters*, to assure all who have faith in us of the genuineness and superiority of "Pomfret," as a work of art and a picture of contemporary society.

Forest and Game Law Tales. By Harriet Martineau. Vol. I. London: Moxon.

The Game Laws, the unjust, the most oppressive, irritating, and demoralizing Game Laws, are especially "a farmer's question," a "peasant's grievance;" but good were the book, or tale, which could make them, by sympathy, a mechanic's, a cotton-spinner's, an everybody's question, until they are, as they must be, swept away. Miss Martineau imagines the Game Laws obscure and complicated; while, in fact, the whole matter, as it affects the world of 1845-6, and onwards, lies within the compass of a nut-shell. People do still make strange blunders about Free Trade and Corn Law questions; but as to the Game Laws, who, save a very few individuals in each county, care for their preservation, or require to be instructed as to their oppressive nature and evil tendency? All required is, to stimulate civic communities to act so that these iniquitous Game Laws be forthwith amended, abrogated, abolished. They require no more knowledge. They have no doubt upon the subject; but they fold their hands, saying, "O, the repeal of the Corn Laws will soon sweep away the Game Laws. Throw the corn of the world open to British buyers, and British landlords must soon learn what is their own interest, or if not, legislation will teach them." But this simple question Miss Martineau fancies it necessary to elucidate by three volumes of tales, of which the one published refers solely to the Forest Laws of the Danish invaders and the Norman conquerors, with a few items of the times of Charles I. But the two that are to come may tell us of existing evils. It is all too much. The very League itself durst not have propounded three volumes of tales illustrative of the mischiefs of the far more important Corn Laws; but Miss Martineau has written one volume of tales describing England in the olden time, as it is portrayed in histories and old chronicles; a kind of reading at present much in vogue, as is shown by the great popularity of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England." Miss Martineau may therefore give us two more volumes of entertaining stories, and welcome; though again we say, the question of the Game Laws, as they exist, lies within the compass of a twopenny tract. No one longer holds up his head to defend these obnoxious laws, except here and there a few dukes, barons, and lords of the manor, and their retainers. They are to be abolished. They require no farther exposition. The same swoop which destroys the great landed monopoly annihilates all that is oppressive in Game Laws.

Arrah Neil, or Times of Old. By G. P. R. James, Esq. author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," &c. &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

We are here presented, in a more convenient form, with a story which has, for many months back, been appearing in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and which must, therefore, be known, more or less, to most romance readers. Though the tale is connected with Ireland, *Arrah Neil*, the heroine, being Irish, as well as noble and an heiress, Mr. James has prudently laid the scene of the drama in England. So many able writers, imbued with an enthusiastic spirit of nationality, have been, or are, telling tales of Ireland, that it were rash and dangerous to enter into competition with them on their own ground, although that ground had not already been fully occupied.

The period of the tale is during the troubles in the era of Cromwell. Cavaliers, and Roundheads, with the dames and damsels suffering or rejoicing with them, are, of course, the personages who figure in the narrative and carry on the plot. We must say, for the sake of those who have seen no portion of the romance, that it is equal to the usual level efforts of Mr. James, with the farther recommendation of the scenes and characters being those of *home*—of England. Arrah Neil, the heroine, is a beautiful creation, and the closing scene—the field of Edgehill—effective, if tragic.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. First Series. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c. London: Wiley and Putnam.

These tales are reprints from American annuals and periodical works. Though not without a certain kind of merit, they are naturally much better adapted to the latitude in which they originally appeared than to this country.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

These have not yet all reached us; but in addition to the former detachment, we have to make favourable mention of, first,—

The Snow-Storm, a Christmas Story. By Mrs. Gore; With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Fisher & Co.

We regret that this charming story has not reached us until it is impossible to give any satisfactory account of it; nor can we delay it, as a *Christmas* story cannot well keep over January. It is, however, a tale for any winter night, and for any season of at least the coming century. It is got up in the style of Mr. Lever's St.

Patrick's Eve, or the *Chimes* of Mr. Dickens; and is thus a very neat and pretty book; containing, on a rough calculation, matter equal to one volume of a novel. The scene of the story is laid in the north of England; and occupies but one day, and that a Christmas-eve of recent date. It is a cheerful story of homely English life, glowing with the sweetest affections. At the opening, description moves on somewhat slowly; but, by and by, all is stir and interest, until the happy *denoûment* compensates old tenants, harshly ejected by new landlords, unites true lovers, deals out felicity to the worthy in the form they like it best; and deserved but merciful chastisement of their ostentation and selfishness to the undeserving; and thus ends, as every Christmas tale should, with a sound and also a cheerful moral. It is a good new Christmas fashion this of single tales, by our best story-tellers, instead of the scrap-stall gatherings daintily set forth in the Annuals.

The Forget-me-not. London: Ackermann. Edited by Mr. Frederic Shoberl. The oldest, and almost the only survivor of the Annuals. A few of the plates are exceedingly good, and the literature, which is varied, light, and well adapted for its purpose, is contributed by a whole host of names, having a reputation of some standing in the Annuals, and elsewhere. Among these, are the late Miss Jewsbury, the late Mrs. James Gray, Charles Swain, Esq. Miss Pardoe, Major Calder Campbell, Miss Eliza Cook, Dr. Bowring, &c. The "getting up," is tasteful and pretty.

The Recreation. Edinburgh: Menzies.—This is a juvenile Annual, yet of a somewhat more solid character than those intended for all ages. It consists of extracts from books of travel, and of real adventure and enterprise, and remarkable facts, illustrative of the better affections of our nature. It is judiciously selected, and calculated both to interest and instruct.

Bogue's European Library, a Collection of the best Works, of the best Authors, at the lowest possible price.

Is it not to be feared that *cheapness* in books may be carried too far? This, however, is the "look-out" of the publishers. It is enough to readers, that they are here furnished with Guizot's History of the English Revolution of 1640, translated by William Hazlitt,—the son of *The* Hazlitt; and with Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici, in a very neat form, and very cheap. A memoir of the author of Lorenzo de Medici is prefixed to this work, which is also written by Mr. Hazlitt, who appears to be the editor of Bogue's European Library. Both volumes are well worth the attention of young men, who having already obtained a small selection of standard works, are desirous of adding judiciously to their collection.

Wise Saws and Modern Instances. By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," &c. Two volumes. London: Jeremiah How.

A very cursory glance at "The Purgatory of Suicides" convinced us that our somewhat perverse or rather perverted Chartist, was a man of talents, and of more,—of imagination,—almost of genius. The little stories and sketches before us, though of a widely different character, deepen the impression. We have little hope of bringing the mass of town-made tale-readers to join in our opinion that these rustic histories are really much better than the quaint, cockney, slangish, or fire-and-brimstone tales of wonder, or blood-and-murder stories at present served up to them. They are natural both in construction and style, and racy and highly idiomatic old Lincoln tales,—not in the least deteriorated by the very slight admixture of Chartist philosophy, which, so far as we have gone, is not in the slightest degree acrimonious. We should be glad to assist in turning to them the attention they deserve.

Arabin; or, the Adventures of a Colonist in New South Wales, with an Essay on the Aborigines of Australia. By Thomas M'Combie, Editor of *The Port Philip Gazette.* Small octavo, pp. 274. London: Simmonds & Ward.

This work, though in guise of fiction, has the merit of being a genuine book. The writer records what he has seen, heard, felt, thought, and understood, too. His sketch of "Arabin," a young physician, before he sends him to Australia, looks not unlike a bit of real autobiography; and Dr. Arabin's adventures there, with some embellishments of fiction, resemble a literal transcript of those a young man was likely to encounter in the colonial towns, and in the Bush, among the settlers and squatters. They are also truthful illustrations of emigrant life in its lights and shadows; and moreover, with the mixture of instruction inseparable from the plan of the story, very entertaining reading.

The Scottish Church; A View of its History, Constitution, Doctrines, and Ceremonies. Edited by Alexander Leighton. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait.

This work is a small but pregnant sign of the times. It is the first of a series of little treatises, written in order to describe the particulars of the history, and the peculiarities of the doctrines and discipline, of the great leading Churches of this country. Some such series seems demanded by the spirit of the period. There is perpetual talk about churches—the age has got quite ecclesiastical—the cry, "The Church," whether as a watchword of attack, or of defence, is ringing in every corner; and yet, withal, the densest ignorance prevails with regard to the position, and past history, and present principles of particular Christian bodies. In some churches the *esprit de corps* has nearly died away, and there are hundreds who know little, and care less, about the peculiarities of their own creed. In others, again, they are rallying round their standard with a zeal rather warm than enlightened, and which almost totally blinds them to the position of opposite sects. Meanwhile two counter movements are agitating the church as a whole, the one tending to a general union, the other to split it up into yet minuter fragments. Important, therefore, in many ways, to revive the flagging interest of the indifferent, to allay the ignorant fervour of the bigoted, and to show how far churches are ripe for union; or whether it be not needful that they be farther frittered down, previous to a solid and lasting junction,—were a calm, candid, and accurate view of the rise and progress, opinions and attitudes, of the various churches of this kingdom.

If we were to form an ideal of an author, who should be qualified for such a task, we should conceive him endowed above all things with charity. This goodly quality, preached every Sabbath in every pulpit, is the crying desideratum of the times; and the spirit of partisanship has infected our histories, quite as much as our treatises of pure controversy. It delights in dis-

torting facts, even more than in misrepresenting doctrines. As we cannot so accurately judge of a man's character, unless we know the circumstances of his birth and training; so, unless we watch a church in its cradle, understand the real occasion of its rise, the idea which it originally represented, the vacuum in the public mind which it sought to fill,—we are not in a proper condition for tracing its after progress—for understanding the causes whether of its culmination or of its decline. Prejudice and misrepresentation, accordingly, have taken their favourite stand beside the birth of new churches, and sought to cover their founders with detraction and abuse. Impartiality and clearness in stating the doctrines of the respective churches, are also indispensable qualifications for such a task. Every one knows how easy it is to caricature a doctrine; how, by the addition or the subtraction of the slightest shade, a rational and probable, may be changed into a senseless, impossible, and revolting dogma. So difficult it is to paint abstractions—so well weighed and well ordered should be the words of those, who essay to express their own, and still more, to describe their neighbour's creed. Thorough knowledge, accompanied by wide views, and generalized into philosophic sagacity, would also be eminently required in the supposed historian.

To say that the author of this tract possesses all the above qualifications, were to aver too much. We have been rather struck with his calmness and caution, than with any higher, rarer, qualities. His history of the Scottish Church, is carefully and temperately written—and the leaning he has, is very gently and very seldom indicated. His account of the forms and ceremonies of the church, is with much diligence compiled from the *Book of Discipline*, and the Confession of Faith. We watched his chapter on Dissent with peculiar attention,—but found it a very fair, though rather rapid summary of the statistics of the subject. In his closing chapters, he presents us with an outline of the leading doctrines in the Confession of Faith—of original sin, election, the atonement, justification, sanctification, &c. We thank the author for this portion of his book; it is clear and masterly, and contrasts well with the occasional wordiness and repetitions of the document, from which its subject matter is derived. Whenever, too, any expression in the standards appears unintelligible or harsh, the author dexterously falls back upon the mild and measured explications of Dr. Hill. His chapter on the atonement will, however, we suspect be a choke-pear to certain modern speculators on that mysterious topic, in more churches than one.

The author would not thank us, for giving extracts. Indeed the great merit of his book is, that it is not an extractable one; but a calm, clear, level series, of explanatory and exegetic statements. We will, however, quote the two following paragraphs from his Advertisement:—

> The object of the series of volumes, of which this is the first, is to lay before the reader a plain account of the history, doctrines, and ceremonies of the great churches of this kingdom, divested of the spirit of sectarianism; and disposed, for the sake of examination and contrast, into parallel chapters. If the plan cannot be said to be altogether new, the time, at least, is not unsuitable, when the differences of parties have assumed an aspect of exclusiveness, if not of acerbity, inconsistent with the genius of true religion, and generative of feelings inimical to Christian charity. . . . .
>
> The Editor's character of layman must plead his apology for unintentional errors; while, as was intended, it must be so far a recommendation of the object in view, that it affords a guarantee for that impartiality which does not always exist among the teachers of sectarian communities. To those who object that impartiality is only another name for indifferency, or something worse, he has nothing to say, because nothing will please them except an approval of that zeal which is fed by the complacent notion that they are right and every one else is wrong. The object is not to convert from one church to another, but to state and explain fairly the doctrines of each, and the more important arguments by which these are supported. There is no pledge given either for the logical accuracy of the reasoning, or the truth of the application and interpretation of Scripture passages: all that is intended being to give the means of judging what is true, without exhibiting the bias of the author's opinions.

We take our leave of this writer, by expressing our respect for his motives and abilities, our anxiety that the series thus worthily commenced, should be worthily carried on and concluded—and our deep desire that such publications as his, may be the heralds of a better era in the Christian church; when that charity which thinketh no evil, which suffereth long and is kind, which beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, shall indeed have her perfect work.

Rambles in the United States and Canada during the year 1845; with a Short Account of Oregon. By Rubio. London: Samuel Clarke.

The Smelfungus who here assumes the name of *Rubio*, may warrantably claim the merit of making no secret of his dislikes, and of taking brief space in which to tell his mind of men and things. His opinions appear to be as quickly made up as bluntly expressed. He travels from Dan to Beersheba; wanders apparently through Ireland, Scotland, the Australian colonies, the Cape of Good Hope, and certainly through much of the United States of America, and finds all barren and unfruitful. Nothing is right under the sun save only "Old England;" though it is far from improbable that *Rubio*, while in it, grumbled as much as in any other land. Whether his opinions are sincere, or proceed, to some extent, from affected dogmatism, and the hope of being listened to from hard speaking, we do not pretend to say. Or he may be emulous of the American fame of Mrs. Trollope or Mr. Dickens, the last of whom, he avers, would certainly be tarred and feathered for telling the truth, if he were found in any State of the Union. It is less mortifying to an author to be well abused than not to be spoken of at all; yet we should not imagine that the Americans, thin-skinned as they are, will care much about Rubio's contemptuous opinion of them and their country; their climate, their women, their cookery, their taste, nay, their very *pork*. There is now nothing, or next to it, drank in America—the only feature which our author admires—and there is nothing fit to eat. He contends earnestly for, if not the celibacy, then the *tee-totalism* of the English clergy, whom, in this respect, those of Voluntary America have, to their honour, as he avouches, fairly distanced. Nay, certain Yankee flocks seem to unfrock those of their Bishops who will not take the pledge.

The only region which finds some degree of favour in our traveller's eyes is Upper or Western Canada, which he prefers to the colonies of the Cape of Good Hope, or the different settlements of Australia and Van Diemen's Land. He is not irrational on this one topic.

Our Rubio is, however, not very consistent as an abuser-general of the United States. He often commits himself, both by direct acknowledgments, and incidental admissions. A very few paragraphs will enable the reader to judge of this, the last work on America. The history of Oregon appears to have been a second thought, to eke out the volume.

NEW YORK BOARDING-HOUSES.

I went to several boarding houses before finally making a selection. In answer to inquiries for the terms, they were generally reasonable enough: the highest two dollars a-day, about 8s. 6d. sterling; and the lowest, one dollar. At these last I inquired their hours. Breakfast at six o'clock, and half-past: hot beef-steaks, mush and milk, hommaney, rice and molasses, mackerel, salmon, shad, hot cakes, and rolls of every description; tea and coffee. Dinner at twelve o'clock, and supper at six. The bill of fare, on reading, looks abundant enough; but really, on inspection, this well-covered table offers to an Englishman very little that is even eatable, much less palatable. Though every one must admire the early hours and temperance of the Americans, yet only imagine a Londoner, and an old hand, not used to any thing much worse than the shady side of Pall-mall, assembling at six o'clock at the noise of a great bell—washed and shaved, mind, by six o'clock—to look at an immense rump-steak at the head of the table swimming in fat, not half cooked; then, lower down, a dish of enormous salt mackerel, one of which would make two of our English mackerel; then some Halifax salmon, just as taken from the barrel, and as salt as brine; then two or three smaller dishes, some with mush, a food for pigs, and others with hommaney, only differing from mush in that this last is *white* maize, ground and boiled in water, whilst *mush* is *yellow* corn, ground and boiled. As this sort of food is not known in England, thank God, except in the penitentiaries, I have been rather particular in describing it. No caution is required to my countrymen to avoid it, because the very sight of it will be enough to make them sick. The remainder of the table was filled up with some warmed-up tough old hen, called chicken fixings; all washed down with the most execrable coffee in the whole world. I used to think that England might defy all creation for bad coffee: but the Americans beat us hollow.

The coffee was "abominable trash" from Rio.

I was obliged to take refuge in tea, genuine Hyson skin, worth about ninepence per pound; for, singular to say, on these two important articles with the English government, in a financial view, tea and coffee, the tariff of the Americans admits both of them entirely free of duty. There is one thing to be acknowledged at all American tables, the universal excellence and profusion of fresh butter. . . . . .

We were some thirty or forty at breakfast. The men ate like wolves, and, cheap as it was, I reckoned it cost them a shilling per minute. Little children, who also assemble at these tables, were permitted by their foolish mothers to be guzzling raw rump-steaks, swimming in fat, at six o'clock in the morning!

There is also, at the breakfast table, a profusion of nice-looking, hot, yellow cakes, called, I believe, Johnny cakes, made of Indian corn, but they are like mush and hommaney, only fit for pigs or prisoners.

THE BEAUTIES OF NEW YORK.

In walking leisurely through the other principal streets, the physical conformation of the true-blooded Yankee, as he calls himself, begins to be developed. The men have no shoulders; they are tall and lathy, like corn-stalks, and under the nape of the neck they are sometimes as narrow as a female. The ladies of New York have been, through all time, which means about fifty years, so famous for their beauty, that I know I shall be accused of heresy, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, if I say that it is entirely a mistake. But the truth must be told, and I have seen more pretty women in London in one day than ever I saw during all my rambles in the United States. That *prominent* point of female loveliness, and which the whole English race so much excel in, is entirely wanting in the American ladies: they are as *flat* as their own horrid sea-coast; and though they artfully endeavour to conceal this national deficiency by a peculiar, newly-invented, and really very ingenious corset, yet it will not do; our imaginings return unsatisfied, and our worst suspicions come back confirmed.

But it must be confessed, that what they want in busts they make up in bustles, and to an excess that shocks an English female, and which is so glaring and preposterous as to be downright indelicate.

The pure red and white of English complexions must not be looked for in any part of the States.

The character of the population is thus summed up:

Hypocrites in the northern States, *rogues* in the middle, and *ruffians* in the south. . . .

Every one that emigrates to that country will be disappointed, except the wild Irish, who, though they cannot well be worse off than they are in Connaught and Munster, may be constantly heard grumbling by the side of their wheelbarrows, in New York, wishing to be back to their hovels. . . . . .

Notwithstanding the repeated warnings they have received, they cannot believe it possible that the strictures of Mrs. Trollope or Dickens can have emanated from any thing but a spirit of rancour and national jealousy. With regard to Boz, this was the unkindest cut of all; and I need not caution that clever writer to steer clear of the United States for the remainder of his natural existence; for if they were to catch him in Broadway, not all the eight thousand Irishmen forming the grand army of the United States, if they were suddenly recalled from Texas, Florida, the Canadian and Indian frontiers, would be able to protect Mr. Dickens from being tarred and feathered. They do not like the truth, and will not tolerate it from any man. Whilst to praise the Americans and their institutions is still worse than to show up their defects; and you thus most certainly secure their abuse, at the same time you confirm them in their prejudices; when, by the other open and honest way, you at least open the door to improvement, though the galled jade may wince. . . . . .

For beef, pork, and butter, wheat, and Indian corn, these main requisites and necessaries of life, the United States excel all other countries; but beyond this, you must look in vain for the comforts, enjoyments, luxuries, and the *elegantiæ et deliciæ vitæ* of a residence in any part of London. I have long made up my mind that a shilling in England is better than a dollar, or four shillings, in the United States.

A small *per contra* is found in the following admission regarding New York:

Arriving from a Catholic country, it was pleasant to observe in this large city no priests, no beggars, no soldiers, and no drunken men.

Our traveller, if compelled to live in America, "which God forbid!"—and we hope no one will compel him—would prefer Cincinnati. The only "eatable ham" he ever saw in the States was in this city. There is also some beauty about the river Ohio.

Philadelphia fares much worse than New York.

I saw very little, to admire in Philadelphia, except the markets, and a few of the public buildings, and it is not to be compared with New York in wealth or commercial importance. How a man of correct taste like Joseph Buonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, could be content to remain in such a country, and such a neighbourhood, it is difficult to understand; except that all Europe was shut to him, and Count Survilliers, therefore, preferred even Bordentown to the surveillance of the secret police of Paris! . . . . .

I left this city without regret, just as I had left every

place in the country, hoping that no possible chance in my future life might bring me near them again.

The Americans are truly a vulgar, ignorant, bragging, spitting, melancholy, sickly people. Passing their lives in a high state of mental excitement, some kill themselves with drink, and some with tobacco; some are hurried to the ever-yawning gates of their cemeteries by excesses in religion, or excesses in politics; excesses in commerce, or excesses in speculations; or tribulations of mind induced by a combination of these causes. But calamity is not of very long life in America, for the men are soon dead, and soon forgotten. Duels and assassinations also help to thin their ranks.

Education, though general, is bad in America, which is, moreover, a land of ignorance and pretension. The people are great readers: but they like stupid books; and a newspaper is preferred if without talent.

Notwithstanding all this lack of knowledge, there are between one hundred and two hundred universities and colleges in the United States; and one hundred thousand persons living upon the public, engaged in what they call the learned professions! There are no surgeons or apothecaries in America, any more than there are captains or lieutenants; they are all majors and colonels, and, of course, doctors. No person would be insane enough to affix his name on the door as plain *Mr.* Liston, surgeon, but invariably *Doctor* So-and-so; because, if he did, he could never earn a guinea, and must abandon practice, however great his abilities. So that all America is one continual and living falsehood; just as they say that the United States' Bank is built of white marble, when it is notorious that there is not a quarry of white marble in the whole country.

There is throughout the States a church for every three hundred of the population. But as the proverb runs, "The nearer the Church the farther from Grace."

The country, what between powerful preachers and *cunning builders*, is overrun with churches, and it is not easy to predict where this popular movement is to stop. But there are *anti-renters* in religion as in all other American callings, and who prefer the open fields and the summer evenings for their camp meetings and revivals. Of these obscene assemblies it is superfluous to speak, except to say that they are not a bit worse than the sacrament Sundays in many country-places in Scotland, especially the Black Isle in Inverness-shire and thereabouts, where I have been present.

So America is upon the same footing in religion with the most favoured regions of the Free Church of Scotland: those districts in which Mr. Macdonald of Ferintosh, and Mr. Carment, and other northern lights, shine forth in the Black Isle. From these brief extracts, the animus and quality of Rubio's Rambles and Strictures may be gathered. The arrogant tone of the work mars the effect of any good that is in it; and yet that hard arrogant tone is probably affected, and Rubio's friends may believe him, and also find him a very good-natured sort of grumbler.

The Zoology of the English Poets, corrected by the Writings of Modern Naturalists. By Robert Hasell Newell, B.D. Rector of Little Hormead, Herts, author of "Remarks on Goldsmith," &c. Small 8vo, pp. 160. Longman & Co.

The English poets, even the most eminent of the illustrious of the band, have occasionally blundered sadly in their descriptions of the characters and habits of birds, beasts, and insects, and copied each other's errors. It is the object of this little work to correct these mistakes; and its author goes upon the principle, that even for the purposes of poetry, truth will be found more wonderful than fiction. But the volume embraces another object. It gives numerous images and descriptions of animated nature, gathered from the poets, which are faithful as they are beautiful; and we read with delight, in a collected form, whatever they have said of the Lion, the Redbreast, the Swallow, and other interesting creatures, and relish the book more for this than its correction of small or even great inaccuracies. To give an idea of the plan, we copy out the Redbreast:—

Gay's allusion, in his sixth pastoral, to the tradition respecting the redbreast, in the ballad of "The Children in the Wood," deviates both from the peculiar character of the bird, and from the ballad itself, by the use of plural terminations.

> Their gentle corps the *robin redbreasts* found,
> And strew'd with pious zeal the leaves around;
> Ah! gentle *birds!* if this verse live so long,
> Your *names* shall live for ever in my song.
> Gay. *Pastoral* 6.

In all seasons the redbreast preserves its solitary character. Like the nightingale, the male redbreast will suffer no other bird of its own species in the particular district which it has adopted. It pursues the intruder violently the moment it appears, and soon forces it to retire. Its preference of the society of man (owing, perhaps, to a natural boldness in the bird) has given it a claim to our protection, and made it a general favourite. And not in England only; the Irish have a holier legend relating to it. They tell us that, "when our Saviour was suffering, the robin hovered near the cross, to manifest his duty and affection to the Son of God; he kept close to him unto the end; and when the Lord's side was pierced, some of the holy blood sprinkled on the robin's breast, and the precious symbol was permitted to remain thereon as a record of his fidelity." . . . .

One author tells us, "The robin-redbreast, if he find a man or woman dead, will cover his face with moss; and some think, that if the body should remain unburied he will cover the whole body." Another quaintly says, "They that cheere up a prisoner but with their sight, are robin-redbreasts, that bring strawes in their bils to cover a dead man in his extremitie." Isaac Walton also, enumerating his "airy creatures," mentions "the Robin that loves mankind both alive and dead." Our poets have vied with each other in celebrating the pious charity of their little favourite; and all of them, except Gay, note its solitary habits.

> Call for the redbreast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady groves they hover,
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men.
> Webster. *White Devil*, Tragedy.

> No burial these pretty babes
> Of any man receives:
> Till Robin-redbreast piously
> Did cover them with leaves.
> *Children in the Wood.*

> With fairest flowers,
> While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
> The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
> The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Outsweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
> With charitable bill, (O bill, foreshaming
> Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
> Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
> Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
> To winter-ground thy corse.
> Shakspere. *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 5.

> The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
> Shall kindly lend his little aid,
> With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
> To deck the ground where thou art laid.
> Collins. *Dirge in Cymbeline.*

There are many more quotations, but these may suffice.

The Doctrines of Modern Phrenology Reviewed, Examined, and Refuted. In a Course of Eight Lectures. By Samuel Read, Author of "A Crust for the Phrenologists," and other Works, Moral and Political. Edinburgh: Dalrymple.

The phrenologists have, in Mr. Read, met with a tough, uncompromising customer. Though he singles out Mr. George Combe, he also tries a fall with the other leading champions of the new science, and in particular with Mr. Macnish. It would take far more space than we can possibly afford, to give even the most meagre outline of these lectures; but we consider them worth the attention of all who think it necessary to investigate, before they assume by wholesale new theories of the human faculties. We wish we could give one extract, "THE CHANGES TO WHICH EACH OF THE THIRTY-FIVE ORGANS IS LIABLE." The changes are quite appalling; and so are many of the other conclusions drawn by Mr. Read from the doctrines of Phrenology, as laid down by its expounders. As a brief specimen of the reasoning of the Lectures, we copy out a part of what is said about that most important organ, *Conscientiousness*—

Mr. Combe *conscientiously* confesses and says—"A difficulty is experienced in the doctrine that Conscientiousness is merely a sentiment, and does not by itself lead to the perception of what is just"—(p. 366.) What then does it do? It produces, he says, "the feeling of obligation or incumbency"—(p. 355.) If we ask, "obligation" to do what? there is no answer. Conscientiousness does not know; nor is the individual who is to be thus blindly directed and driven by this power, to inquire whether that which he would do is to produce happiness or unhappiness. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum;* he is blindly to follow his blind guide; he is to follow and obey its "feeling of incumbency" to do something; but what that something is, the faculty of Conscientiousness knows not. If this, then, be not a blind and occult principle—if it be not a fit emblem of "the blind leading the blind," I know not where a true type of that picture is to be found. . . . . .

It is this pretended faculty of Conscientiousness, then, which is not even positively affirmed by Mr. Combe himself to be "established," which he also informs us Dr. Gall never would allow, and which he does not hesitate to state is not an intellectual faculty; it is this faculty which Mr. Combe invites us to accept as a "boon" from Phrenology, and as an entity to be substituted in the room of our understanding and our reason, which is to settle all disputes, and to determine and "fix on a firm basis," what actions are moral and what immoral, by its innate—but, alas! he does not say *unerring*—decision.

What pity it is the existence of this faculty should be doubtful—that it should be clogged with an *if*. *If* it shall be found true, what a world of labour will it not save to mankind! . . . . . .

It will be no longer necessary to inquire or to investigate—to exercise our reason or cudgel our brains in order to discover what actions or modes of conduct are right or wrong, or what effects they are calculated to produce, before we pronounce them moral or immoral. We shall only have to inquire what some wiseacre, with a large bump of Conscientiousness, thinks or says upon the matter, and to parrot and repeat after him with confidence and security. . . . . .

What shall men then find to do with their intellects? I marvel to think of it; or what use shall they have for them at all? For even as to our ordinary and every-day actions, we shall have these gentlemen with the large bumps, standing at the corners of every street, ready, for a penny, or twopence, or sixpence, according to the importance of the action to be pronounced upon, and to the pressure of business in this way—ready, I say, to resolve every man's doubt, and to tell him whether that which he contemplates performing, be just, or the contrary. I say again, what use shall we have for our intellects? They shall absolutely go to rust for want of exercise!

Illustrations of Modern Mesmerism, from Personal Investigation. By John Forbes, M.D. Physician to her Majesty's Household. London: John Churchill.

This is a reprint of articles contributed by Dr. Forbes to the *London Medical Journal*, detailing his personal observations on the performances in Mesmerism, of the famous Alexis, Adolphe, and others, and, in particular, of a lady somnambulist, who pronounced (in her trance) all the other wonder-workers the Doctor had seen impostors, and herself the only *true* exhibitor. Dr. Forbes is, of course, a sceptic. He concludes with the wonderful cure of Miss Martineau, which Mr. Spencer Hall also details once more in his book at full length. The Mesmeric patients have been all singularly unfortunate when in contact with Dr. Forbes, which may perhaps be owing to his want of faith,—to "an atmosphere of incredulity" about him; as we are informed that the chilling influence of unbelievers is highly detrimental, and often fatal to Mesmeric exhibitions and exhibitors. This is a pity.

Mesmeric Experiences. By Spencer T. Hall, author of "The Forester's Offering," &c. London: Bailliere.

These Experiences are mainly brief accounts of wonderful cures performed by Mr. S. T. Hall, in the course of his practice as a mesmerist; partly through mesmerism, and also, as he avows, from divine or supernatural aid, if these are not the same thing, and Mr. Hall but the mere agent,—"the influence coming from the source whence flow all our other blessings." He, however, arrogates no peculiar power in himself, averring that any "better, healthier, and more earnest man" might have used the new curative agency with more ease and benefit than he had done, even in the very extraordinary, the thoroughly miraculous case, which he relates at page 56 of his book.

First Steps to Anatomy. By James L. Drummond. M.D., professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Royal Belfast Institution. London: John Van Voorst.

This work is written in a pleasant and popular style. It is, though scientific and elementary, not *dry;* which is all we can pretend to say upon the subject. It is illustrated by a few anatomical plates.

Adventures in the Pacific; with Observations on the Natural Productions, Manners, and Customs of the natives of the various Islands; together with Remarks on Missionaries, British and other residents, &c. By John Coulter, M.D. Dublin: W. Curry, Jun. & Co.

This is an engaging book of its kind, and one to which the late events in Tahiti, and the consequences that may attend them, give an extrinsic interest. But the author's personal adventures in the whale and seal fishery, and his description of the islands which he visited, are of themselves exciting and highly pleasing, and they are related with clearness and simplicity.

Ultra-Montanism; or, the Romish Church and Modern Society. By E. Quinet, of the College of France. Translated from the French, with the author's approbation, by C. Cocks, B.L. London: John Chapman.

The translator states, in his preface, that the favourable reception obtained by his translation of Michelet's work, "Priests, Women, and Families," has induced him to attempt the historical and philosophical work of

Michelet's friend and colleague, M. Quinet. With Michelet's work our readers must be acquainted, from the review of it which lately appeared in this Magazine. This kindred book, or rather series of lectures, kindred in spirit and object, has been warmly received in France and Germany, and is entitled to a fuller notice than we can, in the meanwhile, give of its contents.

Political Dictionary, Forming a Work of Universal Reference, both Constitutional and Legal: and embracing the terms of Civil Administration, of Political Economy, and Social Relations, and of all the more important Statistical Departments of Finance and Commerce. In 2 vols. Vol. I. London: C. Knight.

Alphabetical works of reference are necessarily abridgments: but there are two ways of constructing them. In the one case, some man who can write grammatical English, and knows the art of abbreviation, sets himself to condense the matter of the larger treatises, on the subjects embraced by his work, whether he is himself acquainted with them or not. It is wonderful with what an air of accuracy and learning, this task is sometimes accomplished: but such compilations must always be liable to flagrant blunders, and the writer, however clever, cannot impart his knowledge with the instinctive precision of one who knows the meaning of his words. The other method of producing such works, is by distributing the labour among men conversant with the particular departments of knowledge to which the work of reference applies, while the whole is subjected to the scrutiny of some accomplished scholar, who has a faculty for testing the extent of the knowledge of the contributors, checking inaccuracy, and suppressing redundancy. We have reason to know that this is the method in which the present work is prepared, and that no exertion has been spared to obtain the services of people peculiarly well acquainted with the separate subjects embraced in the work. The excellence of the matter corresponds with the propriety of the design. There is evidently very little, if any, of the slovenly exposition which people expend on subjects with which their acquaintance is slight. The matters embraced in the book are of extensive practical application, and we have no doubt it will be a treasure to all who take an interest in history, and the living politics of the day.

A Sketch of New South Wales. By J. O. Balfour, Esq. six years a Settler in the Bathurst District. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Much of this volume is necessarily a thrice-told tale. However, it contains some additional particulars relative to the late alarming period of distress in the Australian Colonies. It is neither a creditable nor yet a very credible fact, that within the last four years fifteen hundred persons in these colonies have gone through the Insolvent Court, whose debts amounted to three millions, of which, on the average, one shilling in the pound was paid; and yet this is not held as evidence of the failure of the resources of the colony. We quote an important passage from the volume as a specimen of its contents:—

Emigrants of capital now proceeding to New South Wales, have a great advantage over those who arrived in the colony a few years ago; for, in 1839 and 1840, mixed flocks of sheep sold at £1, 5s. per head, cattle at £3, 10s, while farms were scarcely to be had for love or money; whereas, at the close of 1844, mixed flocks of sheep averaged 5s. per head, and horned cattle £1, 5s. per head, and very many farms, or small estates, of rich soil, were in the market at extremely low figures. Farms of a thousand acres, completely fenced in, and partly cultivated, with comfortable brick cottages, stables, and all necessary outbuildings (such as could not have been erected for less than £800,) are now to be readily purchased for ten or twelve hundred pounds from colonists who either are in embarrassed circumstances, or believe they can employ their capital to better advantage than in farming.

The persons best adapted for Australian settlers are young men with £2000 and £3000 in their pockets, who have sufficient moral courage to resist all the temptations of a town, adhere firmly to the less polished and rather monotonous routine of a bush life, and are not too fastidious, but, on emergency, could eat damper (a coarse dark bread) and salt junk, using their fingers instead of knives or forks, drink tea out of tin pots, and sleep in the open air with saddles for their pillows, occasionally without even a cloak for a covering. After landing, the emigrant of capital ought to be excessively guarded in his movements, and take no step without due consideration. He should remember that he is in a land of strangers, and allow no insinuating tongue or interested giver of dinners, to induce him to embark one shilling of his capital in any colonial business, until he has gained much local experience. The emigrant will find that he has plenty to learn, with not a little to unlearn; and he who spends some months in acquiring colonial knowledge, will find himself, at the end of a few years, in a very different position from those who foolishly believed themselves possessed of intuitive knowledge of colonial affairs, and dashed headlong into them.

Australia presents many inducements to families having capital of about £8000,—the heads of which are men of education, possessed of strong minds, and good common sense, but not having been brought up to any profession or business, have no likelihood of increasing their capital at home. If, however, the head of the family—no matter how well educated and upright—be a man of weak or vacillating disposition, emigrating to Australia will only have the effect of reducing his family to a worse plight than they were in at home; for, it is a fact which will not admit of dispute, that, to succeed in the colony, men must think and act for themselves, and oftener listen with suspicion than credulity to advice that has any reference to pounds, shillings, and pence.

We will suppose a family, and there are many such, existing upon £200 or £300 a-year in England; sums which they would consider good interest for a capital of £8000. Such a family would, at home, have many difficulties to contend with. They would be excluded, by their poverty, from occupying the position in society to which, perhaps, the head of the family, by birth, manners, and education, was entitled. Now, if this family emigrated to New South Wales, their position in society would soon be reversed. They would be no longer dependants on others for their social existence, and they would find that their £8000, judiciously managed, was quite sufficient for the foundation of a fortune.

The whole family could be landed for £280 in the colony. £1000 will purchase an improved farm, in any of the respectable districts, with all the requisite buildings, 100 or more acres in cultivation, a good garden and orchard, besides being stocked with fifty head of horned cattle, and eight or ten horses. From the farm alone, without any other outlay, the family, however large, would obtain all the necessaries, and some of the luxuries of life; and if worked as a dairy farm, it would return interest on the purchase-money. A sum of £2000 invested in good mortgages, at ten or twelve per cent., will return the family as much as their whole income in England amounted to; while the remainder of the £8000, judiciously expended in sheep or cattle, will, besides increasing their annual income, eventually double and triple the original capital. The position of such a family would soon be changed for the better,—their style of living would gradually become more conformable to their increased income.

From this specimen, readers, and especially those in-

tending to emigrate, may understand that Mr. Balfour can, after all they may have heard, tell them something useful.

Contributions to Vital Statistics: being a Development, of the Rate of Mortality and the Laws of Sickness, from original and extensive data, procured from Friendly Societies, &c. By F. C. P. Neison, F. L. S. Actuary to the Medical Invalid and General Life Office. London: H. Cunningham.

One would suppose that figures, and their results, were a matter as to which there could be no difference of opinion. The proper philosophical use of statistical data is, however, a science which we have long thought has yet to be formed; and the man who shall be its inventor will deserve to be enrolled among distinguished men. As an instance of the liability of the results of figures to produce a false impression, we may adduce the case of its being stated, before a grave assembly, and believed, after some wonder, that every tenth house in Glasgow was licensed to sell spirits. It really was the case that, within the bounds, we believe, of the old burgh, or in some other district of the great city, there was a license for each tenth tenement, according to the numeration of the doors along the streets; but then each of these tenements contained from four to ten houses.

The present work has excited our attention more than tabular statistical works in general do, from the circumstance of its affording opposite conclusions from those announced in previous works on the same subject. We do not found any inference against Mr. Neison's accuracy on this ground. He is evidently a laborious investigator. His work is full of elaborate tables, of which we do not question, though we have in no instance tested, the accuracy; and the novelty of his views inclines us rather to recommend his work to the notice of statists, than to condemn his conclusions. As an instance of the unexpected nature, at least to ourselves, of the results he has produced, we may mention that it has been, for some time, our opinion, that as Insurance Offices use the Norwich or other tables, which are made upon the average vitality of all classes, healthy and unhealthy, but, calculating their premiums on such data, pick their lives, the mortality among the assured must be less than that of the public generally, and the difference must form the profit of the insurance offices. It seems that we were wrong, for, according to Mr. Neison, the lives of the members of friendly societies, unpicked, and taken from the classes chiefly subjected to hardships and the causes of premature death, are longer in the average, than the lives insured with the various offices. This is but one instance of the curious result of Mr. Neison's inquiries; and they are, on the whole, of a character which seems to entitle them to attention.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschökke. Translated by Parke Godwin. London: Wiley & Putnam.

The selection from the tales of Zschökke, contained in this volume, are, *The Fool of the 19th century; Harmonius; Jack Steam; Floretta,* and the Adventures of a *New Year's Eve;* fair specimens, all and each, of this clever writer's varied manner and copious invention. The last story, at all events, is not new to English readers, nor, probably, some of the others. The selection will, however, be acceptable, as Zschökke's tales are much better adapted to ordinary English taste than many of those bearing higher German names.

The Life of Joseph, and the last years of Jacob; a Book for Youth and for Age. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Glasgow: Maclehose.

Dr. Wardlaw has long been in the practice of delivering monthly Sunday-evening lectures; and the substance of one series is found in the work before us. It is one intended to instruct and edify the young especially. Plain and lucid, yet pure in style, and not without warmth and unction, it cannot fail, where carefully studied, to fulfil the design of the preacher.

Select English Poetry, designed for the use of Schools, and young persons in general. Edited by the late Dr. Allan. Fourth edition. Jackson & Walford.

Here, once again, we have such rare pieces as "My Native Vale."—*Rogers.* "We are Seven."—*Wordsworth.* "The Homes of England."—*Mrs. Hemans.* "The Burial of Sir John Moore."—*Wolfe,* &c. &c. There cannot be too many of such cheap selections. Novelty in their contents would be positively injurious.

The Wonder-Seeker; or, The History of Charles Douglas. By M. Fraser Tytler, author of "Tales of the Great and Brave," &c. &c. London: Grant & Griffith.

This very juvenile book is the fictitious biography of a boy, with whose personal adventures, at home and abroad, brief, popular sketches of Natural History are interwoven; and anecdotes that tend to ameliorate the social affections.

The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini. Translated by Emma Martin, with parallel passages from the works of Machiavelli, Lord Bacon, Pascal, Rochefoucault, Montesquieu, Burke, Talleyrand, Guizot, and others. Small quarto. Pp. 158. Longman & Co.

A sketch of the life of the Italian historian, soldier, and statesman, is prefixed to this small, neat volume of his Maxims. The Maxims are printed either immediately before those which are chosen as parallels, (though the parallelism is not always apparent,) or on the opposite page; and in the original French, where French writers are cited. The little book is very neatly printed, and contains many shrewd thoughts, much crooked worldly wit, and, we need scarcely say, some pearls of true and rare wisdom.

The Light of Mental Science, being an Essay on Moral Training. By Mrs. Loudon, authoress of "First Love," "Fortune Hunting," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

We are told that this small volume is the result of *ten* years anxious and conscientious devotion to its important subject. This says something in its favour; and the Essay is certainly worthy of the attention of parents and instructors, who like to hear all that can be said on the subject, by those whose previous reputation entitle them to be listened to.

An Act for the Regulation of the Care and Treatment of Lunatics, with Explanatory Notes and Comments. Edited by Forbes Winslow, M.S. London: Benning & Co.

We have here, at full length, Lord Ashley's new Act, and also an analysis of it, together with other matter connected with legislation on this subject, a list of County and of licensed Provincial Asylums, and an Essay on the present condition of Lunacy in England, which contains many interesting facts and hints as to the treatment of the insane.

The Manual of Heraldry; being a Concise Description of the several Terms used, and containing a Dictionary of every Designation in the Science. London: Jeremiah How.

This may be a very useful little instructor to those who wish to become acquainted, on easy terms, with the *important* science which it illustrates; a science, if it deserve the name, in which strange blunders are made.

Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglas, an American Slave. Written by Himself. Dublin: Webb & Chapman.

This is a reprint of an American publication, which gives a vivid picture of the real condition of slaves, and the real character of slavery in Free Republican America.

Derivation of Many Classic Names from the Gaelic Language, or the Celtic of Scotland. By Thomas Stratton, M.D. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

The Moral Phenomena of Germany. By Thomas Carlyle, Esq., of the Scottish Bar.

The Gardener's Almanac for 1846. By George W. Johnson, Esq. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers.

The Railway Almanac and Directory for 1846. London: Groombridge.

The Peace Almanac and Diary for 1846. Under the Superintendence of the Manchester and Salford Peace Society. Manchester: William Irwin. London: Charles Gilpin.

NEW POEMS.

Westminster Abbey. By Owen Howell. London: H. G. Clarke & Co.

Songs of the Press, and other Poems, relative to the Art of Printing; also of Authors, Books, Booksellers, Bookbinders, Editors, Critics, Newspapers, &c. With Notes, &c. Fisher, Son, & Co.

This is rather an interesting collection, though it is not yet so perfect and complete as we think it may be made, by the rejection of some pieces, and the adoption of others with which the collector has probably not yet met. We may mention the late Mr. J. F. Smith's verses, on the celebration of the third centenary of the art of printing, by a meeting in Edinburgh, at which Campbell the Poet presided. We give one stanza from the volume.

Wanted an Editor—burly and big,
Clever, and willing, and hearty,
Neither a Radical, Tory, nor Whig,
But able to please every party.
He must not be squeamish, nor over nice,
In tracing out jobs root and fibre,
He must loathe every sinner, and lash every vice,
But never offend a subscriber.
MEM. (This last is a process requiring great care,
Since vices are plenty, subscribers are rare.)

The Flight of Armida, or, One Thousand Prospective Cantos. By one of the surviving whims of Ludovico Ariosto. London: John Chapman.

Festus, a Poem. By Philip James Bailey. Second Edition. London: Pickering.

The sight of *second edition* we hold to absolve the critical and literary journals from all responsibility as to the character and fortunes of a book, and especially of a poetical one. The reading public may then be assumed to have taken the matter into their own hands. Of the bulky dramatic poem of "Festus," it gives us pleasure to say, that many very competent judges, not critics by profession, have pronounced a very favourable, indeed a high opinion. Among these is Mr. Ebenezer Elliott.

Poems and Songs. By Peter Livingston, Dundee. Second Edition. Dundee: published for the author.

This is a volume of Scottish poems, of modest pretension, the production of a very young man, but which may find their own admirers. The songs possess the great recommendation of being in general adapted to popular Scottish airs.

The Palace of Fantasy; or, The Bard's Imagery. By J. S. Hardy, Author of "Hours of Thought," &c. &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

The Bridal of Lord Douglas, a Tale of Douglas-Dale; in Three Cantos; and other Minor Poems. By Thomas Lamb, Teacher, Corehouse School.

A Metrical Version of the Song of Solomon, and other Poems. By a late Under Graduate of Oxford. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Bells and Pomegranates, or Dramatic Romances and Lyrics. By Robert Browning, Author of "Paracelsus," &c. No. VII.

The Woes of War. By a Retired Officer.

SMITH'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

Spirit of German Poetry; a Series of Translations from the German Poets, with Critical and Biographical Notices. By Joseph Gostick.

We should imagine that these specimens of the best of the German poets, and the account given of the writings of each, would be peculiarly acceptable to a numerous class of young readers. Something of the same sort may already be found scattered through English literature; but, so far as we are aware, not in so systematic, and certainly not in so accessible a form,—as this publication, with the typographical neatness of the best books, is one of a very cheap series. An introductory chapter contains a historical account of German poetry, which again naturally introduces "The *Niebelungen-lied,*" and then, of course, we have a large service of Goethe, and Schiller, and Uhland, and Korner, and Ruckert, &c. &c.; and a good deal of Freiligrath, and of the minor and the living bards of Germany, with a huge mass of miscellaneous verses, collected from many sources. The finest of these compositions have no doubt been already translated again and again; but here we find selection, arrangement, and a competent degree of skill, ay, and some *unction,* too, in rendering the German poets. Nor is this all: there are specimens of their prose works intermingled with the critical and biographical notices; and, altogether, the result is a highly satisfactory pattern or sample-book of German poetry and fiction. The translated poetry would of itself make a thick volume; and that it does not all proceed from the pen of Mr. Gostick, is just so much the better, as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's translations of Schiller's poems, which he has obtained permission to use, will probably as well content the reader. Altogether, we consider this cheap and well-stored book a desirable addition to popular literature, and a performance very creditable to its author's talents and scholarship.

SERIAL WORKS.

WANDERINGS OF A PEN AND PENCIL. By Alfred Crowquill and F. P. Palmer. Part I. London: How.

—This is a work of so pleasant a kind, that we trust it may prove more fortunate than several predecessors in exactly the same line have done. It is a handsome and a cleverly illustrated book, made up of local history, traditions, legends, and snatches of gentle antiquarianism; the whole ornamented by Saxon arches and Gothic aisles, embattled mansions, and old-world romantic farm-houses and cottages, old inns, churches, and chapels, and every thing rare and curious. The first subject of the "Pen and Pencil" is *Bentley Hall*; but the *Part* contains much more, of and concerning Wolverhampton, and Dudley, with its Caverns, Priory, and Castle in picture; besides "the real Bilston folk" illustrated by both artists. And, lastly, we have *Boscobel*, and all its curious histories, in little. The work is thus a right pleasant one, and will, we trust, prosper. The wood engravings are not so fine as in previous attempts of this sort; but they give a perfect idea of the thing represented, and the work is thus afforded cheaper.

Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society. No. 4.—This number, besides the Proceedings of the Society, contains communications from Mr. Lyell, Professor Sedgwick, Captain Bayfield, Mr. Murchison, and others, and a variety of miscellaneous matter bearing on the science to which the journal is devoted.

Murray's Home and Colonial Library, No. XXVI. Life of the Great Condé, by Lord Mahon. Part I.

SERIAL WORKS CONCLUDED.

The close of the year witnesses the conclusion of two serial, or number works, which we consider worthy of special commemoration; though we have occasionally mentioned them during their progress. These are "Mrs. Cowden Clark's Complete Concordance to Shakspere," and "Knight's Old England." Of the first mentioned work, we described the plan at its commencement, and have borne testimony to the exemplary fidelity and accuracy with which that plan has been followed out and improved, and the incredible labour which it must have cost the compiler. Only female patience, save on rare occasions, is equal to such a task. The Concordance is completed in Eighteen Parts, and being literally an Index to every thing contained in the works of Shakspere, must henceforth form an inseparable appendage or companion to them; a ready guide to the rich mine of his accumulated treasures.

"Knight's Old England," Part XXIV. concludes a work which we have repeatedly recommended, as an admirable table-book, and as one especially adapted to amuse and instruct children and young persons, without running the risk of debasing their feelings or vitiating their taste, as too many of the contemporary cheap illustrated works must do. The Twenty-four Parts form two large volumes, and are, in reality, an exhaustless and interesting repertory of entertainment and knowledge. The concluding Part contains many of Hogarth's best plates, rendered, if roughly, yet with truth and spirit; and a whole gallery of portraits of distinguished English poets and men of letters.

Yarrell's British Birds.—A Supplement to this "History of British Birds" has just been published, to place those possessing the first edition of this valuable book on an equal footing, as to information, with those who purchase the new one, just published. The Supplement contains several new species, which have been found principally in Ireland. They are as beautifully engraved as any specimens in the series. Among these additions to British ornithology are the *Griffon Vulture*, the *Spotted Eagle*, the *White Wagtail*, the *Great Spotted Cuckoo*, and other varieties.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

Exercises in Logic; designed for the use of students in Colleges. By S. T. Gray, Ph. D. London: Taylor and Walton.

Notes on English Grammar; comprising the leading rules, simplified and made plain, for the use of Juvenile Pupils. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The Young Composer; or, Progressive Exercises in English Composition. Part I. By James Cornwell. Second edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Introduction to Geography and Astronomy, with the use of the Globes. By E. and J. Bruce. Tenth edition, containing, besides other additions and improvements, an epitome of ancient geography, by the Rev. J. C. Bruce, A.M., and thirty wood-cuts, illustrative of the constellations, &c. &c. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—What more need be said than that this is an improved edition of a good and popular school book.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

The Liabilities incurred by the Projectors, Managers, and Shareholders, of Railway and other Joint-Stock Companies, considered, &c. &c. Written expressly for non-professional use. By George Henry Lewis, of the Middle Temple, Esq.

A Tract for the Times. The Apostacy of the Church Established by Law, and the Insufficiency of her Creeds and Articles, shown by her Past History and Present Condition. By G. P. H. of Bristol.—This is an able and clever essay of its kind, containing much matter in a small compass.

Free Thoughts on Protestant Matters. By the Rev. Tresham Gregg, Chaplain of St. Nicolas' Chapel, Dublin.—We need not describe this pamphlet; the name of its author will sufficiently explain its character. He is one of the most active "Protestant Flails" now at work in Ireland. But a wise man may learn something from every one; and it is edifying to listen to Mr. Tresham Gregg descanting on the bigoted spirit and sectarian animosity of the Roman Catholics; and this spirit, he avers, is just as powerfully evoked "against the Papist who would presume to think for himself, or who would seem to bear with impatience the trammels of a tyrannical priesthood, as it is against the government or the British functionaries." "They [the Irish Catholics] absolutely interdict the exercise of freedom of opinion. A war is at present being waged against *The Evening Post*, because the editor of that paper presumed to state that 'the glorification of the Holy Coat at Treves' was 'a gross superstition.' . . . *The Nation* newspaper seems to have caught a little of the spirit of freedom; and the result is, that it almost exists beneath the ban of the Popish leaders, and the press of 'the faithful.'" Are these things so? Is there any shadow of truth in the imputations made by our over-zealous Protestant divine?

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.—THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.*

At length a Cabinet is formed. We are assured that its principles are broad, sound, enlightened. It is to be a Free Trade Cabinet. It is to propose the repeal, the complete, the instant, the irrevocable repeal of the Corn Laws. It is to attack monopoly in all its strongholds. It is to wage war on all protecting duties. It is to make Lord John Russell's letter to the electors of London its creed and its commandments. It is to be the representative of the "Common-sense doctrine," that labour and capital have a right of access to the cheapest markets for what they want to buy, and to the dearest for what they have to sell. All this is pre-eminently excellent. These are principles which it is delightful to find recognised as the groundwork of future legislation.

But, as if in striking contrast, and flagrant contradiction to the popular principles upon which the new ministry is to rest, stand a section of the persons who are to give effect to those principles. The self-seeking, place-hunting family clique of Whiggery; the old, decayed, broken-up tools of one of the sections of aristocracy, are the instruments that offer themselves, self-nominated, self-elected, to do the people's work. No new infusion, no fresh vitality: the same men who were startled at the shadows of the Reform Bill; who used their Parliamentary majorities, not to advance, but to control the demand for more securities against abuse; for more guarantees against bad government: the same men who, when they were powerful, did so little for the emancipation of commerce, and only proposed to do something when they were weak and helpless: these are among the rulers who now demand the public confidence, the public affection.

A mighty machine has been constructed. By genius, by labour, by devotion, by sacrifices, by exertions unparalleled in their energy and their disinterestedness, a power, a majestic power, has been called into action. What no political faction ever did, *the League* has done. With its conception, with its creation, the Whigs had nothing to do. They looked upon it with distrust and with dislike. It was no vassal of theirs; no subservient slave to do their biddings, or to further their intrigues. Its work was that of independence. Its operations were directed wholly and entirely to popular ends: in these it sought, in these it found its strength. Of this great machine the Whigs have now seized the handle. It is surrendered to them with many misgivings, but with a determination, that if they will not wield it for the great purposes which its *constructors* have at heart, other, and bolder, and better men, will wrest it from them: and we wait the event. Disposed to lend every co-operation to honest and zealous intention, the nation will rejoice if the Whigs but do the nation's behests.

It is not, therefore, our object to fling reproaches upon the labourers who, coming in at the eleventh hour, carry off the riches of the harvest: we promise them earnest and cordial aid, in so much and so far as they shall carry out the great mission they have undertaken.

It would, no doubt, have facilitated their own objects, if they had associated themselves, openly and boldly, with the men whose measures they now propose to adopt and patronize. This would have been welcomed as evidence of honesty and sincerity. At a very small sacrifice of official patronage, how much influence might have been added to the administration!

The shoals upon which the Whigs are likely to be wrecked are high above the waves; visible to every body but themselves. They fancy that national enthusiasm is to gather around them, because *it is they* who form the government. They dwell upon—they doat upon the idea of their own popularity. They fancy the people are bewildered with joy because they are got back to office. They drink to intoxication the adulation of the servile press, which hails them as the saviours of their country. And, spite of all the lessons they have received, they still will cherish this dear and dangerous delusion. Let them no longer mistake the support which will be given to a *free trade ministry* for confidence in *Whig ministers*. Support, energetic and encouraging, will not be withheld; and, if faithful to their engagements, confidence,—that plant which grows not easily again on the soil which allowed it to perish,—confidence may attend their footsteps hereafter. The waters of oblivion may be allowed to roll over pages of their past history.

Circumstances have justified Lord John Russell in accepting office. Yet that acceptance is the least favourable of the many contingencies of the present crisis. Incomparably the best solution would have been, that the Ultra-Tories, the out-and-out protectionists, the avowed monopoly party, should have been called to form an administration. This would, indeed, have brought matters to the desired and desirable consummation. This would have compelled every man to say Yes! or No! to the great question of the day. This would have put an end to the shufflings of the timid, the hesitating, and the insincere. Every member of parliament would have had his vote recorded for or against an anti-free-trade cabinet. The separation between Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues would have been irrevocable and complete. The differences of opinion which had exhibited themselves in the councils of the cabinet, would have involved the votes of every member of the legislature; and the extreme Conservative party, shorn of its most able members, would have shattered in pieces by the onslaughts of the deserters from its ranks, aided by the combined forces of the Liberals. For it must not be forgotten, that the really efficient men of the Peel administration, and the only efficient men, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington, have sided with the Premier in the free-trade controversy. Lord Aberdeen, whose direction of the Foreign Office entitles him to the hearty commendation of all lovers of peace and justice, and Sir James Graham, whose talents for business and ability in debate, no one can gainsay, were notoriously the prime minister's allies. And the resistance of the Duke of Wellington himself, was of a very moderate and qualified character. The monopolist faction felt their incapacity to govern the country, or even to command a parliamentary majority. They shrank from the responsibility of a step which must have been a prelude to a disastrous downfal. A government whose *stamina* should be the illustrious Dukes who represent the "agricultural mind," would be one that (as Mr. Cobden said in the Guildhall of London) would make Gog and Magog themselves tumble down from their pedestals, with side-

* We need not say that the *first* part of this article was written while Lord John Russell was engaged in his abortive task.—E. T. M.

splitting laughter. For the public interest, nothing could be more desirable than that the experiment should have been made. It would have removed many delusions,—it would have unveiled to country gentlemen, and "the leaders" of country gentlemen, the infirmities of their position; it would have swept away much of the rubbish which now impedes, and is likely long to impede the onward march of reform; and, above all, would have driven public men into intelligible and defined positions, and have enabled both the advocates of free-trade and of monopoly to fix on the most fitting instruments to carry out their different objects.

It is quite understood that "the Dukes" have been seriously discussing whether, in the eventualities of an epoch so eventful, they, "the farmers' friends," the patrons and protectors of the "landed interest," might not be called upon to form an administration, and to rescue the Government from its entanglements and embarrassments. But they shrank from the conflict at the first suggestion. They told the Premier that they would not buckle on the ministerial armour of which he had divested himself: and having got but cold comfort from "the hero of a hundred battles," their discretion soon subdued the small outbreak of valour which some of their more venturous partisans exhibited. What, indeed, could they do, but submit with sublime resignation to the necessities of their condition? Their reasonings despised, their eloquence exhausted, their indignation wasted in vain, deserted by half of their followers, not daring any where to encounter public opinion, without even decent advocacy in pulpit or in press, how could *they* assume the direction of public affairs?

But if impossible, and it was impossible, to induce the Duke of Wellington, or any other "Dukes," to form a government of absolute and unqualified resistance to the claims of the free trade party,—a government which should maintain in its integrity the present corn-laws, with the sliding-scale, and the whole system of restriction and monopoly,—the next best arrangement would have been, that Sir Robert Peel himself should have been called upon to constitute such a ministry as would give effect to his own projected measure. Of that measure, in truth, nothing is known; but it must have been of a tolerably sterling and substantial character to have awakened such an amount of resistance, and to have compelled the breaking up of the cabinet. This measure, itself, would lose its best chances when transferred from the hands of Sir Robert Peel to those of his rivals. Sir Robert Peel, in office, could probably command a hundred parliamentary votes, more than would follow the course marked by him when out of office. Nobody better than the premier himself knows the value of a minister's presuasiveness; and there never was a minister whose personal influence depended so much on his official position. The number of members of parliament grouped round Sir Robert, and who are willing to stake their fortunes upon his, and to follow him with equal devotion from the bright sunshine of patronage to the chilling gloominess of opposition, is wretchedly small, and not likely to be increased until power, as a coming event, shall "throw its shadow before." Under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel, as minister, the free-trade question would have been safely steered through the House of Commons. A hundred-and-fifty members on the ministerial side, allied with two hundred-and-fifty of the liberal party, would have brought the repeal of the corn-laws to the doors of the House of Lords in safety. In such a state of things, would "hereditary wisdom" have ventured to resist? And if "hereditary wisdom" should resist, would there be no powers of conviction, or, if need were, of coercion? The probability is, that on a matter so unpopular, not to say so perilous, as the maintenance of the Bread-tax, the Lords would have consented to a surrender. In the present temper of the public mind, they would certainly hesitate, ere they obstructed the progress of measures which the representative portion of Parliament, and the clamouring voice of the people, and the known disposition of the sovereign, were combined to accomplish. And let it not be forgotten, that no one could address the peerage in terms more likely to persuade them, than Sir Robert Peel. He would say that, for personal objects, he had not increased their numbers; that he had invariably resisted the claims put forward, even by his most influential friends and followers, to be admitted to the Upper House; that he had been the most zealous advocate of their privileges; the restorer of their constitutional influence; the minister, in a word, of the House of Lords. And from him, the assurance of the necessity of the case would, perhaps, not need the additional hint, that the Queen had given him powers—powers to carry his measures through their august tribunal; and, with such powers, as a matter of course, he would be furnished if he undertook the task we are assigning him.

From this task, though he could have been engaged in none so honourable, Sir Robert Peel has withdrawn. With all his ability, and all his ambition, he is miserably wanting to himself and to his country. He knows well what is right, but dares not separate himself from what is wrong. He is prostrate before the work of his own hands. He gropes about in the twilight with wonderful sagacity, but dreads to walk boldly forth in the broad light of day. He has courage enough to march into the field, but a panic seizes upon him at the moment when victory waits upon his will. He has been again and again on the very threshold of greatness, but will die, as he has lived, a little man.

The entanglements of his position the Whigs were willing to unravel. It will be recorded to the honour of Lord John Russell and his friends, that they did strongly press upon Sir Robert Peel the desirableness of his being the introducer of his own project; and they engaged to lend him a cordial and a zealous support. They urged him to resume his position as Prime Minister, to give to his views the benefit of his official patronage, and they promised a disinterested and hearty co-operation. But Sir Robert could not be moved.

No alternative then remained: Lord John Russell undertook the task of organizing a Free Trade Ministry. He has had to contend with grave difficulties; the primary difficulty being, that many of his Whig colleagues were unwilling to accompany him quite so far as he was determined to proceed. The Free Trade party are satisfied with his assurance that the Letter to the Electors of London shall be the programme of his ministry; and after long debate, that letter is become the standard around which the new cabinet is to rally. The principal functionaries of the administration are already chosen.

There is, however, an appointment in the new Cabinet which causes us much anxiety and even alarm, and to which we must take exception. It is that of Lord Palmerston to the Department of Foreign Affairs. The interests of Free Trade are so immediately associated with those of amity with other nations, and his lordship has been so much in the habit of exasperating rather than conciliating foreign governments when topics of discussion have arisen, that we fear much of the good which the advent of a Free Trade Ministry may produce abroad, will be counteracted and checked by the noble lord's almost universal reputation as a maker of mischief rather than a healer of wounds. That reputation, at all events to the extent in which it exists throughout Europe and America, Lord Palmerston does not deserve. It has been our duty on more than one occasion, to animadvert with severity on two dark pages of Lord Palmerston's political history—namely, the Affghan and the Syrian war. Wishing to see Lord Palmerston in the Free Trade Cabinet—for he has rendered many services to the Free Trade cause—it would have been desirable that any other post should have been assigned him than that which he is now called on to fill.

P.S.—We have been wasting words. In the midst of these our lucubrations, the Whig ministry has fallen to pieces. The germs of its dissolution were in its very bud, and what precedes may have prepared our readers for the event.

Two causes have led to its overthrow. The Whig aristocracy were not prepared to make *official* advances towards the leaders of the Free Trade movement. They had

half resigned themselves to do the work, provided they alone were to be the doers, and that the monopoly of place and power were kept in their hands. This would have been consented to by the Free Traders; but the wiser and the honester portion of the Whigs thought that it would be a graceful and a useful step to call Cobden, and through Cobden, the leaders of the League, to co-operate in the settlement of the great question of the day. They might have safely done this; for Cobden has a nobler ambition than that of becoming a government placeman. But they were afraid of the experiment.

Next, Lord Palmerston insisted on being Minister of Foreign Affairs. Nothing less, nothing else, would satisfy him. No matter how much of additional embarrassment such an appointment would create, he was inexorable. And of course it was more important in his lordship's eyes, that he should rule the external relations of the State, than that Corn-laws should be repealed, or monopolies overthrown.

Happily, the popular cause has won something in the strife. *The Whigs are pledged to Free Trade. The Tories are broken up.*

THOUGHTS ON THE CRISIS.

BY A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The first attempt of Lord John Russell to reconstruct a Whig Cabinet having failed, some remarks, which might have been out of place in a time of action, may be useful for history. The resignation of Sir Robert Peel did not take all the Whig party by surprise. It may have happened a little sooner than they looked for; but they thought it was coming. The manifestoes in favour of entire free trade in corn, were promulgated with a prescient eye to this event. One section of the Whig party had, for a month or two before, entertained hopes of being invited to return to office, and had made up their minds to try again.

This section may, now that Holland House is no more, be termed the Lansdowne House Whigs, for want of a better name. The deaths of the late Earl Grey, of Lords Holland and Spencer, have left the Marquis of Lansdowne almost the sole representative of the old Whig party. Lord John Russell is of a second generation, and Lord Morpeth of a third. The Marquis, with his own special retainers, combined with Lord John Russell, "Young Holland House," to reorganize their party. Lords Auckland, Clarendon, and Palmerston, gave in their adhesion; the Whig Baring was friendly; Cottenham attended the muster, though he proved little better than a mere destructive, and Labouchere was ready. But this left the Whig muster-roll still defective. Where was the House of Grey?

Since the memorable Edinburgh dinner, perfect cordiality has never been re-established between the Grey and the Holland House sections of the Whigs. There were personal grudges, as well as public principle, at work to precipitate that explosion. As to which party was in the right on public principle, little doubt is now entertained; as to the precise nature of the personal grudges, much is still, and probably ever will continue, obscure. Enough — there were faults on both sides: and it would be invidious now to advert to them, were it not that they explain some otherwise unaccountable vacillations in the policy of the House of Grey, since the event referred to. Sometimes the Conservative feeling of the late head of the House prevailed; sometimes the generous boldness of Earl Durham would overcome the indolence of his own natural disposition, augmented by disease, and assert its influence; sometimes the bold jobbing star of *Ursa Major* was in the ascendant. The present Earl is likely, for some time to come, to give the bias to the family politics. He had frankly committed himself to an uncompromising liberal policy, before the late piece of Whig strategy was thought of; thus taking up an independent position. Every person who reads the debates, can see that Earl Grey is a man who really studies the great questions of the day, before he takes part in discussing them. His character, among officials, is that of a judicious, regular, hard-working man. There was a good deal of crotchetiness, and peevish self-will, in some of his earlier displays: but this, it is said, has entirely worn off.

It was not very assuring for the public that the ostensible prime movers in the present Whig rally, were Lord John Russell, the surviving incarnation of Holland House, and Lord Morpeth, in whom amiability of temper, and natural generosity, are as conspicuous as the sterner qualities of the statesman; that the Marquis of Lansdowne was the brood-hen, under whose wing these chickens of the game picked and pruned themselves; that the Foreign Secretary, who almost plunged us into a war with France, for the good graces of Abud Mesjid; and the Governor-General of India, who perpetrated the blundering crime of Affghanistan, were their first recruits; and that nearly a week was allowed to elapse after Lord John Russell received the Queen's message, before he opened a communication with Earl Grey. It is well that these things should not be forgotten, although Lord Grey has frankly joined in the movement.

What was wanted at such a crisis, was *men* at the head of affairs; ministers who see their way clearly, and are resolute to keep it. Public opinion is right in the main, but the public opinion of the electoral class is unformed. A cabinet was required that can form, as well as wield, opinion. In general society, the majority of thinkers are friendly to a liberal policy in commerce, and in church and state affairs. A not inconsiderable minority of the landed interest are hopeless of resistance to the free trade party, half convinced that their apprehensions from it are bugbears. But a decided majority are of the curry-powder school of politics, and the more rational are not yet sufficiently converted to liberal views to struggle for them. There are, therefore, three sections of public opinion to be taken into account by a statesman invited to form a Cabinet, — the willing members of the movement; the men of the Peel stamp, between whom and the old Tories, the late ministerial disruption has at last raised an insurmountable wall of division; and those out-and-out disciples of the old school, who badgered the Duke into retracting his promise to help the repeal of the Corn-laws. The last-named have broken up the Peel ministry, but they cannot form one. The collective brains of the whole party are not sufficient for that. The Duke has surrendered their proxies, and is not likely to take them back again. He may not see that the game is up, but he has not enough of fight left in him. Peel, Aberdeen, and Graham, the advocates of unconditional Corn-law repeal in the late cabinet, monopolized its administrative talent, and are men to whom public business is a necessary of life. But men inspired by a liberal policy alone can move at present. If they succumb to the Richmond section, even their somewhat equivocal character will be lost, and can they persuade the mules to "assume a virtue" which they have not.

Without undervaluing the spasmodic courage of Lord John Russell, or all the lovable qualities of Lord Morpeth, a strong admixture of the more repulsive qualities of Earl Grey, would have been required in the liberal ministry. Even among the Lansdowne-House party, there are some who felt this. It is well known that Lord Clarendon and his friends are any thing but satisfied with the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. Lord Clarendon knows that peace and industrious enterprise are not only more conducive to the interest of Britain, but more congenial to the tastes of Britons than war. Lord Palmerston, not altogether ignorant of this, is yet uncontrolled by the belief. He is a statesman of *éclat*. He is clever, and ambitious

of being thought so. He was one of those of whom Lord Malmesbury complained, in 1806, that they thought they could carry every point by a jest. He can work harder than most men, but irregularly. He is masterly in debate, though too apt to rely upon *persiflage*. In the intrigues of the *salons* he is, at this moment, without a superior. But even in diplomacy he is more of the debater than the negotiator: he can thwart and baffle others, but he cannot carry his own points. Lord Palmerston's whole career, in the Foreign Office, was characterized by the opening, and keeping open, of questions. He settled nothing; he multiplied and protracted controversies between Britain and other nations; he sowed the seeds of possible wars broad-cast. And, having brought Europe and America into a state of chronic irritation, he would, at any time, in pure *gaieté de cœur*, or to show himself more clever than some rival diplomatist, adopt a tone, put forth demands, or plunge into intrigues that render war almost inevitable. But Lord Palmerston insisted upon the Foreign Office or nothing; and fear of the consequences induced the better section of his party to forego office rather than place him there.

These facts ought to be kept in mind; for the time for action will soon return. *None but an interim cabinet can be formed now, or for many years to come.* Coalitions do not answer in this country. Our public men will either be kept by prudence from entering into them; or, if they do, will neutralize themselves for the rest of their lives. But a fusion of parties is taking place, and there can be little doubt of what will be the tone of the amalgamated party. In this country, property always will exercise a large amount of influence; and the tendency of realized property is to invest itself in land. Except at rarely recurring intervals, the landowners of England will continue to be the most powerful section of society: the support of a decided majority of that body will be indispensable to any minister. By the landed interest is meant, not a few wealthy titled families, but the great body of landowners. This class is continually receiving within its pale "new men" from the manufacturing and mercantile towns, the learned professions, and the public services. These new members are the means of assimilating its views to those of general society. The aristocracy of the revolution of 1688,—the Cavendish, Bedford, and other families, are subjects for History. Even the Pitt-made peerage is giving way to a newer landed interest. Yet a few years, and the Peel leaven will leaven the whole lump. We mean Peel principles apart from Peel temporizing. The League, which can raise its hundred thousand pounds one year, and its quarter of a million the next, is the nursery of many a future landed family; and its tone of sentiment will tinge the body. The abolition of the Corn-laws will save the next landed interest from the grovelling errors of that which is passing away. So late as Adam Smith's time, the landowners were the friends of free competition; the clever but short-sighted traders of the day were the graspers at exclusive privileges. A generation of landowners in their dotage took up, in 1814, the selfish fallacies which the liberalized mercantile body were casting off; and it has been in a false and discreditable position ever since. Ere long it will be sufficiently purified to give enduring support to an able and honest minister.

In the interim, we have to look for a rapid succession of ephemeral cabinets. At such an epoch, it is the duty of all who take upon them to counsel the public, to keep constantly before it sound political doctrines, and frank, candid, and fearless judgments of public men. The Corn-laws are doomed; and with them will rattle down about our ears the whole fabric of protective policy. In the means by which this has been in part accomplished, we see the germ of more momentous changes. If the League speaks truth of its forty shilling freeholds in counties, or even if the constituencies believe that it speaks truth, we shall soon have an earnest agitation for a readjustment of the deranged balance of representation. Religious freedom, too, is on the advance: true, many of its loudest professors ill understand the spirit they would persuade us animates them; but multiplied sects, and multiplied schools and colleges, will do good in spite of them. If Earl Grey continue bold in his views, and comprehensive in his inquiries as now; if Lord Clarendon remain true to his pacific industry-patronizing policy; if Lord Morpeth add business-talent to benevolence and frankness, of which there is no reasonable doubt, they will be leaders; if not, others will take their place. In the next liberal move, we are doubtful whether Sir Robert Peel will have a part. Thrown into public life while little more than a schoolboy, set to learn politics, as they do Divinity at Oxford, after signing the Articles, there is palliation for his past shuffling. But his conduct during the interregnum seems to show that shuffling has become a habit he cannot cast off. If so, his day is nearly over. When the time comes for the Whigs to succeed to organize a government they will do well to remember that its permanence depends upon the judicious casting of parts. Lord Palmerston in the Foreign Office, would be to the Liberal Premier what Lord Stanley in his Colonial Office has been to his Conservative predecessor.

P.S.—*The Times* does not do justice to Lord Grey. He did not refuse to sit in the Cabinet with Lord Palmerston. On the contrary, he offered to give him the Colonial office, and take any thing they pleased for himself. But, recollecting Palmerston's vagaries when in office, and his denunciation of the Arbuthnot Treaty, he would not act if Palmerston was to be Foreign Secretary. Again, *The Times* represents Grey as having acted with apparent cordiality for a time, and then come out with an objection he kept in reserve. Grey was not privy to the move, and not very early invited to join. He stated this objection from the first. I have no more to do with Grey than any of the rest; but fair play is fair play.

Still, it remains to be asked, was Lord Grey right, judicious? It may be said that the Whigs ought to have formed an interim cabinet to have carried the Corn-law, on the understanding that there was to be a reconstruction or resignation as soon as this was done. By making an interim cabinet, they could, at its first meeting, have opened the ports by an order in council; and having done that, resigned next day, sure that Parliament would not dare to shut them again. Even suppose the party could have been brought to do this, Lord Palmerston, who would have the Foreign office or nothing, is as much to blame as Lord Grey. But Lord Lansdowne would not hear of so bold and straightforward a course. Cottenham would not; and Palmerston himself would not. There was nothing to be gained worth the risk of letting Palmerston rule the Foreign Office during the week the President's message was expected.

Peel has the game again in his own hands. If he is not too twisted by habit, he can do this:—Introduce and carry an act to decree that, at the end of three, four, or five years, all duties on imported grain shall cease and determine: that during the year 1846 a duty of 5s. shall be levied on imported grain; during 1847, of 4s.; 1848, of 3s.; 1849, of 2s.; 1850, of 1s. This would give the total repealers certainty that all protective duties would be abolished, almost as soon as foreign countries could get additional supplies ready for us; the land-owners, that they had time to prepare for competition; the gradually disappearing duty would remove the temptation to hold back immediately before it expired, in order to bring in free. Peel could induce his own Conservatives to do this; the Buckingham-Richmond malcontents on the one hand—the official Whigs, (some of them,) and the League, (perhaps,) on the other—might try to thwart him: but the Patrick Maxwell Stewarts, in parliament; the Leadbetters, (Glasgow,) and all that kind of people, would support him.

But I do not think Peel can get over his old shuffling habits sufficiently to do this. He will try something less, and make a mess of it.

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WAR WITH AMERICA: ARE WE NOT BRETHREN?

"THERE is so little good gained, and so much mischief done generally by wars, that I wish the imprudence of undertaking them were more evident to princes; in which case I think they would be less frequent. If I were counsellor to the Empress of Russia, and found that she desired to possess some part of the dominions of the Grand Signior, I would advise her to compute what the annual taxes raised from the territory may amount to, and make him an offer of buying it at the rate of paying for it twenty years' purchase. And if I were his counsellor, I should advise him to take the money, and cede the dominion of that territory. . . But to make and accept such an offer, these potentates should be both of them reasonable creatures; and free from the ambition of glory, &c.; which perhaps is too much to be supposed." Thus wrote Benjamin Franklin in 1788.

"It was better to fight for the first inch of Oregon, than the last. Our destiny is onward—its western movement cannot be resisted. We cannot recede; we cannot stand still. . . Texas was *our latest* acquisition; I hope it will not be our *last*. . . If this administration can secure the peaceable acquisition of California, it will receive the lasting gratitude of the people. [Voices on the Whig side—'California!' 'Of course, California: we must have that.' 'And then Cuba?' 'We have started, and must go on.'] We must give twelve months' notice; and if England persist in her claim, [to Oregon,] war must inevitably follow: and it will be a war in which all the strength and *the prejudices of both* nations will be brought into play." Thus spoke, in 1845, General Cass, and other members of the party which has a majority in the Senate, and "an overwhelming majority in the House of Assembly of the United States."

It is melancholy to reflect, that the lapse of sixty years, instead of making the views and principles of American statesmen more humane and far-sighted—more philosophical, in short—has produced a diametrically opposite result. Benjamin Franklin, both morally and intellectually, was immeasurably above the contemporary statesmen of Europe; General Cass, President Polk, and too many more of the existing statesmen of America, have fallen almost to a level with them. When Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Adams, organized the Union, they looked forward to a people and government who were to rise superior to the low lust of territorial aggrandisement, who were to introduce "common sense" into the dealings of nations with each other, to extend the empire of law and reason, and narrow that of brute force. What would these great and good men say to the language that now rings in the Senate House of Washington?

We write not with bitterness, but with regret and despondency. Disciples of that school of politics, which sees no hope for humanity but in the progressive enlightenment and growing strength of public opinion, we cannot triumph in this seeming failure of a great democratic experiment. Conscious how incompetent we are at this distance to appreciate correctly the character and temper of the American people, we would rather leave to them the task of rebuking General Cass, and others, who would revive in the Capitol of Washington, the spirit that pervaded the Capitol of Rome. Anxious for the perpetuation of peace, we would not, if we could help it, utter one word that was likely to irritate the most susceptible American. If, therefore, in what follows, any expression escape us wearing the most distant resemblance to a national reflection, we request our readers on the other side of the Atlantic to hold it for cancelled.

Some good men, in the manufacturing districts of England, have organised themselves to urge the merchants of this country to address invitations to their American correspondents to co-operate with them in averting war between the two countries. They have invoked the aid of the newspaper press, which has been cordially and promptly given. Encouraged by this success, they have put forth a declaration, already signed by many of our most influential popular leaders, that the dispute between Great Britain and the United States ought to be settled by arbitration. This truly peaceful agitation, is making rapid progress. It is taking such hold of the public mind, that no war party in power would be able to resist it. And there is no war party in England to obtain power. The present ministers are the men who sanctioned the Ashburton "capitulation," as its vituperators termed that judicious termination of a protracted and complicated controversy. One of the main impediments to the construction of a Whig cabinet, was the dread of seeing Lord Palmerston in the Foreign Office. The people of Great Britain frankly avow their dislike of war: are there no private citizens in America, sufficiently intelligent and humane, to commence a similar movement on the other side of the Atlantic? Are there none who will give themselves the trouble to create a pacific spirit, or elicit a proof of its existence in the United States?

The present ground of controversy between England and America, is one that can be settled by arbitration, if both sides sincerely desire justice and the continuance of peace, and nothing more

The title either of England or America to the Oregon territory, is an extremely questionable one. But we have no wish to complicate so delicate a controversy by adverting to views of justice which both parties will call overstrained.

On one point both parties are agreed,—That a civilized and organized state may assume and exercise rights of sovereignty over a new territory, either uninhabited, or inhabited only by tribes not civilized enough to frame a regular general government, provided no other civilized government has laid its hands on the territory before it. The assumption that this is sound doctrine, lies at the bottom of the claims of both nations to Oregon. Some Americans indeed say, that they, as natives of the continent, have a preferable claim, — that Great Britain is an intruder. Canada, and the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, are part of the British empire, — were so before an "United States" existed. The men of British North America are as much natives of the continent as the men of the Union; and their title to occupy part of it, and to extend the limits of that occupation, be it good or bad, is quite equal to theirs. Again, some Americans say, that intermeddling with the private affairs of other nations is an inveterate habit of the old monarchical governments of Europe, and that it is therefore wise in the democratical governments of America to keep them off their continent, or drive them away if they have got a footing. Are not the Mexicans Americans? Is not Mexico a republic? Has Mexico shown either the power or will to intermeddle in the domestic affairs of other states? Why, then, has Texas been taken, and why is California coveted? There is no difference—and American statesmen recognise no difference—between the titles of European and American to acquire or extend dominion on that continent. According to the principles of public law recognised in England and the United States, either government *may* have a title to Oregon.

Previously to the assumption of sovereignty in a territory unoccupied, or occupied only by savage tribes, this public law, common to England and America, regards the region as what civilians call *res nullius;* an object belonging in property to no one. The theory of law is, that what is nobody's property may be made anybody's property by the simple act of taking possession. All that is necessary is to take possession, so publicly and with such formalities, that all the world may know that it has been done. When the nations of Europe have asserted a title to new lands, on the ground of discovery, it has been on the assumption that expeditions were fitted out to seek for and acquire those lands: the act of discovery was the formal and public evidence of the intention to take possession. But so many discoveries have been merely accidental,—so many have been simultaneously made, — so many nominal discoveries have been actually mere *re*-discoveries, that this title is universally allowed to be the weakest of all. In the present case, it really seems out of the question. Discovery on the part of the United States before Cook's voyage to the North-West Coast, was impossible, for the simple reason that there was no United States to make the discovery. Before Cook's voyage, the Spaniards had discovered the coast, at least as far north as Nootka, and the Russians as far south as Mount Elias. The general line of American coast was known to at least two European nations, from Baffin's Bay, round by Cape Horn, to Behring's Straits; and no doubt was entertained of all the land within this compass being one great continent. There was nothing left to *discover*. The subsequent operations of Cook, Vancouver, Gray, by sea, of Mackenzie, Clarke, and Lewis, by land, are more properly surveying expeditions than expeditions of discovery,—examinations, in detail, of the features of a land already discovered. This view was recognised and declared to be public law by the Nootka convention between Spain and England in 1794. In that treaty, the coast and continent are assumed to be discovered. The two countries solemnly bind themselves to determine their relative positions in that country for the future,—"setting aside all retrospective discussion of the rights and pretensions of the two parties," "on a basis conformable to their true interests." In conformity with this preamble, the country was declared open to the trade and fisheries of the subjects of both crowns. A right was recognised in either to plant colonies there, which should be subject to the sovereignty of the parent state, but which, like the unoccupied territory, should remain open and free to the traders and fishers of the other. In short, the north-west territory was explicitly recognised to be *res nullius;* a thing, the property of which might be acquired by formally and publicly taking possession of it. Since 1790, nothing has been done there by Spain in the way of occupation. The treaty with Spain in 1819, upon which the Americans sometimes repose their claims, is a blank letter. Spain could convey no title that was not actually vested in her in 1819: but the only title she then possessed was one to acquire sovereignty in any part of her north-west territory, by actual occupation, if she pleased: a title which accrued to the United States, or any other government, the moment that Spain and Great Britain disclaimed this sovereignty in 1790 — a title upon which the United States profess to have acted on in 1811 at her settlement of Astoria. To establish claims to any part of her north-west territory, it is incumbent upon both Great Britain and America to prove public and formal acts of occupation.

And in the way of such proof there is this difficulty: In the beginning of 1811, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Company (Canadians) had pushed forward their out-settlements to the northern head-waters of the Columbia. In 1811, the settlement of Astoria was founded by the agents of Jacob Astor, a merchant of New York. The British companies having learned his intention to form a settlement in the North-west territory, instructed their agents to occupy the ground before him. It was a race between the British subjects and the American citizens; the first, to carry their frontier posts in Oregon as far to the south, the

latter as far to the north, as possible. They met on the Lower Columbia, as the Cyrenian and Carthagenian emissaries, on a similar expedition, met long ago at the Syrtes. The British reached the north bank of the river, and the Americans the south, within four-and-twenty hours of each other. Fort Vancouver is the result of the British expedition, as Astoria was of the American. During the war which broke out in 1812, Astoria was occupied by the British, (it had, by the way, been previously sold by Astor's partners to the servants of the North-west Company,) but restored at the peace. No further settlements were formed by either party till 1818, when a convention was entered into, which reserved to either nation its full claims, but established a joint-occupancy of the territory for a definite period. Since 1818, there can have been no taking of possession by either party; and really all that had been done before, seems too slight and too limited to convey to either nation the sovereignty of the whole territory. The relative positions of the British and American nations in Oregon appear to be,—Since 1812, (and perhaps earlier,) British emigration has been gradually extending from Canada and the Hudson's Bay territory to Oregon. Since 1812, United States emigration has gradually been extending to Oregon. Under the convention of 1818, the occupation of the territory by its citizens, could convey no right of sovereignty to either government. There has been no territorial government in Oregon. British citizens have remained *subject to* British laws and tribunals, American to American. The progress of settlement has rendered the continuance of this state of affairs inexpedient. A territorial government is required. America and England each view with equal jealousy and distrust the contingency of the whole territory being subjected to the other. There is nothing for it but to divide the territory, and no rule of division but the relative interests of the two claimants. In the language of the Nootka Convention, it is necessary to "determine their relative position in Oregon on a basis conformable to their true interests." At first view, the fairest method would seem to be, to divide the territory as nearly as possible, acre for acre. But, in reality, if either hereby acquired a part of the territory occupied by citizens of the other, its "true interests" would not be consulted. It is not territory, but willing and loyal subjects that strengthen a government. The nationality of the settlers ought to be the rule of division. To the best of our knowledge, the bulk of the American settlers are to be found in the Willammette Valley, and in the vicinity of Fort Nez Percés; the bulk of the British around Fort Vancouver, and at the settlements extending from the Lower Columbia to the Straits of John de Fuca. Taking the nationality of the settlers as our guide, the line of the Lower Columbia, and of the Salmon River, to the sources of the latter, and thence along the Rocky Mountains, to the parallel of forty-nine degrees north, appears the most eligible boundary.

This review of the case (and we are conscious of no disturbing English feeling that can have tempted us to twist it) presents it in the light of a dispute which an arbiter might easily settle. The preponderating nationality of the settlers, at any point, can be easily ascertained: there are not so many of them. The advantages of this or that frontier line; the importance of the free navigation of rivers to the occupants of certain districts; all these are matters of fact, not easily placed in a false or bewildering light. Then, as to the integrity of the arbiters, we have all the governments of the world to choose among. General Cass insinuates a doubt whether a royal arbiter would give a republic fair play. Did their monarchical predilections prevent the Kings of Spain and France from fighting the battles of American independence against their brother-king of England? Great Britain will not draw back from arbitration from suspicion of the arbiter's faith, provided the reference be so worded as to leave no uncertainty as to the extent of the arbiter's jurisdiction.*

We will not suspect our kindred nation to be so wanting in candour and generosity as to imagine they will infer from the popularity of a reference to arbitration in England that the English doubt the justice of their own case. The English want the controversy settled on the basis of what is most conducive to the interests of both parties, because seeing that five-and-twenty years of argument have produced no approximation of opinion between the two governments, they fear other five-and-twenty might be wasted with as little effect. They wish to see the question settled on equitable, since it appears impossible to settle it on strictly legal principles, because they regard open questions of this kind as prolific sources of war. They are willing to refer the decision of what either party ought in justice to have, to any arbiter the respect entertained by the American government and people for their own character will allow them to propose. They do not expect that the award will give entire satisfaction to either party—that the opinion of an unbiassed third party will coincide exactly with the American or with the English view of the case: but they believe that it will be substantially fair, and that both parties could acquiesce in it without that false shame which may prevent either giving way to the other.

We said that we would avoid every thing like a national reflection. We hope that what we are now about to say will not be misconstrued into any thing of the kind; but in candour it must be said:—Our American brethren have an

* By the last mail from America, we are rejoiced to learn that a series of resolutions, in favour of a settlement by arbitration, has been laid on the table of the House of Representatives at Washington, by Mr. Winthrop of Massachusetts. These resolutions have more of old Benjamin Franklin in them than any words we have heard from America for many a day. The jealousy expressed of crowned arbiters, is evaded by a proposal worthy of the descendants of those men who, in old Faneuil Hall, laid the foundations of American independence:—"Resolved,—That arbitration does not necessarily involve a reference to crowned heads, and that if a jealousy of such a reference is entertained, in any quarter, a commission of able and dispassionate citizens, either from the two countries concerned, or from the world at large, offers itself as an obvious and unobjectionable alternative."

enterprising spirit that prompts them to advance their occupation of the wilderness far more rapidly than they can reclaim it. They have annexed Texas, they are longing for California, they are squabbling with us for Oregon, although there are thousands and thousands of miles between their frontier settlements and these countries, to which their claim is not contested, and which their population will be inadequate to fill up for centuries to come. They may retort, that Englishmen are slaves to the same passion. It cannot be denied: they are themselves living monuments that it has been a disease of the race for generations. But though, to use a homely metaphor, both of us have our eyes bigger than our bellies — are fond of acquiring what we can never use, that is no reason why we should refuse to partition our imaginary wealth according to the dictates of equity and fair play. Again, they persuade themselves—in earnest sincerity do we express the belief that they persuade themselves—their object in seeking to drive us from their continent, is to maintain unadulterated republicanism there. But does not their attempt to exclude us from Oregon betray a lurking scepticism as to the excellence of their institutions? The inhabitants of the British North American provinces continue subject to Great Britain, because they feel or fancy that it is for their interest to do so. Whenever they come (as a body) to entertain a different opinion, the experience of the United States and of the Spanish-American republics prove that it will not be in the power of Great Britain to keep them in subjection. They will have a right to their independence, and in virtue of that right to choose their own frame of government. The citizens of the United States may regret, and may regret with justice, that there should be people on their continent who prefer, and may continue to prefer, unphilosophical monarchical institutions to their more scientific frame of government. But it is a fact, (a *faite accomplie*,) that such people are on the continent, and that the fathers of these people were there before the new light of republicanism dawned on the fathers of the United States. If the republican institutions of America are really more conducive than those of our monarchies, to promote the virtue, greatness, and happiness of societies, cannot they trust to the silent eloquence of their example for extending their sway? To forbid the colonization of any part of America by people who bring monarchical institutions with them, seems to imply a doubt that monarchy may confer such benefits as to induce their own citizens to adopt it. Disguise it to themselves as they may, the statesmen who urge the citizens of the United States to annex Oregon, California, Cuba, and Canada, (for that too is whispered,) distrust the power of reason and argument to extend the empire of their own political principles, and seek to throw the authority of a central government at Washington into the scale. Monarchy in France and England has been stripped of its superstitions; it has become a practical utilitarian institution. And democracy in America has not entirely denuded itself of the love of power which characterized the conquerors of former ages. General Cass has inherited more of the spirit of Louis XIV. than Louis Philippe.

We have only one more remark to add. The electors in England, and in the United States, can compel their governments to keep the peace. The electors of England are willing to do so, and their rulers need no compulsion. The electors of England request of those in America, to exercise the same restraint upon their government, if it shall be found to need it. We will not at present dilate on the common-places against war. Like the truths from the pulpit, they are, we fear, too familiar, to have the effect they ought to have. But let the most hardened advocate of war, shutting his eyes and ears to their images, ask himself what will be the probable consequences of England and America going to war about Oregon. The American privateers will cover the seas and pillage our merchantmen, and on our part retaliation will be exercised. An American army will invade Canada; and British squadrons will bombard Boston, New York, New Orleans, and blockade the Chesapeake. This is but the overture. Other nations will complain of aggressions on their commerce, remonstrate, grow hot, and take part in the hostilities. Every corner of the earth will be disturbed by the battles of themselves or allies. The war will leave the British islands under the same government as now, and the American people occupants of the same extent of territory. Russia will have acquired Constantinople, and part of China, — possibly lost Poland. The rest of Europe will remain much as before. A military dynasty, of English race, may rule Hindostan. The British North American provinces, and the states east of the Hudson, may form one federal republic, and the rest of the Union be split up into half-a-dozen. They who begin the war, may be certain that it will cause much bloodshed, and waste of treasure; but they can form no conjecture as to how long it may last, or what changes it may bring about.

Will the people of America allow their government to incur these risks in pure *gaieté du cœur*? Will not the inhabitants of the great sea-coast towns, whose pursuits are dependent for success on peace with all the world, especially with their best customer, and whose inclinations ought to be peaceful, compel their government either to refer the boundary to arbitration, or to make Britain an offer of a price for giving up the whole? A very moderate sum, we doubt not, would be taken; although we fear the British people are not Christian enough to yield up what they consider their own, to avoid the sinfulness of war.

A nation called the English has been formed out of a mixture of races within the narrow circuit of the southern portion of one of the British islands. By degrees, it has engrafted its laws, morals, language, on all the divisions of the islands. Wanting elbow-room at home, it has spread itself over the earth. North America, and the Antilles, are filled with it. It is occupying Australia and Oceania. It has seized on the southern extremity of Africa. It rules in Hindostan. Already it has split up

into two nations. Part obeys the occupant of the old throne in London; part a Republican president in Washington. There may be further divisions. A great independent English republic may have its seat of government in Sydney. A warrior caste of English race may enthrone an elective emperor in Calcutta; and the office may remain for centuries in one family. But the language of Milton, the faith of the English Bible, the general principles of equity disseminated through our law volumes, like Gratiano's two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, will be the common mould in which the thoughts and feelings of all these people are cast. Into whatever system of states the world may then be divided, those of English race and English faith will predominate. Now is the time, when these kindred nations are but two,—before circumstances have greatly varied their habits of thought, to lay the foundations of a more just and humane system of public law, to regulate their mutual relations, than has prevailed among states speaking divers tongues. The good work has begun in England —will America hang back?

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF ENGLISH CHANCELLORS.

(First Series. 3 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray.)

From Becket to Brougham, English history presents no series of public characters more distinguished, and in every way more deserving of special commemoration, than the English Chancellors. In the long list, commencing with the Anglo-Saxon period, and ending with our own times, are included some of the most illustrious names known among Englishmen, whether for great intellectual power, or exalted moral worth, together with some of the vilest and most abject and venal of mankind. There is also a long catalogue of respectable or insignificant mediocrities. Taking them, however, as a whole, an English historical, biographical, and constitutional writer, could not hit upon a more fertile, or a more worthy subject, than the lives of the Chancellors; among whom, with a host of lesser note, are numbered Thomas à Becket, William of Wickham, Cardinal Beaufort, Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Lord Bacon, Littleton, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, and Jeffreys. With the last infamous person the "Lives," contained in the three volumes already published, conclude; and a bright series yet remains for the biographer, in the lives of Somers, Cowper, King, Hardwicke, and indeed, as we presume, every Chancellor since the Revolution till the long incumbency of Lord Eldon.

There is, we think, no little merit in the mere fact of a man, in the situation of Lord Campbell, devoting to literary pursuits the leisure afforded, whether by a temporary suspension of his official duties, or final retirement from the bustle of affairs. For great pains in research, and the diligent inspection of all kinds of documents, and of local and family records, Lord Campbell's professional habits will obtain him credit; and he seems to have had many well-qualified and obliging co-operators in this department.

But Lord Campbell is entitled to the higher praise of having chosen a subject full of varying and high interest, for which professional acquirements, and the habits of a long life of business, gave him peculiar aptitude; and the task assumed he has accomplished, we may frankly say, in a manner that far exceeds expectation. For an accurate and careful history of the Chancery Court, its uses, its grand epochs, and the gradual changes and extensions of its functions and character, we were prepared, — for a work, in short, devoted to lawyers and legislators: but while all this is found, these Lives, as we hope to show, furnish much more, namely, to use the words of Bacon when defining the province of biography, "a true, native, and lively representation" of some of the most remarkable specimens of humanity that ever appeared in our world, and also of men whose personal histories afford the most striking and almost romantic examples of the strange vicissitudes of human affairs.

Lord Campbell congratulates himself on his subject being "happily chosen;" and this much his most acrimonious critic must concede, though nothing like acrimonious criticism is to be anticipated for a work, whose solid information and just tone of reflection will recommend it to lawyers and liberal statesmen; while the variety, scope, and deep interest of its subject-matter, must render it popular with all classes of readers.

The prevailing spirit in which the work is executed, is that of a liberal Whig lawyer of the period of the Revolution: endeavouring to judge of men and actions with judge-like impartiality, yet sometimes discovering a slight bias, as in the elaborate life of Clarendon; but much oftener, as in that of Wolsey, yielding to a kindly impulse of pity for the fallen great and the erring wise; so that, upon the whole, the spirit of the work is not merely fair and impartial, but candid and generous. It sets out with an account of the origin, functions, and jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor. There is some doubt about the etymology of the word *chancellor;* but less, or none, about the antiquity and the nature of the office. So ancient is this office, that the fabulous King Arthur is said to have had his chancellor; and an officer with this name performed the duties of clerk or private secretary to the Anglo-Saxon kings. We do not, however, mean to advert to the technical, but to the popular view of the work; though we must, as an essential preliminary, explain what were the original duties of this great state-officer, and what extension and change his functions and jurisdiction have undergone in the lapse of centuries.

With us the King (says Lord Campbell) has ever been considered the fountain of justice. In very early times, as he could not himself in person decide all controversies and remedy all wrongs, tribunals were constituted, over which deputed judges presided, to carry the law into

execution. Still, applications were made to him personally by injured parties for redress; these were to be referred to the proper forum, and process was to be made out for summoning the adversary, and directing that after both sides had been heard, the appropriate relief should be administered. To assist him in this department the King employed a secretary, on whom by degrees it was entirely devolved; and this officer, on a statement of facts by the complainant, framed writs or letters, in the king's name, to the judges, by which suits were instituted. Forms were adopted, to be always followed under similar circumstances, and a place was named to which all suitors might resort, to be furnished with the means of obtaining justice. This was the *officina justitiæ* called CHANCERY, and the officer who presided over it was called CHANCELLOR.

Again, grants of dignities, of offices, and of lands, were made by the king. It was necessary that these grants should be framed and authenticated by an officer well versed in the laws and customs of the kingdom; and it was found convenient to employ for this purpose the same person who superintended the commencement of suits between subject and subject. Here we have the other great branch of the pristine duties of Chancellor.

These writs and grants in the earliest times were verified merely by signature. From the art of writing being little known, seals became common; and the king, according to the fashion of the age, adopted a seal with which writs and grants were sealed. This was called the GREAT SEAL, and the custody of it was given to the CHANCELLOR.

But how are we to account for the important function which has immemorially belonged to this officer, of "Keeper of the King's Conscience?"

This is explained by the Chancellor being almost always, down to the Reformation, an ecclesiastic, and the king's confessor. As his majesty of one of the Society or Friendly Islands, or of Madagascar, has now always his priest or missionary at his elbow and ear, to direct his councils; so the Anglo-Saxon kings, from the conversion of the kingdom by the preaching of St. Augustine, had a priest ever near their persons, their confessor, and the "Keeper of their Consciences." It was, however, much later before these pious persons obtained independent judicial authority; and in the Anglo-Saxon period, the Chancellor was subordinate in rank to the Chief Justice, the Constable, the Mareschal, the Steward, and the Chamberlain. The ambition and energy of à Becket and others, greatly enlarged the authority of the Chancellor, until his office, having undergone many changes, fixed down into what we now see it. The description of his functions, powers, and privileges, and of the mode of using that potent talisman, the Great Seal, occupy many pages of the Introduction to "The Lives." The jurisdiction of the Chancellor is wide; his patronage immense; his emoluments large. Many absurd and now ludicrous etiquettes are connected with his office, which modern civilisation might well dispense with, though one of our latest Chancellors certainly did not suffer them to fall into desuetude. One of these antiquated usages is that—

When the Lord Mayor of London comes into the Court of Chancery on Lord Mayor's Day, and by the Recorder invites the Lord Chancellor to dinner at Guildhall, the Lord Chancellor remains covered, and does not return any answer to the invitation.

The first *authenticated* English Chancellor was Turketel, the eldest son of Ethelwald, and the grandson of Alfred. He was in priest's orders, but acted as Chancellor during several reigns, and did good service in repelling the five confederated nations who invaded the dominions of his cousin Athelstane. In a fit of religious enthusiasm, Turketel resigned his office, and becoming a monk, was for twenty-seven years Abbot of Croyland. There are accounts of several more Chancellors, all of them in holy orders, under the Anglo-Saxon kings; and even some trace of "Masters in Chancery" at this early period:—at least so avers our authority:

As we approach the era of the Conquest, we find distinct traces of the Masters in Chancery, who, though in sacred orders, were well trained in jurisprudence, and assisted the Chancellor in preparing writs and grants, as well as in the service of the royal chapel. They formed a sort of college of justice, of which he was the head. They all sate in the Wittenagemot, and, as "Law Lords," are supposed to have had great weight in the deliberations of that assembly.

There is no doubt that, from the Conquest downwards, there was an uninterrupted succession of Chancellors; but until Thomas à Becket, not much is known of them, save their names, their struggles for power, or their rapacity. Sometimes, in these early reigns, the Great Seal was sold to the highest bidder, but whether by private sale or public auction is not known to Lord Campbell. The first very eminent Chancellor after the Conquest was Thomas à Becket, by birth a pure Saxon, and the son of a London merchant. Lord Campbell discountenances the romantic legend of à Becket's mother being the daughter of an Emir of Palestine, who is said to have followed and found her English lover in Cheapside, though having no trace of him, no clue to guide her, nor one word of western speech, save the words, fondly dwelt upon, of "*London*" and "*Gilbert*."

Becket is rather a favourite with his last biographer, who enters fully into his early history. A Becket was destined for the church; but after attending the schools of Merton Abbey and London, he went to Paris, as young Englishmen still do, to acquire polished manners and fashionable accomplishments, and to get rid of his Saxon accent. His first patron was a great Norman baron, under whom he enjoyed the gay sports of hunting, racing, and hawking, then forbidden to his proscribed race.

His next patron was Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who finding him a youth of uncommon parts, and captivated with his graceful and winning address, made him take deacon's orders, and conferred upon him the livings of St. Mary le Strand and Othford in Kent, with prebends in the cathedrals of London and Lincoln. His ambition for high preferment was now kindled; but he found himself deficient in a knowledge of the civil and canon law, then the great means of advancement both in church and state, and he prevailed on his patron to send him to Bologna, which had been for some time the most famous university of the world for such studies. After residing there a year, attending the lectures of the celebrated Gratian, he went to Auxerre in Burgundy, where there was likewise a flourishing juridical school, and he returned to England fully qualified for any situation, however exalted, to which fortune might raise him.

He was now promoted to the archdeaconry of Canterbury, an office of considerable trust and profit. Displaying great talents for business, he gained the entire confidence of the primate, and was employed by him in two delicate negotiations with the court of Rome. The first was to recover for the see of Canterbury the legatine

power which properly belonged to the primacy, and of which it had been stript. This point he carried, to the great delight of Theobald, who attached the highest importance to it.

A' Becket was soon employed in missions to Rome touching more momentous affairs, questions affecting the succession, which paved his way to the favour of Henry II.

The new sovereign was then in Normandy. On his arrival in England he was informed by Archbishop Theobald, who crowned him, of the services of the Archdeacon of Canterbury, and à Becket, then the handsomest and the most accomplished young man in the kingdom, was presented to him. Henry was at once captivated by his appearance and his agreeable acquirements, and soon admitted him to his familiarity and confidence. The future Saint, at this stage of his career, has incurred the suspicion of having forgotten what was due to the priestly character, and to the strict rules of morality, for the purpose of securing an influence over the dissipated sovereign. He not only joined him in military exercises and in the sports of the field, but in all sorts of court festivities, and it is to be feared in revelries, which could only be palliated by the habitual licence of Norman manners; although some of his biographers stand up for his immaculate purity in the midst of the most alluring temptations.

The king, who heaped favours and offices upon à Becket, soon afterwards appointed him Chancellor.

While he continued Chancellor, the office of Grand Justiciary does not seem to have been filled up, and except the King, he had no superior. Tall in stature, with a placid, handsome, and commanding countenance, his figure pleased the eye; while his subtle reasonings, his polished elocution, and facetious gaiety, won the heart. His loftiness of mind, that was proud and ceremonious with rank and power, softened into affability, gentleness, and liberality, towards his inferiors and dependents. Popularity being his passion, he studied to be attractive, and he knew that the condescensions of greatness have still greater influence than its power. He was the first to give the office of Chancellor the pre-eminence and splendour which have since belonged to it.

We may imagine the joy of the Saxon race in witnessing his elevation. For nearly a century they had been treated as aliens and serfs in their own country; no one of Saxon blood had been promoted to any office of distinction, civil, military, or ecclesiastical. . . .

Becket had risen by acquiring the dialect and accomplishments of the dominant caste, but he was too noble-minded now to be ashamed of his origin: he proclaimed his lineage, and professed himself a protector of the rights and liberties of all his countrymen.

It is doubtful whether at this time the Chancellor had any separate judicial duties.

Lord Campbell quotes many pages from Fitzstephen, the secretary of à Becket, descriptive of the munificence and princely tastes of the Chancellor in his way of life, and of his splendid foreign embassies, or celebrating his military genius and prowess, and his feats of chivalry. He was as remarkable for the vigorous and impartial administration of justice; and, unlike his order, at first rather preferred the interests of the crown to those of his own order. He was even denounced by churchmen as "plunging a sword into the bosom of his mother the church;" and threatened with excommunication, because, in enforcing the law, he showed no respect to those rich Norman abbots and priests, who considered themselves above the ordinary rules of law. But the same man, in his time, may play many parts, and these the most opposite. The Chancellor would also be Archbishop; and though a cry of "Church in danger" arose among churchmen, the king had set his heart on the elevation of à Becket, who best, as he imagined, could aid him in checking the encroachments of the clergy and of the See of Rome. The Bishops remonstrated against appointing to the Primacy one who was more a soldier than a priest, and who was more devoted to falconry than to the study of the Holy Scriptures; while Matilda, the mother of Henry, with more penetration and knowledge of character, warned her son of the latent ambition of à Becket. But he filled the chair of St. Augustine, and suddenly began to play that new part, which we leave Lord Campbell to explain:

He was enthroned with extraordinary solemnity. The ceremony was almost as pompous as a coronation, all ranks being eager to gratify the King, and to pay court to the favourite. The universal expectation was, that Becket would now play the part so successfully performed by Cardinal Wolsey in a succeeding age; that, Chancellor and Archbishop, he would continue the minister and personal friend of the King; that he would study to support and extend all the prerogatives of the Crown, which he himself was to exercise; and that in the palaces of which he was now master he would live with increased magnificence and luxury. When we judge of his character, we must ever bear in mind that all this was easily within his reach, and that if he had been actuated by love of pleasure or mere vulgar ambition, such would have been his career.

Never was there so wonderful a transformation. Whether from a predetermined purpose, or from a sudden change of inclination, he immediately became in every respect an altered man. Instead of the stately and fastidious courtier, was seen the humble and squalid penitent. Next his skin he wore haircloth, populous with vermin; he lived upon roots, and his drink was water, rendered nauseous by an infusion of fennel. By way of further penance and mortification, he frequently inflicted stripes on his naked back. Daily on his bended knees he washed the feet of thirteen beggars, refreshed them with ample food, and gave each of them four pieces of silver. He wandered alone in his cloister, shedding many tears, from the thought of his past sins, and his great occupation was to pray and read the Scriptures. He wore the habit of a monk; and the monks, astonished at the sanctity he displayed, already talked of his conversion as a most evident miracle of Divine grace, poured out upon him at his consecration.

The wonder of mankind was still further excited by the next step, which he speedily took, without ever consulting the King, or any previous notice of his intention; he sent the Great Seal to Henry, in Normandy, with this short message, "I desire that you will provide yourself with another Chancellor, as I find myself hardly sufficient for the duties of one office, and much less of two."

The fond patron, who had been so eager for his elevation, was now grievously disappointed and alarmed. He knew Becket too well to believe that this resignation proceeded from real humility and dislike of temporal power; he therefore looked upon it as an indication of a higher and more dangerous ambition, believing that the Archbishop would have continued his Chancellor if he had not aspired to become his competitor, and to exalt the mitre above the crown. He at once saw that he had been deceived in his choice, and that the worst predictions of his mother were likely to be speedily verified.

We need not farther trace what is so familiar to all readers of English history, and of English fiction, as that fierce struggle between the civil and the ecclesiastical power, between the king and the church, which rather may be said to have

begun than to have been terminated by the assassination of Becket. But, as a specimen of the style of the work, we shall quote Lord Campbell's summing up of the character of this ambitious and turbulent priest, whom he has treated with too great leniency :

The early part of his career, so brilliant and so successful, is not liable to any severe censure. His participation in the irregularities of his youthful sovereign is denied, and when repented of might be forgiven. All the functions of the office of Chancellor he is allowed to have fulfilled most satisfactorily, and the measures which he recommended as minister were just and prudent. His military prowess and skill we cannot read of without being dazzled; and, with the exception of Ignatius Loyola, there is probably no such striking metamorphosis of a soldier into a saint. The grand dispute respecting his character and conduct begins from the time when, being consecrated Archbishop, he resigned the Great Seal. As he proved such a champion of the supremacy of the Pope, it is perhaps not surprising that in recent times his vituperators are bigoted Protestants, and his unqualified eulogists are intolerant Roman Catholics.

The former contend that Becket, being in reality little better than an infidel, had nothing in view but his own aggrandisement, which he thought he could most promote by exalting the power of the Church; that he had long aimed at the primacy, with the intention, as soon as he had obtained it, to trample on the Crown; and that, to disarm the suspicion of the King, he pretended to conform to all his notions respecting ecclesiastical as well as secular affairs; that from the moment of his elevation he threw off the mask, and did every thing in his power to annoy and injure his benefactor, as if animated by the most deadly spite against him; that he showed his want of principle by swearing to observe the Constitutions of Clarendon, and immediately afterwards, regardless of his oath, infringing them himself, and stirring up others to resist them; that during his banishment, though he displayed firmness worthy of a better cause, he continued, from selfish motives, to refuse all reasonable terms of accommodation, and to plot against his sovereign and his country; that when at last restored, he broke the engagements into which he had entered, persecuted his opponents with implacable resentment, and showed that, according to his long fostered design, he was still determined to make priests in the West like Brahmins in the East, the dominant caste, for the purpose of himself, as their leader, exercising absolute sway; that he provoked his tragical end; and that, although the deed of his assassins cannot be strictly defended, there is reason to rejoice in it, as the hazards and the evils of his daring enterprise were thus shown to be greater than the advantages to be attained by it, ecclesiastical encroachment was effectually checked, and no more Odos, Dunstans, Anselms, or Beckets appear in our annals.

On the other hand, say the undiscriminating worshippers of Papal supremacy, Becket having had the primacy pressed upon him by the King for the purpose of subverting the authority of the Church, so necessary to the maintenance of true religion, then, for the first time, thought seriously of the duties and obligations of this new dignity, and his eyes were at once opened to the necessity of a new course of life, both for his own sake and for the good of others. Although, like Wolsey, in a subsequent age, he might have joined in his own person all civil and spiritual power, enjoyed ease, wealth, and pleasure, and reigned in the King's name, he saw that such a course, however agreeable, would be sinful; that great sacrifices were required from him, and that he must thenceforth exclusively dedicate himself to the discharge of his spiritual duties. He therefore afforded the single instance which has ever occurred of the Chancellorship being voluntarily resigned, either by layman or ecclesiastic. He meditated nothing beyond what belonged properly to his sacred office, when the King began the persecution against him, which only ended with his murder. The Constitutions of Clarendon, however consonant to the doctrines of Wickliffe, afterwards adopted by Luther, were inconsistent with the clear precepts of the gospel, and the privileges and immunities conferred upon the apostles and their successors, and, at all events, were inconsistent with established law and custom. In a moment of weakness Becket promised to observe them; but this was to save himself from fatal violence which then threatened, and at last overtook him. A forced promise is not binding, and from this promise he was formally absolved by the Vicar of Christ.

We omit the remainder of the defence, made by modern Roman Catholic eulogists, to take Lord Campbell's final judgment, which is also sufficiently eulogistic.

Setting aside exaggeration, and miracle, and religious prejudice, I must confess I am inclined to think that this last view of Becket is not only the more merciful, but the more just. I cannot doubt his sincerity, and almost all will agree that he believed himself to be sincere. Let us consider the sudden effect of the touch of the mitre on men of honour in our own time. It must be remembered that, by the same ardour and enthusiasm, he was led to put on a coat of mail, and engage in single combat with a stalwart knight, and afterwards to wear a shirt of hair and to submit to the discipline of the whip. If he bore implacable resentment, he showed inflexible resolution in the support of what he considered a good cause, willingly submitting to poverty, exile, and death itself.

Both sides concur in ascribing to him brilliant talents, great acquirements, and delightful manners, which captivated alike king and commonalty.

His biographer cannot discover in Becket that champion of the oppressed Saxon race, which some late writers have chosen to represent him.

The Chancellor who succeeded Becket was Geoffrey Plantagenet, the King's natural son by "Fair Rosamond." Geoffrey was also a bishop and a soldier; and though appointed, through favour of his fond parent, at an immature age, he is said to have been zealous in the discharge of the duties of his office.

While Richard Cœur de Lion was absent in the Holy Land, his noted Chancellor, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, a man of great energy and capacity, but ambitious and rapacious, exercised, as guardian of the realm along with the Bishop of Durham, almost sovereign sway, and lived with princely magnificence. He lost no time in quarrelling with his colleague, whom he treated with great contempt, deprived of his offices, and also evaded the orders of the King to reinstate him.

He proceeded to govern the kingdom by his sole authority, to treat all the nobility with arrogance, and to display his power and riches with the most invidious ostentation. A numerous guard was stationed at his door. He never travelled without a body of 1500 foreign soldiers, notorious for their rapine and licentiousness. Nobles and knights were proud of being admitted into his train. He sealed public acts with his own seal instead of the Great Seal of England. His retinue wore the aspect of royal magnificence; and when, in his progress through the kingdom, he lodged in any monastery, his attendants, it is said, were sufficient to devour, in one night, the revenue of several years. To drown the curses of the natives, he brought over from France, at a great expense, singers and jesters, who sang verses in places of public resort, declaring that the Chancellor never had his equal in the world.

In the meanwhile he abused his power to enrich himself and his family. He placed his relations, and friends of foreign birth, in all posts of profit or honour, and gave them the government of castles and cities, of which,

under various pretexts, he deprived men of the pure Norman race, spoiling them and the descendants of the Saxon thanes with indiscriminate violence. Contemporary authors say, that "by reason of his rapines a knight could not preserve his silver belt, nor a noble his gold ring, nor a lady her necklace, nor a Jew his merchandise." He showed himself, besides, haughty and insolent, and he enforced submission to his will by the severity and promptitude of his vengeance.

The subsequent career of this Chancellor is intimately blended with the general history of England, which his restless ambition helped to involve in civil war. But Longchamp afterwards, by fidelity to Richard, redeemed himself. Longchamp had some able Vice-chancellors; and, says Lord Campbell—

We have one remarkable juridical monument of this reign; the Laws of Oleron, the foundation of the maritime jurisprudence of modern Europe, and cited as authority at the present day on both sides of the Atlantic. The work is said to have been written by Richard himself while on his travels, but, of course, must have been the production of Vice-chancellor Malchien, or some lawyer who had accompanied him.

Richard's successor, John, who would have sold any thing, however sacred, sold the Great Seal to Walter de Gray for a sum equal to £61,000 of our present money. When John made over the kingdom to the Pope, the Great Seal was impressed on the disgraceful compact; but it is believed by the King himself, who still held it,—the Chancellor not thus disgracing his office.

The Chancellor by purchase, afterwards became Archbishop of York, but was held so unfit for the dignity by gross ignorance, that his Holiness refused him consecration, till the difficulty was smoothed by an exacted present of £1000. No one witnesses Magna Charta as Chancellor; so it is believed that the Great Seal was held by some creature of King John, when the barons extorted the Great Charter from him. Of this remarkable epoch, Lord Campbell, in concluding the reign of John, observes—

We here reach a remarkable era in our constitutional history. National councils had met from the most remote times; but to the end of this reign, their acts not being preserved, are supposed to form a part of the *lex non scripta*, or common law. Now begins the distinction between common and statute-law, and henceforth we can distinctly trace the changes which our juridical system has undergone. These changes were generally introduced by the Chancellor for the time being; and I shall hereafter consider it my duty to notice them in each successive reign.

The reign of Henry III. saw De Neville, who was among the most rapacious of the long list of Chancellors, and Maunsel, a Mammoth pluralist, who held at one time seven hundred church livings, and was made remarkable by a Lady Keeper. This was Queen Eleanor, who, while the King was leading an expedition into Gascony, held the Great Seal for a whole year, during which, by her arbitrary extortions, she had begun that feud with the citizens of London, which was the foundation of her future extreme unpopularity. The sealing of writs, and such routine business, was left by the Queen to assistants; but the more important duties of Chancellor were performed by Eleanor in person, who sat *in Aula Regia*. The wits have a standing joke against ladies, in virtue of the "rights of women," acting as judges and legislators, from liability to certain interruptions of their functions; but Queen Eleanor surmounted the petty difficulty:

These sittings were interrupted by the *accouchement* of the judge. The Lady Keeper had been left by her husband in a state of pregnancy, and on the 25th of November, 1253, she was delivered of a princess, to whom the Archbishop of Canterbury, her uncle, stood godfather, and baptized by the name of Catherine, being born on St. Catherine's day.

The Lady Keeper had a favourable recovery, and being churched, resumed her place in the *Aula Regia*.

She now availed herself of the king's absence, not only to enforce rigorously her dues at Queenhithe, but by demanding from the city of London a large sum which she insisted they owed her for "aurum reginæ," or "queen gold,"—being a claim by the queens of England on every tenth mark paid to the king on the renewal of leases on crown lands, or the granting of charters,—matters of grace supposed to be obtained from the powerful intercession of the queen. Eleanor in this instance demanded her "queen gold" on various enormous fines that had been unrighteously extorted by the king from the plundered citizens. For the non-payment of this unjust demand, the Lady Keeper, in a very summary manner, committed the sheriffs of London, Richard Picard and John de Northampton, to the Marshalsea prison; and she soon after sent Richard Hardell, the lord-mayor, to keep them company there, for the arrears of an aid unlawfully imposed towards the war in Gascony.

These arbitrary proceedings caused the greatest alarm and consternation; for the city of London had hitherto been a sort of free republic in a despotic kingdom, and its privileges had been respected in times of general oppression.

In the beginning of 1254, a parliament was called, and the queen being present and making a speech, pressed for a supply; but, on account of her great unpopularity, it was peremptorily refused.

This was going somewhat beyond Prince Albert refusing to pay poor-rates for his farm; but then it was six hundred years ago, and times, though not always Attorney-Generals, change in such intervals. There was no *Punch* in those days; but yet "filthy ballads" were made upon the unpopular queen, who was literally pelted by the London mob:—

While residing in the Tower, she was threatened with violent treatment by the citizens of London, and she resolved, for safety, to proceed by water to the Castle of Windsor; but as she approached London Bridge the populace assembled to insult her. The cry ran, "*Drown the witch!*" and besides abusing her with the most opprobrious language, and pelting her with dirt and rotten eggs, they had prepared great stones to sink her barge when she should attempt to shoot the principal arch. She was so frightened that she returned to the Tower. Not considering herself safe in this fortress, she took sanctuary at night in the Bishop of London's palace, within the precincts of St. Paul's.

Henry had several more Chancellors, and during his reign the law courts underwent some changes:—

Towards the end of this reign, the office of Chief Justiciary, which had often been found so dangerous to the Crown, fell into disuse. Hugh le Despenser, in the forty-ninth of Henry III. was the last who bore the title. The hearing of common actions being fixed at Westminster by Magna Charta, the *Aula Regia* was gradually subdivided, and certain Judges were assigned to hear criminal cases before the King himself, wheresoever he might be, in England. These formed the Court of King's Bench. They were called "Justitiarii ad placita coram Rege," and the one who was to preside "Capitalis Justiciarius." He was inferior in rank to the Chancellor, and had a salary of only 100 marks a-year, while the Chancellor had generally 500. Henceforth, the Chancellor, in rank, power, and emolument,

was the first magistrate under the Crown, and looked up to as the great head of the profession of the law.

There are some cases decided in this reign which are still quoted as authority in Legal Digests; the writs and summonses to Simon de Montfort's parliament are now given in evidence on questions of peerage, and the England in which we live might be descried.

Once in two centuries, or so, we see English Chancellors making an effort, talking of, or proposing some plan of "Justice to Ireland." Thus, in the reign of Edward I. Chancellor Burnel propounded a statute—

For effectually introducing the English law into Ireland, and for the protection of the natives from the rapacity and oppression of the King's officers; a statute framed in the spirit of justice and wisdom, which, if steadily enforced, would have saved Ireland from much suffering, and England from much disgrace.

Something of the same sort was recommended three hundred years later by the greatest of English Chancellors, Bacon, and yet remains to be accomplished, —not by Lord Lyndhurst. Burnel is well known in Scottish history, from the part which he acted, as politician and lawyer, in settling the disputed succession to the Scottish throne, when his master, Edward I., set up his preposterous claim as feudal superior of Scotland; a claim not better founded than that which the present sovereign Pontiff might assert, from the instrument solemnly executed by King John.

Like almost every other Chancellor prior to Sir Thomas More, Burnel was in orders. Though somewhat covetous,—the besetting vice of most Chancellors,—and, like childless priests, fond of advancing his young kinsmen,—Burnel is eulogized by his biographer :—

If he was rather remiss in the discharge of his episcopal duties, he is to be honoured for the rational and moderate system he pursued in ecclesiastical affairs; neither encroaching on the rights of the clergy, nor trying to exalt them above the control of the law. As a statesman and a legislator, he is worthy of the highest commendation. He ably seconded the ambitious project of reducing the whole of the British Isles to subjection under the crown of England. With respect to Wales he succeeded, and Scotland retained her independence only by the unrivalled gallantry of her poor and scattered population. His measures for the improvement of Ireland were frustrated by the incurable pride and prejudices of his countrymen. But England continued to enjoy the highest prosperity under the wise laws which he introduced.

Several Chancellors succeeded Burnel before the death of Edward, during whose reign many juridical improvements were introduced, which Lord Campbell attributes chiefly to the Chancellors, and especially to Burnel. To that period belong certain learned legal treatises, which Lord Campbell considers as wonderful for the age in which they appeared.

During the weak and unhappy reign of Edward II., the Great Seal seems to have passed from hand to hand, like a shuttlecock, though some of the Chancellors displayed vigour, on the right side, or what, for a time, appeared such.

Richard de Bury, for a short time the Chancellor, and the tutor of Edward III., deserves the commemoration which he receives in "The Lives." He was an accomplished scholar for a pedantic age, and an enthusiastic lover of literature, if by love of literature is meant heaping up unread books. De Bury ought to be the patron saint of the *Bibliomaniacs*. His passion for collecting books was insatiable; but he did read some of them. From his "Philobiblion," Lord Campbell makes some curious extracts, in which the illustrious collector thus sets forth his ways and means of accumulation. Lord Campbell thus, in one place, quotes from De Bury's work :—

"While we performed the duties of Chancellor of the most invincible and ever-magnificently-triumphant King of England, Edward III. (whose days may the Most High long and tranquilly deign to preserve !) after first inquiring into the things that concerned his Court, and then the public affairs of his kingdom, an easy opening was afforded us, under the countenance of royal favour, for freely searching the hiding-places of books. For the flying fame of our love had already spread in all directions, and it was reported not only that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones, but that any body could more easily obtain our favour by quartos than by money. Wherefore, when supported by the bounty of the aforesaid Prince of worthy memory, we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge,—crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious, however, in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of new-year's gifts and remunerations, and instead of presents and jewels. Then the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened; cases were unlocked; caskets were unclasped; and astonished volumes which had slumbered for long ages in their sepulchres were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of a new light. Books heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and nauseous, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these, nevertheless, as time served, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power; some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.*

"Without doubt, many who perceived us to be contented with gifts of this kind, studied to contribute those things freely to our use." . . . .

"We were charged with the frequent embassies of the said Prince of everlasting memory, and, owing to the multiplicity of state affairs, were sent first to the Roman Chair, then to the Court of France, then to various other kingdoms of the world, on tedious embassies and in perilous times, carrying about with us, however, that fondness of books which many waters could not extinguish, for this, like a certain drug, sweetened the wormwood of peregrination; this, after the perplexing intricacies, scrupulous circumlocutions of debate, and almost inextricable labyrinths of public business, left an opening for a little while to breathe the temperature of a milder atmosphere. O blessed God of gods in Sion ! what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world ! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics; there flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics. There, in very deed, with an open treasury and untied purse-strings, we scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable books from dirt and dust.

"Again. We will add a most compendious way by

* A modern deceased Lord Chancellor was said to have collected a very complete law library by borrowing books from the bar, which he forgot to return. If so, he only acted on the maxims of his predecessor De Bury.

which a great multitude of books, as well old as new, came into our hands." . . . . .

"Amongst so many of the keenest hunters, what leveret could lie hid? What fry could evade the hook, the net, or the trawl of these men? From the body of divine law, down to the latest controversial tract of the day, nothing could escape the notice of these scrutinizers. If a devout sermon resounded at the fount of Christian faith, the most holy Roman court, or if an extraneous question were to be sifted on account of some new pretext; if the dulness of Paris, which now attends more to studying antiquities than to subtly producing truth; if English perspicacity overspread with ancient lights, always emitted new rays of truth,—whatsoever it promulgated, either for the increase of knowledge or in declaration of the faith,—this, while recent, was poured into our ears, not mystified by imperfect narration nor corrupted by absurdity, but from the press of the purest presser it passed, dregless, into the vat of our memory."

He is nowhere [says Lord Campbell] more entertaining than in describing and reprobating the ill-usage to which the clasped books of his time were liable. "You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth, lounging sluggishly in his study: while the frost pinches him in winter time, oppressed with cold, his watery nose drops,—nor does he take the trouble to wipe it with his handkerchief till it has moistened the book beneath it with its vile dew. For such a one I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He has a nail like a giant's perfumed with stinking ordure, with which he points out the place of any pleasant subject. He distributes innumerable straws in various places, with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the mark what his memory cannot retain. These straws, which the stomach of the book never digests, and which nobody takes out, at first distend the book from its accustomed closure, and being carelessly left to oblivion, at last become putrid. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his empty cup from side to side upon it: and because he has not his alms-bag at hand, he leaves the rest of the fragments in his books. He never ceases to chatter with eternal garrulity to his companions; and while he adduces a multitude of reasons void of physical meaning, he waters the book, spread out upon his lap, with the sputtering of his saliva. What is worse, he next recline with his elbows on the book, and by a short study invites a long nap; and by way of repairing the wrinkles, he twists back the margins of the leaves, to the no small detriment of the volume. He goes out in the rain, and returns, and now flowers make their appearance upon our soil. Then the scholar we are describing, the neglecter rather than the inspector of books, stuffs his volume with firstling violets, roses, and quadrifoils. He will next apply his wet hands, oozing with sweat, to turning over the volumes; then beat the white parchment all over with his dusty gloves, or hunt over the page, line by line, with his fore-finger covered with dirty leather. Then, as the flea bites, the holy book is thrown aside; which, however, is scarcely closed once in a month, and is so swelled with the dust that has fallen into it, that it will not yield to the efforts of the closer."

I can only venture on one other extract, which goes to show why the Chancellors in those days were ecclesiastics, and exposes the gross ignorance which prevailed among laymen, who, being unable to read, did not know how to hold a book, and are coupled with "dirty scullions." "Farthermore, laymen, to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books. Let the clerk also take order that the *dirty scullion*, stinking from the pots, do not touch the leaves of books, unwashed."

Like a Bishop and an ex-Chancellor, he properly concludes by supporting his doctrine with the highest authorities. "The most meek Moses instructs us about making cases for books in the neatest manner, wherein they may be safely preserved from all damage. *Take this book*, says he, *and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God.* O befitting place, made of imperishable Shittim wood, and covered all over, inside and out, with gold!"

We have indulged in too much of what might very well pass for a piece of ingenious modern mystification. Lord Campbell is surprised that, in England, no "De Bury Club" has been established. It is, indeed, a grievous oversight, and one that will, doubtless, speedily be repaired.

Though Edward III. had a variety of Chancellors, respectable in point of capacity, we must not expect to meet with another so amusing as De Bury.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, while John de Thoresby was the Chancellor of Edward, the famous *Statute of Treasons* was passed, which, says Lord Campbell, "did more for the liberties of England than Magna Charta itself," and which continues in force, but extended in form, to the present day. De Thoresby, like so many of his predecessors in office, was made Archbishop of York, and, like Becket, resigned the Seals. His successor, William de Edington, Bishop of Winchester, refused the Primacy, by this time settled in the See of Canterbury; quaintly remarking, that "the *Rack* of Canterbury was *higher*, but the *Manger* of Winchester was *larger*." It was at this time the custom for the Chancellors, instead of the sovereigns, as in later times, to open Parliament, which they did with a kind of homily, or rambling sermon, on a text of Scripture, which was generally turned into a compliment to the reigning prince.

Still more famous than the book-collecting John de Bury, was another of Edward III.'s numerous Chancellors; the celebrated "William of Wickham," "the son of poor but honest parents," namely, John Long of Wickham, in Hampshire, and Sibyl his wife. This distinguished person, whose memory will ever be dear to all admirers of ecclesiastical and gothic architecture, and lovers of the fine arts and of gentle antiquity, as will that of De Bury to book-worms, while quite a child attracted the attention of Nicolas Uvedale, lord of the manor, and governor of Winchester castle, who sent him to Winchester school, made him his private secretary, and introduced him to King Edward, as one already eminently skilled in architecture, and enthusiastically devoted to that art. By this time, there was no cathedral, church, or Norman castle, for many miles round the high turret in which he lodged, in Winchester Castle, that "William of Wickham" had not visited. His modesty, acquirements, and insinuating manners, made a favourable impression on Edward, who appointed him "Clerk of the King's Works," on certain manors, and afterwards "Surveyor of the King's Works in the castle and Park of Windsor." Though the story is considered apocryphal, as Lord Campbell is a believer, we must give an extract here: silence were unpardonable:—

Edward, after his great victories, now meditated the erection of a palace where, according to the taste of the age, he might entertain the flower of European chivalry of which he was the acknowledged head; affording his brother knights a full opportunity to display their prowess in the tournament, and to lead the dance with their lady-loves in the brilliant hall at night. Windsor, the destined site, had been occasionally the residence of our sovereigns since the Conquest; but what was then

called "the Castle," consisted of a few irregular buildings, with pepper-boxes at the corners of them.

Wickham furnished the designs for the new Castle, such nearly as we now behold it, suitable to its noble position, and for simplicity and grandeur superior to any royal residence in the world. He showed corresponding vigour in carrying the plan into execution. By a stretch of prerogative, every county in England was obliged to send a contingent of masons and other workmen, and in a surprisingly short period the structure was completed.

The King, to celebrate the event, founded the illustrious order of the Garter, which now adds to the patronage of the Prime Minister, and furnishes the object of highest ambition to our greatest nobles.

It is said that the architect gave deep offence to his royal master by placing on one of the gates the inscription, "*This made Wichem*," which was construed into an arrogant appropriation to himself of all the glory of the edifice. But he insisted that the words were to be read as a translation of "Wichamum fecit hoc," not of "Hoc fecit Wichamus."

Edward, if there be any truth in the offence, was appeased, and delighted to honour his accomplished Master of Works, who, having found it necessary to take orders to pave the way for farther advancement, soon afterwards obtained a plentiful shower of benefices, besides holding his former secular employments, and being appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal. Lord Campbell is compelled to own that Wickham—

Did not attend much to his spiritual duties: but he showed great dexterity in civil business, and a natural aptitude for every situation in which he was placed; so that he escaped the envy that might have been expected to attend his elevation, and was a general favourite. Conscious how much he owed to his delicate attention to the feelings of others, when he had from the Heralds a grant of arms, he took for his motto, "Manners makyth man."

On the death of Edington, no better qualified individual presenting himself, Edward had appointed this favourite his Chancellor, and graced his installation by a new Great Seal. William of Wickham was no lawyer, and his inefficiency caused great discontent. His biographer thus conjectures how he may have managed :—

The Chancellor no doubt invited those who practised in his court to sumptuous banquets at his palace in Southwark; made himself very agreeable in society; availed himself discreetly of the talents and experience of those around him; and, that he might not give unnecessary trouble to himself, nor offence to others, *affirmed* in all cases brought before him on appeal: but the suitors complained bitterly of his delays and inefficiency; and, as their wrongs gradually excited the sympathy of the public, at last parliament interfered. In 1371, when William had been Chancellor four years, the "Earls, Barons, and Commons of England," (the Lords Spiritual, as might have been expected, not joining in the vote,) petitioned the King, "that thenceforth none but laymen should be appointed Chancellor or other great officer or governor of the realm, for the state had been too long governed by churchmen *queux ne sont mye justiciables en touz cas*."

The King felt the necessity of yielding; and William of Wickham, accordingly, gave way to Sir Robert Thorpe, an able, learned, and popular judge; but one of whom history has taken little account, for a reason thus shrewdly rendered :—

I find, from my laborious researches, that while a Chancellor is going on in the equal and satisfactory discharge of his duty, little notice is taken of him, and that he is only made prominent by biographers and historians when he takes bribes, perverts the law, violates the constitution, oppresses the innocent, and brings ruin on his country.

Towards the close of his brilliant reign, King Edward had become very unpopular; and William of Wickham shared in his royal master's altered fortunes. A valiant parliament, which obtained the name of "the good parliament," from its opposition to the court, among other royal favourites which it attacked, accused of extortion, selling illegal grants, and other offences, William of Wickham, who was suspected of being protected by the King's mistress, the obnoxious Alice Pierce. He was impeached, and unfairly tried; his temporalities were forfeited; and he was ordered to keep at a distance of twenty miles from the King's person. Eighteen years later, in the subsequent reign, William of Wickham, who soon recovered from this disgrace, again for a time held the Great Seal. The functions of the Chancellor, as a judge, had now grown into great importance; and other qualifications were required than those possessed either by priests, royal favourites, or cultivators of the Fine Arts.

Between the periods that William of Wickham held the Great Seal, the rebellion of Wat Tyler occurred, instigated in a great measure by the Chancellor, Simon de Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had prevailed with the Commons to grant that hateful capitation tax, which filled the whole kingdom with discontent, and ultimately caused rebellion. De Sudbury was one of the first victims of the infuriated mob, who seized and dragged him to Tower Hill, to be executed as a traitor.

In this extremity he displayed great courage and constancy, and addressing the multitude, reminded them of his sacred character, and tried to rouse them to some sense of justice and humanity. All these appeals were ineffectual; after many blows his head was struck off, and his dead body was treated with barbarous indignity.

But it was believed that miracles were worked to punish his murderers, and to show that he had been received in heaven as a Saint. It is gravely related, that the executioner who had committed the horrid sacrilege went mad, and was struck with blindness; that a man, blind for many years, on praying to be cured for his sake, was immediately restored to sight; and (as we may well believe) that a woman who had been long in difficult labour, having prayed for his intercession, was the same day delivered of three fine boys, all received into the Church by baptism.

Among the Chancellors of Richard II. and his successor Henry IV. one of the most remarkable was the avaricious Cardinal Beaufort, who had a difficult office in defending Church property from the secret desires of the King, and the grasp of the House of Commons. On this subject Lord Campbell remarks :

All who are friendly to a well-endowed church ought to exclaim, "Thank God we have had a House of Lords." The Chancellor, in a speech from the text, "Rex vocavit seniores terræ," having pressed most urgently for supplies, the Commons came in a body, and the King being on the throne, proposed, "That without burthening his people, he might supply his occasions by seizing on the revenues of the clergy; that the clergy possessed a third part of the riches of the realm, which evidently made them negligent in their duty; and that the lessening of their excessive incomes would be a double advantage both to the church and the state."

Archbishop Arundel, being now free from the trammels of office, said to the King, who seems to have been addressed as the president of the assembly, "That

though the ecclesiastics served him not in person, it could not be inferred that they were unserviceable; that the stripping the clergy of their estates would put a stop to their prayers night and day for the welfare of the state; and there was no expecting God's protection of the kingdom if the prayers of the church were so little valued." The Speaker of the Commons, standing at the bar, smiled, and said openly, "*that he thought the prayers of the church a very slender supply.*" To which the Archbishop answered, with some emotion, "that if the prayers of the church were so slighted, it would be found difficult to deprive them of their estates without exposing the kingdom to great danger; and so long as he were Archbishop of Canterbury, he would oppose the injustice to the utmost in his power." Then suddenly falling on his knees before the King, "he strongly pressed him in point of conscience, and endeavoured to make him sensible that of all the crimes a Prince could commit, none was so heinous as an invasion of the Church's patrimony."

This was called the "Lack-learning Parliament," and of it Lord Campbell remarks:

The recklessness of the Commons may have arisen from their not having had a single LAWYER *in their assembly. . .*

And Sir Edward Coke observes with some spleen, that "there never was a good law made thereat:" adding that as these writs were against law, lawyers ever since (FOR THE GREAT AND GOOD SERVICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH) have been eligible.

Cardinal Beaufort, who soon lost favour and office, was again made Chancellor during the reign of Henry V., and again met a Parliament determined to have a clutch at church property, though quite willing to put down the Lollards, and to second the Chancellor, and the other prelates, in preventing the reading of Wickliffe's Bible, and other such enormities. In the following years the Commons made complaints of the arbitrary proceedings of the Court of Chancery, but with little effect. On a pressing emergency Henry V. at one time pawned the crown; the rich and avaricious Cardinal refusing to take other security.—We must quote an act of the last Parliament in which Cardinal Beaufort presided.

At the last parliament over which Cardinal Beaufort presided during the present reign, an act was passed with his concurrence, and probably with the great applause of the English nation,—who for many centuries hated, and despised, and oppressed their Irish fellow subjects,—"That none of the Irish nation should be elected an Archbishop, Bishop, Abbot, or Prior; and that whoever promoted such to those ecclesiastical preferments, or brought any such Irish rebels to parliaments, councils, or other assemblies among the English, should have all their temporal estates seized into the King's hands till they had paid the fines due for such offences."

Cardinal Beaufort, by his avarice, had disgusted the King, who seized the first opportunity of taking the Great Seal from his pawnbroker. But fortune again favoured him; and when the baby king, Henry VI., succeeded to the throne, the Great Seal was, in the strife of parties, once more shuffled over to Beaufort. For the sake of an imposing spectacle, the infant sovereign was at this time made to open Parliament.

On the day of meeting, the royal infant was carried on a great horse from the Tower of London through the city to Westminster. Having taken some pap at the palace, he was from thence conducted to the House of Lords, and sat on his mother's knee on the throne. "It was a strange sight," says Speed, "and the first time it ever was seen in England, an infant sitting in his mother's lap, and before it could tell what English meant, to exercise the place of sovereign direction in open parliament."

The Chancellor took for his text, "Gloria, honor, et pax, omni operanti bonum." He slyly threw out various sarcasms on his opponents in the council, under pretence of inculcating the duty of the people to obey those who are set over them, although not good in themselves. "But a real good councillor," (meaning himself) "he compared to an elephant for three properties; the one in that he wanted a gall, the second that he was inflexible and could not bow, and the third that he was of a most sound and perfect memory."

The violent struggle between the Cardinal and his kinsman, the Protector, is matter of history. He was compelled for a time to give way, compelled to yield for a time to his rival and nephew; and soon after his impeachment and acquittal, gave up the Great Seal. This surrender, Lord Campbell suggests, may have been made a condition of his reconcilement with the Protector, the Duke of Gloucester. The subsequent career of Cardinal Beaufort, is familiar to every reader of English history, and of Shakspere's dramas. We give but one more trait of him from "The Lives of the Chancellors."

In 1431, he again went abroad, and at Rouen he assisted at the trial of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, and joined in the sentence that she should be burnt alive for heresy and witchcraft. He was the only Englishman who was concerned in this atrocity, and our neighbours the French, when they so eagerly impute it to us as a national disgrace, should remember that the Bishop of Beauvais and all her other judges were Frenchmen; and that she was brought to trial under an arrêt of the parliament of Paris. . . . .

The Cardinal himself died six weeks after the murder of his nephew, which, it is said, gave him more remorse in his last moments than could naturally have been expected to be felt by a man hardened, during the course of a long life of violence, in falsehood and in religious hypocrisy. His death-bed is described in harrowing terms by our great dramatic bard:—

> Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope!
> —He dies and makes no sign.

And the agony of his despair is, if possible, made more dreadful by the lofty conception and successful execution of the scene in the masterpiece of Reynolds.

But volumes have been written to prove that his life was innocent and his end pious, by arguments which may carry conviction to the mind of those who believe that Richard III. was a remarkably straight and handsome man, with a very tender heart. The Cardinal's enormous wealth was applied, according to his will, in founding oratories for priests to pray for his soul, and this may account for the attempts which have been made to vindicate his memory.

In Dr. Lingard, Cardinal Beaufort has found a defender; but the Lord Cardinal's deeds must to posterity speak for him, and evilly.

Cromwell's chaplains could not have made more edifying discourses at the opening of a parliament, than the Chancellors of those reigns, though the strain was very different. It is fortunate that this custom has fallen into desuetude; for though Lord Erskine, or Lord Brougham, as Scotsmen, might have handled a text to some purpose, Lord Eldon, and Lord Lyndhurst, must have made sad work of it.

The rebellion of Jack Cade, and the wars of the Roses, disturbed nearly the whole reign of Henry VI. during which several Chancellors flourished. Of the number, John Stafford is remembered as e supporter of "holy Henry," in founding Eton

College. But the most distinguished Chancellors of this unhappy reign were Cardinal Bourchier, and William Waynflete, the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford; in which, long afterwards, when the Yorkists had triumphed, and Richard III. supplanted his nephew, the Usurper was entertained by the ex-Chancellor, and requited the hospitality shown him, by gifts to the disputants set to combat before him in philosophy and divinity.

Bearing in mind certain recent embroilments about Parliamentary privilege, and the decided part taken in these by Lord Campbell, aptitude is found in this remark on Sir John Fortescue, the most able and estimable of the Chancellors of Henry VI.

As a common-law judge he is highly extolled by Lord Coke, and he seems to have been one of the most learned and upright men who ever sat in the Court of King's Bench.

He laid the foundation of parliamentary privilege, to which our liberties are mainly to be ascribed. He had the sagacity to see, that if questions concerning the privileges of Parliament were to be determined by the common-law judges appointed and removable by the Crown, these privileges must soon be extinguished, and pure despotism must be established. He perceived that the Houses of Parliament alone were competent to decide upon their own privileges, and that this power must be conceded to them, even in analogy to the practice of the Court of Chancery and other inferior tribunals.

Edward IV. had several Chancellors, one of whom, Chancellor Rotherham, acquired great popularity by passing an act

"To oblige all Irishmen born, *or coming of Irish parents*, who reside in England, either to repair to and remain in Ireland, or else to pay yearly a certain sum there rated for the defence of the same." We fear [adds Lord Campbell,] this was not meant as an absentee tax for the benefit of Ireland, but was, in reality, an oppressive levy on obnoxious *aliens*, such as was imposed on the Jews till they were finally banished from the realm.

The Irish ex-Chancellor, in the course of his work, never forgets to notice "Injustices to Ireland;" though if there be as much of the alleged ancient dislike still existing as he believes, it must be confessed that it is at least mutual; and that no love for the Saxons is lost on the part of the Irish.

In the brief reign of the infant king, Edward V. a John Russell held the Seals, whom Lord Campbell would fain have to be of the Bedford family, though it does not claim him; and this perhaps, as our author concludes, from his connexion with the Usurper Richard III. and the suspicion that he had betrayed two sovereigns to whom he had sworn allegiance. To Walter Valance, however, it is probable, or to Chancellor John Russell, belongs the credit of the excellent laws passed during the short reign of the Usurper. After being dismissed from office, (for no one ever thinks of a Chancellor voluntarily resigning,) Russell was made perpetual Chancellor of Oxford. This same John Russell was an author of some reputation in his own age; and Sir Thomas More has celebrated him as "a wise and a good man, of much experience."

Cardinal Morton, appointed Chancellor by Henry VII., shortly after the latter attained the throne, held the office for thirteen years, until his death. Like many other English Chancellors he was a man of considerable literary attainments, and as liberal, and we should say constitutional in his views, as the sordid character of his wary sovereign could permit. Sir Thomas More was brought up in the family of Cardinal Morton, in the fashion of the youths in that age, and has highly eulogized his early patron. Lord Campbell, without quoting any authority, mentions the supposition, that Morton was the author of the English life of Richard III., usually attributed to More; and strongly relied on by the modern defenders or vindicators of the Hunchback.

William Warham, Bishop of London, who was Chancellor in the latter years of Henry VII., continued to hold the Seals during the reign of his successor, until undermined by the ambition and intrigues of Wolsey, who forced him to resign; which he did, leaving in his Court a great reputation for the strict and impartial administration of justice. Warham was in one respect a remarkable Chancellor.

When on his death-bed, he asked his steward what money he had in the world, and was answered, "Thirty pounds:" he exclaimed, "Satis viatici in cœlum." His effects were found hardly sufficient to pay his debts and the small expense of his funeral.

Warham was the discriminating and liberal patron who first induced Erasmus to visit England, or who at least gave him preferment and munificent presents, and continued, though fallen himself, the friend and correspondent of the great scholar, till his own death. In his dotage, Lord Chancellor Warham fell into the popular delusion of the Holy Maid of Kent; and the faith of the aged prelate, now Archbishop of Canterbury, in her ravings, countenanced the imposture, which ended so fatally for the "Holy Maid" and her victims. But, alas for the "follies of the wise!" More himself did not escape this temporary mania.

With the Chancellorship of Wolsey begins a new era in "The Lives of the Chancellors." Two of the most remarkable men who have held the Seals, Wolsey and More, directly follow each other in the order of history; for a brief interval carries us through the Chancellors of the remaining years of Henry VIII. The twenty years' reign, as Lord Keeper, of Sir Nicolas Bacon, the father of the great Lord Bacon, and the Chancellorship of Sir Christopher Hatton, and Lord Ellesmere, afford Lord Campbell an opportunity of displaying his great knowledge of the constitution and laws of England, while narrating the many remarkable trials and questions of law which occurred while they held the Seals. Among these events, were the trials of Mary Queen of Scots and her unfortunate adherents. Lord Campbell, as a biographer, takes those warm likings, and also hearty dislikes, which give piquancy to his narrative. He dislikes both Sir Christopher Hatton and Elizabeth, and makes no secret of it; and this very natural aversion gives animation and colour to the biography of this royal favourite, which we notice more for the sake of displaying the character of the work, than for any interest felt in the Life of the man who forms its theme.

The appointment of Hatton, on the decease

of Lord Chancellor Bromley, caused universal astonishment, — "A gay young cavalier, never called to the bar, and chiefly famed for his handsome person, his taste in dress, and his skill in dancing." But, it is said, and roundly, "Hatton thus qualified was placed at the head of the magistracy" by Elizabeth, "because he was her lover." Lord Campbell gives a lively account of the youth, rise, and decline of Chancellor Hatton, which may also stand as a faithful picture of the gallant cavaliers and young courtiers of Elizabeth's reign.

He was born in the year 1539, being the third and youngest son of William Hatton, Esq. of Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, a family originally from Cheshire, of considerable antiquity, but very moderate wealth. Although he never left home till he was sent to the University, he was early remarkable for sprightliness and vivacity as well as comeliness; but he was idle and volatile, and he imbibed with difficulty, from a domestic tutor, the first rudiments of knowledge. He already showed the vanity which always distinguished him; and being much spoiled as the child of his father's old age, he succeeded in prevailing upon the indulgent Squire to enter him a gentleman-commoner at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, although the additional expense thus incurred could ill be afforded.

While at college, he was exceedingly popular with his companions; but he spent much more time in fencing and archery than in perusing Aristotle and Aquinas; and from the fear of being *plucked*, he left Oxford without trying for a degree.

Being intended for the bar, he was now transferred to the Inner Temple; but it was said, that "he rather took a bait than made a meal at the Inns of Court, whilst he studied the laws therein." He was, in truth, a noted roisterer and swash-buckler, hearing the chimes at midnight, knowing where the *bona robas* were; and sometimes lying all night in the Windmill, in St. George's Fields. But while he spent much of his time in dicing and gallantry, there were two amusements to which he particularly devoted himself, and which laid the foundation of his future fortune. The first was *dancing*, which he studied under the best masters, and in which he excelled beyond any man of his time. The other was the *stage*; he constantly frequented the theatres, which, although Shakspeare was still a boy at Stratford-on-Avon, were beginning to flourish,—and he himself used to assist in writing masques, and took a part in performing them. He was one of five students of the Inner Temple who wrote a play entitled "Tancred and Gismund," which, in the year 1568, was acted, by that Society, before the Queen.

He did not act in this piece himself; but his fashionable accomplishments and agreeable manners introducing him into the best society, he at last had a part assigned him in a masque at Court, which gave him a very favourable opportunity to show off his fine person, his elegant taste for dress, and his unrivalled proficiency in dancing.

The tender heart of Elizabeth was at once touched by his athletic frame, manly beauty, and graceful air; and she openly expressed her high admiration of his dancing. An offer was instantly made by her to admit him of the band of gentlemen pensioners. He expressed great willingness to renounce all his prospects in the profession of the law, but informed her that he had incurred debts which were beginning to be troublesome to him. She advanced him money to pay them off—at the same time (*more suo*) taking a bond and statute-merchant to repay her when he should be of ability. He little thought he should ever hear of these securities, which afterwards were supposed to be the cause of his death; —and before he had even reached the degree of apprentice or utter barrister, he joyfully transferred himself from his dull chambers in the Temple to a gay apartment assigned him in the Palace, near the Queen's. He was henceforth the reigning favourite, and his official promotion was rapid. He was successively made a gentleman of the Queen's privy chamber, captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners (her body guard,) Vice-chamberlain, and a member of the Privy Council. This delight of the Queen to honour him caused much envy and some scandal.

The extracts from ballads, broadsides, and forgotten tracts and plays, with which Lord Campbell has illustrated or illuminated the foot of his pages, are as remarkable as the State Papers and grave muniments which he has investigated, and they are often much more welcome, we should think, to the reader, who sees more of the true spirit of an age in a popular song, than in a Parliamentary speech.

Hatton, then Elizabeth's Vice-chamberlain, looked only to the satisfaction of his royal mistress, in the persecution of her rival the Queen of Scots, and though, after the execution of Mary, Elizabeth affected violent displeasure with her favourite, Secretary Davison, "by" says Lord Campbell, "a preconcerted plan, was made the only victim."

Balls and masques were resumed, and being still the handsomest man, and the best drest, and the most gallant, and the best dancer at Court, — he gained new consequence, pretending to become an orator and a statesman.

It was at this conjuncture that Lord Chancellor Bromley died, and the Great Seal was to be disposed of. Love and gratitude filled the mind of Elizabeth, and after some misgivings,—whether he who would have made a most excellent Lord Chamberlain was exactly fitted for the duties of Lord Chancellor, she resolved at all hazards to appoint him. . . . . Some of the courtiers at first thought that this ceremony was a piece of wicked pleasantry on the part of the Queen; but when it was seen that she was serious, all joined in congratulating the new Lord Chancellor.

However obsequious the courtiers, Westminster Hall and the Inns of Court were somewhat malcontent, — yet was the favourite magnificently installed. We have much more "scandal about Queen Elizabeth" and her successive lovers.—— Sir Christopher Hatton, though much younger than the Queen, was at last getting somewhat aged; and Essex, a youth of not yet twenty-one, was sighing at the Queen's feet,—

And by his songs and his tilting, by his spirit and address, by his flowing locks and unrazored lip, had captivated her affections, and had been rapidly promoted to be Master of the Horse, Captain General of the cavalry, a Knight of the Garter, and Prime Favourite. The spoiled school-boy, tired of the fondness of "the old woman," as he called her, had fled the Court and clandestinely joined the expedition fitted out under Sir Francis Drake, for the coast of Spain, to avenge on Philip the insults of the Armada. Still Hatton was too much occupied to avail himself of this conjuncture, and he had the deep mortification of finding himself, on his occasional visits to Whitehall or St. James's, to Richmond or Greenwich, entirely neglected and slighted for younger men.

On one of these occasions he saw a handsome youth from Devonshire throw his brave silken cloak into the mire for a foot-cloth to the Queen, and instantly taken into favour by her, and appointed to the post which he himself had once held, and which he would now have been delighted to exchange for the Great Seal. Sir Walter Raleigh had the special care of her person, as Captain of her band of gentlemen pensioners.

But the Queen not only forsook the Chancellor for younger lovers, but actually dunned him for the money she had, in her early fondness, lent to free him from embarrassments incurred by

extravagance. He did not deny the debt; but pleaded poverty, and craved delay; which, instead of granting, the Queen directed her law officers to prosecute him. Poor man! the lovers of Queens are sometimes not more fortunate than the mistresses of Kings.

All contemporary accounts agree that the Queen's neglect and cruelty had such an effect upon his spirits that he died of a broken heart. In Trinity term, 1591, it was publicly observed that he had lost his gaiety and good looks. He did not rally during the long vacation, and when Michaelmas term came round he was confined to his bed. His sad condition being related to Elizabeth, all her former fondness for him revived, and she herself hurried to his house in Ely Place with cordial broths, in the hope of restoring him. These she warmed and offered him with her own hand, while he lay in bed, adding many soothing expressions, and bidding him live for her sake. "But," he said, "all will not do: No pullies will draw up a heart once cast down, though a Queen herself should set her hand thereunto." He died in the evening of Friday the 21st of November, in the 54th year of his age.

He was immediately compared to Jonah's gourd, and described as "a mere vegetable of the Court, that sprung at night and sunk again at noon." He had, however, a most splendid funeral.

Though no lawyer, Hatton had the sense to consult "Dr. Swale," and was industrious. Yet how much happier had the Lord Chancellor of England, the favourite of Elizabeth, been, had the fates only made him a village dancing-master!

While holding the Great Seal his greatest distinction continued to be his skill in dancing, and, as often as he had an opportunity, he abandoned himself to this amusement. Attending the marriage of his nephew and heir with a Judge's daughter, he was decked, according to the custom of the age, in his official robes; and it is recorded, that when the music struck up he doffed them, threw them down on the floor, and saying, "Lie there, Mr. Chancellor!" danced the measures at the nuptial festivity. . . . . The nature of his intimacy with Elizabeth, it is to be hoped, was not such as to deprive her of the right to the title that she so often boasted of in public, but it certainly caused much scandal in their own time.

Lord Campbell has given himself scope in the memoir of Lord Ellesmere, Elizabeth's last Chancellor; and even enters into such minute particulars as her visits to this Lord Keeper, and her most melancholy dying hours. The spirit of legal biography is enlarged indeed, in our happy days, when we find an ex-Chancellor critically settling the difficult point of whether "the immortal tragedy of Othello," was brought out or not before Elizabeth visited Ellesmere's seat of Harefield, and whether Buridges' company were sent for to perform it before the Queen. The revels and pageants at Harefield make it a sort of little Kenilworth; and although Milton was not yet born to compose masques, as he afterwards did, to entertain the ladies and guests of the Egerton family, Lord Campbell conjectures that Ben Jonson may have, on this occasion, lent his assistance. The quantity of provisions and dainties that were provided, is enormous. The mummery was clumsy enough, if we may take as evidence the farewell address, which *Harefield*, personified as a disconsolate widow arrayed in sables, delivered to the Queen, with, what she probably valued more, "*an anchor jewel.*"

His zeal and affection did not prevent the Chancellor from paying anxious and immediate court to Elizabeth's successor, from whom he obtained the Seals, which he greedily clutched till almost the latest hour of his life, and unwillingly resigned at last, at the age of seventy-six, having held them longer than any Chancellor, — always excepting Lord Eldon. His successor was the illustrious Bacon. Lord Campbell "sums up" very favourably for Chancellor Ellesmere: and it may be something to say justly, for a lawyer and statesman of Elizabeth's reign, what would be very negative praise of any other man,—"He never betrayed a friend."

Considering the life of Lord Bacon as still unwritten, or "still a desideratum in English literature," Lord Campbell has produced one of great elaboration, though we fear that it will not, to many, supply the "desideratum." With fine sympathy with Wolsey in his fallen fortunes, and a warm and affectionate appreciation of all that was virtuous, kindly, and amiable in Sir Thomas More, our author has no indulgence for Bacon, and but scanty justice to show the memory of him whom he acknowledges to have been by far the greatest of English Chancellors. Lord Campbell has not properly weighed those memorable, and, as they have become, pathetic words in Bacon's last will, "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable constructions." But we must, though cursorily, notice his more genial lives of Wolsey and More, before proceeding to this painful, humiliating, and somewhat narrow-spirited, if not acrimonious record, of a great man's life.

(*To be continued.*)

ANE REMONSTRANCE WITH OUR POETS.

BY JER. GINGER.

O, once the poet, like Heaven's bird,
Sang from the fulness of the heart;
They call'd it well the joyous art,
For there was health in every word:
Great thoughts are simple,—so was he;
Great hearts are merry, fresh, and free,
And there lay his philosophy.

Not his with moping melancholy,
Like a day of drizzling showers,
Gloomily wading through dull hours,
To sadden all things high and holy.
Earth might be curséd, men be bad,
Yet was there much in sunshine clad,
That, like the devil, no shadow had.

True; one might be at next-door dying,
Yet mirth was o'er the cradle here;
And, certes, it were paying dear
For life, to live for ever sighing:
Yet he that wore a smiling face,
Could feel as well as the weeping race,
And show it with as good a grace.

I'm weary of your "broken hearts;"
My own is sore with "maids forsaken;"
"The last sad looks," I trust, are taken
Of "Odes to Death," and "Songs of Shirts."
Our poets take with grief; but yet
'Twould need even Falstaff's waist and wit,
To assure me they improve on it.

OUR HEARTH AND HOMESTEAD.*

(Concluded from No. CXXXIII. p. 42.)

Our readers, no, not one of them, can have forgotten the brave old Squire Lawrence of the *Range*, his *fides Achates* honest John Hardy, Mike Crouch, the *eldritch* Earth-stopper, with his friend Peter Parkins, the Razor-grinder, and his dog Toby, as much a character as himself. No; such oblivion is utterly impossible. How could the spirited little hero of the tale, "Master Tom," the "Foundling," the second of that name, be forgotten? or yet his guide in woodcraft, Job Sykes, the Squire's huntsman? or Job's notable dame, a kindlier sort of Mrs. Caudle in her own small way, long before that celebrated lady had been heard of? These things, which have been, and "were most dear," cannot be forgotten by our readers; some of whom, on the contrary, have been gently jogging our elbow, hinting that we are playing cruel with the whetted edge of their curiosity. All in good time: the thread of a good story, which for a while slipt through our fingers, has been cleverly taken up elsewhere; and here is our old tale reproduced and continued in three neat volumes, forming, of its kind—its sylvan, familiar, homely, humorous, and rural old English kind,—and under the title of *The Old Hall*, one of the best novels of 1845-6.

We need not once more go over the old ground. Our readers must well remember the *diablerie* of the impish Mike Crouch; the night-mare dreams of John Hardy; the appearance of the chubby infant Tom, one fine night, packed up in a basket; the whispered scandals affecting the morals of the genial Squire's faithful friend, John; and the growth, nurture, and training of the brave boy, in whom the affections of the whole household, with all its rural dependencies, soon centred. The otter-hunts, and fox-hunts, and fishing-excursions, in which Master Tom, while still in his teens, became the prince of sportsmen, cannot be forgotten. In these Mr. Mills has here excelled himself. He has long made this domain his own, whether in fiction or in reality. His sporting scenes have the animation, the rapid movement, the out-door breezy freshness of the actual. No one carries the reader so briskly and fairly into the real country, and in earnest sets him to work in its varied sports, and amid its fairest scenes.

Of such sporting sketches, descriptions of old English games, and rustic amusements, and the manners and household life of a class with which Mr. Mills seems thoroughly well acquainted, namely, sporting country gentlemen, and their out-door attendants of all degrees, the bulk of what remains of the story is made up.—As for the main plot, Master Tom, now grown up into a fine high-spirited, handsome lad, the darling of all in and about "Our Hearth and Homestead," and the adopted heir of the Squire and John Hardy, becomes exceedingly anxious to discover his real parentage. Not less so were his friends and patrons; and the cunning Mike Crouch, and the rascally Razor-grinder, Peter Parkins, tried to make, if not their fortunes, their bread, bacon, and beer, by amusing the family with pretended stories and discoveries of the boy's parents. Peter, indeed, at one time contemplated the propriety of assuming the honour of being father of the Squire's adopted heir himself. In consequence of the plotting and counter-plotting of these worthies, who, like all other rogues, are often in mortal terror of discovery, honest John Hardy set off, on his famous cob, Blossom, and at the Lion, a country inn where he passed the night, accidentally stumbled upon the only man who could give him the information after which he had been sent a wild-goose chase by Mike and his confederate. The nocturnal scene which leads to the grand discovery of Master Tom's parentage, is somewhat too much in the style of Smollett or Fielding, for the present delicate age,—"some folks' ears," as Mrs. Honor remarks, "being, marry! the nicest parts about them." It is enough for our purpose, that certain nocturnal and conjugal disturbances in the Lion brought John Hardy into contact with a certain rather equivocal Mr. Tobias Smith, who, however out at elbows at this time, had once borne his Majesty's commission, and who was now bound for "The Range."

John Hardy had a very powerful inclination to inquire about the pleasure or business that Tobias Smith might have at the Range; but he mastered the desire to put the question.

"I know the Range very well," observed he; "it belongs to an old friend of mine."

"The devil it does!" ejaculated the stranger. "Indeed! Humph! then you may know something of the *stir* that I caused there some years ago, and which, I have been given to understand, has never been allowed to settle down again."

It was very natural that John should inquire what this was, having prefaced the query by declaring that he did not; and, in a homely phrase, without beating about the bush, he asked for the particulars of this event.

"Did you never hear of a fine, fat, living baby being sent—"

John Hardy sprang from the floor as if it had suddenly heaved him into the air, and, rushing towards the no less surprised Tobias Smith, clutched him by both hands, and by main force dragged him into a chair.

"Young man," said he, in a scarcely articulate voice, "you've touched a chord"—and John thumped himself significantly on the bosom.

It was a long tale this of Mr. Tobias Smith, when it at last came out, to the utter discomfiture, of course, of the schemes of Peter Parkins and Mike Crouch. Many years before, John Hardy, even then a kind of old bachelor, had been on the point of marrying a certain beautiful Mary Weston; but he had an orphan *protégé*, just grown up to a handsome young fellow, for whom honest John had obtained a commission. Mary and this young

* The Old Hall; or, Our Hearth and Homestead. By John Mills, Author of "The Old English Gentleman," "The Stage-Coach; or, The Road of Life," "The English Fireside," "The Sportsman's Library," &c. &c. London: T. C. Newby.

gentleman met. Love is irresistible. They were forgetful, ungrateful: they fled together, and were married; and the kind heart of John Hardy, overbrimming with love for both delinquents, had long since forgiven the fault against gratitude and himself, which had been severely expiated. America was then the theatre of war, and before Tom was born, his unhappy father, Lieutenant Gordon, placed in suspicious circumstances, became the innocent victim of a hurried court-martial, and died the death of a traitor. Before his execution, Gordon said to his comrade, the now broken-down Tobias—

"My last request is, that this letter may be delivered to Mr. Hardy upon the return of my wretched wife to England, if," he continued in a suppressed tone, "she lives to get there. I know that she will then find a protector, notwithstanding what has passed; for when *John Hardy forgives an injury he forgets it.*"

"I promised to see his behests obeyed as far as I possibly could."

Tom was born on the homeward voyage; and the unhappy mother, the youthful widow, only when driven to extremity, resolved to intrust John Hardy, whom she durst not meet, with the care of her child. Tom was accordingly brought to the Range in the manner our readers already know, by the said Tobias, who, from that hour, had never seen nor heard of Mrs. Gordon.

"Poor Mary had intrusted me with her son," said John Hardy, hurling the handkerchief from his face, and, throwing his arms round Mr. Tom's neck, he smothered him with caresses. The parties were now at the Range.

"Marvellous, extraordinary, most wonderful!" exclaimed the Squire, almost bewildered with astonishment.

"But not less true, sir, for all that," remarked Tobias Smith.

"Does no one know," gasped Master Tom, almost struggling to make himself heard, "what became of my mother?"

"No one, as it appears, that we are at present acquainted with," replied Tobias Smith.

"Never mind! never mind!" ejaculated John Hardy, convulsed with excitement. "We will find her out if alive, and if ———" perhaps he would have added, "dead;" but the word died upon his lips, and he could say nothing more.

All was now joy at the Range, where field-sports were the order of every day. At this time, James the whipper-in, and the only son of Job Sykes the old huntsman, was about to marry pretty Nancy, the daughter of old Edward Dixon, mine host of the Lion, across the country; and upon the strength of this alliance, the seniors, in arranging settlements, held sundry jollifications; and one in particular, on the fatal eve of the day of the marriage, when Mrs. Sykes, driven from her patience by Job's misconduct, and just awake, surveyed the sleeping partner snoring by her side, and thus broke forth:—

"I dare say," soliloquized Mrs. Sykes, in a *soprano* tone, "that he's got a precious headache this morning; and it serves him right. How men can make such nasty Christians of themselves—*I* can't think. It's abominable! They," continued she, gradually raising her voice, without being conscious of the increase of its powers, "unlike their wives, elderly and properly behaved females, who, when taking their pleasure, go out for a nice little chat, about their neighbours, over a cup or two of tea; but they—these men, forsooth!—must eat and drink, and smoke, sing roisterous songs, tell—" Mrs. Sykes shook her head with indignation—"rum-titiddity jests and rollicking stories, and make themselves, what *they* call, jolly! It's sad, very sad," said the old lady, "very bad to think of, more especially when the bout winds up by half the sottish company sleeping under the table, and the other half being sent to their homes in wheelbarrows."

"Wheelbarrows!" Job stretched himself and yawned. "Wheelbarrows!!"

Again the conclusion of Mrs. Sykes's soliloquy seemed to ring in Job's ears, and roused him fairly from the vagaries, ideal fantasies and imageries of his heated brain.

"Did you speak, my dear?" inquired Job, in a voice denoting hesitation and want of confidence in his address.

Mrs. Sykes made no reply.

"Well! that's queer enough," continued Job, pressing a hand upon his brow, "I thought that I heard somebody say something about wheelbarrows."

"Mayhap you were dreaming of coming home last night," sarcastically returned his better half.

"I don't think I was," rejoined Job, taking off his nightcap, and rubbing his brow vigorously, in the endeavour to polish a few of the clouded and bleared ideas still in the fog and fume of potent draughts imbibed when the moon was up.

"You've got a nice, smart headache," remarked Mrs. Sykes, with satisfaction, by way of opening her masked battery on her defenceless spouse, in the form of a *matin* curtain lecture. "I hope," resumed she, after a slight pause for due effect, "that you feel at this moment, Job, the force and truth of what I've so constantly said to you, for upwards of seven-and-twenty years, regarding smoking and drinking, and all that sort o' thing. You now know that ——"

"Yes, I do," interrupted Job, drawing his fingers over his heavy eyelids, and looking about as happy and enviable an animal as a cur, tied to a gate, pelted by schoolboys.

"Yes, I do, Betsy," repeated he, "thank you. I feel it all, and know every thing; so don't trouble yourself about repeating the matter."

"Oh," returned Mrs. Sykes, "it's no *trouble* to me to point out the wickedness of sinful Christians. I deem it a duty, Mr. S., and so long as my powers last, with the blessing of God, I'll continue to exercise 'em."

When Mrs. Sykes used the abbreviation of her husband's surname, by applying only the governing letter, it was an unexceptionable symbol to Job that the homily would prove tedious in its length, and more than ordinarily severe. Like a landed fish, therefore, he threw himself on the flat of his back, and, with a groan, expressive of his exquisite endurance, passively submitted to the ordeal prepared for his penance.

"Isn't it dreadful," resumed Mrs. Sykes, "that a man can't turn from the pit when somebody—it may be his wife—stands like a direction-post, or a guardian angel, to turn from the gulf without a bottom, and where there's nothing but brimstone-flames and red-hot pokers? I say, isn't it enough to make one's blood creep, and one's hair stand on end, to think of it?"

Job was as mute as the direction-post.

"Now, there *you* are," resumed Mrs. Sykes, "a husband and a father, and yet, with all the responsibility of a human being in such a position, you—Job Sykes, a husband *and* a father, and huntsman to Squire Lawrence of the Range—to come home in a *wheelbarrow!*"

The eloquent dame's nose curled with haughty indignation at the reflection, and her eyes sparkled with passion from between the double rows of crimped cambric frills which so lavishly adorned her nocturnal head-gear.

"But what could be expected under the circumstances?" pleaded Job, in a faint spiritless voice.

"What could be expected?" repeated Mrs. Sykes, slightly raising herself on her elbows. "Goodness gracious! not that you should be driven home in a wheelbarrow, I suppose!"

"No," rejoined the huntsman, feebly; "but to get a

little drop too much on such an occasion wasn't out of all decent reckoning."

"I don't know what you call *decent*, Mr. S.," said the dame, "and I'm not particularly desirous of being informed; but how you can talk about the *occasion* justifying your getting in a dreadful state of intoxication, I can't imagine."

"Didn't ——"

"Of course he did," snappishly interrupted Mrs. Sykes; "of course he did."

"You won't let a fellow put in a single word," expostulated Job. "What I was going to say is ——"

"That Master Tom, being found out to be the son of a real, true-born gentleman," continued Mrs. Sykes, taking, both literally and figuratively, the words out of the mouth of her husband, "the Squire gave the tenants, and every body within the boundary of the parish, a Christmas revel in the month of March, and then and there let them, one and all, know who their future landlord would be. This was as it should be; and few, indeed, but felt in accordance with their words when draining their cups and horns to the young gentleman's health and long life. But when this was drunk, as it was, in my presence, over and over again—why couldn't you take pattern by me, and come to your home like a respectable man? Instead of which, you must sit up till you couldn't sit any longer, and then be trundled home like a pig in a wheelbarrow. Oh! Job, Job!" continued Mrs. Sykes, with a melodramatic shake of the head, and an appropriate clasp of the hands, "it's enough to make a bed-post savage."

"There were others besides me," rejoined Job.

"A pretty excuse, indeed," added the dame. "And so, because, I suppose, there may be heathens who worship stocks and stones, you're to do the same."

The matrimonial dialogue proceeded to a most unconscionable length, yet could not his wife's lecture drive from Job's brain certain delightful reminiscences of the past "glorious night."

A hearty laugh burst from his lips, and he sprung out of bed and threw open the casement, in a convulsion of merriment.

"And pray, may I inquire what you're laughing at?" said Mrs. Sykes, with becoming gravity. "But I suppose," continued she, with the bearing of a martyr, "that it's me, your lawful wife."

"No, no, no, Betsy," replied the huntsman, checking his mirth, "it's not you, indeed. But when you said that James was as sober as a parson, I remembered assisting our worthy vicar up stairs, and when in bed he kept on hallooing out, 'One more, let it be a bumper. Now, as you like him—Hurrah.' Then Mr. Hardy, mounted on Master Tom—I never shall be able to call him Gordon—mounted on Master Tom's shoulders, quickly followed in just the same state: but nothing could dissuade him but that he was on Blossom, and he continued chirruping like a singing bird, and saying, 'Come up, my pretty fellow—gently there—who—hoooo—oo,' while the Squire laughed till the tears streamed down his face, and he could scarcely stand for want of breath. There never were such doings at the Range."

Mrs. Sykes observed, by way of a parenthesis, that "there ought not to have been."

"Old Ned Dixon," continued Job, "insisted on proposing his own health, 'with all the honours and a little over,' when the Squire was gone; and because we wouldn't give him more than nine-times-nine, he said, between the loudest hiccups *I* ever heard, that he considered himself an injured man, and, sinking on the floor like a butt turned over, he fell at the same moment into a sleep so sound, that you might suppose he'd been composing himself for a full hour."

"*Mr. Dixon, as a parent and a landlord*," remarked *Mrs. Sykes*, closing her eyes, and having a visionary *Edward Dixon* of the Lion before her, in a helpless, *maudlin* state of intoxication, "ought to have known *better.*"

"We all ought to do that, Betsy," replied Job. "At least," continued he, "all those who have had the chance of learning."

Job could stand it no longer. There was to be a fox-hunt this morning, and the huntsman led off his twenty-two couples of choice hounds as gallantly as if he had never been rated by a wife. We shall take but one side-glance of the field.

John Hardy was displaying his equestrianship on the back of Blossom, the squabby cob, kept in propriety and a due state of order by his attendant, Mike Crouch, the earth-stopper, whose authority was combined in three feet of stiff ground-ash which he carried in his hand. Our hero, who was now commonly called "the young Squire," formed the focus, however, for the general admiration; and as he rode through the throng with his appointments as complete and perfect as good taste could render them, from the glittering bit in his horse's foaming jaws to the polished spurs buckled to his heels, many a maiden's pulse fluttered quicker than was its wont, and the blood mantled in the cheek like the pink of the apple-blossom. And was there one among that light-hearted crowd whose eye sparkled brighter than the rest when his caught hers and "darted light into each other?" Well! perhaps there was, and if so, time will reveal all hidden secrets.

"Hoik in, there!" cried Job, crashing through a bull-fence, as if it had been made of tissue-paper. "Hoik! wind him!" and every hound rushed to the summons like needles to the magnet, and flew into the furze-brake with a dash that showed their true blood and spirit, and for which they were so justly celebrated.

As may be anticipated, the last fixture for the season was "a sure find," although, from the great and merited popularity of the master, few, very few blanks, had to be recorded throughout a series of seasons.

Scarcely had the hounds been in cover a short five minutes, when "Hark! a whimper. Yes, they've found," was heard to burst from more than twenty lips.

"Gently, gentlemen," said the Squire correctingly; "let them get well at him."

There was now a silence, which seemed to give a denial to the raised hopes of many.

"I fear it was only a puppy's babble," said one in an under-tone.

"'Perhaps so," replied a second; "and still Job cheers to it."

"Have at him!" hallooed the huntsman. "Drag on him! Wind him! Hoik, hoik!"

Now the deep-toned note of a hound announced that the intelligence was genuine, and that skulking reynard was afoot.

"Hark to Struggler!" cried Job. "Hark, hark to Struggler!" and every hound flew to the challenge with the speed of light; and then the music burst from their throats like a merry peal of bells, rousing the dozy owls in their rotten, crumbling, time-worn homes, and driving the denizens of the wild from dingle and dell, like scared and frighted sprites, through which moon-beams stream unimpeded, at the crowing of the cock.

"Have at him!" cried Job. "Hoik, hoik, there! Have at him, 'Chantress, Dauntless, Prosper! Hoik! hoik, my beauties!"

Through the stiff and thorny furze the fox was pressed, at a speed which told that the shelter was much too hot to hold him any longer, unless his intention was to be chopped like a cur upon his own hearth; and it was clear to every body, eager to view him away, that he must either run or die, and that, too, without delay.

Like a flash of light, bold Charley broke, and a noble fellow he looked, with a tag at the tip of his brush as white as snow.

"Tally-ho!" cried a voice, and in a moment back into the cover the fox turned.

"Confusion!" exclaimed the Squire, while the blood mounted to his cheeks with anger, and his eyes lightened with an unusual fire; "confusion!" repeated he; "they've headed him."

"Headed him?" echoed John Hardy, looking through, as would seem to the observer, an unnecessarily large

pair of silver spectacles, and endeavouring to discover the meaning of his friend's remark by making, in nautical parlance, a sweep of the horizon.

And so the gallant chase proceeds, until —

"Gone-away! gone-away!" rang far and wide.

"For'ard," shouted James Sykes. "For'ard, for'ard."

"Hold hard, gentlemen," cried the Squire; "let them settle to him, and then ride over 'em if ye can."

A bunch of hounds swept out of the gorse before the fox had gained a hundred yards in advance, and away they went, as if resolved to race him down at once without let, check, or stop.

"They'll find them fast enough to-day, Tom," remarked the Squire exultingly.

"That they will," replied our hero, laughing, as he gathered up his reins, and sat his fiery and impatient horse with the ease and confidence of one both bold and capable.

Cap in hand, Job spurred his way out of the brake, and, making the welkin ring with his halloo to bring the tail hounds with him, he lifted them hard to the front, and in a pinch of seconds the whole pack, with the exception of three couples of puppies which James was bringing up at his best pace — for he never was known to leave a single hound in cover — was streaking along like a shadow from one body, and every tongue throwing melody to the breeze.

"Get well away with them, Tom," said the Squire, waving his hand for his *protégé* to leave his side, "and give me a good account of it; for I feel that I cannot live with them to-day, although I must try to nick in here and there."

"Let me stay with you, sir," replied our hero. "I'll be your pad-groom, and it shall go hard but that I'll lift ye there or thereabouts if the run lasts till midnight."

"No, no," rejoined the Squire, smiling. "Go, my boy, ride and stick close to their sterns as you can, as you should, and as I love to see ye."

Without further remark, our hero slackened his reins, and, leaning slightly forwards in his saddle, away his horse went like a bird on wing, and skimmed the ground so lightly, that he appeared not to touch it in his dainty tread.

But the chase is over for this day, and we may follow the jolly huntsman to his homestead and his *sanctum* arbour. It is, altogether, a very pleasing Gainsboro' sketch.

At the entrance of Job Sykes's cottage, was one of those little rural arches composed of lattice work, over which honeysuckle and woodbine crept; and in the summer evenings this was a favourite spot for the huntsman to sit and smoke his well-loved pipe in, secure from the alloy to the pleasure, of Mrs. Sykes's tongue. Occasionally, it is true, the good dame wheezed and coughed from the inside, by way of supporting her prerogative to oppose the objectionable propensity on the part of her husband. Considering all things, however, Job was a free and happy man, when, ensconced in his bower, he sat puffing the sweet and narcotic weed and his cares to the winds, at one and the same moment.

It was sunset, on one of those glowing days in early autumn, which leaves all nature parched and athirst. The flowers drooped and flagged upon the ground, and the scorched leaves hung flapping in the faint breath of the wind, with feverish heat in every fibre. Gaping cracks divided the solid earth, as if it opened its jaws for drink; and even the brook, instead of the pure and crystal draught, offered nothing but a series of thick, pasty, muddy pools. The lowing herds, with outstretched tongues, sought every oozy spot, and bellowed forth their dissatisfaction at the failure of their seeking. The very birds were silent, and sat perched aloft with open bills; and all things of the earth craved assuaging water.

At his ease — most particularly at his ease — sat Job Sykes in his bower, in company with that portly and apoplectic figure, Edward Dixon, the worthy host of the Lion. Whether the former or the latter had set the example, is not exactly known, and, happily, forms no matter of import in the connecting of links concerning this history; but both of the boon companions were divested of their coats and cravats, and were reclining, with their feet elevated on the couple of benches placed as fixtures in the recess, in the least stiff and formal manner possible to be imagined or described. A tankard of ale, with frothing head, looking as much like the person of Edward Dixon as any inanimate body could do, stood on a miniature table placed between the topers and smokers; and for miserable sinners taking their ease and rest from the transitory wretchedness of this heart-ache world, few, perhaps, ever looked less miserable than Job Sykes and Edward Dixon.

A by-stander, without possessing much keenness of observation, would have observed a spirit in the huntsman's inhaling and exhaling which was not exhibited in the method of his companion. Job gave a vigorous puff, and paused as if to contemplate the pleasurable effects; and then, when they became faint and weak, he gave another. But the landlord of the Lion, by some action which was one of the many mysterious secrets in his capacious bosom, delivered from his compressed lips a continued stream of vapour, not dissimilar to the spout of a tea-kettle. There was no check to the thin volume of smoke, but upwards it curled as if from a chimney, and one, too, of no ordinary powers of creating a considerable draught.

It would appear that there had been a long, deep pause; for a silence reigned, which may aptly be described as one of those unruffled surfaces of the waters when not a dying sigh of the zephyr had left a ripple to mark the trace of his breath. At length, Edward Dixon removed his pipe from his lips, knocked the consumed ashes from the bowl on the tip of his shoe, and, reaching the tankard, took a deep dip of its contents with great deliberation. Arriving at the finish of his sip, which was invariably measured by the capacities of his lungs, he fixed his dull and leaden orbs upon Job, and said: "What do you think of our little kids?"

"Kids!" repeated Job, evincing something like amazement at the query in his tone and gesture.

"Ay," rejoined Edward Dixon, "don't you think our little kids are bringing matters to a focus?"

"Oh!" returned the huntsman, "you mean my Jem and your Nancy."

"The same individooals," added the landlord.

The conversation went on in the same fashion until a woman, dressed in deep mourning, was seen coming along the lane. She staggered; she fell; when, on Job raising her tenderly in his arms, Mrs. Sykes dropt her knitting-needles, and rushed to the door; for Mrs. Sykes, spite of her matrimonial lectures upon temperance, good hours, and showing a proper example to children, is no ill-hearted shrew and vixen, like her successor, Mrs. Caudle. Need we tell the sagacious reader that the female in mourning—a faded, but still beautiful woman—is no other than the mother of Tom. But she had come only to satisfy her yearning heart; and learning that her boy was thrice happy under the care of the Squire and John Hardy, she vanished from the huntsman's cottage as she had come; but not until kind Mrs. Sykes had nursed the forlorn one like an affectionate mother, nor until she had secretly gazed upon her brave and beautiful boy, at the rural fête given by the Squire in honour of his adopted heir. That scene is gay and lively.

From all points of the compass, in groups, throngs, and parties, holiday folk in holiday gear wended their way through the Hall-park, much to the discomfiture of its countless denizens. Some old, toothless hunters, who, having done their duty, were turned out for the remainder of their natural lives to range over the broad acres of emerald turf as it suited the bent of their in-

clination, pricked their ears, and stood snorting at the uninterrupted stream of human forms in a perfect labyrinth of wonder. Some deer, too — a fat, panting herd — swept from one part of the enclosure to the other, and tossed their branched antlers, and stamped the ground with their cloven feet, in anger at the cause of their unusual disturbance. Hares and rabbits skipped from their forms, and flashed their scuts in the high-topped fern, seeking estreats in the depths of the covert. Gaily-plumed pheasants startled many a wayfarer as they rose from cozy nooks 'mid twining briar and bramble, and the dove and wood-pigeon whir-r'd from the dark-green shades of the fir, affrighted at the interlopers to their solitudes. Rook cawed to rook; and many a sentinel, perched upon a topmost bough, to give intelligence of approaching danger, spread his broad jet-black wings, and hoarsely croaked his fears and disquietude.

"I tell ye what it is, Job," said the worthy host of the Lion, as he rolled his plethoric body by the side of the huntsman, some few yards behind Jem and his daughter Nancy; "I tell you what it is," repeated he, measuring his words with a kind of round, drop-shot dignity; "I think Mrs. S. might have taken my elbow on this hoss-picious o-casion."

"Hoss what?" inquired Job.

"Picious," replied Edward Dixon. "I offered the joint to her," continued he, pushing up the roll of fat familiarly termed a double-chin; "but it was declined."

"My good woman, you see," rejoined the huntsman, in the endeavour to appease the wounded dignity of the landlord, "had to support the lady in her walk here, and she couldn't do both."

"I don't see, for my part, what a *lodger* has to do at a revel," problematically observed his companion.

"Oh!" returned Job, "it was by our persuasion that Mrs. Weston came at all. We thought the change of scene might rouse her spirits, poor thing."

"A *lodger*," said Edward Dixon, who appeared to have flown by a tangent on a new subject, "is by no means a bird of the first plumage in my eyes. I took one once, many years ago, at the Lion, and he had the stiff, stark-naked impudence to call my best tap *whistle-belly-vengeance*. There," continued, the host, surveying his friend slowly, and with a deliberate look, from heel to head, "what do you think must be my religious opinion concerning *lodgers?*"

Job, who could not perceive, with any clearness, what Mrs. Weston had to do with the case in point, gave an equivocal "Humph."

"But the worst remains to be told," resumed his loquacious friend. "This *lodger*, after telling me to my face, in the presence of the late lamented Mrs. Dixon, that my primest butt was not split-skull, nor knock-me-down, nor common swipes; but unsophisticated — that was the word, which I never shall forget—unsophisticated whistle-belly-vengeance, budged one night without any notice, leaving every thing behind him, even——" here Edward Dixon's voice dropped to a whisper, which carried inexpressible effect with it, "*his bill.*" . . .

The huntsman laughed heartily at his companion's description of his unprofitable lodger, and his mirth occasioned Edward Dixon to consider that he had said a good thing or two.

Edward Dixon was silent while his companion continued to indulge in his cachinnatory demonstration; but upon a cessation of his laugh, the host pointed to his daughter and Jem, some forty yards in advance, and remarked, "That such tits were not to be seen every day."

"They're a goodish-looking couple enough," replied Job; "and what's better still, their conduct's as much to be admired as their mould."

"Ha!" ejaculated the landlord. "There's a wonderful deal in training. It's no use to have a good colt or filly unless you bring 'em up to the mark. When I hear folks talk," continued he, "of wild and obstinate sons, and kicking, runaway daughters, I always think there must have been great fault in the breeding. Some people give too much rein at the start; but my belief is, that where one's spoilt through too much liberty and indulgence, there are twenty made as obstinate as mules through kicks, cuffs, and ill-usage."

"I quite agree with you in that respect, Ned," rejoined his friend. "Keep a steady, mild, yielding hand upon the young 'uns, I say: never check 'em short. It only pulls 'em back upon their hocks for the time, and makes 'em more resolved to plunge for'ard when they can get their heads."

"We're two feel-osophers, Job," returned Edward Dixon. "That's what we are, you may be sure; and as such, should be regarded by the public in general, and by parents in particular."

The master of the revels on this great day was Mr. Tobias Smith, who, though once an ensign in the king's service, had now degenerated into something which the reader can only gather from his whole course of life, and the opinions formed of him by his present patrons, the Squire and John Hardy. The sports of the day were all old English; but chief were the wrestling-matches, which are truly Homeric. Mike Crouch, the long-armed, sinewy, impish dwarf, whom our readers must remember as creating such consternation at the Range at the opening of the story, was found more than a match for the most athletic young fellows who had accepted of his challenge. We shall give the close of the field, choosing the moment when Mike had vanquished yet another bold challenger.

Mike grinned broader than ever, and the crowd became dumb with amazement. Some whispers and foreboding looks were exchanged concerning the probable fate of the blacksmith's son; and if a few of the maidens' eyes had possessed the power of the basilisk, the earth-stopper would have at once yielded his immaterial spirit to mingle with things through which the beams of the pale lamps of night streak without impediment. Such, however, is the impotency of mortals' power, that, notwithstanding the sincerity of the will, Mike stood as unconcerned, and as scatheless from all harm and danger, as if a shower of blessings and good wishes were being poured upon his head.

Thrice did Tobias Smith inquire with stentorian voice whether there were any more combatants, and, receiving no answer, he called upon the blacksmith's son to stand forward and contest the tempting prize with the earth-stopper.

Readily the summons was obeyed, and as the favourite with the many again made his appearance in the ring, breathless anxiety pervaded through the mass.

As the two stood waiting for the signal to commence, the contrast was very striking. Mike, with his long arms stiffened down his sides, and his head buried between his shoulders, looked like an imp of darkness; while his opponent threw out his broad and ample chest, and, assuming a bold and becoming attitude, looked the very model of a man, faultless in shape, and resolute.

Eager for the fray, no sooner was the signal given, than the two clutched each other as fast as the hold of a vice would give. Thus locked, they stood for a few moments, without moving a limb or joint, although each thew and sinew were strained to cracking in anticipation. The blacksmith's son, however, began the play by dexterously clasping Mike round the waist, and lifting him clear from the ground.

The plaudits were both loud and general at this athletic feat, and a large majority were sanguine that Mike was about to meet with defeat.

The earth-stopper, however, laughed loudly in defiance, while in this apparently precarious condition; and although, to an inexperienced bystander, it might have appeared an easy task to throw him, one skilled in the science, would have perceived that Mike had rendered himself safe from any thing like immediate danger, by

locking a leg round one of his opponent's. Like a cat he came nimbly on his feet, when his antagonist essayed to hurl him to the ground, and, in jeer to the effort, whirled himself two or three times round, and then threw a somerset by way of a finish.

"He's an active chap," remarked the Squire, "and I shouldn't wonder if he bears away the prize."

"I really hope Mike may," replied John Hardy, looking over his spectacles at the sport. "I really hope he may," replied he, "for that turn-over-heels was quite remarkable."

"The chances look more in his favour than I expected to find them," observed our hero.

The adversaries again commenced the trial of strength and skill; and the earth-stopper reversed the order of the former bout by beginning the attack. Fixing a grasp round the neck of his opponent, and the other twined about his waist, he hugged him so closely that the face of the blacksmith's son became both purple and livid, and his lower jaw dropped as if undergoing the pain and penalty of strangulation. In vain he tried to break the torturing hold; and, notwithstanding his sinews and swollen veins stood out like fibres upon a vine leaf, with his Herculean exertions, Mike lifted him clear from the ground, and bore him round the ring with little less ease than if he had been a kitten.

During this inglorious exhibition of the public's favourite, there was a dead and unbroken silence. When, however, the earth-stopper arrived with his struggling burden opposite the spot where John Hardy was posted, that enthusiastic little gentleman skipped upon the extreme tips of his toes, and, taking off his low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, gave a loud and shrill "Hurrah."

It was a solitary cheer; but no sooner given, than Mike, with the condensed strength of his wiry frame, in one terrific effort threw his antagonist whirling above his head like a hoop, and down he came on the flat of his back, as apparently lifeless as a clod of earth.

Grinning with triumph, the earth-stopper looked slowly round at the dismayed countenances, and then, folding his arms, strode from the scene of his victory, like some exulting nightmare.

John Hardy again gave his single cheer, and the Squire and our hero clapped their hands loudly; but no other sounds of approbation met the ear.

With attention, and it was given promptly, the blacksmith's son quickly regained his temporarily ejected sensibility; but it occupied some time to dispel the general gloom caused by his overthrow. At length, however, with Tobias Smith's strenuous exertions, and the aid of the strong ale, to which there were no restrictions as to quantity, something like approaching cheerfulness was regained.

Running in sacks, climbing a soaped pole for legs of mutton, bobbing for rolls soaked in treacle, and suspended on lines, and other old English games, followed, amid shouts and roars of laughter. Then came grinning through a horse-collar; but, as Mike was the first candidate for the prize, he succeeded in producing so fearful a distortion of features, that no second appeared; and he again was successful in carrying away the reward.

Dancing round a pole, gaily decked with flowers, to the merry tunes of three of the most renowned of village fiddlers, then commenced; and after as hospitable a banquet of substantial dainties as was ever spread to appreciating appetites, it was universally admitted that among all the frolics enjoyed or heard of by the oldest present, not one approached this memorable revel.

Within a month of this grand revel, James Sykes led the pretty Nancy Dixon, blushing like a peach-blossom, to the altar; and Mrs. Sykes the elder, her only son now away from her, found more leisure, and took more delight than ever, in henpecking her husband.

It would appear that she became even watchful in her sleep; for let Job but give the slightest symptom that he was not in the land of dreams, and—to use his own graphic simile—she was down upon him like a hawk upon a chicken. His pipe had become a thing to which he was estranged from want of association, and Job's countenance began to assume so doleful an expression, that any undertaker might have hired him at a high premium for the black yard business.

"I can't stand this any longer," soliloquized he, as he lifted his pipe from the mantel-shelf and blew out a cobweb which some weaving spider had spun in the bowl. "I ca'n't stand this any longer," repeated he, charging it hard and fast with tobacco.

Matters came to extremity, until Job, like John Bright with the corn-laws, "resolved to stand it no longer." His friend, and now his relative, the host of "the Lion," one day presented Job with the body of an old post-chaise, which was to be hoisted up into a neighbouring oak, where they might enjoy their beer and pipe, unmolested by female clamour. Mrs. Sykes saw how matters went. Her indignation was terrific; and mine host scampered off, and left poor Job to bear the first volley.

In the twinkling of a bird's-eye the angry dame stood with arms akimbo before her husband, and shaking her head, as if fixed on pliant wire, "begged to be informed what was going to be done with the po-chay?"

"It's to be left here, I believe," replied Job, in all humility.

"For your boozing-box?" rejoined she.

The huntsman stammered out "Not exactly."

Mrs. Sykes gave a hollow and almost convulsive laugh upon receiving this reply, adding, "I'll show ye what it is to dare to thwart my wishes and orders. Yes," she continued, "I'll give your boozing-box a warming, and such a warming that there shall be no risk of your catching the rheumatics from its dampness."

With this threat, Mrs. Sykes hastened into the stable, and gathering a bundle of dry straw, she crammed it into the door of the luckless old vehicle; and on this, a fagot of furze, drawn from the stack hard by, was piled, preparatory to its destruction.

"Surely," said Job, amazed at what he saw, "you're not going to burn the po-chay?"

"But I am, though," returned she. "Yes, every stick and splinter."

For the first time in his life, Job resolved to resist this act of tyranny, even by force; and as Mrs. Sykes issued from the kitchen with a flaring ember in her hand, he snatched it dexterously from her grasp, and trod it under his feet.

"No, Betsy," said he, "I'll not stand by and see *that* done. Ned Dixon didn't bring a po-chay here to be made a fire of."

For a moment Mrs. Sykes felt at a loss what to do, what to say, or how to act. At length a mop caught her view, and seizing the instrument with both hands, she was about to drop it, with any thing but charitable intent, on her husband's pericranium, when a voice hallooed out, "Here come the *skimmeters*," and, as if by magic, down fell her arm, and from the expression of passion distorting her features, it changed to one of intense trepidation.

Hallooing, laughing, and a confusion of boisterous noises were now heard approaching, as if a rough, unruly mob was bent on some malicious fun or other.

"You've brought all this upon yourself, Betsy," observed Job. "D'ye hear what's coming?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Sykes, clasping her hands in despair. "Oh, Job! they're going to skimmet us. I sha'n't outlive the disgrace. I shall die outright."

"Get in doors," returned her husband, taking her by the hand, and leading her into the dwelling. "Be quiet, and they'll soon leave."

Humbled and in tears, Mrs. Sykes now entered the house; and just as she did so, it was surrounded by a

gathering of the unruly and turbulent, that appear always to be met with when mischief is brewing.

Two of the ringleaders were mounted back to back on a donkey; and in this position—typical of the matrimonial journey through life of Job and Mrs. Sykes—fought, pulled, tugged, kicked, and clawed each other with such a hearty good-will, that the acted scene fell little short of many a one of stern reality. Some were engaged in closely imitating the snarling of quarrelsome dogs, others the caterwauling of rival tabbies; a few rattled pieces of crossed wood, significant of the opposite tempers of the couple now receiving a practical lesson of their differences, and every body was occupied, in various ways, in adding to the din and uproar.

Mrs. Sykes heard all, but saw nothing. With her face buried between her hands, she sat rocking to and fro on her chair, weeping and lamenting.

"That it should come to this!" from time to time she would exclaim, "for a Sykes to be skimmeted. Why was I born to disgrace the family name?"

"Now, now!" returned Job, soothingly; "don't take on so, Betsy; we all have our faults. I have mine, you know," continued he, "and if you *have* been a little too hard upon 'em, now and then, I forgive it—God bless ye!"

"What will all the neighbours say!" added she, in a deluge of tears.

"Confound their sayings," replied Job, emphatically.

"What will Mrs. Stiggs say!" rejoined the not-to-be comforted dame.

"Choke Mrs. Stiggs!" rejoined Job.

"What will the Squire say!" returned Mrs. Sykes, turning up her tearful visage imploringly to her husband.

"Nothing," added the huntsman, respectfully touching the forelock on his brow.

"And Mr. Hardy!" said she, bursting out afresh at the thought of retrograding in the good opinion of that angelic, little spectacled individual.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Job, "he'll never think or say a word against anybody or any thing."

"And our dear young Squire!" continued the excited dame, "what will that cherub of a boy—at least, I should say man now—think of my bringing such a stain on the family honour of the Sykes's!"

"The young Squire will only laugh at the frolic," responded the huntsman.

"Laugh!" repeated Mrs. Sykes, bitterly. "Oh! Job, that I ever should live to be laughed at!"

"Fal-the-ral-tit!" returned the huntsman, derisively. "Don't you laugh and sneer at Mrs. Stiggs and many other of your neighbours; and do ye suppose they, one and all, don't laugh, sneer, and tittle-tattle of *you* in return? Betsy, Betsy," continued the matter-of-fact and sensible Job, "never deceive yourself; it's the worst kind of deception you can be guilty of. Believe what I say, and let this skimmeting——"

Mrs. Sykes groaned.

"Let this skimmeting," repeated the huntsman, "convince ye that what is said and done under your own roof is by no means a sealed secret. People are too apt to consider they wear a mask through which no eye can peep, while their neighbours only hide their faces under muslin. 'Tis a mistake," continued Job, "and, as much as we may laugh at others, rest assured, we get as much laughed at."

These words sunk into Mrs. Sykes's brain like pebbles in a brook; and she began to feel her own inferiority of judgment.

"I wonder what they're at now?" said the huntsman, as loud "Harrahs" quickly succeeded each other from without.

Mrs. Sykes could not refrain from taking a stolen peep also at the proceedings; and as she did so, she saw the body of the post-chaise swinging by ropes in the air, and soon afterwards fixed in the great forked branches of the old chestnut tree, amid the cheers and whooping of the crowd. . . . . .

That night, Mrs. Sykes placed Job's pipe and the tobacco-box on the table, and, mixing a tumbler of potent grog, begged that he would enjoy himself.

A much more satisfactory conclusion this, than the last hours of Mrs. Caudle.

Our readers may remember that Master Tom had for his nurse Dame Woodley; but they cannot know that, as he grew up, his tutor was the good vicar, Mr. Baldwin; whose neighbouring parsonage was as snug and low-roofed a building, sheltered from every blast by sloping woods, and surrounded by bee-hives, and sunny dove-cots, and flower-beds clipt round by a rippling stream, as any book-worm could wish to live and die in.

Here, in this cozy nook, the rector lived, a wise, a virtuous, and a happy man. Of the world, and yet removed far from its strife and struggles, its heartlessness, deception, and ingratitude, he knew but little of the dark side of humanity, and remained contented with his ignorance. Surrounded with old books, kept free from damp and dust, as things of priceless worth, he would sit and study, and reflect upon the great and good, and become better as he reflected. To those pages wherein the immortal thoughts of men are recorded, to lead the way like lights in darkness, he turned with reverence, and moulding his life from the best of precepts, he found himself at peace with all mankind; in charity and good-will towards all men.

The apartment appropriated for his study was a dark-panelled room with a stained glass window, through which the purple and mellow light streamed in varied tints; and here our hero used to sit and listen to that soft, low voice, instilling the choicest of knowledge and counsel into his apt and pliant mind.

Mr. Baldwin had been left a widower within the year of his marriage; the child, a daughter, having been the cause of the bereavement of his young, loved, and loving wife. His child, being the sole object of his tenderest care and attention, became his constant companion, and was seldom to be seen absent from his side, either in the hours of study or relaxation.

Long before she could lisp her first infant lesson, little Mary would sit at the feet of her father, with her long, light, silken curls waving upon her shoulders, and her dark violet eyes bent intensely upon an opened page.

Need we say that "little Mary" was the beloved of Master Tom; all friends approving, as soon as they came to understand how affairs stood between the very young pair. One gets so much of love, smooth or adverse, in story-books, that *snipe-shooting*, and *duck-shooting*, and *fly-fishing*, are occasionally more tempting, if but by way of change; and the hunting of a noble hart, which had long defied Jacob Sykes and his talbots, is really "glorious sport."

But we must pass it all, to tell that Tom, after so many had been thrown out in the search for the poor wanderer, at last, by the agency of Mike, found his mother.

Could words convey any thing like a semblance of the meeting of our hero and his long-sought mother in the earth-stopper's rude abode? could they express the wild joy of John Hardy, upon descending to the breakfast-room the following morning, and seeing—yes, it must be, Tom's mother; but his brain reeled, and his flooded eyes denied their office, as he rushed forwards to clasp that attenuated, pale, and sorrow-stricken form to his breast? could they but give the faintest trace of all these scenes, then, instead of leaving their delineation to the fertile imagination of the reader, each particular should be recorded and measured in terse sentences and syllables. This being impracticable, however, with a poetical licence not unprecedented, much must be left to that which can scarcely fail to please one and all,

their unshackled will and pleasure to string the beads, best suited to their several tastes, as may be left unstrung on this rosary of events.

After a degree of composure had been restored in the feelings and manner of every body present, John Hardy inquired, as well as his choking voice would permit, "where she had passed the night?"

"At the huntsman's cottage," replied Tom's mother, "where I stopped during a sudden illness some few months' since."

"Were you then Mrs. Weston?" asked the Squire.

"Such was the name I went by," returned she.

"And for us to be in ignorance of your being there!" exclaimed John, raising his hands.

But now she was here; and she told the melancholy story of her widowed years; of all she had endured before she had made up her mind to throw her starving child upon the kindness of John Hardy. She said—

"My child wasted, pined, and wept unceasingly for that which, as a mother, I had hitherto yielded, but now unsupported nature denied. The thought that he would die was madness, and yet that he must, seemed to be inevitable. In my agony, I cried aloud 'What shall I do?' when a voice seemed to whisper softly your name, Mr. Hardy."

"My name!" exclaimed John. "Dear me! But pray proceed, Mary."

John Hardy appeared to take great pleasure in addressing the narrator by her Christian name, for he repeated it whenever there was an opportunity of so doing.

"Yes," resumed she, "your name as plainly as I could now speak it. Strange as it may seem, I was influenced by this imaginative sound, and after the bitter struggle between the reluctance of parting with my boy, and the duty of so doing, I decided to compromise my husband's request by throwing him upon your bounty and goodness, and to brave the worst myself, even if *that* should be in the shape of a lingering death.

How this resolution was acted upon our readers well know. The forgiveness vouchsafed by John Hardy was entire. His heart overflowed in paternal love for the suffering penitent, who was to have been his own bride. All was henceforth peace and joy at the Hall, the Vicar and his charming daughter forming, as it were, a part of the happy family circle. But —

"Mortal pleasure, what art thou in sooth?"

It was some five weeks after the gladdening arrival of our hero's mother at the Hall, and the feverish excitement attending it began to subside into a more pleasurable calm, when the Squire was seen to stagger as he entered the breakfast room, one morning, and with difficulty to steady himself from meeting with a heavy fall.

With exclamations of terror, Mrs. Gordon, Tom, John Hardy, and Tobias Smith, rushed towards him to proffer him their ready assistance.

"Stay, stay," said the Squire, raising his hands, while a quiet smile spread itself over his blanched features. "Not too fast, kind friends. Not too fast," repeated he. "Give me your arm, Tom. There; you'll not find my weight much. Support me to my room again."

"Take a chair here, Harry," returned John Hardy. "You're only a little faint. Don't leave us."

"Not leave ye!" said the Squire, in a scarcely articulate voice. "We must all part, John, when the hour comes."

Paying little attention to these words, all assisted in bearing the Squire speedily to his bed-room, in accordance with his repeated wish, and there every means and attention were used that kindness and solicitude could devise. A messenger was instantly despatched for a doctor of proverbial skill, living within a short distance, who, upon his arrival, pressed his jewelled finger upon the fluttering pulse of his patient, smelt the gold top of his polished cane, shook his head, pocketed his fee, and took his departure.

"Never let me be troubled with his presence any more," said the Squire, slightly raising himself in the bed. "I would have the time allotted me to live more profitably employed."

"But you'll take the physic, Harry, won't ye?" inquired John, in a beseeching tone.

"If it will please you, John," replied the Squire.

"Then it will," rejoined his old and anxious friend. "It will very much, indeed."

It need scarcely be stated, that the moment it was learned throughout the house that the Squire was seized with indisposition, every domestic flew to learn the particulars; and throughout the long corridors the tramp of feet, murmured questions, and whispered answers were heard, causing a humming and confusing noise.

"Tell them, John," said the Squire, "but tell them in all kindness, that they disturb me. I must be kept in quietude, as I feel disposed to sleep." . . .

From hamlet to cot the evil tidings were borne, and there were more dejected and sorrowful faces within a wide ring of the Hall that day, than had been seen within the memory of the oldest living.

"You are so gentle," observed the Squire to Mrs. Gordon, "that I must ask you to be my nurse, and continue with me while I sleep."

"May I not stay also, Harry?" asked John Hardy. "I am a capital old nurse," continued he.

"I think, John," replied the Squire, in an exhausted voice, "that you and all, save my kind attendant here, had better leave until I wake again."

"Yes, yes," rejoined our hero. "Repose will doubtlessly refresh you; and the fewer people here, the greater the likelihood of your meeting with it."

Without further observation, all quitted the room except Mrs. Gordon.

As the door closed, the Squire beckoned his nurse to approach nearer his pillow.

"Tell me," said he, in a low whisper, "did you ever, my dear Mrs. Gordon, see a person die?"

"I have," she replied, quietly,

"Is there not always something peculiar," rejoined he, in the same tone, "something to be seen, and yet not to be described, about the dying?"

"I think there is," returned she, subduing a rising emotion.

"Don't you," he added, drawing nearer to her side, and gazing earnestly in her face; "don't you," repeated he, "*see* this mark, the stamp of death I mean, on me?"

A choking sob burst from Mrs. Gordon's lips, and she sank into a chair by the bedside, bathed in tears.

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed the Squire, slightly raising his voice; "I thank you from my heart for this honesty, but restrain all ebullition of grief. My reason for asking ye," continued he, "was to confirm what I felt. I *felt* the hand of death was upon me; but I wished to have the convincing testimony I have now received. God bless ye for it!"

Mrs. Gordon struggled with her overwhelming feelings, and at length effected a check upon her sorrow.

"I've not left the calls of life, affecting the interests of others, to the last," resumed the Squire, taking the hands of his attentive listener between the parched palms of his own. "I've set my house in order, and all is as I could wish it to be. Nothing remains, I believe," continued he, "for me to do, but take leave of those I love, and say, good-night."

Tears streamed over the hands held by the Squire, as he proceeded; but no sound interrupted the delivery of his calm and collected thoughts.

"It will be a hard parting for poor John," said the Squire, with a deeply drawn sigh. . . .

The Squire fell back on his pillow, with closed eyes; and such was the pallid hue on his cheeks, that his attendant started to her feet, in fear that he was then dying.

"Not yet, not yet," whispered he. "Do not be afraid. I've a little more to say. Is the rector here?"

The rector came, and the private interview passed to the mutual satisfaction of the dying man and his spiritual director. And now the weeping friends and dependents were admitted to the chamber of death.

Poor John Hardy, upon learning that his old friend and companion was about to be snatched from him, could not find vent for his grief, and stood staring with tearless eyes and a rising gorge, upon receiving the information, like one suddenly bereft of every sense. At length, with judicious consolation and reasoning, relief was afforded in the shape of a flood of tears, and then he became much calmer and more resigned.

"John," said the Squire; "I 've but just woke from a very long sleep, or I should have sent for you before."

"This day has been the longest of my life, Harry," replied John, struggling with his emotion; "but tell me," he continued, "how do you feel now?"

"A little weaker," replied the Squire; "that 's all."

"Do you not find yourself improved, after your long rest?" inquired our hero.

"No, Tom," replied the Squire; "no."

After a pause, he continued,

"I 'll not dwell upon any thing which may cause unnecessary pain, nor have I strength remaining to speak very long. Give me your hand, Mary Baldwin. Tom, where is yours?"

Each placed their hands in those of the Squire.

"It was my wish," he resumed, "and the only one remaining of my life ungratified, to have seen these united. As this, however, is denied me, take that blessing which then would have been given, and may your lives be happy and exemplary. Nay, nay," continued he, "do not weep. Remember, all that meet are doomed topart."

"Oh, Harry!" ejaculated John, unable to control his feelings longer; "don't say so. Think of the long, long years we 've been together. Never let us part."

"It is but for a season, John," replied the Squire.

"True," rejoined the rector; "and that should be our greatest consolation to know; the earthly separations of the good are but temporary ones."

"Ah!" returned the Squire; "and at such a time as this, how priceless is such an assurance!"

"Let me moisten your lips," said Mrs. Gordon, handing a cup of wine and water to him. "They look dry and parched."

"Many thanks," replied the Squire, accepting the offer.

It was obvious to all that the invalid was now gradually sinking; and although his mind seemed to possess all the vigour of health, yet there was a general feebleness creeping on, which showed the lamp was burning gradually out.

"Let the servants come in," said the Squre. "I 'm sure they wish to see me."

In a few moments the room was thronged with the old domestics, who crowded round the bed, and bent their eyes upon their dying master with that solicitude which the beloved and loving can only feel.

Extending his hand, each clasped it and bathed it with warm tears, fresh from the green depths of human hearts. All had much to say, and yet none could speak a word.

"May God bless you all!" said the Squire. "Leave me now. I feel—I feel—"

"Let me hold your hand, Harry," said John Hardy, as the Squire clutched at something.

"Yes, yes," added he, smiling. "Yes, I come."

And so died this good old man; the last of his race.

We leave the funeral of the good Squire to the imagination of the reader, until his turn for THE OLD HALL comes at the circulating library, if he is not the happy man who can at once order down his books from the first hand.

Old Job Sykes lived to nurse his fat chubby grandsons, Luke and John, smoked his pipe, drank his beer, and dealt out sporting maxims to the "younkers round," for many a happy year; and Mrs. Sykes, though still liking a little of her own way, continued ever after the *skimmeting* a reasonable, as she had always been a loving, industrious, and notable wife. Mrs. Gordon henceforth continued at the Hall, the companion and nurse of the kind old man, whose wife she could not become, because her young heart had wandered to the father of Tom; of whom, and of past times, they would now often speak, till tears swam in the eyes of both. Their union was again talked of in country gossip; but John said wisely, "That day was gone, never to be recalled."

By and by the rector, the old tutor of Master Tom, began to give lessons in Greek and Latin to the son of the young Squire, who, of course, was his own grandson, and one of the greatest infant prodigies that ever trod earth, in the estimation of the seniors of the Hall.

"It 's quite surprising," observed the rector, upon one occasion, when the young heir's merits were being canvassed, "what that boy can do!"

"It certainly is," acquiesced John Hardy, with a chuckle of delight. "I saw him this very morning," continued he, "tie a pin to a long stick, and then prick Blossom's behind in such a manner as to cause him to kick like an elephant."

"Putting aside these little foibles," rejoined the rector; "just listen to his declining *dormio*."

And so all ends well. There is "corn in Egypt," even for the vagabond rogue, Peter Parkins, and his exquisite Toby; and "balm in Gilead" for the elvish Mike Crouch. And as for Tobias Smith, who is well worth the reader's closer acquaintance,—

Tobias Smith, after a long sojourn at the Hall, quitted his hospitable quarters with a full purse and ample provision for the remainder of his days. It need scarcely be stated, that he blushed deeply when the generous offer was made; but still he *accepted it*. His mercurial spirits led him, like the will-o'-the-wisp does the wanderer of the night, into many bogs and oozy places, from which to extricate himself was a work of no ordinary labour. Still, like a shuttle-cock, now up, now down, he managed to keep his feathers in the air, and, to apply his own graphical language, "fly his kite without a great deal of puffing."

Without any apparent end in view, he roamed from one part to another, seeking just the occupation or amusement of the hour. After an absence of upwards of three years, and during which little or nothing was heard of him, he suddenly made his appearance at the Hall one morning during breakfast.

"Here I am," said he, bursting unceremoniously into the room, in which were our hero and Mary, John Hardy, and Mrs. Gordon. "Did ye think I was dead?"

Why does nobody, not even ourselves, commemorate John Mills' inimitable dogs,—his "Button," and "Toby," and the "old Hound," and a host more, surpassing his bipeds, and equal, in their exquisitely delineated dog-character, to the dog-portraiture of Landseer? Had any one of these dogs appeared in Mr. Dickens's last tale, into what ecstasy they would have thrown his friends of the London newspaper press! Never mind, Button and Toby: every dog has his day, and yours will come.

With this we heartily recommend THE OLD HALL, or, "Our Hearth and Homestead," to all lovers of the natural, the true, and the genial, in the rural and sporting life of Merry England.

THE LYRIC POETRY OF GERMANY.*

THE form of government of the French people, in the days of the great Louis, was said by some shrewd observer to be a monarchy limited by *chansons;* a most just observation: and in the same spirit we may truly say of our Teutonic brethren beyond the Rhine, that, though Europe has yet to learn by what influence their civil government is limited, the character of their intellectual empire may most aptly be defined, LEARNING limited by LYRIC POETRY. A fearful thing indeed it is to unlearned eyes that academic erudition of which Berlin and Bonn, Göttingen and Munich, are the giant manufactories, and Leipsic the loaded emporium; fearfully heavy in more senses than one, many persons complain. But the evil may practically be reduced to a very small matter; for, in the first place, no man is forced to read more folios than he pleases; and in the second place, the biggest books in Germany (which is not always the case in England) have always the best indices; and in the third place, the learning, as we have just stated, is always tempered by the lyre. These, indeed, are the two great excellencies of Deutschland, which, like charity, may well be allowed to cover a multitude of sins; erudition unrivalled, even among the Scaligers and Casaubons of a past age, for profundity and variety; and a spirit of emotional outpouring in the shape of song, issuing equally free and triumphant from wood and glen, and festal board, and from the land of exile in the west, where it is the pleasure of the royal pedant now on the throne of Prussia, that lungs too lusty for his cracked ear-drum should sing to Europe and to the world rather than to Berlin. We may, indeed, assert most characteristically, that the good German Michel loves a song as naturally as honest John Bull loves a joke. 'Tis part of his nationality; and that is a thing which God causes to grow on every German acre so bountifully that not even the jealous police-monster on the banks of the Spree, with his hundred arms, can root it up.

We propose on the present occasion to give a short sketch of the more prominent points in the rise and progress of Lyric Poetry in Germany, from the middle of the last century to the present time; and in doing so, by way of illustration we shall throw in a few translations, partly from our own portfolio, and partly from that rich collection which Mangan and others have recently been spreading before us. We begin most properly with Klopstock, (born in 1724.) This is the much-echoed name that first taught Europe to suspect that such a thing as a German literature existed at all, or at least was attempting to exist. Klopstock is unquestionably a famous name in German literature; he at one time enjoyed a reputation as wide as Goethe's, a popularity almost as extensive as Schiller's: What is his true value?

One thing we hold to be certain: "The Messiah" was a failure, a decided failure. Klopstock has no claim to rank with Virgil and Milton; his character as a poet must stand on his lyric pieces: "The Messiah," when it is read—which is seldom now—is read only because it is Klopstock's, and for a few isolated lyrical beauties. Neither can we say, much as we should wish to say it, that Klopstock's lyrics are of the highest order. They are not, indeed, without the essential element of all true lyric poetry, strong feeling: they are in no sense lukewarm, much less cold; nay, they are glowing hot, most outrageously hot, spitting out lightnings and rolling thunders on all occasions, and creating much smoke: there is no measure, no moderation, in their excitement; therein precisely lies their fault. To be enjoyed, in fact, perfectly, they must be read, as the host of them were written, by a young man; one in whose brain the evolution of purely internal impulses is yet so eager and so imperious, so overpowering and so monopolizing, that the external world possesses neither clearness nor interest. There is also, as must ever be in this sort of juvenile poetry, an utter want of concentration; that quality which, when combined with good sense and a happy tone, (as in the case of Horace,) compensates so often for the lack of what is magnificently called genius. But Klopstock is not merely an unripe and an unchastened lyrist. Our own Shelley also wrote poetry, which, in respect of what in more mature years he might have written, may well be called juvenile and unripe; but the calm blue expanse of his heaven is spangled with a thousand purest lights, altogether of a different temper from those feverish sparks that shoot forth from the rolling pomp of rhetorical vapour in Klopstock. In the "very German Milton" of "The Messiah," the sublime is vast even to inanity, and its terror has a constant tendency to become insane. Shelley wants substance; so also does Klopstock: but the flimsiness of the one is never without a certain fairy delicacy which delights, while that of the other is ever apt to degenerate into a gigantic confusion which repels. But Klopstock is not merely unsubstantial and vapoury in his matter; he is harsh and stiff, stilted and affected in his manner. He fell, indeed, at an early age, into the very obvious and shallow mistake, that, to contend successfully with the great ancients, it was necessary for a modern poet to adopt the identical outward form and vesture in which it had pleased them to embody their noble and manly thoughts. He must needs imitate the Romans, as the Romans imitated the Greeks, to the exclusion of those forms of poetic embodiment which were traditionary in his own country. He nourished a pedantic pride in the rejection of rhyme from his lyric measures, as a barbarous modern innovation; whereas it is merely a pretty ornament, and perfectly inoffensive, except for a few special purposes; and in the attempt to re-create, for the edification of the modern ear, the lost rhythm of Pindaric strophes and Hora-

* I. Anthologia Germanica, by J. E. Mangan, in two vols. Dublin: Curry, 1845.
II. German Ballads and Songs. London: J. Burns.

tian stanzas, he twisted, and wrenched, and dislocated his good mother Deutsch in such an ungracious fashion, that, in reading some of his sublime strivings, we feel for all the world (as Professor Zelter very happily expressed it) as if we were "eating stones." In no respect, therefore, neither in respect of shape nor of substance, is Klopstock to be accounted a great lyric poet; not the true German oak certainly, but a gigantic mushroom of tropical breadth and magnificence, and, in a land where there were as yet no green trees, worthy to be looked on not without veneration.

The judgment we have thus attempted to pass on the celebrated author of "The Messiah," may appear harsh to some ardent German student, or to some zealous devotee of what is called "Sunday reading;" but it is a judgment not a whit harsher than the most grateful of his own countrymen have already more than once passed. There is a well-known epigram of Lessing, the point of which is, that he did not wish his works to be so much admired as Klopstock's, but to be more read; and Menzel, after a page or two of very generous eulogy, confesses, that Klopstock's grandeur, to be appreciated, must always be kept at a certain distance, for when we attempt to handle it, like one of Ossian's mountain giants, it vanishes into mist. The fact of the matter is, that the bard of "The Messiah" owes his great reputation to three circumstances, none of which have any thing essential to do with first rate poetic excellence. *First*, He was a religious poet; *Second*, He was a patriotic poet; and, *Thirdly*, He appeared in an age when there were no great German poets from whom to take his measure. There was no strong pressure from without to keep him in his proper place; and thus, as, in a pretty experiment of the mechanical philosophers, we see a flaccid bladder in the receiver of an air-pump, on the removal of the circumambient aerial pressure, suddenly swell up into a full distended globe; so Klopstock, before Goethe and Schiller had created a healthy literary atmosphere in Germany, with his windy inanity occupied a great space. Besides, he walked upon stilts and blew a trumpet: and such men, unless the world is particularly sensible or particularly busy, are sure to be overrated for a season. But Germany, as we all know, among its many excellencies, has never been remarkable for sense: in the middle of the last century also (like the rest of Europe) it lay lolling on an easy chair, with dressing-gown and skull-cap, in a very comfortable state of repose; it was impossible therefore that the loud trump of the bard of Quedlinburg, swelling portentously with its double blast of piety and patriotism, should not have pricked up the ears of the seven sleepers of honest Deutschland to a very observable height, and that a Klopstock should not have bestrodden the pigmy necks of a GLEIM, a RAMLER, and a John Peter Uz, like a colossus. We have not read the *opera omnia* of John William Ludwig GLEIM; this we confess honestly; but we have *not done so* for the reason that we have not traversed Pomerania from east to west, and the Mark of Brandenburg, in search of a hill: common fame and the Gazetteer say that the land is flat; what we have seen of it agrees with fame and the Gazetteer; and on this agreement we are content to form our opinion. If the Anthologies put their best foot foremost, as it is to be presumed they do, Gleim was a very fair "German Anacreon," a very patriotic Prussian grenadier, a very kind-hearted man, and a very devoted servant of the Muses,—a person of whom, in every view, the good city of Halberstadt, and the old cathedral, had reason to be proud; but a man of that calibre who could not but feel himself called upon to take off his hat in all humility to such a fulminant apparition as the bard of "The Messiah," and who did so in fact most reverentially. Gleim was one of the most ardent Klopstock-worshippers of a time and place in which literary hero worship was habitually pushed to a point that plunged headlong into the ridiculous and the contemptible. But Gleim, in his own region of humble, and healthy, and cheerful mediocrity, is perhaps, after all, a better poet than the mighty Apollo to whom he paid homage; and will be more durable, inasmuch as a tolerable Anacreon (even a German one) is always better than an intolerable Pindar. Gleim, indeed, has written some very pretty little poems, which we cannot but *like*, while the man himself we must *love;* witness the following. We have adopted Mr. Mangan's translation, with some alterations, of which he will easily see the reason.

THE COTTAGE.

A cottage and a green grass plot
Is all my wealth, a happy spot;
A brooklet clear with bickering glee
Comes tripping by; come, see!

In front a fatherly old tree
O'ershades this little cot for me,
And shelters it from rain and storm,
And summer suns so warm.

And from the tree a nightingale
Pours forth so soft and sweet a wail,
That all who pass must linger by,
And love, they know not why.

Dear lassie with the flaxen hair,
Thou know'st me fond as thou art fair;
I go; the rude wind shakes the tree,
Wilt share my hut with me?

Add to this little idyllic picture another picture or two of a different cast, and you have a perfect idea of old Father Gleim himself; who, like a healthy man and a happy poet, died on the 18th February, 1803, at the respectable age of eighty. Fancy him, in the first place, in the month of May 1757, with a pile of letters before him, fresh from the Halberstadt mail-bag, with the news of the battle of Prague, gained by Frederick the Great over the clumsy Austrians; instantly his Prussian blood is up; his keen little eye twinkles ecstatically; his bushy eyebrows perk up as elastic as a squirrel's tail; there is a witching smile about his mouth, (for even when about to indite a warlike dithyramb he cannot be fierce,) the morning pipe is thrown aside; up he starts, and, with the last lingering blast of the German weed, out he puffs the first verse of the lusty German song,—

Victory! victory! in the dust
The haughty foeman lies!
Victory, victory,—God is just,
The insolent Austrian dies.

And though we've lost our brave Schwerin,
He died as a hero dies;
And now he looks on the conquering scene
From his tent in the starry skies!

This is Gleim the Prussian patriot. Then you may see him in his study, or perhaps coming out of it, with a shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other, with a silk stocking on the right leg and a worsted one on the left; going out to meet the sun with a rush-light in his hand; nothing studious of the outward man; a poet plainly, if not a philosopher—perhaps a bit of both; who reads and writes by candle-light when decent people are asleep. Such a man is Gleim, the reader and the maker of books; a genuine specimen of the literary man; one that, besides his pipe and his cup of coffee, and his packet of gossiping letters from half a dozen good friends every morning, requires nothing to make him happy but a book and a pen,—a perfect incarnation of Content, singing his own song visibly, like a living epistle to all men,—

A rich man am I, and I have a good cook,
And Hunger 's his classical name;
I honour no man with an envious look,
And find nothing on earth to blame.

Heyne's Virgil, Wolf's Homer, and Elzivir Horace,—
A very correct edition,—
And the Bible by Hans Luft, my bountiful store is,
And the sum of my whole petition.

And finally, to complete the portrait, you have only to see him in his full Bacchantic glory, when he entertains the godlike Klopstock, or, it may be, even the veritable god, Jean Paul Richter. Then it is his glory, in a more vehement style than usual, to trample upon the narrow-minded "Philistines," and to toss up his sunny soul in billows of free sociality; and to cry aloud, with his own Anacreon whom he loves, Θελω θελω μαινεσθαι—I *will*, I WILL be mad. Then he crowns himself with roses, and calls for the Rhine-wine, and, to the astonishment of the sober host, breaks out into dithyrambic denunciations of water and water drinkers before the cork is drawn.

DRINK STRONG WINE!

Drink! thou lean, thou lemon-colour'd
Sapless water-drinking dullard!
Drink strong wine!
Fill thy veins with lusty vigour—
Both in brain and brawn be bigger
By strong wine.

Gods! we bless you, bounteous ever;
From Elysium rolls a river
Of strong wine.
With what fragrant power it steameth—
With what friendly light it gleameth—
This strong wine!

When a carking care doth tease you—
When a painful pride doth freeze you—
Drink strong wine!
It will mellow all thy juices—
Ope thy heart in all its sluices—
Wine, strong wine!

Solomon and learned Luther
Spoke thy praise, great sorrow soother—
Wine, strong wine!
Famous heroes, kings and kaisers,
Purple Pantagruelizers,
Drink strong wine!

So much for Father Gleim. A similar influence was exercised by Klopstock on a knot of hopeful young poets at Göttingen, associated under the title of the *Göttingen Bund*, and of whom JOHN HENRY VOSS, the translator of Homer, has had the good fortune to achieve a sort of European reputation. Translators, indeed,—otherwise a no less inglorious than laborious race,—have this privilege, that when they are first rate, they attach themselves permanently to the reputation of their original, and walk through long centuries, sometimes with the larger share of his popularity. So it seems to have fared with Voss, who also has written some songs and hymns that still keep their place in German Anthologies. But our favourite among the many young rhymers of the Göttingen Bund has always been Hölty. This lyrist died young; but there is a delicacy of sentiment in many of his pieces—a sportive play of humour, combined with a fine perception of the peculiar beauties of the ballad style—that will ensure him a permanent niche in the German Parnassus, furnished as it now is so richly with many nobler and more manly names. It is interesting, also, to observe, that while Voss, in his famous epos of a parsonage and a pic-nic, (the "Louise,") applied the sounding pomp of the Klopstockian hexameter to the familiar poetry of strawberries and cream, butter toast, and coffee-cups, Hölty, with instinctive good taste, was content to admire the bard of "The Messiah" without imitating him, and to clothe popular subjects as much as possible in a popular garb. The following piece, from Mr. Mangan's collection, is a good specimen of the tone of Hölty's poetry:—

THE AGED LANDMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Oh, cherish faith and truth till death
Shall claim thy forfeit clay,
And wander not one finger's-breadth
From God's appointed way;
So shall thy pilgrim pathway be
O'er flowers that brightly bloom;
So shalt thou, rich in hope, and free
From terror, face the tomb.
Then wilt thou handle spade and scythe
With joyous heart and soul;
Thy water-jug shall make thee blithe
As brimming purple bowl.

All things but work the sinner wo;
For, do his worst or best,
The devil drives him to and fro,
And never leaves him rest.
Him glads no spring, no sky outroll'd,
No mellow yellow field;
His one sole good and god is gold—
His heart is warp'd and steel'd.
The winds that blow, the streams that flow,
Affright the craven slave;
Peace flies him, and he does not know
Rest even in his grave:

For he, when spectral midnight reigns,
Must burst his coffin-band,
And, as a pitch-black dog, in chains
Before his house-door stand.

The spinners who, with wheel on arm,
Belated, home repair,
Will quake, and cross themselves from harm,
To see the monster there;
And every spinning crone of this
Terrific sight will tell,
And wish the villain in the abyss
And fire of hottest hell.

Old Grimes was all his life a hound,—
A genuine devil's brand,—
He counter-plough'd his neighbours' ground,
And robb'd them of their land.
Now, fire-clad, see him plough with toil
The same land, every where
Upturning all night long the soil
With white-hot burning share.
Himself like blazing straw-sheaf burns
Behind the glowing plough;
And so he burns, and so upturns,
Till morning bares her brow.

The bailie who, without remorse,
Shot stags, and fleeced the poor,
With one grim dog, on fiery horse,
Hunts nightly o'er the moor.
Oft, as a rugged-coated bear,
He climbs a gnarled pole;
Oft, as a goat, must leave his lair,
And through the hamlet stroll.

The riot-loving priest who cramm'd
His chests with ill-got gold,
Still haunts the chancel, black and damn'd,
Each night when twelve has toll'd.
He howls aloud, with dismal yells
That startle aisle and fanes,
Or, in the vestry, darkly tells
His church-accursed gains.

The squire who drank and gamed, pell-mell,
The helpless widow's all,
Now driven along by blasts from hell,
Goes coach'd to Satan's ball:
His blue frock, dipp'd in hell's foul font,
With sulphur-flame is lined;
One devil holds the reins in front—
Two devils ride behind.

Then, son, be just and true, till death
Shall claim thy forfeit clay,
And wander not one finger's-breadth
From God's revealed way;
So shall warm tears bedew in showers
The grass above thy head,
And lilies and all odorous flowers
O'erarch thy last low bed.

For the sake of completeness, we must mention here the name of BÜRGER, one of the most perfect masters of the vivid ballad style that any language possesses; but his merits are too well known in England to require any criticism. Besides, in German literature, his position is too isolated for our present general survey of prominent and characteristic genera. We may refer, however, generally to our own pages, (1835, pp. 328, 378,) and pass on from these introductory preludes, and faint prophesyings, to the full maturity and strong manhood of the German lyre. Goethe was twenty-five, and Schiller was thirty-five years younger than Klopstock. We shall now attempt to state shortly the characteristic merits of these two great Coryphæi of modern Teutonic song.

Nothing, in our opinion, has hurt the reputation of Goethe more in this country, than his having been brought forward principally in two characters, where, whatever be his merits, he is certainly far from first-rate. Goethe is neither a first-rate dramatist, nor a first-rate novelist; and yet any unstudied John Bull, who knows the great Olympian of the German Parnassus by name, knows also that he is the author of "Faust," and of "Werther," and of "Wilhelm Meister;" and knows, perhaps, nothing more. But "Faust," with all its high poetic excellencies, is, as a drama, only a second-rate production. It is pieced together with too obvious coolness in some places, and wants a perpetual current of action, and a continuity of interest. "Wilhelm Meister" the British reader thinks,—and he is no bad judge in such matters,—is flimsy and trifling, and wants a glowing and vigorous reality. So far, therefore, as his current translated works go, Goethe cannot be highly estimated by the general English reader; and the fact of the matter really is, that, like Ovid, Horace, Robert Burns, Beranger, and all great lyrists, Goethe (for he is a truly great lyrist) can be read and relished perfectly only in his own admirable tongue. That *curiosa felicitas* of diction which distinguishes the great and original lyrist from the common congregation of singing birds—that happy combination of suggestive simplicity with the most polished elegance of expression, that marks the practised master of the lyre—is an element too subtle to be transfused out of one material skin into another without injury; and it is precisely in this element that Goethe sways about with the most inimitable ease and grace. That Goethe is great, and very great, as a lyric poet, must now, we think, after the admirable translations which lately appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, be evident even to the most un-Germanized Englishman; but the German scholar will, we hope, have no difficulty in agreeing with us, that it is in the capacity of a luxuriant lyrist, and in this capacity only, that Goethe is entitled to take his stand among the great poets of all ages and nations. A first-rate dramatist Goethe was not, and never could be; for he was deficient in one great element of the true dramatist's character, intense moral earnestness, and energetic propulsiveness (if we may so speak) of emotion. He was disposed to paint playfully, and to hint gracefully, rather than to feel strongly and to act decidedly. He feared nothing so much as a strong and billowy current of emotion—shrank from nothing more sensitively than from such characters (to use his own well-known words) as Martin Luther and—Coriolanus! It is plain, therefore, he was not made for a reformer; it is certain, also, he did not possess those stern and stirring elements of character that would have enabled him to represent vividly any stern and stirring action upon the stage. This acknowledged deficiency in the moral energies interfered, however, less in preventing his achieving the highest eminence in the more playful region of song; here earnestness is justly voted pedantry, tragic passion a hurricane which incommodes us, and morality, if she will not be deemed impertinent, must often be content to be dumb. Goethe, acccordingly, stands forward prominently, not only as one of the most varied of graceful lyrists,

but also as one of the most profound; for herein, precisely, lies his great virtue, that while he presents the outward aspect of mere oriental ease and epicurean voluptuousness, he is in secret a deep thinker, and a hard worker. He writes a good drinking song, a little more delicate in the handling, and more pregnant in the idea, than good Father Gleim; but if, because you find wares of this kind in his basket, you hastily conclude that he is altogether a mere Anacreon, who pays worship only to smiling Venus, and rubicund Bacchus, you are vastly mistaken. Unquestionably he was a heathen; "a heathen of the heathens," as Rahel says, who knew him well, and admired him much; but he was a polytheist of the most comprehensive kind, and paid worship to all the gods, though to Venus, and the Graces, perhaps with a special preference. But he by no means neglected Minerva; he knew how to combine, as no man did, wise thoughts, and even scientific truths, with the most playful and wanton sports of fancy; and he paid worship also in hard labour and sweat, to the sooty god of smiths, whose subterranean toil burnished the mail and tempered the steel of the celestials. Goethe's lyric poems were in fact the delicate and light blossoms which are evolved as the crowning glory of an ancient tree, only after long years of patient growth, and wide outspreading of healthy branches; whereas the songs and odes of many, are mere fire-wheels, with which idle boys play, or, (what is worse,) blue lights, which, when there is no better ray visible, flicker out their freakish breath from the scum of a putrid pool. To sum up his character in one sentence; Goethe was as great a lyric poet, as pure polytheism, and the philosophy of Epicurus, would allow a naturally great mind to be; what he wanted to make him perfect was, a few chapters of Seneca, and a slight tincture of Christianity.

A very different man was Frederick Schiller, a poet of deep moral feelings, and with Christian and evangelic sympathies decidedly strong; a student of Immanuel Kant, and paying willing homage to the self-dictated law of a despotic OUGHT in the inner man; a mounted equestrian spirit, all eager for the strife of noble, with base emotion, and the triumph which is purchased by the martyr's blood; a warlike angel, as Menzel well says, with a flaming sword in his hand, and an atmosphere of glory for his mantle. Of him we need say nothing; for he is known in this country, and understood now, almost as much as in his own Germany; only this we may remark, that, as in the case of Goethe, so, here, the character by which the poet is most generally known in this country, is not that in which he has achieved the highest and most unquestioned excellence. Schiller's Wallenstein is piled up with too much architectural weight in many places, to be a good specimen of the drama; many of its most attractive beauties, are more lyrical and oratorical, than dramatic; and, generally speaking, we are inclined to suspect that Schiller was both too much of a systematic deliberate German, and too much the victim of exclusive inward intense emotion, to be capable of reaching the highest point of dramatic excellence. As a lyrist, however, after the impetuosity of his first apparition becomes a little more subject to control, we have no fault to find with him; and most justly does he merit that extensive popularity which he has achieved in competition with the master genius of Goethe, by how much the earnestness of moral emotion is a more noble possession, and a more characteristic attribute of man, than that pictorial luxuriousness, and sensuous voluptuousness, of which his great rival was at once the most cunning, and the most graceful of exhibitors.

We subjoin three specimens of attempted translation, from Goethe's various garden; each characteristic of a different phasis of that remarkable man. Schiller's genius is too well-known to require any illustration of the kind; but we happen to have an old version of that unique little gem, the "*Punch Song*," (not at all in the poet's usual style,) which we should like to see in print.

GENERAL CONFESSION.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Listen to a good advice,
When 'tis not denied you;
Boldly, ere it be too late,
For the night decide you.
For your faults yet to be mended,
Much begun and little ended,
Soundly must I chide you.

Penance must we do at least,
Once before we die all;
Let us, then, confess our sins,
With an honest sigh all;
To forsake what most besets us,
Care that vexes, freak that frets us,
Let us nobly vie all.

Yes, we have, confess we must,
Waking oft been dreaming,
Emptied not the friendly cup,
When the wine was gleaming;
Many a roving hour have watch'd not,
Many a waiting kiss have snatch'd not,
As was well beseeming.

Often have we sat and gaped,
Silent when we should not;
Pratings of the pedant crew,
When we could, eschewed not;
Listened to their prosy comments
On a poet's happy moments,
That they understood not.

Wilt thou absolution give,
Of all good things giver,
From thy faithful precepts swerve,
Will thy servants never;
And each sorry half-work leaving,
To the good, the lovely, cleaving,
Resolute live ever.

Pedants, while we sit at ease,
To a smile may move us;
Bumpers waiting to be quaff'd,
Shall no more reprove us;
Not with empty phrase harangue we,
But with faithful passion hang we,
On the lips that love us.

PROMETHEUS.

Thy tented welkin, Jove, enshroud
With vapoury cloud,
And, like a boy, with lusty strokes,
Who crops the thistle's crown,
O'er mountain-peaks and aged oaks,
Come blustering down;

Yet must thou yield
To me my earth,
My hut which mine own hands did build,
And mine own hearth,
Whose blazing glee
Thou enviest me.

Nothing more vile the sun below,
Than your host of gods I know!
Ye nourish in most sorry guise,
With tribute base of sacrifice,
And breath of prayer,
Your majesty;
And would starve sheer,
Were there not here,
Children and beggars, a servile crew,
Hopeful fools to flatter you.

When I was a little boy,
And laugh'd and wept, I knew not why,
Up to the sun and to the sky,
Wistful I cast my wandering eye,
As if above there were an ear,
My plaint to hear;
A heart like mine in yonder pole,
To bind the wounds o' the anguish'd soul.

Received I then aught aid from you,
Against the haughty Titan crew?
Who then from death did set me free,
And slavery?
Thyself achieved it with thy inborn art,
Thou holy, glowing heart!
But, young and artless, thou didst pour
Thy gushing thanks (fond fool!) before
The sleeper there above.

I reverence thee! for what?
Hast thou ever in mercy known
To soothe the laden spirit's groan?
Thou ever still'd the tears that start,
When doubts perplex the heart?
Hath not, to the full-grown man,
Forged me Time's all-mighty plan,
And eternal destiny,
Lord both of thee and me.

Deem'dst thou, belike, that I should hate my life,
And into deserts flee,
Because I could not see,
All blossoms of my dreamings rife?
Here sit I, and with life inspire
A race that shall be like their sire;
Who shall know beneath the skies,
To suffer, and to weep,
To enjoy, and to rejoice,
And thee and thine even so despise
As I do!

THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE.

Well! for once he's gone, the sour
Old master of the midnight witches,
And to try his magic power
My adventurous fancy itches.
I have marked them duly,
His charms both great and small,
And the spirits unruly,
Shall obey my call.
Wander, wander
Many a rood!
In full meander
Swell the flood!
In the bath, at my command,
Countless flagons be at hand!

Come, thou ancient besom, thou,
Take this fusty coat and collar;
As thou didst the master, now
Trim thee to obey the scholar.
Take two legs, and stand there,—
Take both head and tail,—
Go, at my command, there,
And bring the water-pail.
Wander, wander
Many a rood!
In full meander
Swell the flood!
In the bath, at my command,
Countless flagons be at hand!

Swift as lightning, lo! it flies!
Now it stands beside the river!
In a twinkling, back it flies,
Like an arrow from the quiver.
Back again (how clever!)
Comes the busy gnome,
Swelling, like a river,
High the waters foam!
Stay thee, stay thee,
Goblin slave!
Lay thee, lay thee,
Surging wave!
Good Heaven! the word! and can I not?
The word!—the word I've clean forgot!

The word, at which its proper form
Must the wicked gnome resume quick;—
Warm it works, and yet more warm—
Would thou wert again the broomstick!
Quicker still, and quicker,
Floods upon me gush;
Thicker still, and thicker,
Rivers on me rush!
No, no longer
Can I allow it!
I am stronger,
Thou shalt know it.
Alack! his wild look makes me quake;
Its fist at me the thing doth shake.

Yield thee, yield thee, imp of hell,
Cease thy labour, cease thy running!
Shall my master's threshold swell
Like the Baltic, for thy funning?
Pert and saucy stick,
Shall I roar in vain quite?
Change thee, change thee quick!
Be a log again quite!
Wilt not fear thee?
Not refrain thee?
Shall I tear thee?
Shall I chain thee?
Shall I take my axe and split
Thy stubborn timber skull with it?

Lo! where limps the thing again!
Imp of hell, wilt thou not hear me?
When thy skull is split in twain,
Gnome, thou shalt have cause to fear me.
Bravo, there I have thee!
Cleft it goes in twain;
My ugly fancies leave me,
And I breathe again.
Woe and wonder!
Toil and trouble!
Into life
It rises double!
Like the fabled Hydra's head!—
Mary mother! send me aid!

And they run! Like ocean's brine
Swells the foaming tide around me!
Help me, help me, master mine!
Help, or I shall surely drown'd be!
There he comes — the devils
Could the learner raise;
But to still their revels,
Is the master's praise.
Get thee hence,
Imp unruly,
Without sense,—
A broomstick truly!
None but the old master merits
The prompt obedience of the spirits.

PUNCH SONG.

Mingle them kindly,
Th' elements four,—
Mystical Nature
Works by the four,

Press ye the citron
Juicy and tart:
Life's inner kernel
Harbours a smart,

Now with the sugar's
Mild mellow power
Tame ye and temper
Wisely the sour.

Pour then the water
Flowing and clear,—
Water embraceth
Calmly the sphere,

Now with the spirit
Charm ye the bowl,—
Life of the living,
Soul of the soul,

Ere it enhaleth,
Swift be it quaff'd:
Only when glowing
Strengthens the draught.

Hitherto we have encountered nothing of political movements, and great social currents, in our tracing of the main stream of German song; the peculiarities which we have noted, are altogether peculiarities of the individual. Now, however, the times become more troubled; great movements stir the earth; and the lyric poet becomes as much the sign of the political, as the cause of the literary movements of his time. Let us state shortly how this great change in the character of German lyric poetry came about. It is a change that is even now working in Berlin and Königsberg, and may soon be productive of the most momentous consequences.

The lamentable peace of Westphalia, in 1648, and the victories of Louis XIV. forty years afterwards, left the German empire so feeble, and so divided, that, when Klopstock mounted his patriotic Pegasus, in the middle of the last century, it is nothing strange if his Germanizing and fatherlandizing enthusiasm proved a sublime inanity; for there was neither a Germany nor a fatherland then existing to any person who spoke the Teutonic tongue, between the Niemen and the Rhine. Hermann, and Thusnelda, were great names in the Burschen beer-songs; but in the German public and social life, they had no existence. Goethe, accordingly, with his strong healthy instinct of reality and truth as the living root of all substantial poetry, avoided the patriotic altogether in his lyrics. He saw no German fatherland to sing about, and therefore, on that head was dumb. He could be a minute observer, a delicate anatomizer, and a clear mirror of many-sided nature: but he could not be a German patriot. He knew no German people, no German freedom; he only knew Weimar and the Grand Duke. In so far as he was not a vague cosmopolite, the author of "Faust" was a satellite of petty princedom, and the humble devotee of frail aristocracy in Germany: nothing more. In this respect, old Father Gleim, in Halberstadt, was infinitely his superior; for Gleim was a Prussian. And though there was, and could be no Germany to extol in those days, there certainly was a Prussia; and if Hermann was an unsubstantial sound, Frederick was a living man, who could both strike and make himself be felt. Gleim, accordingly, as we have seen, with the true heart of a popular poet, seized on the grand popular theme of his age,—the famous seven years' war: but his voice was feeble; his hero, with all his brilliancy, any thing but a good subject for patriotic poetry; and the echo of Frederick's astonishing deeds had already become faint, when Goethe, about the year 1770, and Schiller, ten years later, first came forward to stir, with a stronger sweep, the strings of the Teutonic lyre. Schiller, as his "Robbers" sufficiently indicated, was, from his earliest years, a spirit all a-blaze with the glowing emotions that make the patriot and the liberal; and his latest and most perfect works, "Wallenstein" and "William Tell," plainly testify how great a prophet honest Deutschland would have had *in* him, had honest Deutschland, in its then state of momently expected dissolution, been a theme worthy to become a great prophet's burden. As things were, however, Schiller also wanted a fatherland; and the spirit of patriotic song in *him*, for want of convenient fuel to feed on, burnt like a pent volcano within, and consumed the frail tenement prematurely. Matters were, indeed, after the peace of Basle, in 1795, in Germany so bad, that, to use a common saying, they required to be worse before they could be better. The tremendous blow of Jena, in 1806; the public pillory of aristocracy in Prussia; and the cruel spurs of the "Equestrian Robespierre" for a term of years, were necessary to convince Prussians, and Saxons, and Bavarians, that there was, or ought to be, such a thing as Germany, and that a patriot is a nobler character than a painter. This conviction, however, once gained, out broke the stream of national song, like a prisoned ocean; and Germany, which, to the victories of Moreau and Bonaparte, a few years before, could oppose only a Propertius in Goethe, and a Jeremiah in Herder, now pointed with no vain confidence to her Achilles in Blucher, her Nestor in Scharnhorst, and her Tyrtaeus in Theodore Körner. From the month of March, 1813, when Prussia formally, but substantially the whole of Germany, declared war against Napoleon, a new spirit rushed into the heart of Teutonic poetry. From that day to this it has been, more or less, with varying phases, decidedly patriotic, political, and practical. Of that time, with its genuine epic outline, and vivid lyrical colouring, we have already, in this Magazine, on different occasions, spoken at some length, (vol. i. 1st series, p. 732, and vol. vii. 2d series, p. 409,) There is no name, indeed, in the whole range of foreign literature, which is at once more generally and more deservedly esteemed in this country, than that of Theodore Körner. We shall therefore content ourselves, on the present occasion, with the single historical mention of this great revolution in the character of German song. Perhaps also the reader will not be displeased, if we add here, by

way of passing memorial, a translation of one of the poetic portraits of the great struggle, from the pen of a soldier-bard, whose fame has been almost eclipsed in this country by the extraordinary reputation of his more vigorous compeer. We speak of MAX VON SCHENKENDORF; and the ode which follows is to the memory of a man to whose years of secret and silent preparation Germany is not less indebted for her political independence, than to the clattering hussar-charges of the hot old Blücher. Scharnhorst, indeed, had he not been prematurely carried off at the very first shock of the terrible struggle which his persevering genius had planned, might, in spite of his modest and most unambitious carriage, have been at this day as bruited a name in Europe as Wellington or Marshal Soult. But God had ordered it otherwise: he fell at Lützen on the 2d of May, 1813, and was carried, wounded, from the field of battle to Prague,—a place famous in the annals of Prussian glory,—where he died shortly after.

THE DEATH OF SCHARNHORST.

In Germania's holy quarrel,
Prussian land the noblest laurel
Bound thy gallant captain's brow;
Deutschland's noon of strength preparing,
Lützen saw his deeds of daring,
But the spoiler laid him low.

"Hear me, German brethren, hear me,
To the Kaiser's city bear me,
Prague shall sound the Prussian's knell!
When she sees my red wounds bleeding,
Shall not Austria hear my pleading,
Let me die where Schwerin fell!"

Prague! an omen'd cloud hangs o'er thee,
Mighty heroes fell before thee,
Saints were whelm'd within thy wave;
Ancient Prague, with awe we name thee,
Holy Prague, with fear we claim thee,
Tomb of saints and heroes' grave!

Fled from Earth 's the hero's spirit;
And the angels gently bear it
To the land that knows no pain;
There the gather'd Teuton sages,
Great and good from distant ages,
Gird the throne of Charlemain.

"Greet ye, brethren! news to cheer ye!
Of her tyrant Earth is weary,
And the German nations rise;
See the signs of our succeeding!
Lo! I bear these fresh wounds bleeding
From the holy sacrifice!"

Thus the hero spake in Heaven,
And to us the oath is given;
Shall we put his words to shame?
Soldiers whom he train'd so truly,
Swear that ye will keep it duly,
Let your watchword be his name!

Where the eagle sunward soaring,
Battles with the tempest's roaring,
Soar'd his spirit loftily;
Only air of freedom breathed he,
Freedom's sword alone unsheathed he,
And he died to make us free.

None to Prussia's throne was nearer,
None to German hearts was dearer,
Scharnhorst was the people's own;
Sire to son shall tell his glory,
He shall live in common story
Surer than in brass and stone.

Another verse is sometimes added; but seems rather to weaken than improve the effect.

Waste no more thine eyes with weeping,
For thy sires in glory sleeping,
Lovely Gräfinn weep no more;
In the stream of song for ever
Flows his fame on like a river—
Lovely Gräfinn weep no more!

Connected with the poets of 1813, Ludwig Uhland deserves prominent notice; for he is a true German patriot, and though more retired and cloisterly in his tone, passed by no means (like Goethe) unstirred by the great European blasts with which Arndt and Körner swept the German lyre. Uhland, however, is more properly to be regarded as the lyric representative of that famous romantic and mediæval school, of which Frederick Schlegel was the earnest critical dictator. All Uhland's finest and most characteristic ballads,—Durand, Dante, The Castellan of Couci, The Student of Salamanca,* and the others in the now so popular trochaic rhythm,—belong to this school rather than to that of Körner; and partake, indeed, not seldom, a little too largely of that tincture of mist and moonshine, of which mediæval romance, in all its avatars, is apt to be so enamoured. In this country, what the Germans call the romantic school has assumed almost altogether an ecclesiastical, or more properly, sacerdotal character,—its most notable product being Puseyism; and how closely even this English development of the phenomenon is connected with lyric poetry of no vulgar excellence, the name of Keble alone is sufficient to indicate. From Uhland, however, we must reluctantly pass on to the most recent manifestation of the German Terpsichore in the persons of Herwegh, Freiligrath, Fallersleben, Prutz, and others, who have made lyric poetry the vehicle not only of general patriotic appeal, but of direct political attack and party onset. How far the celestial maid may not have been unworthily handled, nay, positively prostituted (as old Goethe would have said) in being thus made subservient to ephemeral and terrestrial purposes, we shall not at present over-curiously inquire.† Let it be enough, so far as Prussia is concerned, to have stated distinctly, that the ruler of that country, having interdicted political excitement from its great legitimate outlet, the daily newspapers, has no right to complain if it seek for itself a new, and it may be unnatural organ, in the pregnant inuendoes of the sportive muse. Poetry can never remain poetry and be substantially waspish: that is plain. But a bee also has a sting; and such poetic bees, buzzing sportively, and stinging not without dangerous venom, have been observed lately in frequent swarms, hovering about the most sensitive parts of his Borussian majesty Frederick William IV. It is one of the most ominous signs of the times, and deserves to be seriously pondered. Certain good people on the banks of the Spree, among their many theatrical fancies, seem to be tormented with a desire to play Charles I. over

* See Translations in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1836; and in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 38; and in our own Magazine, 1844, p. 364; and *Mangan*, vol. i. 87.

† But on the connexion between *Politics* and *Poetry* generally, we refer our readers to our own pages, vol. iv. p. 102.

again; and do not seem to understand perfectly that such an exhibition in the nineteenth century may possibly be productive of something far more serious than the scenic resuscitation of Sophocles and the Antigone. It is strange, indeed, what transcendental ideas certain German statesmen seem to have about the power of kings. We read of the Roman emperor Caius Cæsar Caligula, that, having built a bridge of rafts from Baiæ to Puteoli, and covered it with gravel, (to show that he could march over the sea on dry land!) he invited a great number of spectators to witness the extraordinary passage; but no sooner were the eager multitudes assembled, than he caused a great number of them to be seized, and for his sport thrown into the sea, and drowned. No doubt there were some smooth flatterers at Rome in those days, who showed themselves glib to prove that the divine right of emperors extended also to these recreations. In modern times, Prussia affords a parallel example. For in that famous year 1813, when it seemed to Goethe, and to the aristocratic party in Germany, mere folly to attempt hurling the French despot from his European throne,—in those most problematic and perilous days, it pleased the late King of Prussia to throw himself into the hands of that party which was alone able to restore him to the throne of the great Frederick: the party we mean of Stein and Hardenberg, and those who professed English and constitutional as opposed to military and bureaucratic principles. Many measures, accordingly, of a decidedly popular tendency were introduced and fostered by these men, in the short period between 1807 and 1813. An enthusiasm purely popular was by this means raised. Marshal Blücher came rattling over the bridge of the Elbe at Dresden, proclaiming to the enslaved Saxons, that the allies were come to restore to Germany that LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, of which the tyranny of Napoleon had deprived them; and under the young and fresh inspiration of these liberal professions, and at that time no doubt honestly felt liberal sympathies, the blood-soaked ground was maintained inch by inch at Lützen, and the hard fought battles of Dennewitz, the Katzbach, and Leipzig, gained. Nay, more than this,—after the peace the same liberal professions were put into systematic legal phraseology, and stereotyped in the Act of the Confederation at Vienna. But the place where these fair speeches were made was of evil augury; and, in fact, no sooner was Napoleon fairly settled in St. Helena, than the King of Prussia, like an honest simpleton, or a base hypocrite, (we charitably think the former,) in conjunction with a few weak and selfish aristocrats and red-tapists, immediately set himself to enact the part of Caligula, and hurl the spectators of his self-created liberalism into the sea. A general persecution was immediately commenced against all those whose enthusiastic zeal for German liberty had been most instrumental in restoring the king to his throne; the diet at Frankfurt, by the exertions of Metternich, Gentz, and a few others, was converted into a standing committee, to prevent the growth of those popular institutions which the Congress of Vienna had made a show of granting; the free press, wherever it appeared, was gagged; the parliaments of the several states were forbidden to deliberate on any subject but the granting of the pre-arranged budget, the formation of common sewers, and such like; independent and manly professors in the universities were deposed and banished; the students were informed that beer drinking and smoking, and all sorts of licentiousness and dissipation would not be objected to by the evangelic censor of academic morals; but that politics, and public law, and English newspapers, were the devil. The consequence of all this has been, that the counsellors of the late King of Prussia, and the present monarch who is in the same false position, are, by the idle wits of Berlin, laughed at as mountebanks, by serious thinkers feared as impertinent bunglers in important matters, and by men of manly honesty and independent character, publicly branded as LIARS. The poets of the day, in particular, have become the great prophets of the political opposition, and what St. Paul and the Apostles were formerly, "the ringleaders of sedition among the people." How different from the cosmopolitan, generalizing, and artistic sensitiveness of Goethe, are the plain and urgent political truths of the moment, as they are enunciated in the following pleasant and sportive effusion by Prutz!*

THE STORY THAT'S NOT TRUE.

I climb'd a hill, a goodly hill,
And what saw I there?
I saw a land, a lovely land,
Vines on each wall ascending,
And by the throne on the king's right hand
Bürger and boor attending.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
Were there no lords and earls
Circling the throne with pearls?
O, wonder on wonder, can this be true?

And higher I climb'd and higher still,
And what saw I then?
No captain and no corporal,
Recruiting, flogging, vanish'd,
And standing army none at all,
The very name was banish'd.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, dukes, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
O, wonder on wonder, can this be true?

And higher yet I climb'd the hill,
And what saw I then?
I saw, as far as my eye could see,
The lusty lads and lasses
On Sunday and Saturday travelling free,
And nobody asked for passes.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, lords, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
Free lads and lasses all,
Ask'd for no pass at all!
O, wonder on wonder, can this be true?

And higher again I climb'd the hill,
And what saw I then?
I saw a crowd from lusty lungs
Disputing and debating,
With no police to rein their tongues,

* Gedichte von R. C. Prutz. Neue Sammlung Zurich and Winterthür, (not Berlin, of course,) 1843.

And with no spies in waiting.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, lords, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
Free lads and lasses all,
Ask'd for no pass at all!
Traitorous tongues at large,
And with no spies in charge!
O, wonderful, wonderful, can this be true?

And higher and higher I climb'd the hill,
And what saw I then?
Deputies free to bark and bay,
In Parliamentary scuffle,
And with no minister's practised play,
The great state-cards to shuffle.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, lords, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
Free lads and lasses all,
Ask'd for no pass at all!
Traitorous tongues at large,
And with no spies in charge!
Parliaments quite at ease,
Speaking just what they please!
O, wonderful, wonderful, can this be true?

And up I climb'd, and upwards still,
And what saw I then?
Science I saw, and Poesy,
Flapping triumphant pinions;
The censorship I could not see,
'Twas bound in hell's dominions.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, lords, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
Free lads and lasses all,
Ask'd for no pass at all!
Traitorous tongues at large,
And with no spies in charge!
Parliaments quite at ease,
Speaking just what they please!
Authors free, scribbling on,
Censorship nibbling none!
O, wonderful, wonderful, can this be true?

Brisk, and more brisk, I climb'd the hill,
And what saw I then?
I saw the wise men, with pen in hand,
For truth and justice writing,
And for the freedom of fatherland,
The learned doctors fighting.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, lords, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
Free lads and lasses all,
Ask'd for no pass at all!
Traitorous tongues at large,
And with no spies in charge!
Parliaments quite at ease,
Speaking just what they please!
Authors free, scribbling on,
Censorship nibbling none!
No doctors, muddy all,
Smoked in their study all!
O, wonderful, wonderful, can this be true?

And up and up I climb'd the hill,
And what saw I then?
In the whole land, there was no trace
Of mumping methodism;
And none could creep into a place,
By conning his catechism.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, lords, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
Free lads and lasses all,
Ask'd for no pass at all!
Traitorous tongues at large,
And with no spies in charge!
Parliaments quite at ease,
Speaking just what they please!
Authors free, scribbling on,
Censorship nibbling none!
No doctors, mnddy all,
Smoked in their study all!
No saints, by special grace,
Sneaking into a place!
O, wonderful, wonderful, can this be true?

And now to the top I climb'd the hill,
And what saw I then?
I saw each man prove for himself,
The eternal revelation;
With no malignant priestly elf,
To thunder down damnation.
O, wonderful! wonderful!
No barons, lords, and earls,
Circling the throne with pearls!
No taxes! none to pay
Soldiers on quarter-day!
Free lads and lasses all,
Ask'd for no pass at all!
Traitorous tongues at large,
And with no spies in charge!
Parliaments quite at ease,
Speaking just what they please!
Authors free, scribbling on,
Censorship nibbling none!
No doctors, muddy all,
Smoked in their study all!
No saints, by special grace,
Sneaking into a place!
Bigotry, branded all!
Clergymen candid all!
O, wonderful, wonderful!—but that's NOT true.

It requires no very profound acquaintance with the history of Prussian politics since the peace, to be able to appreciate this admirable satire. The British newspapers of the day for the last two or three years, and the floating comments of the reviews, supply all that is necessary for its illustration. Only one remark we shall allow ourselves, that the sting of the sarcasm lies in the glaring opposition between profession and principle by which the Prussian government stands so unenviably distinguished. The Czar Nicholas looks like a czar, and speaks like a czar, and uses the knout like a czar, and no man mistakes him; so also Austria, "honest old Austria," sits spread out with a quiet breadth of contented Conservatism on her green gossiping prater at Vienna, and *her* likewise no man mistakes; but Prussia, prating magnificently about her Protestantism, her intelligence, her high pressure education, her Zollunions, her Germanism, and Liberalism of all kinds, is, when you anatomize her closely, a hideous compound of pedant, preacher, and comedian, of coward, slave, and LIAR. What is to be the end of these things no man knows. For ourselves, we shall not be surprised if the German Lyric Muse, having now at length, in her youngest incarnation, become decidedly political and practical, should quickly learn to indite in a fluid of a more potent virtue, and more perilous concoction than ink. There were songs, also, and rare ones sung at Paris, in the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two.

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND VENGEANCE: A HIGHLAND TALE.

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, BART.

(*Concluded from page 37 of our January number.*)

It happened, one beautiful morning, that Cathol Kerr made up his mind to go out to sea to fish, on a particular bank at a considerable distance from the land, where he expected to have a great take of cod and ling for curing for winter store. Morh Bane walked with her husband down to the spot where his boat lay, at the upper end of Loch Roe. They parted tenderly, after some brief ejaculations on the part of the wife for fair weather, a good fishing, and a safe return to her husband. Cathol and his men went merrily on board, and she stood listening to the Gaelic song sung by all their voices, and measured in time to the stroke of their oars, as they pulled away, and to their cheerful laugh that came in between the several stanzas. She lingered even after their boat had disappeared behind the first point of rock that shut it out from her view, until the sounds, borne over the tranquil surface of the loch, had altogether died away.

She was returning homewards up the glen, when, in a very narrow and solitary part of it, just as she had passed by the corner of a rock, a tall woman, wrapped in a loose plaid, strode out from the bushes that grew by the side of the path; and, standing in the very midst of the way, she threw open the folds of her covering, and exhibited the dreaded features of Janet Dhu. Morh Bane stood, pale, powerless, and trembling; and, if the friendly support of the rock had not been close behind her, she must have dropped to the earth. The countenance of Janet Dhu had undergone much change since that day when she had parted with Morh Bane in so terrible and abrupt a manner, near the beach. Her features were still grand, but they were haggard, and the damask tint of her cheeks had deepened into an olive-brown. It seemed as if, whilst the stormy influences within had been doing their fell work on the delicacy of her beauty, by impressing on it permanent lines descriptive of the worst of human passions, the external elements had made her face their battle-field, and left manifest traces of their conflict on its surface. Her eyes were changed into meteors charged with the electric fires of the hurricane; and her long hair, left untutored and unconstrained, ever since that time when she threw it wide to the blast, whilst in the act of pouring out her first dread denunciations, hung like a dark veil over one half her person; not concealing, but rendering more awful and mysterious, that countenance which had been thus so fearfully altered.

"Soh!" said she, slowly, and in a deep voice that thrilled through every nerve of the agitated Morh Bane; "Soh! we meet at last face to face! You thought that you were rid of me! Vain was that thought, wretch that you are! Never! never till the grave closes over you, shall you be freed from the vengeance of Janet Dhu! See here!" said she, drawing from her bosom a broad-bladed dirk: "This is the very steel that drank the blood of him whom you have reft from me; of him who is now your husband! Furies! ten thousand Furies of Norseland are in the very thought! Nay, tremble not! implore not for your paltry life! I could take that now if I liked; but it would ill suit my deep-rooted vengeance, to send you thus early to a peaceful grave. No! you must live to suffer pangs worse than a thousand deaths! Look to yourself, for, ere to-morrow's sun shall rise, you shall think that death, even from my hand, had been a blessing. But, curses! curses! my multiplied curses be upon you!" After this wild harangue, she dived among the brushwood and disappeared.

Morh Bane was so overpowered by these dreadful words, that some time elapsed before she could summon strength or courage to proceed. As it was impossible for her mind to conceive hate or revenge so dreadful taking possession of any human breast where reason prevailed, she began to be convinced that the violence of Janet Dhu's passions had turned her brain, and that, in reality, she was now a maniac. And yet, there was so much of purpose and design in what she had already done, that it was difficult to come entirely to that conclusion. If her supposition were true, she saw that much vexation and even danger must be looked for from future paroxysms of Janet's insanity; whilst, on the other hand, those mysterious threats which she had just heard her utter, might be treated as empty words. But if Janet's mind were not unhinged, and that she was influenced by the uncontrolled fury of her passions alone, Morh Bane trembled to think of what might come. This last thought hung upon her mind as she hurried home, and grew on it as she afterwards sat ruminating there, over the woman's task that occupied her domestic hours.

She was alone; for her father had retired to enjoy those hours of repose which his advanced age now required during the course of the day. She felt her loneliness in a more than ordinary degree. She became sad, restless, and unhappy. Her Cathol's absence was unusually painful; and a thousand distressing fancies began to torment her. Often did she look out; yet, as there was not a breath of air to stir a leaf, there was no cause for even a shadow of anxiety. But anxiety did come, notwithstanding; and it brought with it restlessness. She could fix to nothing. At length she could bear it no longer; and as it was now afternoon, she resolved to climb the high neighbouring hill, whence she could have a view down the glen, throughout all its windings, and over the lake, and Loch Roe, quite out to the ocean itself. She knew that, on such occasions as the present, her

husband seldom returned till nightfall; but she could not rest at home, and therefore out she went, and began the rough ascent.

The morning, and the whole of that day, had been so very calm, that the bleating of the goats on the cliffs of the hill top had been heard as if the animals had been close to the house: even the splash of a trout, leaping in the burn below, had become an important sound amidst the deep silence of nature. But now, as Morh Bane climbed the hill, she remarked that partial gusts came sweeping up the glen from the westward, bending the tough but pliant twigs of the hazels, and producing a rough, hoarse-sounding, though transient music, that might have been compared to the distant braying of the trumpets of a battle call to troops mustering for the combat. Her foreboding heart, predisposed to catch up alarm, began to beat even more violently than the toil she underwent in climbing the ascent might have well accounted for. She quickened her steps, and, as she advanced, the blasts came ever and anon roaring up among the groves of the glen, with greater fierceness and longer endurance. Flushed by fatigue and agitated by her inward emotions, she at length reached the very summit, and then she stretched her anxious eyes far adown the glen, and over all the objects that lay between her and the ocean, where, at that moment, floated her earthly treasure. They reached the distant horizon: it was covered by one dense black cloud, that, resting on the sea, spread itself entirely across from south to north, and altogether confounded the boundary between sky and water. Its upward edge was ragged, and it shot out into long, Alpine-looking, fiery, red points, that were inclined towards the land; whilst the surface of the ocean below was lifted into high white-topped waves, from the crests of which a continual spindrift was carried uninterruptedly along. The whole phenomena showed that the distant storm was terrible, and that it was coming on with the speed of an army of mounted warriors, in the furious career of charge, towards the coast. The spectacle was such that it might have struck awe even into the bosom of any one, most accustomed to behold the power of the Almighty so manifested. But to Morh Bane it brought a terror that winged her with more than woman's speed and strength. She flew down the side of the hill whence she beheld it, and, threading through the intricacies of the glen, she made her way along the bending shores of the lake, and then down the stream that discharges its waters into Loch Roe; and so, regardless of the rude shocks which her limbs received from the rough rocks on its margin, she passed around all the bays and bights of its [northern side, until she reached that comparatively low head of rock which there protects the entrance of that haven of safety.

By the time that Morh Bane had finished her wild race night was fast approaching. She was so breathless and so much overcome by her exertions, which no one could have well believed to have been possible in a woman, that she was compelled to sit down for a time, bleeding and bruised as she was, from the rude salutations she had received from the boughs, the thorns, and the rocks and stones, among which she had passed. But she had no sooner recovered herself in some degree than she started up, and threw her eyes rapidly and wildly over the ocean before her. It was fast darkening into the same inky hue that was descending from the clouds that hung over it; and its obscurity was only lighted up by the long lines of white breakers that crested the mountainous billows, that came rolling fearfully towards the coast, with their foam shining with all the splendour of intense contrast. They struck the rocks under her feet with the heavy boom of artillery, and the spray rose from their roaring contact with them, and threw itself widely into the air.

Amid this terrific conflict of the elements, no other eye, perhaps, but that of a lover or a wife, could have detected that small, black, and distant speck, that struggled, as it were for life, with the billows. It was her Cathol's boat. She caught a momentary glimpse of it at intervals, when it rose on the top of a sea, filling her with transient hope, which again sank in her bosom, and gave way to despair, as it seemed to be whelmed in the deep valleys that yawned between those briny mountains. Still she stood upon these rocks, unmindful of the roaring surf that threw itself over them, and deluged her with wet. Still she gazed with all-absorbing intensity, and still was she occasionally cheered as the little speck again appeared; and hope, ardent hope, began to gain possession of her bosom, as she perceived that the boat, though slowly, was sensibly growing in magnitude on her eyes, and that consequently it must, every successive moment, be drawing nearer and nearer to the wished-for haven. At length she could even distinguish the figures, and she almost fancied that she recognised that of her husband. But as time wore on the night came with it, and the whole sea and sky being blotted utterly out by its obscurity, her straining eyes lost all view of the object which so fearfully interested her.

Oh, what were her feelings whilst standing alone, and in utter darkness, on that lonely head of rock, struggling to keep her feet against the furious blast that swept over it, and often in danger of being carried off by huge volumes of white surf, that came like armies of sheeted spectres against her! Often did she throw herself on her knees in short but earnest prayer to God. Her ear was now the only channel through which she could gather information as to the safety or existence of the little boat. Again would she start up, and listen as intently as she had formerly gazed. The wind now began to take off, and it came in blasts, with lulls intervening; so that during these comparatively peaceful intervals that occurred between the thundering burst of each long rolling wave against the rocks, there was an awful silence. Often, at such times, did her impatience deceive her into the belief that she heard voices from the sea; and this long

before it could have been possible for the rowers to have overcome the space that had divided them from the mouth of the haven, at the time she had last been able to descry them. And then it was that she began to cry out in the most frantic and piteous manner, "Cathol! Cathol Kerr! Oh Cathol, answer your Morh Bane! Cathol! Dear Cathol! Oh Cathol!"

Full of the hope of hearing some reply, she listened in the pause that took place in the thunder of the raging ocean. A wild laugh, which might have been that of the demon of the storm, came across the narrow throat of the inlet, from the rocky head of Ard Roe on its southern side; and it was horribly repeated by the numerous echoes among the surrounding cliffs, as if a thousand evil spirits were rejoicing in her agonizing misery. Her heart was frozen within her by the sound. She thought of Janet Dhu, of her dreadful curse, and, above all, of her terribly prophetic repetition of it that very morning; she tottered back, and sank down on the rock in a state of temporary stupor.

But again she was roused, after a little time, by a prolonged shout that reached her ear, softened by the great distance that the sound had travelled over the surface of the sea. It was her husband's voice! She knew it well! She started up, and replied to it by again calling out his name repeatedly. Again came the fiendish laugh from the opposite headland, and again it rang around among the cliffs in horribly multiplied reverberation.

But what was that which now suddenly attracted her attention? A feeble ray of light! It appeared as a solitary spark amidst the black blot of night that every where prevailed. Though its position was somewhat high it could not be a star, for no ray from any of heaven's luminaries could have possibly perforated those dense and continuous clouds that then arched over the heavens like a vault of stone. It appeared to be in the direction of Ard Roe, on the southern side of the narrow strait whence the demoniac laughter had seemed to come. What could it be? No human dwelling was there, nay, nor for some distance inland. Yet as Morh Bane gazed at it she observed that it gradually grew in magnitude. It began to flicker, and to throw out pointed flames that rose upwards. It certainly was a fire that some one had kindled on the head; with what intention she could not divine. Some friend, some of kind Cathol's many friends, having witnessed his danger, had gone there to light a beacon to guide his sea-tossed boat into safety. But no! the cheering thought was dashed at once from her mind by the dreadful conviction that its light must lure her husband from the proper channel, and draw him on to certain destruction upon the bluff rocks of the Ard Roe. Could she kindle a corresponding fire on the northern head where she then stood, the boat, so lighted, might have made a safe passage through the fair way of the narrow entrance into the loch. But, alas, not a stick! not a tuft of heather! nay, not even a blade of grass, nor a morsel of sea-weed, that could have been ignited, was to be found for a great distance around her! She would have flown over the rocks to have searched for something of the sort, and she did make some frantic efforts for this purpose, but the darkness was such that her attempts were vain. Meanwhile, the traitorous beacon on Ard Roe blazed up more and more, as if in triumphant mockery of her affliction, until it became one tall and splendid column of flame. With consummate art, and wicked calculation, its pile had been reared in such a position that its rays shot over the brow of the cliff, so as widely to illuminate the surface of the ocean at some distance beyond its base, whilst it left its steep and overhanging face entirely obscured by a blackness of shadow, that was rendered doubly deep from contrast with the dazzling brilliancy of the blaze above it. To those at sea, therefore, it had the appearance of a distant fire, lighted by some friendly hand on some eminence within Loch Roe, and directly guiding them to the fair way into it.

"My wife!" said Cathol Kerr, as he gazed on it with rapturous thoughts of home; "my darling Morh Bane! What do we not owe to thee, blessed angel of our safety! Pull, lads! pull! give hearty way! A few more strokes of the oar, and we are——— Gracious God, have mercy on our souls! The rocks! We are gone men!"

One immense sea came roaring on behind them. It upheaved the boat, and drove it with tremendous force against the cliff. As the white surges retreated, flashing under the light of the fire above, some scattered fragments of timber were seen floating on its bosom. Among these were five human forms, struggling with desperate and despairing strife against their untimely fate. But in a few moments all had disappeared. One piercing shriek from Morh Bane was followed by the same hellish laughter from the Ard Roe that we have already described; but on the poor, bereaved, widowed woman it had no effect, for she lay prostrate on the bare rock in a dead swoon.

Long before the earliest dawn of the next morning, the anxious relatives and friends of the lads who composed the crew of Cathol Kerr's boat, together with all the people in the neighbourhood, were congregated on the rocks. Of the utter loss of the boat, and those on board of it, no one had the smallest doubt. In vain were the bodies searched for; they were never found. Morh Bane was discovered wandering about the shores, wringing her hands, but uttering no sound; and she was led home perfectly unconscious as to whither she was going, or what was passing around her.

We shall not attempt to describe the sad and melancholy state in which she was now left, or how the slow hours of her bitter affliction lingered on. The first thing that roused the widowed wife was the situation of her poor old father, whose enfeebled mind, and bodily frame, gave way under the shock he had received. For some painful weeks he required all a daughter's care and attention, but at last he died, and was taken from her to the grave.

But two months had not passed away, ere she

might have been again observed going sadly about her now deserted dwelling, and occasionally looking after her little affairs, and especially plying her needle with great industry. She was about to become a mother.

After her beautiful boy was born, what mingled joy and sorrow were hers! How she wept amid her smiles, as she gazed for hours on his innocent face, the expanding features of which, more and more every day, recalled those of the beloved one she had lost. Her thoughts were continually winging their way from the little cherub before her to him who, as her sound religious faith told her, was now a saint in Heaven; and willingly would she herself have flown thither, but for her child that tied her to this earth; and thus her pure spirit might be said to hover between, and to partake equally of both. Celestial indeed was her expression, as, in thought, she annihilated time, and pictured to herself the unalloyed joys of that eternal world where her firm Christian hope looked for her reunion, at last, with all those whom she loved. It were delightful to dwell on a theme such as this; but, however painful it must be to us or to our readers, we must now hasten to unfold the remaining circumstances of our tale.

She was one day sitting by the side of her boy's cradle, gazing, as usual, with rapture on his sleeping countenance, and indulging in such pleasing and holy reveries as we have just described, when the girl who was in service with her came running into the apartment, with the intelligence that the best cow, which had been feeding in a grassy hollow behind the house, was dying on the ground. Whether the animal had been stung by some venomous reptile, or had been seized by some sudden and unknown disease, she could not tell. Morh Bane, after hastily shutting the doors behind her, hurried away to the spot; but by the time she reached it she found the animal dead, and much swollen. Such unaccountable losses as these are so common about every farm, that this circumstance but little affected one who was accustomed, as she was, humbly to submit to every dispensation of Providence, even, as we have seen, to those afflictions which are the heaviest that human nature is called upon to bear. She returned to the house, therefore, and let herself in to the apartment where she had left her child, when—oh horror of horrors!—the cradle was lying upset on the floor, and she lifted her boy from under the little mattress and bed-clothes, which had been turned over him in the fall. His eyes were glazed. She rushed madly through the house, seeking and using restoratives, and between whiles uttering piercing shrieks. But, alas! her boy was gone for ever! She fell on her knees, and humbly and earnestly prayed to God for support and resignation under this his chastisement, and her composure became miraculously great. She believed that the child's death had been occasioned by some sudden movement in his sleep, or in awaking, which had overturned the cradle, and so produced his suffocation. But other terrible doubts were soon awakened in her mind, when a shout of demoniac laughter burst from a neighbouring thicket. The agonizing thoughts that instantly rushed upon her mind suddenly upset it altogether. The girl who was her only attendant was summoned by her wild screams, and she had to call in some neighbours to her assistance, who found her a raging maniac, requiring control; and in a few hours she was stretched in bed, in a brain fever.

This was finally subdued, after it had run a long and painful course, during which it more than once threatened to terminate fatally. But she was left, for years afterwards, in a low, nervous state of despondency, as regarded this world. At last the pure religion that was in her began to have its effect. Her mind became more composed, and her Bible and her knitting needle became her only objects of occupation.

Many years passed uninterruptedly away with Morh Bane, in pious seclusion, and, we may add, in contentment, ay, and exquisite felicity too; for she spent them in holding intercourse with her Saviour, her husband, and her child. She longed to be with them, but she possessed herself with all due patience in her longings; and thus it was that the remaining term of her sojourning here on earth was but as a happy preface to that eternal joy to which she looked forward. Nor had she to wait for an unreasonable length of years ere she was called to that enjoyment. Her constitution, weakened as it had been by her misfortunes, and by the physical evils which they produced, wore on with her, until at last, whilst her departing spirit smiled in sunshine through her eyes, as she threw a farewell look of Christian love on those around her, it yielded gently to the call of death; and she was carried to the churchyard amidst the tears and the general regret of all who had benefited by her charitable acts, or who had known her virtues, or felt for her misfortunes.

But it is natural for our readers to inquire, what became of Janet Dhu all this time.—Whilst working out those dreadful acts to which she was prompted by her wicked and ungovernable passions, and her direful thirst of vengeance, she had lived, with her old mother, concealed in a cavern by the sea-shore, the entrance to which was only known to herself. Their food was composed of the eggs and young of wild birds, and when such could not be had, of the shell-fish picked from the rocks, and occasionally of fowls, and various other articles, plundered from the farms and cottages around. Her devilish spirit was too intent on the single object that occupied her, to admit of any other thought finding a place in her mind. But after she had struck the last blow that we were called upon to record, her occupation was gone for a time, from the circumstance, that the consequent illness and mental alienation of her victim, placed her for some years beyond the reach of any farther sufferings she could have inflicted on her. It was about this time, too, that her poor, aged, and infirm mother died; her mother, whom even such a heart as that of Janet Dhu, turned to evil as it so terribly was, loved with all a daughter's affection. We should in vain attempt to describe that wild unruly grief that

rent the heart of that extraordinarily constructed woman, as, on a fearful night of storm, when the vault of Heaven rolled with thunder, and the lightning flashed, she bore from the cavern in her arms the lifeless corpse of her to whom she had owed her being, to a grassy spot near its mouth, where, with a spade taken from a distant cottage, she had dug a shallow grave, and where, after a thousand parting kisses bestowed on those clay-cold lips, that had been so often opened to pour instruction into her ear, in vain attempts to restrain those passions which had since so mastered her, she deposited the body, and covered it up for ever. It was after this, that in her utter loneliness, in that deep and dark cavern, where she was housed, like a wild beast, far within the bowels of the earth,—that, when other mortals were enjoying the cheering light of the sun, she sat in obscurest night, listening to the roar of the ocean, mingled with the screams of the sea birds, and brooding over her crimes:—It was then, we say, that conscience began to conjure up fiends to torment her, and that, after not many days, her tortures became so terrible, that she could remain there no longer; and seeing that she could not show herself with safety among those who knew of her crimes, or in a country-side where she knew that her very name must be held in execration, she, unknown to all, stole out of her native district by night, and went to some far away place, we have never been able to learn whither.

When so many years had rolled away, that the fresh recollection of all these events, which we have recorded, was obliterated, and when not only Janet Dhu was altogether forgotten, but when even Morh Bane was rarely spoken of, a very old woman, of bent form, of dark complexion, long gray hair, and restless eyes of a piercing black, made her appearance in Assynt. She carried a basket filled with small wares, which she sold from door to door; and after a few weeks of this ambulatory life, she took up her permanent residence in an old ruined cot, which the charity of some of the lads in the neighbourhood induced them to repair for her, to such an extent at least as to make it in some measure proof against the fury of the elements. It stood on the slope of one of those wild, crater-like little circular hollows, which are so common in the district, the bottom of which was filled by a small pond, supplied by a rill that fell into it through a rocky fissure, and having its discharge from its opposite extremity through a ravine with deep banks of black moss. There she lived, with a few fowls going about her door, and with a large black cat, which it was believed she had brought with her, as her only companion. She had manifestly seen many countries; and her knowledge, so far as the rustics could judge, was very great on all subjects. She was known by no other name than that of the Strange Old Woman; and being often consulted in various matters, her advices, both in regard to the conduct of affairs future as well as present, and the cure of maladies, gained her so much fame, that she soon began to make a tolerable livelihood of the presents that were made her. Some of her predictions came so true, that in the course of a short time people began to believe that she was a witch; and the suspicions that arose in the country regarding her in this respect, were much confirmed by the reports of later pedestrians, who having accidentally had occasion to pass by the lonely spot where she lived, heard strange loud exclamations, almost amounting to shrieks, proceeding from her, as if she had been in terrible agony, bodily or mental. None indeed had summoned up courage to knock at her door, on any such occasion, to inquire what was the matter with her, but one man; and when he did so, and was told to come in, he found her sitting on a stool by the fire, perfectly quiet, with her large black cat on the hearthstone beside her, and she firmly denied that any sound whatsoever had escaped her lips. This man used to shake his head and say, that he had his own opinions about her.

It happened next season after her appearance, that a great body of herrings came into the lochs and sea inlets of Assynt. The people were all alive with the expectation of catching them in such numbers as to ensure their being able to make a large provision of food for themselves and families. Casks and salt were procured at great expense from a distance; boats and nets were repaired, and fitted out with all their necessary appurtenances of ropes and buoys. At length, when every thing was prepared, the fleet set forth on a fine dark evening, and with every other circumstance in their favour; but every boat returned to the shore in the morning, as clean as it went out. The hopes of the fishermen were entirely blasted. The whole body of herrings had left the lochs.

So strange an occurrence as this, though far from being without precedent, excited a great deal of talk among the disappointed fishermen. A knot of them, more inquisitive than the rest, went, followed by a rabble of boys, to consult an old woman, commonly called Caillach Elspat, who lived in a hovel by the sea-side, and who, passing for a witch herself, had suffered much diminution in those, to her, lucrative consultations which had long been held with her, from the superior fame that the Strange Old Woman had acquired. Jealousy against this rival interloper, therefore, rankled at her heart; and accordingly, having been long desirous of revenge, she was no sooner questioned upon this occasion, than her withered frame became fearfully agitated. "Ha!" said she at last, "and have none of ye the sense to find out the cause?—Have none of ye ever thought of the Strange Old Woman? She has the witch's marks on her as I can testify: the black cat that sits crooning by her, and which it is said came with her from Norway, is a familiar devil, and often have they been seen flying over the moors together by the light of the moon. It was but the other night that I saw them myself skimming over the surface of the loch there, on no good errand I trow. It is the Strange Old Woman, who, by her cantrips and devilries, has driven the herrings back into the deep sea."

The men retired in silent dismay. But no one seemed disposed to take any steps against the Strange Old Woman, who was believed by all to be a very formidable person. But the poison that the old hag had poured out, worked well in the younger minds of the boys, who had been standing by when she uttered it; and accordingly, no less than twelve of them in number, after leaving her, retired into a rocky nook on the shore, where they could talk the matter over together without the risk of being observed or overheard. We have forgotten the names of these unlucky youths, but that our description may be more intelligible, and for the sake of after discrimination, we shall call them Allister, Rory, Murdoch Angus, Tearloch, Duncan, Ian, Hamish, Donald, Dugald, Ewan, and Peter. Their ages were such as to make them active serviceable lads on board of the fishing craft they were respectively employed in, and Peter was the eldest and stoutest, and always acted as their leader in such expeditions as they were sometimes jointly embarked in.

We shall spare our readers the long dialogue and discussion that took place among them. The Strange Old Woman was, without one dissentient voice, declared to have occasioned the departure of the herrings from the coast, and, after much consultation, their plans were at last matured, and they separated different ways.

Next morning was the Lord's Day, and after the people of the parish were all in church, this desperate gang, after assembling at their yesterday's place of council, set off, pell mell, across the country, with Peter at their head, towards the dwelling of the Strange Old Woman. They were bold enough in their talk by the way; but by the time they began to draw near to the scene of action, certain fears crept over some of them, that caused their footsteps to fall less rapidly, and with greater gentleness. After arriving at the natural excavation, forming the bed of the little rill, they all paused; and, some consultation having taken place, with their heads all together in a knot, and their eyes wandering in all directions from superstitious dread, it was resolved that Peter should proceed first, in order to spy and observe. Getting into the deep bed of the rivulet, therefore, he moved slowly and silently a little way up its course, till, by raising his head over the bank, he obtained a view of the cottage. Seeing that the door was open, and that all appeared to be quiet within, he drew his body out of the water course, like an eel; and, on hands and knees, he made his way through the heather and up the bank, stopping every now and then to look and to listen. In this way he at length reached the door, and, thrusting his head forwards till his eyes obtained a view inwards, he beheld the Strange Old Woman sitting on a stool, cowering over the fire that burned on the hearth, with her long gray hair hanging all over her face and person, and with her black cat looking up towards her, as if in earnest conversation with her. Peter stayed not long to gaze, but, making the best of his way back to his associates, he beckoned them to follow him; and, accordingly, with fear and trembling, they all began to draw themselves up the bank, on hands and knees, after him, till every one of them had reached the door. All was silent as when Peter had been there before; and he was again about to peep in, when a lamentable shriek burst from the Strange Old Woman, and she cried out as if in agony, "Devils! devils! devils! —torment! torment! torment!— tear at my heart! Ay, ay the fire! Oh that I could put out that fire! Devils, devils! burn, burn, burn! Always burning! Ha! crash upon the rocks! And the boy! hide him, hide him from my sight! Oh that fire!— burn, burn, burn! — devils, devils, devils!—tear! tear at my heart!"

The group of lads tarried not at the door to hear more than a few of these terrible words; for, terrified to death, they cantered off, on all-fours, round to the blind side of the house, jostling and upsetting each other in their way. There they collected in a trembling group, with their hair on end, and their teeth chattering from very fear, until, after much deep groaning on the part of the Strange Old Woman, all was again quiet within the hovel. Then it was that Peter, who had the boldest heart among them, crept back to the door; and, on looking cautiously within, he discovered that the Strange Old Woman was sitting on the stool, cowering over the fire as before, with her cat looking up in her face. He accordingly returned to his companions, and with some difficulty persuaded them to approach the door. There he uncoiled a long rope, which they had carried with them; and, making a noose on one end of it, he made the rest of the lads stretch the other end down the hill, and station themselves at such intervals along it, that, by taking hold of it, they might all pull together, the moment they should get the word from him so to do.

Every thing being thus prepared, Peter stole, with breathless silence, into the hovel. The Strange Old Woman began to rock backwards and forwards for a moment or two, and groaned as if in deep agony, so that Peter had nearly rushed out of the place. But he commanded himself; and the fit seemed to leave her. No sooner had she become again still, than, summoning up desperate courage, Peter arose from his crouching posture; and, standing upon tiptoe behind the Strange Old Woman, he threw the rope over the rafter immediately above her head, and worked it gently, until he got the noose to hang vertically close behind her. Now came the trying moment for Peter, and terrible indeed were his emotions. But, taking his resolution at last, he fastened the whole teeth of his upper jaw into his nether lip, as if to give him the more nerve, and then he threw the noose at once over the Strange Old Woman's head.

"Haul away, lads!" cried Peter, with a shout that might have been heard a mile off: "haul away now, if ye die for it!"

At his first cry the wretched woman was hoisted, writhing, up to the rafter; and Peter, horror-struck by her hideous contortions and struggles, rushed out at the door as he uttered the second

shout, and drew it half to behind him. The effect of his second command was to make the boys pull so tremendously, that the strain on the fastenings of the half rotten rafter was more than it could bear. Down it came; and the force upon the rope was so great that the wretched woman, already nearly suffocated, was dragged into the half open doorway, where she was jammed between the door and the door post, and life was instantly extinguished. Their plan had been to haul the body down to the pond, and to sink it in the water. But the sight of the corpse, grinning and glaring horribly upon them from the doorway, and the rushing out of the black cat after the fall of the rafter, so mortally frightened them, that they ran off helter skelter, in the full belief that they were pursued by the devil; and no individual among them stopped until he had reached his own abode.

It so happened, however, that they had been seen by certain people, under circumstances so suspicious, that, when the murder was discovered, they were all twelve laid hold of, sent to the jail at Inverness, and tried there at the circuit court. They were acquitted, chiefly owing to the superstitious belief that still prevailed in regard to witches. But, wonderful to say, it is a well-known fact that there was not one of them who did not soon afterwards die a violent death. Allister was killed by a fall from a horse. Murdoch, Duncan, and Hamish, were drowned at different times, and in different ways. Rory broke his neck from a cliff, where he was climbing for fowls. Angus was lost in a snow storm. Tearlach was strangled in the strangest manner, by the tether of a horse being twisted round his neck by the animal, as he was stooping down to drive the tether pin into the ground. Ian and Dugald were horribly burned to death in a bothy, that caught fire while they were asleep in it. And Donald and Ewan, having quarrelled, gave each other so many mortal dirk wounds, that neither of them lived to see the light of that morning that followed the night when their strife took place. Peter, the ringleader of all the rest, alone remained, but his fate was more terrible than that of any of the rest. Seeing that all of those who had been engaged with him, in putting the Strange Old Woman to death, had thus so speedily been punished by the hand of Providence, he looked for his own end as immediately certain, and he dreaded to move from his chair, lest he should himself contribute to it. For some years he sat thus, in terror so great and so uninterrupted that it seemed to border on insanity. He rarely closed his eyes in sleep, and at all times suffered torture both of body and mind. At last this existence of torment, far worse than death, was put an end to, by the accidental fall of a large stone from the hill side, which came rolling down the steep, and, passing through the roof of the cottage, crushed him, and the chair he sat on, to atoms, leaving every one else in the house untouched and unharmed.

Our tale has spun itself out to a much greater length than we, or perhaps the reader, could have wished; but where truth is the staple of a story, as it always is of ours, all the historical facts must be told. We shall now conclude by stating, that it was the sight of the ruined walls of the hovel that was the Strange Old Woman's abode, when she was alive, and a green mound within them, where now rest her ashes, that led us to the knowledge of those particulars which we have thus adventured to present to the reader.

TO MARIA.

She said she loved him,—but when those
Who loved him not, began to blame;—
When her own friends became his foes,
And talk'd but lightly of his name;—
When they decried his honour's tone,
Her heart away from him to move;
She half believed them, though she knew
His upright soul—Could this be love?

She said she loved him,—but her sire
Put in his cold and cruel hand,
With smooth pretence, but smother'd ire,
To break the heart's most precious band:
She wept, but *yielded*, as she said,
"Her filial faithfulness to prove;"
'Twas well her sire should be obey'd,
But then we ask—Could this be love?

She said she loved him,—but she clung
With closer hold to other ties;
And though she saw his bosom wrung,
When she was taken from his eyes,—
She left the place wherein he dwelt,
In distant lands and scenes to rove:
Some tears she shed, some grief she felt,
Perhaps,—but still, could this be love?

She said she loved him,—but the blind
And base, to injure him conspired;
She heard his honest name malign'd
By foes with envious malice fired;
And *she* her voice, with others, raised,
The wrong'd, and slander'd, to reprove;—
For this her candour may be praised,
But candour is no proof of love.

True love no evil will believe
Of those on whom 'tis truly fix'd,
But will detractions breath receive
With scorn, as calumny unmix'd:
Nor will it stand to wait, and weigh
To whom its fealty should be given;
But takes the heart's deep voice to be
The law of nature, and of heaven!

W. F. M.

THE POET'S SON.

Brave 'midst the hostile trumpet's blast,
Gentle in ladies' bowers,
Has Sidney's name, from ages past,
Come down the pride of ours!

The poet's son may well be proud
Of this historic page;
For few, indeed, have been allow'd
To boast such lineage!

And yet the poet's son were cursed
By being of his race,
If, midst the glories of Penshurst,
He could forget Field Place.

To such a poet's son, all praise
Which he may else acquire,
As nothing in the balance weighs
With—"*Worthy of his sire.*"

L. D.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES,

AS REPRESENTED ON THE EDINBURGH STAGE IN DECEMBER 1845.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

EVERY thing in our days is new. *Roads*, for instance, which, being formerly "of the earth earthy," and therefore perishable, are now iron, and next door to being immortal; *tragedies*, which are so entirely new, that neither we nor our fathers, through eighteen hundred and ninety odd years, gone by, since Cæsar did our little island the honour to sit upon its skirts, have ever seen the like to this "Antigone;" and, finally, even more new are *readers*, who, being once an obedient race of men, most humble and deferential in the presence of a Greek scholar, are now become intractably mutinous; keep their hats on whilst he is addressing them; and listen to him or not, as he seems to talk sense or nonsense. Some there are, however, who look upon all these new things as being intensely old. Yet, surely the railroads are new? No; not at all. Talus, the iron man in Spenser, who continually ran round the island of Crete, administering gentle warning and correction to offenders, by flooring them with an iron flail, was a very ancient personage in Greek fable; and the received opinion is, that he must have been a Cretan railroad, called The Great Circular Coast-Line, that carried my lords the judges on their circuits of jail-delivery. The "Antigone," again, that wears the freshness of morning dew, and is so fresh and dewy in the beautiful person of Miss Faucit, had really begun to look faded on the Athenian stage, and even "of a certain age," about the death of Pericles, whose meridian year was the year 444 before Christ. Lastly, these modern *readers*, that are so obstinately rebellious to the once Papal authority of Greek, they —— No; on consideration, they *are* new. Antiquity produced many monsters, but none like *them*.

The truth is, that this vast multiplication of readers, within the last twenty-five years, has changed the prevailing character of readers. The minority has become the overwhelming majority: the quantity has disturbed the quality. Formerly, out of every five readers, at least four were, in some degree, classical scholars: or, if *that* would be saying too much, if two of the four had "small Latin and less Greek," they were generally connected with those who had more, or, at the worst, who had much reverence for Latin, and more reverence for Greek. If they did not all share in the services of the temple, all, at least, shared in the superstition. But, now-a-days, the readers come chiefly from a class of busy people who care very little for ancestral crazes. Latin they have heard of, and some of them know it as a good sort of industrious language, that even, in modern times, has turned out many useful books, astronomical, medical, philosophical, and (as Mrs. Malaprop observes) diabolical; but, as to Greek, they think of it as of an ancient mummy: you spend an infinity of time in unswathing it from its old dusty wrappers, and, when you have come to the end, what do you find for your pains? A woman's face, or a baby's, that certainly is not the better for being three thousand years old; and perhaps a few ears of wheat, stolen from Pharaoh's granary; which wheat, when sown* in Norfolk or Mid-Lothian, reaped, thrashed, ground, baked, and hunted through all sorts of tortures, yields a breakfast roll that (as a Scottish baker observed to me) is "not just *that* bad." Certainly not: not exactly "*that* bad;" not worse than the worst of our own; but still, much fitter for Pharaoh's breakfast-table than for ours.

I, for my own part, stand upon an isthmus, connecting me, at one terminus, with the rebels against Greek, and, at the other, with those against whom they are in rebellion. On the one hand, it seems shocking to me, who am steeped to the lips in antique prejudices, that Greek, in unlimited quantities, should not secure a limited privilege of talking nonsense. Is all reverence extinct for old, and ivy-mantled, and worm-eaten things? Surely, if your own grandmother lectures on morals, which perhaps now and then she does, she will command that reverence from you, by means of her grandmotherhood, which by means of her ethics she might *not*. To be a good Grecian, is now to be a faded potentate; a sort of phantom Mogul, sitting at Delhi, with an English sepoy bestriding his shoulders. Matched against the master of *ologies*, in our days, the most accomplished of Grecians is becoming what the "master of sentences" had become long since, in competition with the political economist. Yet, be assured, reader, that all the "ologies" hitherto christened oölogy, ichthyology, ornithology, conchology, palæodontology, &c. do not furnish such mines of labour as does the Greek language when thoroughly searched. The "Mithridates" of Adelung, improved by the commentaries of Vater and of subsequent authors, numbers up about four thousand languages and jargons on our polyglot earth; not including the chuckling of poultry, nor caterwauling, nor barking, howling, braying, lowing, nor other respectable and ancient dialects, that perhaps have their elegant and their vulgar varieties, as well as prouder forms of communication. But my impression is, that the Greek, taken by itself, this one exquisite language, considered as a quarry of *intellectual* labour, has more work in it, is more truly a *pièce de resistance*, than all the remaining three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, with caterwauling thrown into the bargain. So far I side with the Grecian, and think that he ought to be honoured with a little genuflexion. Yet, on the other hand, the finest sound on this earth, and which rises like an orchestra above all the uproars of earth, and the Babels of earthly languages, is truth — absolute truth; and the hatefulest is conscious falsehood. Now, there *is* falsehood, nay, (which seems

* "When sown;" as it has been repeatedly; a fact which some readers may not be aware of.

strange,) even sycophancy, in the old undistinguishing homage to all that is called classical. Yet why should men be sycophants in cases where they *must* be disinterested? Sycophancy grows out of fear, or out of mercenary self-interest. But what can there exist of either pointing to an old Greek poet? Cannot a man give his free opinion upon Homer, without fearing to be waylaid by his ghost? But it is not *that* which startles him from publishing the secret demur which his heart prompts, upon hearing false praises of a Greek poet, or praises which, if not false, are extravagant. What he fears, is the scorn of his contemporaries. Let once a party have formed itself considerable enough to protect a man from the charge of presumption in throwing off the yoke of *servile* allegiance to all that is called classical, — let it be a party ever so small numerically, and the rebels will soon be many. What a man fears is, to affront the whole storm of indignation, real and affected, in his own solitary person. "Goth!" "Vandal!" he hears from every side. Break that storm by dividing it, and he will face its anger. "Let me be a Goth," he mutters to himself, "but let me not dishonour myself by affecting an enthusiasm which my heart rejects!"

Ever since the restoration of letters there has been a cabal, an academic interest, a factious league amongst universities, and learned bodies, and individual scholars, for exalting as something superterrestrial, and quite unapproachable by moderns, the monuments of Greek literature. France, in the time of Louis XIV., England, in the latter part of that time; in fact, each country as it grew polished at some cost of strength, carried this craze to a dangerous excess—dangerous as all things false are dangerous, and depressing to the aspirations of genius. Boileau, for instance, and Addison, though neither * of them accomplished in scholarship, nor either of them extensively read in *any* department of the classic literature, speak every where of the classics as having notoriously, and by the general confession of polished nations, carried the functions of poetry and eloquence to that sort of faultless beauty which probably does *really* exist in the Greek sculpture. There are few things perfect in this world of frailty. Even lightning is sometimes a failure: Niagara has horrible faults; and Mont Blanc might be improved by a century of chiselling from judicious artists. Such are the works of blind elements, which, (poor things!) cannot improve by experience. As to man who *does*, the sculpture of the Greeks in their marbles and sometimes in their gems, seems the only act of *his* workmanship which has hit the bull's eye in the target at which we are all aiming. Not so, with permission from Messrs. Boileau and Addison, the Greek literature. The faults in this are often conspicuous; nor are they likely to be hidden for the coming century, as they have been for the three last. The idolatry will be shaken: as *idols*, some of the classic models are destined to totter: and I foresee, without gifts of prophecy, that many labourers will soon be in this field—many idoloclasts, who will expose the signs of disease, which zealots had interpreted as power; and of weakness, which is not the less real because scholars had fancied it health, nor the less injurious to the total effect because it was inevitable under the accidents of the Grecian position.

Meantime, I repeat, that to disparage any thing whatever, or to turn the eye upon blemishes, is no part of my present purpose. Nor could it be: since the one sole section of the Greek literature, as to which I profess myself an enthusiast, happens to be the tragic drama; and here, only, I myself am liable to be challenged as an idolater. As regards the Antigone in particular, so profoundly do I feel the impassioned beauty of her situation in connexion with her character, that long ago, in a work of my own, (yet unpublished,) having occasion, (by way of overture introducing one of the sections,) to cite before the reader's eye the chief pomps of the Grecian theatre, after invoking "the magnificent witch" Medea, I call up Antigone to this shadowy stage by the apostrophe, "Holy heathen, daughter of God, before God was known,† flower from Paradise after Paradise was closed; that quitting all things for which flesh languishes, safety and honour, a palace and a home, didst make thyself a houseless pariah, lest the poor pariah king, thy outcast father, should want a hand to lead him in his darkness, or a voice to whisper comfort in his misery; angel, that badst depart for ever the glories of thy own bridal day, lest he that had shared thy nursery in childhood, should want the honours of a funeral; idolatrous, yet Christian Lady, that in the spirit of martyrdom trodst alone the yawning billows of the grave, flying from earthly hopes, lest everlasting despair should settle upon the grave of thy brother," &c. In fact, though all the groupings, and what I would call permanent attitudes of the Grecian stage, are majestic, there is none that, to my mind, towers into such affecting grandeur, as this final revelation, through Antigone herself, and through her own dreadful death, of the tremendous wo that destiny had suspended over her house. If therefore my business had been chiefly with the individual drama, I should have found little room for any sentiment but that of profound admiration. But my present business is different: it concerns the Greek drama generally, and the attempt to revive it; and its object is to elucidate, rather than to praise or to blame. To explain this better, I will describe two things:—1st, The sort of audience that I suppose myself to be addressing; and, 2dly, As growing out of *that*, the particular quality of the explanations which I wish to make.

1st, As to the audience: in order to excuse the tone, (which occasionally I may be obliged to assume,) of one speaking as from a station of knowledge, to others having no knowledge, I beg

* Boileau, it is true, translated Longinus. But there goes little Greek to *that*. It is in dealing with Attic Greek, and Attic *poets*, that a man can manifest his Grecian skill.

† "Before God was known;"—*i.e.* known in Greece.

it to be understood, that I take that station deliberately, on no conceit of superiority to my readers, but as a companion adapting my services to the wants of those who need them. I am not addressing those already familiar with the Greek drama, but those who frankly confess, and (according to their conjectural appreciation of it) who regret their non-familiarity with that drama. It is a thing well known to publishers, through remarkable results, and is now showing itself on a scale continually widening, that a new literary public has arisen, very different from any which existed at the beginning of this century. The aristocracy of the land have always been, in a moderate degree, literary; less, however, in connexion with the *current* literature, than with literature generally—past as well as present. And this is a tendency naturally favoured and strengthened in *them*, by the fine collections of books, carried forward through successive generations, which are so often found as a sort of hereditary foundation in the country mansions of our nobility. But a class of readers, prodigiously more extensive, has formed itself within the commercial orders of our great cities and manufacturing districts. These orders range through a large scale. The highest amongst them were always literary. But the interest of literature has now swept downwards through a vast compass of descents: and this large body, though the busiest in the nation, yet, by having under their undisturbed command such leisure time as they have *at all* under their command, are eventually able to read more than those even who seem to have nothing else but leisure. In justice, however, to the nobility of our land, it should be remembered, that their stations in society, and their wealth, their territorial duties, and their various public duties in London, as at court, at public meetings, in parliament, &c. bring crowded claims upon their time; whilst even sacrifices of time to the graceful courtesies of life, are, in reference to *their* stations, a sort of secondary duties. These allowances made, it still remains true that the busier classes are the main reading classes; whilst from their immense numbers, they are becoming effectually the body that will more and more impress upon the moving literature its main impulse and direction. One other feature of difference there is amongst this commercial class of readers: amongst the aristocracy all are thoroughly educated, excepting those who go at an early age into the army; of the commercial body, none receive an elaborate, and what is meant by a liberal education, except those standing by their connexions in the richest classes. Thus it happens that, amongst those who have not inherited but achieved their stations, many men of fine and powerful understandings, accomplished in manners, and admirably informed, not having had the benefits when young of a regular classical education, find, (upon any accident bringing up such subjects,) a deficiency which they do not find on other subjects. They are too honourable to undervalue advantages, which they feel to be considerable, simply because they were denied to themselves. They regret their loss. And yet it seems hardly worth while, on a simple prospect of contingencies that may never be realized, to undertake an entirely new course of study for redressing this loss. But they would be glad to avail themselves of any useful information not exacting study. These are the persons, this is the class, to which I address my remarks on the "Antigone;" and out of *their* particular situation, suggesting upon all elevated subjects a corresponding tone of liberal curiosity, will arise the particular nature and direction of these remarks.

Accordingly, I presume, secondly, that this curiosity will take the following course:—these persons will naturally wish to know, at starting, what there is *differentially* interesting in a Grecian tragedy, as contrasted with one of Shakspere's, or of Schiller's: in what respect, and by what agencies, a Greek tragedy affects us, or is meant to affect us, otherwise than as *they* do; and how far the Antigone of Sophocles was judiciously chosen as the particular medium for conveying to British minds a first impression, and a representative impression, of Greek tragedy. So far, in relation to the ends proposed, and the means selected. Finally, these persons will be curious to know the issue of such an experiment. Let the purposes and the means have been bad or good, what was the actual success? And not merely success, in the sense of the momentary acceptance by half a dozen audiences, whom the mere decencies of justice must have compelled to acknowledge the manager's trouble and expense on their behalf; but what was the degree of satisfaction felt by students of the Athenian * tragedy, in relation to their long-cherished ideal? Did the representation succeed in realizing, for a moment, the awful pageant of the Athenian stage? Did Tragedy, in Milton's immortal expression,

> —— come sweeping by
> In sceptred pall?

Or was the whole, though successful in relation to the thing attempted, a failure in relation to what ought to have been attempted? Such are the questions to be answered.

The first elementary idea of a Greek tragedy, is to be sought in a serious Italian opera. The Greek dialogue is represented by the recitative, and the tumultuous lyrical parts assigned chiefly, though not exclusively, to the chorus on the Greek stage, are represented by the impassioned airs, duos, trios, choruses, &c. on the Italian. And here, at the very outset, occurs a question which lies at the threshold of a Fine Art,—that is, of *any* Fine Art: for had the views of Addison upon the Italian opera had the least foundation in truth, there could have been no room or opening for any

* At times, I say pointedly, the *Athenian* rather than the *Grecian* tragedy, in order to keep the reader's attention awake to a remark made by Paterculus,—viz. That although Greece coquettishly welcomed homage to herself, as generally concerned in the Greek literature, in reality Athens only had any original share in the drama, or in the oratory of Greece.

mode of imitation except such as belongs to a *mechanic* art.

The reason for at all connecting Addison with this case is, that *he* chiefly was the person occupied in assailing the Italian opera; and this hostility arose, probably, in his want of sensibility to good (that is, to Italian) music. But whatever might be his motive for the hostility, the single argument by which he supported it was this,—that a hero ought not to sing upon the stage, because no hero known to history ever summoned a garrison in a song, or charged a battery in a semichorus. In this argument lies an ignorance of the very first principle concerned in *every* Fine Art. In all alike, more or less directly, the object is to reproduce in the mind some great effect, through the agency of *idem in alio*. The *idem*, the same impression, is to be restored; but *in alio*, in a different material,—by means of some different instrument. For instance, on the Roman stage there was an art, now entirely lost, of narrating, and, in part, of dramatically representing an impassioned tale, by means of dancing, of musical accompaniment in the orchestra, and of elaborate pantomime in the performer. *Saltavit Hypermnestram*, he danced (that is, he represented by dancing and pantomime the story of) Hypermnestra. Now, suppose a man to object, that young ladies, when saving their youthful husbands at midnight from assassination, could not be capable of waltzing or quadrilling, how wide is this of the whole problem! This is still seeking for the *mechanic* imitation, some imitation founded in the very fact; whereas the object is to seek the imitation in the sameness of the impression drawn from a different, or even from an impossible fact. If a man, taking a hint from the Roman "Saltatio," (*saltavit Andromachen*,) should say that he would "whistle Waterloo," that is, by whistling connected with pantomime, would express the passion and the changes of Waterloo, it would be monstrous to refuse him his postulate on the pretence that "people did not whistle at Waterloo." Precisely so: neither are most people made of marble, but of a material as different as can well be imagined, viz. of elastic flesh, with warm blood coursing along its tubes; and yet, for all *that*, a sculptor will draw tears from you, by exhibiting, in pure statuary marble, on a sepulchral monument, two young children with their little heads on a pillow, sleeping in each other's arms; whereas, if he had presented them in wax-work, which yet is far more like to flesh, you would have felt little more pathos in the scene than if they had been shown baked in gilt gingerbread. He has expressed the *idem*, the identical thing expressed in the real children; the sleep that masques death, the rest, the peace, the purity, the innocence: but *in alio*, in a substance the most different; rigid, non-elastic, and as unlike to flesh, if tried by touch, or eye, or by experience of life, as can well be imagined. So of the whistling. It is the very worst objection in the world to say, that the strife of Waterloo did not reveal itself through whistling: undoubtedly it did not; but that is the very ground of the man's art. He will reproduce the fury and the movement as to the only point which concerns you, viz. the effect, upon your own sympathies, through a language that seems without any relation to it: he will set before you what *was* at Waterloo through that which was *not* at Waterloo. Whereas any direct factual imitation, resting upon painted figures drest up in regimentals, and worked by watchwork through the whole movements of the battle, would have been no art whatsoever in the sense of a Fine Art, but a base *mechanic* mimicry.

This principle of the *idem in alio*, so widely diffused through all the higher revelations of art, it is peculiarly requisite to bear in mind when looking at Grecian tragedy, because no form of human composition employs it in so much complexity. How confounding it would have been to Addison, if somebody had told him, that, substantially, he had himself committed the offence (as he fancied it) which he charged so bitterly upon the Italian opera; and that, if the opera had gone farther upon that road than himself, the Greek tragedy, which he presumed to be so prodigiously exalted beyond modern approaches, had gone farther even than the opera. Addison himself, when writing a tragedy, made this violation (as he would have said) of nature, made this concession (as *I* should say) to a higher nature, that he compelled his characters to talk in metre. It is true this metre was the common iambic, which (as Aristotle remarks) is the most natural and spontaneous of all metres; and, for a sufficient reason, in all languages. Certainly; but Aristotle never meant to say that it was natural for a gentleman in a passion to talk three score and ten iambics *consecutively:* a chance line might escape him once and away; as we know that Tacitus opened one of his works by a regular dactylic hexameter in full curl, without ever discovering it to his dying day, (a fact which is clear from his never having corrected it;) and this being a very artificial metre, *a fortiori* Tacitus might have slipped into a simple iambic. But that was an accident, whilst Addison had deliberately and uniformly made his characters talk in verse. According to the common and false meaning [which was his own meaning] of the word nature, he had as undeniably violated the principle of the *natural*, by this metrical dialogue, as the Italian opera by musical dialogue. If it is hard and trying for men to sing their emotions, not less so it must be to deliver them in verse.

But, if this were shocking, how much more shocking would it have seemed to Addison, had he been introduced to parts which really exist in the Grecian drama? Even Sophocles, who, of the three tragic poets surviving from the wrecks of the Athenian stage, is reputed the supreme *artist*,*

* "The supreme artist:"—It is chiefly by comparison with Euripides, that Sophocles is usually crowned with the laurels of *art*. But there is some danger of doing wrong to the truth in too blindly adhering to these old rulings of critical courts. The judgments would sometimes be reversed, if the pleadings were before us. There were blockheads in those days. Undoubtedly it is past denying that Euripides at times betrays marks of carelessness in the structure of his plots, as if writing

if not the most impassioned poet, with what horror he would have overwhelmed Addison, when read by the light of those principles which he had himself so scornfully applied to the opera! In the very monsoon of his raving misery, from calamities as sudden as they were irredeemable, a king is introduced, not only conversing, but conversing in metre; not only in metre, but in the most elaborate of choral metres; not only under the torture of these lyric difficulties, but also chaunting; not only chaunting, but also in all probability dancing. What do you think of *that*, Mr. Addison?

There is, in fact, a scale of graduated ascents in these artifices for unrealizing the effects of dramatic situations:

1. We may see, even in novels and prose comedies, a keen attention paid to the inspiriting and *dressing* of the dialogue: it is meant to be life-like, but still it is a little raised, pointed, coloured, and idealized.

2. In comedy of a higher and more poetic cast, we find the dialogue *metrical*.

3. In comedy or in tragedy alike, which is meant to be still further removed from ordinary life, we find the dialogue fettered not only by metre, but by *rhyme*. We need not go to Dryden, and others, of our own middle stage, or to the French stage for this: even in Shakspere, as for example, in parts of Romeo and Juliet, (and for no capricious purpose,) we may see effects sought from the use of rhyme. There is another illustration of the idealising effect to be obtained from a particular treatment of the dialogue, seen in the Hamlet of Shakspere. In that drama there arises a necessity for exhibiting a play within a play. This interior drama is to be further removed from the spectator than the principal drama; it is a deep below a deep; and, to produce that effect, the poet relies chiefly upon the stiffening the dialogue, and removing it still farther, than the general dialogue of the *including* or *outside* drama, from the standard of ordinary life.

4. We find, superadded to these artifices for idealizing the situations, even music of an intermitting character, sometimes less, sometimes more impassioned—recitatives, airs, choruses. Here we have reached the Italian opera.

5. And, finally, besides all these resources of art, we find dancing introduced; but dancing of a solemn, mystical, and symbolic character. Here, at last, we have reached the Greek tragedy. Probably the best exemplification of a Grecian tragedy that ever *will* be given to a modern reader is found in the Samson Agonistes of Milton. Now, in the choral or lyric parts of this fine drama, Samson not only talks, 1st, metrically, (as he does every where, and in the most level parts of the scenic business,) but, 2d, in very intricate metres, and, 3d, occasionally in *rhymed* metres, (though the rhymes are too sparingly and too capriciously scattered by Milton,) and, 4th, *singing* or chaunting these metres, (for, as the chorus sang, it was impossible that *he* could be allowed to talk in his ordinary voice, else he would have put them out, and ruined the music.) Finally, 5th, I am satisfied that Milton meant him to *dance*. The office of the *chorus* was imperfectly defined upon the Greek stage. They are generally understood to be the *moralizers* of the scene. But this is liable to exceptions. Some of them have been known to do very bad things on the stage, and to come within a trifle of felony: as to misprision of felony, if there *is* such a crime, a Greek chorus thinks nothing of it. But that is no business of mine. What I was going to say is, that, as the chorus sometimes intermingles too much in the action, so the actors sometimes intermingle in the business of the chorus. Now, when you are at Rome, you must do as they do at Rome. And that the actor, who mixed with the chorus, was compelled to sing, is a clear case; for *his* part in the choral ode is always in the nature of an echo, or answer, or like an *antiphony* in cathedral services. But nothing could be more absurd than that one of these antiphonies should be sung, and another said. That he was also compelled to dance, I am satisfied. The chorus only *sometimes* moralized, but it *always* danced: and any actor, mingling with the chorus, must dance also. A little incident occurs to my remembrance, from the Moscow expedition of 1812, which may here be used as an illustration: One day King Murat, flourishing his plumage as usual, made a gesture of invitation to some squadrons of cavalry that they should charge the enemy: upon which the cavalry advanced, but maliciously contrived to envelope the king of dandies, before he had time to execute his ordinary manœuvre of riding off to the left and becoming a spectator of their prowess. The cavalry resolved that his majesty should for once ride down at their head to the melée, and taste what fighting was like; and he, finding that the thing must be, though horribly vexed, made a merit of his necessity, and afterwards pretended that he liked it very much. Sometimes, in the darkness, in default of other misanthropic visions, the wickedness of this cavalry, their *méchanceté*, causes me to laugh immoderately. Now I conceive that any interloper into the Greek chorus must have danced when *they* danced, or he would have been swept away by their impetus: *nolens volens*, he must have rode along with the orchestral charge, he must have rode on the crest of the choral billows, or he would have been rode down by their impassioned sweep. Samson, and Œdipus, and others, must have danced, if they sang; and they certainly *did* sing, by notoriously intermingling in the choral business. *

"But now," says the plain English reader, "what was the object of all these elaborate devices?

too much in a hurry: the original cast of the fable is sometimes not happy, and the evolution or disentangling is too precipitate. It is easy to see that he would have remoulded them in a revised edition, or *diasteue* [διασκευη.] On the other hand, I remember nothing in the Greek drama more worthy of a great artist than parts in his Phœnissæ. Neither is he the effeminately tender, or merely pathetic poet that some people imagine. He was able to sweep *all* the chords of the impassioned spirit. But the whole of this subject is in arrear: it is in fact *res integra*, almost unbroken ground.

* I see a possible screw loose at this point: if *you* see it, reader, have the goodness to hold your tongue.

And how came it that the English tragedy, which surely is as good as the Greek," (and at this point a devil of defiance whispers to him, like the quarrelsome servant of the Capulets or the Montagus, "say *better*,") "that the English tragedy contented itself with fewer of these artful resources than the Athenian?" I reply, that the object of all these things was—to unrealize the scene. The English drama, by its metrical dress, and by other arts more disguised, unrealized itself, liberated itself from the oppression of life in its ordinary standards, up to a certain height. Why it did not rise still higher, and why the Grecian *did*, I will endeavour to explain. It was not that the English tragedy was less impassioned; on the contrary, it was far more so; the Greek being awful rather than impassioned; but the passion of each is in a different key. It is not again that the Greek drama sought a lower object than the English: it sought a different object. It is not imparity, but disparity, that divides the two magnificent theatres.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

LINES TO A MOTHERLESS BABE ASLEEP.

Hush, hush, he sleeps! Oh! softly tread,
Nor wake the infant's blessèd dreams;
Love pillows now his precious head,
Affection's eye upon him beams:
Sleep on, dear baby boy!

Oh, watch the roseate tints that play
Upon his downy cheek, the smile
Around his tiny mouth. Oh say,
What are thy thoughts untouch'd with guile,
Sweet, trusting baby boy?

Have they now stray'd to that land where
Thy angel-mother's soul is flown?
Dost thou with her communion share,
With things of light around God's throne,
Thou blessèd baby boy?

Or, doth her spirit hover round,
And guard thy sleep with all the care
That in a mother's heart is found;
The holiest thing that blossom'd here,
To greet thee, baby boy?

Oh may thy heart, in after years,
Feel well how great her love for thee,
When thou dost know the bitter tears
She shed, ere that her soul did flee
From thee, her baby boy!

When all was brightly round her beaming,
When love had strengthen'd each dear tie,
The mandate came, with sorrow teeming,—
Her Father call'd, and she must die,
And leave thee, baby boy!

Meekly that angel soul obey'd,
And drank the bitter cup so young;
For all she loved she fervent pray'd,
And blessings from her last breath sprung,
Her husband and her boy.

Sleep on, sweet babe! the child of prayer
To us is left; and Heaven still
Will guard thy growing footsteps here,
And mark the path thou must fulfil,
Oh blessèd baby boy!

E. C. M'C.

JENNY BASKET; AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

(Continued from Page 774 of our December Number.)

We left the foresters, and their more civilized friends, reunited after a temporary separation, which had caused the latter much fear that they were abandoned and left exposed to the vengeance of the Iroquois, who were in hot pursuit. The whole party were now placed in bark canoes, with strict orders from Shenandoah that no one on board should change his position, or rise up, whatever might occur to them on their passage. And indeed, whoever has attempted to navigate a bark canoe, will perceive the good sense of the chieftain's injunctions.

Of all water-craft, these frail, rocking barques are most difficult to be kept right side up. Even a sailor is not safe in stepping into one of them, unless he has been previously initiated into the secret of their management. A rope-dancer is not required to balance with more skill than is the successful navigator of the bark canoe. And yet, strange to tell, Indians have frequently been seen in the act of throwing their fishing spears, and ascending water-falls, so to balance themselves in this tiny vessel, that their lank forms were projecting over the canoe on the one side, and then on the other, keeping the canoe in the mean time steadily skimming the tide, while the navigator appeared like a mast hung by a swivel, making fantastic sweeps in the air, as the waves or the current gave motion to the vessel. In one of these canoes were placed Miss Stirling and her brother Charles; while Shenandoah and Robert Brown managed the oars. The other had Mr. Asbury and old Nanny; Cudjoe and the young Englishman doing the rowing. And in this way they moved up the river. When day dawned upon these navigators, they were several miles up the Hudson from the place of embarcation. In the afternoon of that day, as the canoes approached the western bank of the river, where a thick clump of pines skirted the shore, the report of a rifle in Cudjoe's hands was followed by the bounding of a noble moose from the water's edge into the stream, just before their frail barques. The blood spouted from the nostrils of the wounded animal, dying the waters, as he baffled them and swam in maddening fury towards the canoes. Shenandoah and his squire, the masters of their respective crafts, ceased rowing, clenching their oars firmly in their hands, and waiting with coolness the approach of the frenzied animal; well knowing that it required the utmost skill of a forester to prevent capsizing, should he attack the barques. The moose swam directly toward Shenandoah's canoe, that being nearest the shore; and his approach was so violent and desperate, that Stirling, alarmed for the safety of himself and

his sister, and forgetting the injunction of the chief to keep their seats, whatever should befall them, sprang to his feet, thinking to aid Shenandoah in their defence. No sooner had the trembling barque received the impulse of his motion, than it rocked to and fro in quick vibration, filled with water, and sank under them. At that moment the huge animal sprang upon the sinking craft, dying the water with his blood, as he lay across the canoe, quivering in the agonies of death. The water at the place was not only very deep, but a kind of vortex, or whirling eddy, had formed there, caused by the sudden turning of the river around a projecting point. Shenandoah rising to the surface, and holding his oar in one hand, seized the end of his canoe with the other, and was buffeting the stream in his endeavours to make the shore. His companions in tribulation were seen to whirl in the eddy for a moment, and then to disappear in the dark waters of the Hudson. The young Englishman, being an expert swimmer, looked on the scene for a moment, until the young heroine, for whose welfare he felt an undefinable solicitude, had disappeared in the whirlpool, when he leaped from the end of the canoe where he was sitting, without giving it that dangerous motion which he well knew how to avoid, and was, in his turn, drawn into the vortex, disappearing beneath the boiling element. In a short time Robert Brown, holding Lieutenant Stirling by his collar, was seen on the top of the water, many rods below the place of their submersion, beating toward the shore, in *good hopes* of reaching it in safety.

By this time Shenandoah had made safe anchorage of his barque, bearing the slaughtered moose, while Cudjoe hastened down-stream with his canoe, ready to lend assistance where it might be needed. But, alas, the youthful pair, Jane and the anonymous youth, could no where be seen; and all but the chief and his squire, relinquished every hope of their rising until the earth and sea should give up their dead.

The chief ran down upon the shore for many rods below the place where Robert Brown and Charles Stirling had just landed, beckoning his faithful Cudjoe to row to shore, and take him on board. The signal was obeyed without loss of time; when the chief plied the oars in good earnest, sending Cudjoe's canoe with the velocity of a bounding roe down stream, until he knew that he was below the drowning youths; then coming to a sudden pause, he turned his barque across-stream, in the centre of the current, and taking from the bottom of the craft a long fishing-spear, he stood fixing his practised eye into the dark waters, as if he would penetrate the depths of the ocean, while Cudjoe held the barque to its place with the oar. It was a moment of intense feeling and anxiety. All eyes, as well those on board as those on shore, were fixed on the King of the Oneidas, as if he were the arbiter of life and death, as indeed he was in the present instance; for if his skill failed, the idols of their party in a few moments must be numbered among those who had been, and their shroud would be the cold waters of the Hudson. At that moment slight bubbles were seen rising and bursting on the face of the stream, just above their position. And now the chief suddenly raised himself, extended his right arm over his head, drawing up the long shaft of his spear some yards above him, and throwing all his energies into a thrust, he sent the spear out of his hands into the current.

A single word of Shenandoah, in his native dialect, was the signal for Cudjoe to dive from the canoe for the upper end of the shaft, which stood up in end, as if it were a white wand, growing up from the bottom of the stream. Cudjoe's first effort was successful: — he seized the shaft, turned himself in the water, arose to the surface; then drawing up the wand, hand over hand, like raising a bucket by a rope, he exposed to view on the face of the stream the pallid lineaments of the youthful pair, locked in each other's arms, apparently in the deep sleep of death. A few minutes more, and the canoe was landed and fastened to the shore:— the drowned ones were brought in, and all hands were employed in using those means of resuscitation which they respectively had been told were most effectual. The spear had passed through the garments of the young Englishman, inflicting a deep flesh-wound in the muscular part of his thigh — on withdrawing of which instrument, and perceiving that no vital part was injured, and moreover perceiving the fresh blood to gush out from the wound, the chief exclaimed, "Good! — life soon come back to *Johnstone*" — which indeed proved to be the case in a few seconds after the blood had started from the wound. The symptoms manifested by the young Englishman were, first, a quivering of the lips and the muscles of the face; second, a sudden glow passing over his cheek as he sighed and catched for breath; third, his whole frame became convulsed, as he sprang forward and exclaimed, "Where is that angel?"

Whether a heavenly messenger had been painted to his imagination at the moment he lost consciousness, or whether the heroine of this narrative was the *angel* present to his fancy, is a secret now lost to the world. Poor Jane Stirling still lay without signs of life: her muscles had relaxed, the blood had gone from the extremities, her eyes were half closed and glazed. There was no pulsation or perceptible motion even at the fountain of life. Ay, her heart had ceased to beat, and death had stamped his pallid image on what but just before was so lovely, and active, and joyous. When the Europeans present had despaired of restoring the unfortunate lady to life, Shenandoah and Cudjoe were busily lighting a fire beside a dry log, piling on bark, and preparing for an operation unknown to civilized life. They drove various stakes into the ground, around the burning pile; fastened a bark cord, found in the canoe, to one of the stakes; and then, by passing the cord from stake to stake, crossing it in manner of weaving a bed cord into meshes, they formed a web over the fire, just far enough from it to save the rope from burning: then, loosing the dress of the damsel, they folded her in their blankets, and placed her directly over the fire, suspended upon the rope web. In this manner they rolled her

over from side to side for some minutes; when Cudjoe, under the direction of the chief, fixed a compress upon her arm, and opened a vein. All the Europeans present became silent, but not less interested spectators of the scene. The young Englishman, who had been resuscitated, forgot his wound, and placed himself at the head of the unfortunate Jane. Shenandoah compressing the orifices of the nose with one hand, pressed the other upon the region of the lungs; then speaking to the Englishman, who appeared well recovered, said, "You young and strong, can blow hard—now blow in her mouth." By this process, the lungs immediately became inflated: the chief, in the meantime, by a pressure with his hand, sought to give the natural motion of respiration to the lungs. In a moment the blood spirted from the arm, and a convulsive sigh gave signs of returning life.

The reader need not be pained by a recital of all the symptoms manifested in this painful case. They were, however, much more violent than those in the one before described; but he is interested to know, that in half an hour afterwards, the lovely and accomplished Jane Stirling stood upon her knees, clothed and in her right mind, with her cheeks flushed by a rush of blood, and her heart throbbing with emotions of gratitude to the giver of life, for raising her up, a distinguished monument of his power to save.

Savages of North America never pause over a thing when once accomplished, as we are accustomed to do; but when the most signal act is once done, they pass from it immediately to something else, apparently without reflection upon what has just been passing before them. Hence, no sooner had Jane Stirling received a new existence, and been removed from her hot bed over the fire, than Cudjoe's knife was peeling off the skin of the slaughtered animal, and cutting out large muscular pieces in shape of steaks; while Shenandoah was engaged in fitting up a wooden spit before the fire, preparatory to a bountiful, if not a delicate meal for the present company. Their wallets furnished some broken bread; large chips of wood supplied the place of plates; the waters of the Hudson furnished a healthful beverage; fingers were used instead of forks; and an abstinence of twenty-four hours was a good substitute for relishers and better cookery.

We leave the party at their homely meal, to record that one hour had not passed from the time of their leaving the consuming ruins of the Mountain-house, before Butler had collected eight or ten of his savage warriors, calling them back from the *burning* expedition in which they had been engaged; and they might be seen prowling around the spot, in eager search of those who had made such terrible havoc of his former band. This wily leader with his practised warriors soon discovered traces of the retreating party; and although for a time they were led astray by the precautions which had been used to beguile them, they at length touched upon the little island where the canoes had been concealed.

On looking at the trenches where they had been dug out, Butler exclaimed—"A devil incarnate is that foxy old King of the Oneidas! though professed Christian, he would cheat Apollyon out of his supper; and Cudjoe is not much behind him. But, by the beard of St. Peter, I'll have him before he leaves the Mohawk for Oneida castle. Come on, lads, man this batteau; we'll try the bottom of the bark canoes before two days are past." The warriors executed the order, taking one of the batteaux in which they had descended the river, and the whole party put themselves in swift pursuit.

The flying party, on closing their meal, resumed their journey, and passing Albany, they soon left the main stream of the Hudson, taking that western branch of it known as Mohawk river. In ascending this stream, which is a principal tributary to the Hudson, you wind through a wide chasm or valley, where the stream leisurely meanders along, now approaching this bank, and now that, leaving an interval of bottom land some two miles wide, which was once dotted over with clumps of wild plum-trees, overhung with wreathing grape-vines. This valley, now called German-flats, was once sacred ground to the native tribes, where their council-house and consecrated temples stood, and where the bones of their ancient warriors still repose.

Such is the veneration of Indians for those hallowed spots, that even after the frail memorials of sepulchre have been brushed away by Time's wing, they still love to linger around the rude *tumuli*, where, in silence and devotional abstraction, they seem to hold communion with the ancient dead. So strong is this religious propensity, that even in flight, and when peril pursues them, they are wont to forget themselves in this solemn observance.

That the present company should do so, may seem remarkable to the reader; inasmuch as Shenandoah was the only native present, and he had become a Christian convert. Hold, reader! and remember, that Shenandoah was still an INDIAN.

Introduce the plough and the loom among them—build school-houses and churches—teach them the creed and catechism—baptize them into the Christian faith—bring them to the communion table: still, when the voice of the dog announces the presence of game, or the fishing-spear is brought to them, they will fly to their native forests; when passing the graves of their dead warriors, they will pay *Indian* devotions; when dying, their death-song will be of the celestial hunting-ground to which they are wending, the noble dogs which will meet them there, and the streams, and the oaks, and the sylvan wildness which have been their earthly delight.

Cudjoe and the young Englishman, though not of native blood, were too deeply imbued with Red-men's habits to be indifferent to these solemn rites.

The venerable old chief, while leading these orisons, had his whole soul rapt up in recollections of the past, and hopes for the future; holding communion with departed spirits, until he forgot

that he was a Christian convert, and that Butler and the Iroquois were probably in hot pursuit.

Leaving these worshippers, near the head of German-flats, we must describe the river, and the country for a few miles above. The lowlands on the margin of the river, immediately above this place, gradually converge to a point, being terminated by a wild and broken mountain. Tracing the river through that mountain, you come to what is now called Little-falls. These falls, instead of being little, are immense; the water of the river descending, in the space of one hundred rods, not less than two hundred and fifty feet. There is no one perpendicular fall of great extent, like the falls of Niagara; yet the river is a foaming, broken sheet of leaping water, with now and then a fall of some twenty feet, until it finds the level of German-flats. At the present time, the Grand Erie Canal, in passing on the bank, beside these falls, requires no less than twenty-one locks, to surmount the acclivity. At the time of which we write, navigators on the Mohawk were obliged to carry their craft on their backs, by land, to get round these falls. If the craft were a bark canoe, two Indians could carry it with ease on their shoulders: if it were a batteau, four men raised it to their shoulders on poles. The landing-place at the foot of these falls lies on the north side of the river; and the appearance of the land around and above it, is truly horrific. As you go up-stream from the landing-place, a very narrow strip of land skirts the river on one side, and is bounded by a high and precipitous mountain on the other. At a later period, this strip of land was converted into a highway, formed at great expense, where the traveller will shudder as he passes over it, for fear that the impending mountain on the north side will make its obeisance to the river, burying the highway many fathoms deep. As it is, huge rocks ever and anon get loosened from the impending mass, and come bounding and thundering down the declivity; some of them leaping over the highway into the river, while others block up the beaten path, by broken and irregular masses. In 1780, an Indian *trail* occupied the place of the present highway; and although the abruptness of the mountain would seem to forbid its ascent; yet the natives had found means to get at its top. The pass to the mountain top communicated with this *trail;* and those who were in the secret, felt that could they once ascend there, they occupied no ordinary position for defensive warfare. Artificial steps for a part of the way had been wrought by the Oneida Indians, who alone were in the secret, that a natural cave, near the top of the hill, might easily be rendered impregnable. There were also passes in the ascent to this cave, where two could not go abreast, but those ascending were obliged to form *Indian file;* all stooping forwards to lay hold of the rocks above them, to assist them in ascending. The Iroquois, who now inhabited a country far to the north-west, and Butler, who resided in the Canadas, were equally ignorant of the particular localities around the Little-falls; though they had often navigated the Mohawk, and had carried their craft around the falls, as above described.

We must now return to those sylvan worshippers around the ancient graves, where the Rev. Mr. Asbury had piously interfered with what he considered pagan rites.

"Tell me, great chieftain," said Mr. Asbury to the King of the Oneidas, "were you not baptized in the waters of the *Oriscaeny,** by the hand of Dominie Kirkland, in the name of the Holy Trinity? And did you not avouch Jesus Christ as your Saviour and your God, as you ate the consecrated bread and drank the wine, as lively emblems of his crucified body and spilled blood?"

"Oh yes, him Jesum Christ, he be very good—Pale-face spill him blood much—be very cruel—he Pale-face kill *Philip* too of the Pequoits, and *Uncas* of the Mohigans. *Monundua* of the Onandagos sleep here too. Ten Oneida chiefs fell down here, when Schugler's riflemen lay in ambush behind them oaks. They all now hunt where the trees never die, the brooks never fail, the game—"

"Hold, hold! Christian man," cried Mr. Asbury; "you are now speaking of a pagan heaven. Turn your thoughts to the heaven of the Bible. You remember the great good book says, there is a city which hath foundations, where the Lord Almighty is the temple of it, and where the worshippers, clothed in white, sing a new song around the throne!" "Oh, now I see! Oh yes, God-book very good," piously responded Shenandoah; "Great Spirit live in great city. He make a great feast: many chiefs come there. Twenty-four fall down before Great Spirit, when others sing and dance the great war-dance with many eagle-feathers on their crowns. By and bye they all go out where the trees grow, beside that river, to look for deer. My old wolf-dog, shot by a Yangee, be there too; Sagonahaut, Awmnenok, Uncas, and Big-log take their rifles—"

This rhapsody of Indian devotion was cut short by the sharp report of rifles, when two leaden balls designed for the disputants whizzed through the air, and passed between them, though they were not separated by a single foot. A glance down the river revealed the source. A half Indian and half French batteau, moved by four oars, and carrying ten warriors, met their sight. "To boat!" commanded Shenandoah, in a firm tone. The party hastened to the canoes in hurried disorder and great alarm. Cudjoe brought up the rear, aiding poor Nanny, whose limbs at that moment refused their office, though her will to fly from the present danger was sufficiently strong. Before Cudjoe stepped into his canoe, he soliloquized thus—"It's a *tarnation* distance for a close shot. The brutes must have pointed two yards above our heads when they *let off*, or their lead would have met the ground before it reached us; howsomever I'll make a draw upon Butler anyhow." In a moment Cudjoe's rifle made its sharp report; and one of the rowmen relaxed his grasp upon the oar, and with a heavy plunge, fell from the batteau into the stream.

"Curse on that oarsman for leaning forwards

* A stream emptying into Oneida Lake.

at that moment. I meant to trim his beard only, and give the *lead* to Butler, who stood *jest behint*," muttered Cudjoe, as he stepped aboard. "No use in whining, howsomever," he added, as he laid hold of his oars and took his seat.

CHAPTER IX.

Some bold sagacious chieftain, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm;
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hostile minions rise;
With deep attention marks the invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow.
FALCONER.

The party were now some two or three miles below the cataract, which has just been described. Bark canoes, and the long pointed batteaux, are of about equal speed on the water, when manned with equal nerve, and conducted with equal skill. In the present instance, the canoes were not perfectly manned. Shenandoah and Cudjoe made broad nautical strokes with their oars; sending the barque ahead with the skill of foresters. Robert Brown was but a poor match for the chief, he being at best but a clumsy landsman. The young Englishman rowing beside Cudjoe, constantly annoyed the latter, by his quick nervous strokes, which indicated a reliance on strength of arm, rather than on nautical skill. They were soon, however, under weigh; and from the relaxation which they had just had on shore, they were enabled for a short time to cope with the batteau, not suffering the distance to be lessened between them. Robert Brown, however, soon became too nervous to be of much aid to Shenandoah. His motions were quick, irregular, and sometimes dangerous to the craft. Now he would plunge his oar at an angle of forty-five degrees into the water, giving the craft a dangerous lift, but without adding much to its forward course. His next stroke would barely skim the surface; the oar turning in his hand, and flying out of the water. This was perceived by Miss Stirling, whose modest reserve had hitherto prevented her from exhibiting her skill in the nautical art. It had now become necessary for her to do so. "Sit down in the bottom of the canoe, Robert," cried our heroine. Robert instantly obeyed, glad to be relieved from what he found himself unable to perform. Jane occupied his place in a moment; and after a few sweeps of the oar, in unison with the chief, that practised judge of such matters vented his delightful astonishment in the exclamation, "Good! very good! Jenny Basket know."

In a very few minutes, the barque of the chief, skimming the tide like a sea-gull, shot past Cudjoe, who was previously in advance, and bid fair to reach the shore long before him.

"Look there!" cried Cudjoe; "see her bold sweep: do so, too, Johnstone, or the cursed Iroquois will roast us for supper." The words were ill-timed: the young Englishman was evidently exhausted from an effort to do what he had not well learned; besides, his late submersion had produced an illness which more than half unmanned him. He replied not; but his efforts could not imitate Jane Stirling's in rowing a bark canoe.

"Heugh!" exclaimed Shenandoah, as a rifle ball passed through the handle of his oar, grazing the skin of his arm. At the same moment another ball perforated Cudjoe's canoe just at water mark, and passed through on the other side six inches below the level of the stream. "Stop, Johnstone," cries Cudjoe, "don't slew this craft round by one side paddling: the water spirts in like fury through that hole, which is a ragged consarn to bring up any how." In an instant Cudjoe's hunting-knife had whittled off the end of his fishing spear, and with a piece of tarred deer-skin which he drew from his pouch, the plug was driven in where the ball had passed through the canoe. With their best efforts, however, it was too apparent that they would be overtaken by the Iroquois before they could possibly reach the shore. Not that there was not a shore near at hand, on the north side of the river; but it was of no use to approach it, as it was a perpendicular rock, of two hundred feet in height, starting immediately from the water's edge. Nothing but reaching the landing-place could possibly save the fugitives; and that was nearly a mile distant. Showers of lead were now spattering on all sides of the canoes; but the motion of the respective crafts rendered a dead shot beyond the art of even practised warriors. Every nerve was strained both by pursuers and pursued. The contest was desperate: the fugitives to save their lives, and the Iroquois to glut their vengeance on the murderers of their comrades. Each plied the oar with giant energy, and with the skill of foresters. "Johnstone, I must help you out of the scrape," cried Cudjoe, as he changed his oar from side to side, to keep his canoe in the proper direction. "See here; take a bold lusty sweep; that's the way to——." At that moment, a loud crack or snap was heard from Cudjoe's canoe, and then a dead plunge into the water. A shout of triumph burst from the Iroquois, which echoed from the rocks. Shenandoah turned his head to learn the cause, and he saw Cudjoe's oar floating in two parts, and himself overboard. The canoe had shot ahead for rods before the swimmer; and the fact was instantly revealed to the experienced eye of the chief, that his squire, in a desperate stroke, had broken his oar, and fallen backwards out of the canoe by the violence of his motion.

The Englishman and Jane Stirling were for turning back to pick up their faithful Cudjoe. Shenandoah cast his eye at the nearing batteau, and peremptorily answered, No. "But Cudjoe will be lost!" exclaimed Miss Stirling, with true feminine compassion. The chief answered, in his native dialect, "He that was born to be hanged will never be drowned." "Go a-head, I say!" exclaimed Shenandoah, in a voice which might be heard above winds or waves, or even the report of rifles. On saying this, with a bold sweep of his oar, he brought his canoe in contact with the other, and seizing Miss Stirling by the waist, transferred her, without ceremony, into the seat just vacated by Cudjoe, throwing her oar after

her. Now the chief was alone in his glory, to show what could be done with a bark canoe, left to his sole management. Jane, seated beside the classic forester, proved herself an overmatch for him, and was obliged, like Cudjoe, to change her oar from side to side to give the craft a due direction.

Cudjoe manifested no great anxiety to escape from his pursuers. The motions of his hands and feet in swimming, were like those of his oar in rowing, exhibiting more skill than haste. The same long, calm sweeps were manifested in both. At the same time, his quizzical eye was ever and anon cast backwards to learn the whereabouts of the batteau. Butler, who stood in the bow of his craft, took deliberate aim at the unfortunate swimmer, intending to despatch him; for, he said, he was a subtle devil, who would slip through his fingers like a slimy eel. At that instant, Cudjoe's head, like a swimming duck, disappeared under water, and the cold lead grazed his back, as he arose to the surface.

"*Hold!*" cried a sturdy chief in the batteau; "we take them all alive: they make good roast!"

From this moment, the firing ceased. The batteau rapidly neared the canoes, and was within two paces of the swimmer. The forester now dropped below the surface; and the craft of the Iroquois moved directly over the spot where he had disappeared. Cudjoe no sooner felt the keel upon his back, than, turning in the water, he rose on one side of the boat, grasped the top railing with giant strength, and in a moment capsized the craft, plunging nine chiefs, including Butler, heels over head into the water. Shenandoah witnessing the scene, gave a whoop of triumph which rent the air; and the same cheer was sent back from his strong-lunged squire. The Iroquois were taken by surprise. They had business enough to secure their boat, their rifles, and their powder-bag. Butler was intent on capturing Cudjoe. He abandoned the swamped boat to his comrades, and made directly at the forester. They grasped, and struggled, and agitated the water around them, like two sharks in open combat: but Butler had counted without his host. He might have been a match for any living man on *terra firma;* but Shenandoah's squire was half alligator; hence, in the liquid element, no biped was his equal. It was well for the lives of both, that their long scalping knives were doffed with their belts, in their respective vessels, to give their bodies better play in the act of rowing: otherwise, blood would have there mingled with the pure element, and probably both combatants would have played their last act in the drama of life.

"Hold, easy!" cried Cudjoe, "I'm tired of swimming, and must rest awhile by a ride."

At this, he threw his leg over Butler's neck, and by a bound leaped completely on to his back. This was awkward. In vain the ridden tried to unhorse the rider. He sat too firmly on his seat to be jostled; and seizing Butler by the hair of his head, he straightened himself up, as if he had been a mermaid seated on the back of a sea-horse. Poor Butler felt himself sinking under his load: his head was frequently submerged, his nose and mouth were imbibing the element, and his cruel rider manifested but little care to keep the head of his beast above water.

The warriors, having secured their boats and rifles, turned their attention to their white leader, who now, being nearly suffocated, was making those ill-directed, though desperate grasps, common to a drowning man. On seeing this, two of the Iroquois loosed their hold of their water-logged boat, and made directly for Cudjoe. The forester watched their movements, and as they approached him abreast, he raised himself by placing his hands on Butler's back, and straightening his legs, with a sudden spring planted his feet on the faces of the approaching Iroquois, sending them backwards and downwards for many a yard. But concluding that his assailants would at length be too many for him, he took advantage of this spring to leap from Butler's back, and skim the water in the direction of the canoes. Butler was now sinking; and when the two Iroquois, who had been so unceremoniously treated by Cudjoe, rose to the surface, they found their best efforts necessary to save their white leader from a watery grave. Two others of the Iroquois, perceiving Cudjoe about to escape, quitted the boat, and swam in swift pursuit. One of them, finding that he could not keep pace with his fellow, gave up the chase, and returned to the boat. The other bounded over the water like a floating cork, and being fresh, while Cudjoe had already been so long in the water, was fast approaching the forester. This warrior had not omitted an Indian's precaution. As his arms were thrown forward and upward, to make a skilful sweep upon the stream, a bright scalping knife was seen to gleam from his right hand. Cudjoe's philosophy, though he saw himself exposed to the peril of an Indian knife, did not forsake him. His motions were still skilful, though he lacked the elasticity of his vigorous pursuer. Shenandoah, who had kept his eye over the scene, perceiving that the rifles of the enemy could not be used in the water, and that their boat was now filled and unmanageable, rested upon his oars, leaving Miss Stirling to impart her lessons in the art of rowing to the young Englishman, as they were making towards the landing-place. His only anxiety was for his faithful squire, who was now but a few yards in advance of an Indian knife, grasped by the vigorous hand of one who neither lacked the disposition nor the ability to use it effectually. The chieftain laid his oar aside, rose from his seat, seized his long rifle, which was slung in deer-skin loops by the side of the canoe. At this moment, Cudjoe felt the cold steel in contact with his leg: his eye, however, was fixed on the chief of the Oneidas. A well known sign from that practised warrior was responded to by Cudjoe, by the latter dropping below the surface, turning in the water, and dodging out in a lateral direction. The instant his head was above water, the sharp report of Shenandoah's rifle met his ear. His pursuer leaped into the air from the face of the stream, holding

up the gleaming knife in his hand; his teeth set, his eyes glaring with unearthly ferocity; and he fell backwards into the current; the blood gushing from the arteries of his neck, as he sank to the bottom of the Mohawk, whose waters, mingled with blood, formed a gurgling eddy round the spot. As he descended to his watery grave, Cudjoe, coveting a trophy of victory, dived after the expiring chief, seized the gleaming knife from his relaxing hand, rose to the surface, holding up the murderous instrument to the inspection of both parties, whose eyes were now intent upon the scene. Another shout of triumph, coming simultaneously from the deep-mouthed foresters, rent the air, filling the rocks with echoes, and hurling back defiance and exultation on the heads of the discomfited Iroquois. Shenandoah, disposing of his rifle, and resuming his oar, returned with his canoe, and taking his water-soaked squire by one hand, while Cudjoe held his trophy of victory in the other, raised him into the canoe, and took a fresh start for the landing-place.

The strength and skill of these foresters, applied in unison to one bark, sent it skipping over the water like a bounding roe; and passing the classical navigators, who had got half-way to shore before they commenced this new start, the chieftain and his squire made the landing some time before them. No sooner had the escaped band set foot on that narrow strip of land before described, than Mr. Asbury, who had been a silent, though interested party in the scenes last recorded, begged permission of the chief there to offer up the pious gratitude of the whole party to the Preserver of Life, for his signal, and, as Mr. Asbury expressed it, miraculous interposition in their favour.

This was strongly seconded by Lieutenant Stirling, who had not before broken silence for hours. He now came forward, and said, that although his profession was that of arms, yet such exciting perils were new to him, and that he could not attribute the salvation of the party to other causes than the divine interference; but especially that of Cudjoe, who was, indeed, a brand plucked out of the fire.

"Out of the water, you mean, my young master," bluntly replied Cudjoe. "This is nothing to what Shenandoah and I have passed through in our days. The brute got pretty near to me with his knife, that is sartin. Whether a Providence above, or any other of the elements interfered with the consarn, I don't know. This I can assart, that if I hadn't understood the water, and Shenandoah the rifle, I should have had a poor chance on't, Providence or no Providence, any how. Howsomever, Shenandoah and I know a thing or two about these forests; and this is not the first time we've baulked them black brutes, by a jug-full. No, no; let Mr. Asbury, here, consupicate Providence, or any the rest of the airy powers: it's all well enough for him, as it lies in the course of his trade; but give me a good rifle and a long knife to confusticate these black scoundrels. Fool I was, for not keeping my knife about me when I fell overboard. Butler would have packed off to his account, with less sins on his head than he will have five years hence. I came pretty near drownding the blackguard; but he has got the life of forty wild cats in him. Still, howsomever, Shenandoah and I will come at him some day." The rebuking eye of the Christian chief cut short the long yarn of his squire; and he signified to Mr. Asbury his hearty acquiescence in the devotions proposed. This solemn act was performed by the preacher, while the whole company knelt upon the shore, (Cudjoe excepted.) As the divine approached the close of his supplication for continued protection, he seemed to recollect, rather suddenly, that it was the duty of a Christian to pray for his enemies. This he put into a short parenthesis, thus,—("And bless our enemies, and turn their hearts for Christ's sake.")

"Curse their pictures," quickly added Cudjoe.

"AMEN," piously responded Shenandoah.

Whether this response was to the prayer without the addition, or to the addition without the prayer, perhaps cannot be ascertained at this period, so long after the fact.

It may be asked, why the two foresters, who now had their rifles in prime order, and their canoes at command, did not return to within rifle distance of the swamped batteau, and pick off the Iroquois, one by one, till they were all put beyond the reach of doing harm, or inspiring terror. But the Iroquois had been busy in bailing their boat. Their spongy blankets were doffed from their shoulders; the water wrung out, by the blankets being held at each end by a warrior, and twisted in the manner of washer-women drying their clothes. These were dipped into the water in the boat; and so, by constant wringing and dipping, they soon emptied the craft of water, and were seen, one by one, to lift themselves aboard, putting things to rights for a new start. But a European will say, they were a defenceless band, their rifles being lost overboard, and their powder well soaked in the waters of the Mohawk. Nothing of the kind. As well might you separate a wild cat from its claws as separate an Indian from his rifle. When on the water, Indians always secure their rifles in deer-skin thongs, fastened on the inside of the boat; from which they cannot be loosened, without the skill of an Indian, who understands the art by which they are secured. In regard to the powder, it must occur to any one, that these houseless wanderers must encounter all weathers; be drenched in the rain and in the rivers: and that, if they had no other security for their powder than what is common for sporting gentlemen, they would frequently be left, in a dense forest, inhabited by beasts of prey only, without the means of providing food or defending their lives. To provide against such a catastrophe, these savages have constructed a powder-bag, in which they deposit their main store of ammunition, and which is not only water-proof, but entirely excludes the damp, even if their bag were sunk to the bottom of the river for months. The substance of the bag is bear-skin, dressed with the hair on; and the skin is saturated with various compounded gums, mixed with isinglass and other ingredients

unknown to white men; and this art, as well as their art of dying, is a profound secret to the whites. From a bag like this, the Iroquois warriors soon reloaded their rifles; and the company upon the shore learned that they had recovered from their ducking, by hearing the report of a rifle coming from the batteau, as the Iroquois again applied themselves to their oars.

"Let us fly to a place of safety," exclaimed Mr. Asbury, who heard the rifle, and saw the motion of the foe. "Easier said than done," was Cudjoe's laconic reply, as he and Shenandoah stepped to the shore, and drew out the bark canoes upon the strand. The young Englishman, though ill in health, and evidently getting worse, knew too well what was to be done to remain idle. He ordered Robert Brown to go with him; these two following the foresters to the shore. The canoes were soon raised to their shoulders, and the four bore them past their companions, and beckoned on them to follow. Soon coming to the precipitous way which left the trail, and led to the mountain-top, as before described, they commenced their hazardous ascent. "My good friends," expostulated Charles Stirling, "can it be possible that you intend carrying those barques up this giddy height? It appears to me that no beast, except the wild eagle, could tempt this dangerous ascent; but, if our necessity has forced us to attempt this, pray let us be unencumbered." "That's just according to your tacnicks Mr. Leftenant," responded Cudjoe. "How are these wimmins to get sixty miles westward to Oneida Castle, when three rifles are all the weapons we have, and we may come across a dozen of the henemy on this trail, between here and Utica? The batteaux we know all come down the river, to hoppisite the Mountin-hos; and the one Butler is in is the only one on the left bank; but all the moccasin tracks which we seed 'round Utica ha'nt gone down the river by a tarnal sight; and, if we should meet them on this here trail, it would be nothin' extrod-na." "Whist, whist," cries Shenandoah, to his squire, as he perceived the face of old Nanny was becoming white as a sheet at Cudjoe's relation of impending danger. At this juncture the young Englishman staggered under his load, and would have fallen down the rocks, had not the anxious eye of Jane Stirling, which had marked his growing indisposition, observed his movement; and her arm clasped in his, while her shoulder caught the canoe in its descent, prevented what otherwise might have been a serious disaster. "Look there, Stirling," cried the chief, who perceived what was passing, "the white squaw, Jenny, has a double load." Charles flew to her relief, and raised the canoe from her shoulder; but, at that instant, a leaden ball, from a rifle of the Iroquois, who had effected their landing, shattered itself on a flat piece of metal just under the feet of the lieutenant. The broken fragments of stones, striking his legs, caused him to spring from the spot, lose his hold of the canoe, and, in its fall, down came Robert Brown, who held up the other end. The foresters witnessing the calamity, and fearing that their canoe would fare worse in the hands of these bunglers than if it were left with the Iroquois, ordered them to leave it where it was, and make their best way up the rocks without it. This order was not given too soon; for, no sooner had the party applied themselves again to their ascent, than rifle-balls, like hailstones, pattered against the rocks, just behind them, serving as spurs to their onward movement. It is a well known fact to all practical gunners, that by some optical illusion, shots are ever made over the heads of the objects aimed at, when pointing downwards from an eminence, and so, *vice versa*, they always fall short, when pointed at an elevation, from a low position. This illusion favoured the present company, on this occasion; they receiving no injury except from the small pieces of stone, which were frequently striking them in the rear.

(*To be continued.*)

COSMOS.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION AND GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF THE GRANDER TERRESTRIAL PHENOMENA.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.—JOHNSTON'S PHYSICAL ATLAS.

The two works which are the text of our article, although independent, are in their objects very closely connected. The one is the philosophic review, the other the pictorial representation. What the veteran Humboldt unfolds, in words which a sage should use, concerning the relations of the grander forces of the universe to the progress and dispositions of our globe, we have, to a large extent, portrayed in the Atlas with a faithful pencil, and all the skill of the engraver's art. The atlas, as produced in this country, is only in the commencement of its publication; but before us is Mr. Johnston's original—the maps of Berghaus of Berlin, and on these we shall found our remarks.

The earlier portion of Humboldt's work is beyond the reach of representation. Like a true analyst,—and knowing that the small, which, however minute, is yet an inseparable part of the great whole, can only become intelligible if we have first obtained a glimpse, however dim and distant, of the nature of the mighty organism to which it belongs,—the illustrious German starts with a survey of the Heavens which enwrap our Earth; speaking of their arrangements and mutations; of the order prevailing throughout that congeries of orbs which illumine our skies; of their companion clusters, resting amid the remotenesses of space; of the probable mode of their evolution and course: rising always, as he proceeds, to an elevation adequate to his theme, and finally ascending so far above even those overpowering aspects, and their apparent stillness, as to conceive that, "were our senses supernaturally sharpened

to the full extent of telescopic power, and the mighty intervals of time compressed together, instantly would vanish the repose of all that exists in space! The unnumbered fixed stars would move themselves in thronged groups in different directions; nebulæ would wander as cosmic clouds, in every stage of condensation and expansion; the Milky Way would be broken up at certain points, and rend aside its veil; motion would rule through the firmament, as on the surface of the earth among the vegetable organisms that bud and push forth leaves and evolve blossoms."

Descending "from the region of celestial formations—the children of Uranus," our philosopher arrives at "the narrower domain of terrestrial forces—the children of Gæa;" and it is here, probably,—among what is termed the common, or commonplace—in treating of what we have heard, in part at least, described and discussed a thousand times, with all the precision and dulness of a *routiniere* and professional science,—that the genius of Humboldt most vividly appears. It is a vital instinct with this original thinker, that nothing is isolated or insignificant; so that whatever the class of phenomena to which he requires to refer—be it even a set of facts without any apparent connexion,—his mind stretches immediately through the whole expanse of Nature, seeking, both far and near, their origin, relations, and effects; striving to recognise them in unison with that giant genetic power which has cast up Nature's developments in their present boundless variety. This peculiarity of Humboldt he owes in part to the well known character of the German mind, greatly strengthened in him by the associations of his early years: and doubtless it is that which has bestowed on his writings a charm and solemn movement that is approached by no other physical disquisitions of the day, and stamped his gigantic and most diverse labours—now extending over more than half a century, and reckoning the most inhospitable regions of our planet among their domains—with the Unity of a work of Art.

The special survey of the physical character of our globe is naturally introduced by remarks on its form, and on its condition as a mass in regard of Heat. The latter subject we cannot avoid considering as still very vague, and bound up with hypotheses whose foundations are extremely slender: not even Humboldt has yet escaped from the thraldom of that idea which has not ceased to taint our geologies, viz. that for the most part our planet is still an incandescent globe. Simply remarking that the conception had its origin in our former ignorance of the powers and resources of Chemistry in regard of the elaboration of crystalline rocks, and that it is inconsistent with well known physical relations between the earth and its satellite,* we pass with our author to his succeeding section, which sketches our knowledge of that mysterious power—Terrestrial Magnetism. There is certainly no branch of inquiry which in modern times has made more rapid advances than this—whether in regard of the accumulation of facts, expressly connecting its phenomena and changes with the composition of the globe, or in regard of approximations between the power producing them and other of the simple energies of Nature; approximations which even within the last few weeks have, in the hands of our illustrious Faraday, assumed an importance that will throw all former discoveries of this description wholly into the shade. The facts of Terrestrial Magnetism are of two kinds, viz. the existing mean value of the different characteristics of the magnetic force at different parts of the earth, and the laws by which these vary. By an amount of labour that in previous times was never paralleled, the mean value of these characteristics, viz. of the declination of the needle, its dip, and of the intensity of the force, have been now so well ascertained, that Berghaus has represented them by curved lines on the map of the world, with as much minuteness as even a mariner can demand in a magnetic chart sufficient to aid him in determining his place on the ocean;† and Humboldt has beautifully sketched what we know of the laws or the order by which they change. These laws are of two kinds; the first irregular and seemingly capricious,—that is, depending on no principle with which we are yet acquainted. They are named magnetic storms, or explosions,—a term significant of the suddenness of their occurrence; and they include immense, though limited regions of the globe within which the needle undergoes agitations so simultaneously that it has been proposed to fix, by means of them, the longitudes of distant places. The origin of these storms is probably terrestrial; and they are inferior in interest to that regular march of all the characteristics of the force, in obedience to the movements of the Sun, which enables us to attribute to this luminary cosmical influences much more varied and complex than the simple power of gravitation. Regularly as the sun goes through his diurnal path, the needle, impressed by a mysterious sympathy, in so far follows that luminary: it is affected otherwise as the Earth rolls through its annual orbit: and again it undergoes vast secular variations, extending over unfathomed periods of time, and produced, probably, either by great changes in the Sun himself, or by the accidents of our movement along with him in his course amid the fixed stars. How wonderful is this Universe! The needle, which is the toy of the child, and in its little box the guide of the mariner, vibrating in unison with forces which

* See those remarkable papers by Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge, in the Philosophical Transactions, entitled, *Researches in Physical Geology.*

† Mr. Johnston has not yet published any Magnetic Chart, but we observe one in his table of contents, with the title, "The polarizing structure of the Atmosphere." This is not very intelligible. If it be what we conceive it, it certainly ought not, in such an atlas, to supplant the delineation of the simple curves as found in Berghaus: and if it is intended to represent them under this title, we rather think that considerations too theoretical, and too questionable, will in this case be mixed up with what should be merely the arranged result of systematic observation.

send their intimations through all the depths of space, and are probably concerned with the entire evolution of these worlds! But this too has ceased to be a marvel: we have ceased to wonder even at the power which, by exciting polarity in the cometic masses, induces their shapes, and forces on them restless internal activities, now that before our eyes a beam of etherial light can be constrained to follow the magnet, and rotate around it, as one needle around another!*

From the consideration of magnetism, Humboldt turns to the investigation of energies which are essentially telluric, *i. e.* whose seat is in the earth itself, and whose operations have mainly contributed to unfold its history. Our first and easiest introduction to these is by their modern and still existing influences, as seen in eathquakes and volcanoes. Our author's narrative of the characteristics of these imposing phenomena is, of course, pregnant with interest; but, as usual, he at once rises above specialty, views them as one of a class of mighty movements, arranges side by side groups of phenomena which at first sight appear heterogeneous,—thermal springs, effusions of carbonic acid gas, escapes of sulphureous vapours, harmless eruptions of mud, and the awful devastations of burning mountains. In the picture he has presented, these individual actions, or rather symptoms, of power become fused in the single conception of the reaction of the interior of a planet upon its crust and surface: so that the earthquake and volcano, with their attendant and associated commotions, conduct us naturally into the presence of an energy which, from the beginning of the world's order, has torn and upheaved its surface,—now throwing from the deep immense table-lands or continents, and again, at epochs divided from each other by intervals whose magnitude can only be expressed in the numbers in which we narrate the remotenesses of the fixed stars, rearing our giant chains of mountains. Between those cataclysms the narrator recognises periods of rest, when the meteorological agencies played peacefully as now, —wearing down the high lands by gentle attrition, and depositing regular rocks, in which the bones of the creatures that then lived were entombed and preserved. This general view is, of course, not so unusual as the style and tone of its description; for the mind of the author nowhere flags or sinks below what is due to the singular theme, viz. the unfolding of an august drama, in which not states or empires, but continents and oceans, are the shifting scenes. The student of this part of the work will be greatly assisted by Mr. Johnston's atlas. With regard to earthquakes and volcanoes, as at present existing, no better aid could be had than the two maps he proposes to give from Berghaus: if he could add to them, or incorporate with them, the distribution of extinct volcanoes, (distinguishing their epochs,) in so far as we have reached the truth on that subject, he would confer a farther signal benefit on the young geologist; for this is manifestly much more than a matter of mere curiosity,—it illustrates the nature of the upheaving cause in so far as that depends on its movements or shiftings over the Earth's surface. The three proposed maps, Nos. 2, 4, and 5, illustrative of the mountain-chains on the great continents, are also of high importance: they will make palpable the relations of these chains as to parallelism, &c.—a subject bearing closely on the higher dynamics of geology. One other sketch would complete this part of the subject, viz. such an one as Elie de Beaumont gives in his letter to Humboldt in Poggendorf's Annalen, exhibiting graphically the *relative ages* of the mountain chains — corrected, of course, according to our present knowledge. In regard of the sedimentary rocks, Mr. Johnston proposes, we understand, to substitute Boué's general outline of the geology of the world, for some of the special maps mentioned in the prospectus: and assuredly the idea ought not to be hastily abandoned. The sketch in question is very daring, and hitherto unique; but it is the result of immense and conscientious labour, and must greatly advance and define our conceptions of the previous oscillations of the Earth's crust. Another change we would fain propose, viz. that the special geological delineations of England and Scotland—which could not be very valuable because of their scale, especially since larger ones are not uncommon—should give place to a folding map of double size, exhibiting, in their relations to strata, all the characteristic extinct forms of animal and vegetable life. We would take the idea, of course, from the sketch in Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise, but certainly not the method or execution. In Mr. Johnston's hands, the whole results in Pictet's Palæontolgy, and Owen's Memoirs, might be accurately expressed in such a chart; and also the pregnant consequences of Von Buch's recent researches on the Ammonites. We are sure we shall be forgiven these suggestions: we would have the Atlas not only a high classical work, but in every respect the best that at present can be.

Humboldt proceeds. The next group of subjects for contemplation is naturally the existing surface of the globe, with its associated inorganic phenomena,—including the solid surface or the distribution of continents and islands, the phenomena of the ocean and rivers, of the atmosphere, and of climate. The characteristic of this portion of the work is also an extreme generalization, combined with minute knowledge and patient research. This too is the department to which the author's own labours principally belong; and the very quality which made him the best traveller of modern times, necessitates his being one of our most instructive describers. He speaks somewhere of the essentially *objective* character of his mind: by which he means that all his thoughts and emotions are associated with *external* things, and suggested by them—intertwined with *fact*, and never flowing from mere bold and vague speculation. If he rises into enthusiasm, it is always when reflecting on some positive or actual

* Allusion is here made to Faraday's recent discovery. It is easy to predict that, in three years, the undulatory theory of light, with all its grasp, will be reckoned among the things that were.

outward scene; and we never can doubt the distinct reality of what he refers to, when he speaks, for instance, of the "ocean under the softness of a tropical night, with the vault of heaven pouring down its planetary and steady, but twinkling, starlight upon the heaving surface of the world of waters; or calls to mind the wooded valleys of the Cordilleras, where, instinct with power, the lofty palm trees break through the dark canopy of foliage below, and, rising like columns, support another wood above the woods; or transports himself to Teneriffe's peak, and sees the cone cut off from the earth beneath by a dense mass of clouds suddenly becoming visible through an opening pierced by an upward current of air, and the ridge of the crater looking down upon the vine-clad hills of Orotava and the Hesperidian gardens that line the shore." Shaded accordingly, and adorned by a fine vein of reflective sentiment, we have here unquestionably the most perfect and comprehensive sketch of physical geography in the English language. Not a feature of the visible globe escapes Humboldt; and his immense learning has rendered him familiar with every existing research. With the exception of a dissertation by Professor Forbes, the chapter on the atmosphere is, as a general treatise, more valuable than all our voluminous modern literature on Meteorology: and the writer has evidently scanned the whole of those remarkable disquisitions of M. Dove of Berlin, which, up to the present moment, are next to unknown in this country. The whole of this part of the work is so compressed that an attempt, within our limits, to trace its plan minutely were quite vain; nor do we much regret this, as the omission permits us to draw attention to the very peculiar importance, in such cases, of graphical representation. Mr. Johnston is very full in this department, and we have two maps belonging to it in the number already published. The mountain systems of Europe, delineated by contour lines of equal altitude, is interesting as a specimen of a method, though too small, perhaps, to have a much higher importance; but the Physical Chart of the Atlantic Ocean, one of a set of such charts, cannot, we should think, be glanced at, without one discerning its great value. In expressiveness no description can rival it: so true, indeed, is this, that even Humboldt's descriptions, picturesque and real as they are, leave but a comparatively faint impression on the intellect and memory. But the graphic method surpasses the narrative or didactic in much more than mere expressiveness. The existence of a law or arrangement becomes manifest through this artifice much earlier and more easily than it could do by aid of mere tables,—witness, for instance, those admirable sketches by Berghaus (to be given by Mr. Johnston) of the annual and diurnal distribution of rain and snow over the globe and through Europe. It is also wholly destructive of mere vague speculation in cases where liberties are often assumed in this way, in consequence of the absence of definite law. To take an illustration, look at the map of isothermal lines, and try by means of it Mr. Lyall's ingenious doctrine regarding the high temperatures that in ancient geological epochs prevailed in the northern regions of the globe. At present the distribution of land and water is most irregular, and doubtless the isothermal lines show considerable flexures: but, contemplating that map, is it possible for the wildest imagination to conceive, with this talented inquirer, that any more irregular distribution—even the one he has himself planned—would have carried the isothermal of the tropics so far north as Melville Island? The visibility of these relations as they exist, and the inference therefrom inevitable, here quite supplies the place of the wanting quantitative test.*

A brief but pregnant chapter on ORGANIC LIFE concludes the Cosmos. Assured of our noble author, and trusting every thing to his sound and fearless intellect, we approached this part of his inquiries with no solicitude, but yet scarcely hoping that, without effort, or dogmatism, or controversy, he would here have borne himself so purely away from the prevailing misconceptions and opposing rashnesses of the time. The chapter is mainly occupied with a notice of the principles of a philosophical geography of plants and animals;† but here, as well as in the essay on Palæontology, Humboldt evades nothing; and, as if by an instinct belonging only to the finest natures, he is constrained to be accurate, although error pressed on all sides around him. In three points, which we deem of the highest importance, this great man should especially be received as a guide and example by our various theorists. *First*, Although convinced by a force which he cannot resist of the all-prevalence of law, he nowhere yields the slightest countenance to the vulgar idea about a chain of being—as manifested either in cognate existing forms, or in any supposed process of development whose course is recorded in the fossils of our rocks. If the connexion supposed exists, it could not be manifested by such a chain—the forms now on the earth being rather representations of the different branches of an imperfect genealogical tree, than a series springing from a root: and it is in the nature of Geology itself, whose records are essentially mere fragments, with their origin wholly obliterated, that it cannot unfold the entire history of the living creation. But, *Secondly*, although this series cannot be seen—although, in consequence of the position of humanity, the past will exhibit to man never any more than a few of her detached, but successive pages, neither will this great man content himself with incompletion as if it were complete, and declare that, because the visible order is a broken

* Mr. Johnston's selection of meteorological maps is extremely judicious. We would inquire, however, whether he might not introduce into map first, without confusing it, lines of equal barometric pressure? It would also be most advisable to show, by some small diagrams, what has been ascertained relating to the dependence of the march of the different instruments on the winds. These, and a few others, might easily be introduced as woodcuts into the descriptive text.

† Nine maps on this subject terminate the Atlas. The second is given in the part already published, and is extremely beautiful.

order, therefore there is no law! It is not thus that he conceives either of the grandeur of Nature or of the duty of man as her interpreter. *Lastly*, Knowing the innate dignity of our species, he has not scrupled to speak of it in its connexions with the creatures below it; because these connexions cannot debase: they are portions of the inevitable conditions of our being. In the midst of this compact universe there is, and can be, no isolation; every creature is part of the system, and has its roots in what is below itself: but let the maxim be engraven on the mind of every naturalist, that *while the roots of its existence are below, its destiny is shaped by the higher principle, the loftier vitality of which it has been framed as the recipient.* "Laws," says Humboldt, "of another kind come into play in the higher circles of life in the organic world: in those especially that are occupied by the races of mankind variously conformed, endowed with creative mental energies, and gifted with the faculty of inventing language. A *physical* delineation of Nature indicates the boundary where the sphere of intelligence begins, and the far-piercing glance is lost in another world!"

One other word concerning the PHYSICAL ATLAS. What we think of it has been already pretty strongly indicated,—partly by our associating it with a work like Cosmos, and partly by the suggestions we have ventured for its improvement. It is due to the English editor to state that, although assuming Berghaus as his original, these maps are larger, much more beautifully engraved, and better in many respects than their German prototypes. If it is received as it ought to be in this country, it will be a great aid to the student of natural science, and also much improve the style of teaching on these subjects in our larger schools. It ought to be in every public library; and we are sure that no good teacher would desire a better work to lecture from. The chief delineations, too, could be readily transferred, by the teacher himself, to the large wall-maps now in common use in our principal seminaries.

LITERARY REGISTER.

A Treatise on Painted Glass; showing its Applicability to every Style of Architecture. By James Ballantine. London: Chapman & Hall. Edinburgh: John Menzies.

THERE seems to be, at the present moment, a combination amongst well-regulated minds, to put down that servile and indiscriminate imitation of the works of the artists of the middle ages, which has so long disgraced our practice in the arts of design. There are still, however, many professors of the arts of architecture, ornamental design, and glass-painting, who, having no other merit than an acquaintance with these works, continue to imitate them, apparently under an impression that precedent is at all times a sufficient apology for perversions of taste. Such resuscitators of obsolete fashions and gross absurdities, will, however, soon find, that no other knowledge will serve them than a knowledge of the first principles of beauty, and that the gleaning of ransacked libraries will but indifferently supply the want of a creative genius. There can be no greater folly than to look, in the darkness of the middle ages, for guides to that perfection which ought to be the aim of all art. Inquiry is now directed towards an investigation of the principles which constitute the beauty of works of a more remote, but more enlightened, period in the history of the arts,—the period of Grecian refinement,—when there were no precedents acknowledged as standards in matters of taste. We begin now to find that the Grecians, in their progress towards that excellence which is still the admiration of the civilized world, had no other guides than those first principles of beauty which so subtilly operate in the most minute productions of nature, and upon which are based those laws of harmony that regulate the quantities, affinities, and motions of the heavenly bodies. To these first principles may be traced every pleasurable feeling of which the human mind is susceptible, whether they reach it through the sense of hearing, in those harmonious combinations of number, in the pulses of the atmosphere with which we are surrounded, or in those more palpable combinations of matter, which address themselves to the eye in the harmonious proportions of the organized forms of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. We firmly believe in the assertion of an able writer in *The British and Foreign Medical Review*, that "modern science will soon find that the mysticism of Pythagoras was mystical only to the unlettered, and that it was a system of philosophy founded on the then existing mathematics, which seem to have comprised more of the harmony of numbers than our present."

Entertaining a similar conviction, we are strongly impressed with the utility of such works as that before us, in which first principles are urgently insisted upon. We consider such works as harbingers of a new era in the ornamental arts; and entertain the hope, that they will in time produce such an effect on the practice of these arts in Britain, as to supersede the humiliating expedient of sending the teachers of our schools of design to foreign countries for specimens of their ornamental works, to place before the British student. But we must allow our author to speak for himself as to the object of his work.

Hitherto the national energies have been chiefly devoted to commercial enterprise, and to martial achievement, while the culture of the Ornamental Arts has been almost entirely neglected. These arts are, therefore, still but in their infancy. Their professors, instead of inventing, have been content to copy, and to imitate. Now, however, that so large a portion of the national intellect is directed to artistic pursuits, a manifestation of inventive power may shortly be expected; and this appears to be the proper time to develop those first or elementary principles, the knowledge of which alone can enable us to ascertain the value of all artistic invention.

Mr. Ballantine next adverts to the present absurd mode of proceeding in glass-painting.

As if in penance for former transgressions, the national taste has prostrated itself before the spirit of Antiquity, and is now offering it a homage at once abject and indiscriminating. This folly has been most injurious to several of the Decorative Arts, and to Glass-Painting in particular, in which the good, bad, and indifferent,

have been all copied, and repeated with equal fidelity and zeal. Several Glass Painters have acquired an extensive and profitable reputation, simply by pandering to this vitiated taste, and by anticipating the effects of time in their imitations of Antique Glass. The consequence is, that, even in new churches, we find painted glass windows deformed with numerous black spots, in order to produce the required antique appearance; a deception somewhat akin to that practised by needy artists, and swindling picture-dealers, when they manufacture and sell smoke-dried imitations of Teniers and Rembrandt as genuine originals. Defective drawing, meagre design, and unskilful composition, have been laboriously copied, while, in order to stamp the work with the features of genuine antiquity, and to imitate the awkward workmanship of the old specimens, the pieces of glass have been purposely fractured, then clumsily soldered together.

Glass manufacturers, too, taking advantage of the prevalence of this ridiculous taste, have of late years realized large profits by imitating the sandy texture and wavy uneven surface of the old windows. In several recent instances, laboriously executed designs, replete with appropriate meaning, and carefully adapted in form and character to the architectural style of the edifice for which they were intended, have been set aside for servile transcripts from old windows, of those stereotyped figures, the repetition of which saves the trouble of invention. In the department of painted glass, art has been decidedly retrograding; and should the public suddenly awaken to a sense of its folly, in admiring and encouraging the deformities thus perpetuated, there is a danger that the art may be left without support, when it may both require and deserve it.

He then states the object of his Treatise to be—

To prevent, if possible, such a calamity—to show that Glass-Painting is a medium for expression worthy of the energies of genius—to demonstrate its applicability to every style of architecture—to clear the way, in short, for the improvement of an art remarkable for the elegance and beauty of its expression, are the purposes of this little Treatise; and if it shall have the effect, to however small an extent, of accomplishing any one of these purposes, the writer's end will have been attained.

At page seventh our author throws out an excellent hint regarding the introduction of painted glass into ordinary apartments, by making an inner window on the same plane with the wall. This, we have no doubt, would add much to the comfort as well as to the elegance of some rooms, especially where the view from the window was in any way objectionable, and where the building stood in an exposed situation.

Mr. Ballantine is of opinion that painting on glass should not be confined to mere beauty of form and colour in the abstract, but that its chief aim should be high art. On this point he says, "If the greatest triumphs of art be felicitous imitations of nature, and if it be its chief aim to achieve such imitations—as who can doubt it is?—why should we not have the walls and windows of our apartments decorated with these, the most interesting of all the productions of genius?" and adds, that the establishment of this important proposition, is one of the main purposes of his Treatise.

Now, we demur to the soundness of these views, and think that their adoption would greatly limit the use of painted glass, both in the expensive nature of such works, and the difficulty of getting them properly executed. What is genius? How much of the *real* commodity have we in this or in any other country? How many of the pictures of our modern artists speak to the sympathies and feelings, in the true sense of the words? Doubtless, many of them excite our sympathy for the misled youths who produce them; while others excite our risibility, by caricaturing the beauties of nature which they attempt to imitate.

In making these remarks, we intend reference to the efforts of *genius* which the councils of our Royal Academies place yearly before the public eye. Judging by these, we should say that genius was a *rare plant*, more difficult to meet with than a four-leaved clover. We have, at all times, certainly, a superabundant supply of mediocrity; but who can tolerate mediocrity in either art, science, or literature, more especially when it seeks to grapple with subjects beyond its power? More endurable far, we should say, are the pure conventionalities of the kings, queens, and knaves of a pack of cards, than many of those attempts at historical painting that disfigure the walls of our exhibition-rooms. Seeing, then, that true genius is so scarce a commodity, would it not be wisdom, in the case of painted glass, and other decorative ornaments, to confine our attempts to those geometric forms and harmonious combinations of colour which produce a pleasing and agreeable effect, and of which there are many examples in this Treatise, rather than run the risk of failure by aiming at high art?

Mr. Ballantine gives an excellent and concise history of the art which he professes, commencing with the painted glass of Norman architecture, and ending with that of the Elizabethan era, beautifully illustrated by examples. This is a very interesting portion of the work, and must prove as much so to the general reader as to those engaged in the decorative arts. Taking the book as a whole, we do not think that any thing equal to it has been produced upon the subject of glass-painting; and although our author says, that "Man is not a creator, but a mere adapter," we have little doubt but he may yet find that he has created a new era in the art of glass-painting. He has also falsified his assertion by those very beautiful creations of his genius, exemplifying the adaptation of the elliptic curve to geometric patterns in glass-painting.

Mr. Ballantine's Treatise is of a popular character; and the correct and elegant manner in which it is expressed, will, we have no doubt, afford pleasure to readers of all classes. It is a perfect epitome of the interesting art of which it treats, and we heartily wish it the success it deserves.

Memoir of the Naval Life and Services of Admiral Sir Philip Durham, G.C.B. By his Nephew, Captain A. Murray, author of, "Doings in China." Octavo. John Murray.

This brief memoir of a worthy man and gallant naval commander, will have great interest for relatives, friends, and veterans, whether of the sea or land service. And it is not without interest for wider circles. Admiral Durham—who has a Fife pedigree that might hold up its head in Wales, Spain, or any part of the old Germanic empire — went to sea about seventy years since. He served under Kempenfelt as lieutenant and aid-de-camp in the Royal George; and, when nearly nine hundred persons perished, was one of the few saved from the suddenly sinking vessel. When relics of the wreck were obtained, in 1841, Sir Philip Durham identified some of his own property that had been below water for nearly sixty years. He served for a long while in the West India station. Some time after peace was made with France and America, the young officer visited his parents then at Bath.

In the morning he walked into the pump room, and soon recognised his father.

He went up to him and said, "I suppose you are from the north, sir?" He answered that he was. They then got into a general sort of conversation. At last his father said, "I must wish you good morning, sir; I am going home to breakfast."

Mr. Durham said, "Won't you take me with you?" His father looked hard at him, and exclaimed, "Good God, you are my son Philip! When you left home you were a white-headed laddie: how you are changed. Come, your mother will be delighted to see you."

About this time Mr. Durham went to France to acquire the language; and at Paris got into "good society."

At the house of two Lady Stuarts, of Traquair, in Paris, he met with a young man of the name of Macdonald, who they told him was the son of a Highland laird, though he could not speak a word of his native language. His father having been obliged to leave Scotland for the share he took in the rebellion of 1745, emigrated to France with a number of his countrymen.

The young man had come to Paris to try and get into the army, and the Ladies Stuart had succeeded in getting him into a Dutch regiment in the French service. This youth afterwards became Marshal Macdonald.

In the course of a very long professional life, the Admiral came across many of the most celebrated characters of his time. He was engaged in the ill-advised and unfortunate expedition to Quiberon, when a few of emigrant French nobility and the priests fancied they had only to show themselves to overthrow the young Republic. At this time, Captain Murray relates:—

The Comte d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X.) the Duc de Bourbon, and several other French noblemen, were on board one of the newly arrived frigates. A fleet of transports had also joined, with about 4000 British troops, under Major-General Doyle, with a great quantity of stores, clothing, &c.

Captain Durham having known the Comte d'Artois in London, went on board to pay his respects; the latter said he was "Mal à son aise," that the captain of the ship he was in was not a man who had been bred at court, that he had that morning knocked his cook's eye out; in short, that he wished to get removed.

Captain Durham conveyed His Royal Highness's wishes to the commodore, who removed him to a line-of-battle ship. Captain Durham cruised off Quiberon Bay and the Ile Dieu, till the 23d of November, frequently anchoring at the different stations. While at anchor off Ile Dieu, a boat came off, bringing him a note from Monsieur Dupuis Ségur, aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness, in which he said, "The prince is lodged in a small cottage, waiting events, very badly off, à sa dernière tasse de café, et point de sûcre."

Captain Durham collected what stores he could spare, and sent them, with his respects, to the Comte d'Artois, and soon after waited upon him. His situation was truly melancholy; he found him in a small cottage with a stone floor. The Comte d'Artois seemed very resigned. He said he could bear his situation cheerfully; but that the Duc de Bourbon was equally badly off, and was most anxious to get back to England, and requested he might be received into the Anson, or passed to some other ship. Captain Durham replied that he was only captain of a frigate, and had no power over any other ship; but that he would do his best, and would be very happy to receive the Duc de Bourbon on board the Anson, though he had but a very small cabin and little accommodation.

His Royal Highness took Captain Durham at his word, and next morning the duke came on board, with a suite of twelve persons, consisting of the Marquis de Vibray, his master of the horse, and a number of aide-de-camps, to Captain Durham's surprise and dismay. He, however, made the best of the matter, and was fortunate enough to fall in with the Robust, seventy-four, Captain Thornborough, who received them all on board and took them to England.

After the troops were withdrawn from Quiberon Bay, Captain Durham remained off the coast, delivering arms and ammunition to the Chouans; one night he landed enough for about 5000 men, and £30,000 in dollars, for which he received a receipt signed "Jaques des Chemins," which signature he was authorized to take: it was probably that of one of the great royalist leaders, Georges, Tantignac, La Rochejaquelein, or Bois Berthelot, who were about the coast.

Captain Durham was also employed bringing off despatches that arrived from Paris. The Post-office was under a stone in a wood, where all letters were left and called for in the night. Many of those who conveyed despatches to and from Paris, had hair-breadth escapes, and Captain Durham had the good fortune to save a number of them at different times, by receiving them on board, when they were driven to the coast by the republicans. He also warned the unfortunate Captain Wright of his danger of being cut off by the enemy, who were watching him. Unfortunately he paid no attention to the advice, and, as is well known, was cut off in a calm, and taken in a bay on the French coast.

After his capture, when confined in the "Temple," with Sir Sydney Smith, he wrote a note of thanks to Captain Durham, and placed it under the door of his prison, trusting to chance for its conveyance, and, strange to say, it found its way to its destination.

Captain Wright was soon afterwards put to death, or died in prison. He was more hated by the republicans than any other Englishman, having distinguished himself at the memorable affair of Acre.

One of those who repeatedly conveyed despatches to the capital, was the Comte de la Rivière. He had several narrow escapes of being taken. On one occasion, he was recognised by a lady in the Palais Royal, in spite of a disguise he wore. She whispered in his ear, "La Rivière, leave Paris; you are discovered." He did not take the hint, and was arrested next day, and taken before a military tribunal.

Captain Durham himself had a lucky escape, but reached the coast. When visiting Paris, after the restoration of the Bourbons, he found the Comte d'Artois not unmindful of former kindness. When he next visited Paris, the Comte d'Artois was Charles X.

The king on going round observed him, and immediately took him by both hands, and said, "I am delighted to see a British admiral here; but particularly one who was so kind to me *dans ma misere*."

Charles X. never forgot the admiral's attention to him in his misfortunes; and when he was staying at Holyrood, honoured him with a visit at Fordel, and partook of some shooting.

During his stay at Paris, Sir Philip dined with the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly, in company with Canning. The Duke took him aside after dinner, and said, "This is a strange meeting. You remember what passed at Gibraltar;" he alluded to Canning's secret order to Captain Raggett.

Sir Philip mentioned this to Canning, who threw himself into a theatrical position, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is strange; but at that time Spain had a legitimate king, though a prisoner."

Many years later, after the events of 1830, he was dining with Louis Philippe, at the Tuileries, with a party of about fifty. His majesty placed Lady Durham next the queen, and desired him to sit next the Duchesse de Broglie, who was upon the king's right hand. After dinner, the king said, "Admiral, I have a question to ask you. You often told me we should meet at the Tuileries: we have now met; what was your reason for saying so?" Sir Philip was rather taken aback, but rose, and said, "I have had the honour of meeting your majesty in various countries; and from your majesty's many noble qualities, added to the known pluck of the Bourbons, I formed my opinion that your majesty was the fittest man to govern France." Upon which the king bowed his head to the table, and desired him to drink a bumper of Bordeaux.

His majesty showed the most marked civility to Sir

Philip and Lady Durham. One day they received a letter containing two notes, one in a yellow, and the other in a blue silk envelope, inviting them to attend the opening of the Chamber. On arriving at the Palais Bourbon, they found two large chairs prepared for them, next the throne, ornamented with silk, the same colour as the envelopes of the notes.

The Duc de Cazes was also very attentive to the admiral, in Paris, and asked him to dinner to meet all the marshals. One of these was Marshal Macdonald. Sir Philip asked him if he remembered meeting two young Englishmen, many years ago, at Lady Lucy Stuart's. He replied that he had met a number of Englishmen there, and invited Sir Philip to call at his hotel.

The admiral called the next day, and Marshal Macdonald took him into his room, and showed him his portrait in full marshal's uniform, and said, "Is that like the person you saw at Lady Lucy Stuart's?" Sir Philip replied that it was not. He then showed him two other likenesses of himself in other costumes, neither of which were recognised. At last he showed him his portrait as a young man, and Sir Philip immediately recognised the person he had met so many years before. Marshal Macdonald was on terms of the greatest friendship with him till his death.

During the long wars Sir Philip was engaged in many gallant exploits both single-handed and under higher commanders, and his services seem to have been duly appreciated by the Admiralty. Sir Philip sat in different parliaments for English boroughs; and, in 1837, he was offered the command at Portsmouth by Lord Minto, then First Lord, and accepted the office. About this time the Queen visited Portsmouth, and for her gratification the squadron lying there was ordered to be put under sail within two hours. The gallant admiral replied—

That a quarter of an hour's notice was quite sufficient for a squadron to be ready for her majesty.

Lord Yarborough, and several members of the yacht squadron, were in the offing; and the admiral requested his lordship to join the fleet, which he agreed to do, and the smart appearance of the yachts added much to the effect of the scene.

The admiral, who had been many years ashore, was astonished at finding such an improvement in the dress and conduct of the seamen, which he attributed much to the great increase in the number of the yachts, where appearance and good conduct were so much looked to, and in which service, as he remarked, "Jack had learnt that a gentleman, though in kid gloves and muslin trousers, could handle a ship as well as any one else."

Admiral Durham died last spring at Naples of a short illness at the age of eighty-three. The record of a life which would not well bear lengthening out, is written in that plain, manly, and straight-forward style, which may be imitated with advantage by many of the long-winded modern biographers.

The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, &c. &c. By George Petrie, R.H.A., V.P.R.I.A. Large octavo. Second Edition. Dublin: Hodges & Smith.

Among the many inexplicabilities connected with the history and condition of Ireland, are the origin and uses of those tough bones of antiquarian and learned contention, the Round Towers. About these structures, half a score of varying hypotheses have been propounded, in double that number of big books and slim essays. They are Phœnician, they are Danish, they are Fire-Temples, they are Buddhist Temples, they are Watch-towers, they are Belfries, they are Druidical, they are Penitentiaries, they are places of shelter and defence, they are Observatories. In an Essay combating each of these learned and ingeniously supported hypotheses, Mr. Petrie produces his own; and whether his views have been adopted by all the Academicians or not, his Essay on this mysterious subject has been awarded the prize offered by the Royal Irish Academy. We must say for Mr. Petrie, that whatever may be concluded as to his own views of this mighty matter, he has been most successful in demolishing the favourite theories of most of his fellow-labourers, whether as to the origin or uses of the Round Towers. Having floored the fanciful Vallancey, and the over-erudite Sir William Betham, and other learned antiquaries, Mr. Petrie propounds his own notions; and, laying aside six different theories out of nine, admits that there may be some truth in the remaining three; and that, though not exclusively either belfries, keeps, or monastic castles, nor yet beacons or watch-towers, the perplexing edifices may probably have been employed for any or all of these purposes, though not limited exclusively to any one of them. This looks like common sense, and is making the most of the Round Towers. But this is but one phase of Mr. Petrie's unfinished work, which contains much to interest the historian, the antiquary, and the admirers of Gothic or ecclesiastical architecture. In the course of his investigations he has already visited many of the ancient ecclesiastical buildings, and the remains of such buildings yet extant in Ireland, attended by skilful draftsmen; so that the work, which is produced in a style which does great credit to Irish typography, is profusely illustrated by beautiful and accurate wood-engravings, nearly all architectural, of the churches, chapels, tombs, sepulchres, towers, and sections and remains of the ancient buildings of the Isle of Saints. We really regret that limited space prevents us from giving this book the degree of attention which its varied merits deserve; for though a profoundly learned, and professedly antiquarian inquiry, the dry bones live under the touch of Mr. Petrie; and antiquarian research is found, in his pages, to be any thing but dry or dull.

Explanations; a Sequel to "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." By the author of that work. London: Churchill.

The author of "The Vestiges" must, we should imagine, have been greatly suprised to find the sensation which his bold speculations and guesses had made. The cry of Heresy, if not rather of Infidelity or Atheism, together with the mystery of authorship, at once raised his work into as much notice as he could have believed it merited. And perhaps he would have done wisely to have let the matter rest here; but he deems himself called upon to re-assert, to answer, and to "explain," which must, of course, lead to other replies and explanations from his opponents, until the merits of the case are lost in the heats and mists of controversy, while the great point mooted remains very much where it was. In the "Explanations," the author's peculiar views are presented more broadly and hardly, not to say dogmatically, than in the "Vestiges," and consequently in a form more calculated to call forth opposition, than when they were modestly and loosely thrown out in his original lucubrations. But, wanting novelty and the power of farther excitement, the new work is not likely to interest the general reader to nearly the same degree as its flashy and startling predecessor.

Six Months at Graffenberg; with Conversations in the Saloon on Non-resistance, and other subjects. By H. C. Wright. London: Charles Gilpin.

What connexion may exist between the Cold-water Cure and the principle of Non-resistance, we do not pretend to know; but Mr. Wright, an American we presume, went to Graffenberg last year to recover or improve his health; and when there, took the opportunity presented by an intelligent company, collected from all quarters of Europe, or of the Globe, we may say, to propagate the peculiar doctrines held by the Non-resistance Society of Boston. These are not the Quaker doctrines. The account of Graffenberg and its motley, fluctuating population, manners, customs, and cures, is very amusing reading, and helps over the graver subjects, and the doctrines taught by the apostle of the new sect. The report made of the continued success of the Cold-water Cure is highly satisfactory.

A Kiss for a Blow. By H. C. Wright. Or a Collection of Stories for Children, showing them how to prevent quarrelling.

This very nice and Christian-spirited little book of little tales, is the production of Mr. Wright, the author of "Six Months at Graffenberg," mentioned above. The stories are very short, and are all intended to commend and teach the Gospel law of love.

Notes of the Wandering Jew on the Jesuits and their Opponents. Edited by John Fairplay, Esq. London: Appleyard.

These Notes, written in the assumed character of that mythical personage, "The Wandering Jew," are intended as a defence of the Jesuits from the onslaught made upon that Society, by M. Eugene Sue and others. The "Notes" give a succinct history of the Order.

The Comic Blackstone. By Gilbert Abbot à Beckett; with illustrations by George Cruikshank. London: Punch Office.

This is what comic works should be:—the fun and good-humoured satire, is made the vehicle of sound sense and efficient lessons. Every one, save the lawyers, and even some of them when in the vein, admits the absurdities and anomalies of English law, in its sober realities as well as its beautiful *fictions*. A clever writer, acquainted with both, in this "Comic Blackstone" expounds many of the peculiar beauties and amiabilities of English law, whether it affects the rights of the subject or the citizen, and whether common or statute; and as every English gentleman, it is laid down, should know a little of law, he may study it far more pleasantly and shortly in the *Comic* than in the *dull* Blackstone. Would he, for example, know, "What is imprisonment?" he finds that—

Unlawfully detaining a man in any way, is imprisonment: and *semble* that if you take your neighbour by the button, and cause him to listen to a long story, you are guilty of imprisonment. An Omnibus driver, who loiters on the road, and thus detains his passengers, is also guilty of imprisonment.

Every Englishman has a right to live in England; or at least, if he cannot live, he may have the glorious privilege of starving there. The sovereign may not send a subject even to Scotland, Guernsey, or Sark, though George the Fourth sent Brummell to Coventry; and our present Queen has been heard to tell Sir Robert Peel to go to Bath, when he has proposed measures contrary to the welfare and happiness of the people. The third right is the right of property, which the law peculiarly regards, and will not allow a man to be deprived of his property except by the law itself, "which often," says Fleta, "hath a happie knacke of stryppinge him."

It is a beautiful fiction of the English law that no man pays taxes without his own consent; and, from this assertion, it would naturally be supposed that the tax-gatherers were the very idols of the people, who flocked round them, tendering specie and asking receipts for it. By legal imagery, the people are declared to tax themselves; but Bracton, in a learned note, added "Hookey" to this assertion; while Mr. Selden, by way of strengthening the comment, has subjoined "Walker," with his customary quaintness.

The right of petitioning is another glorious privilege of Englishmen; but they do not often get much by it. Puffendorf, or somebody else, has said, "They who don't ask, don't want; but those who do ask, shan't have;" and *semble* that this is the sort of view which Parliament takes of any wishes, expressed or not expressed, which do not happen to coincide with the wishes of the legislature.

Under the law as it regards husband and wife, or *Baron et Feme*, we find—

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry, unless they are unable; and the fine old constitutional maxim, that "a man may not marry his grandmother," ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. . . . . .

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamized by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of him. Another incapacity is, want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into. . . . . .

Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the new Poor Law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial Union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called ali-money—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary can come under the category alluded to.

. . . . . .

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman had bestowed her hand, to bestow his fists upon her at his own discretion. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be a good deal struck by him.

There is a learned and brilliant treatise on *real property*, on *titles*; and indeed the whole work, throughout its thirty-three chapters, furnishes, as supplementary to the great legal authorities, an improving study for English gentlemen, who would know something of the matchless laws and constitution of their matchless country.

The Sequential System of Musical Notation, &c. By Arthur Wallbridge. Second Edition. London, 1844.

In the 125th number of our *Magazine*, we reviewed Mr. Wallbridge's first publication on this subject; and we have little more to do than to refer our readers to what we then said. Mr. Wallbridge has taken no notice of our incontrovertible objections to his system, nor of our allusions to the Harmonicon, &c. We still adhere to our formerly expressed opinions regarding

this *new* system of musical notation, as we find nothing in the second edition to make us change them in the least degree. We cannot perceive that the proposed system (if *new*) is better or simpler than the system of notation in general use. We say, *if new;* for so many new systems of musical notation have been proposed within the last one hundred and fifty years, that even this system of Mr. Wallbridge may have its germs in some continental or British speculations. Will Mr. Wallbridge answer our references to the Harmonicon, and our objections to the adoption of his new system? He has not answered these.

Mr. Wallbridge expects universal schools to be formed to teach his system. Will he *name* the young persons of eight, ten, and twelve years of age, who have profited so wonderfully by his system? In a late number of Douglas Jerrold's Magazine we are informed that Arthur Wallbridge is a pseudonyme. Is that true? If not, let Mr. Wallbridge contradict it by proof.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. Edited from the Original MSS. by Douglas Jerrold. London: Punch Office.

If poor Job Caudle, to whom only a small dose of these lectures was dealt out nightly, had nearly sunk under the infliction, how is the public to stand the entire accumulation of thirty years, poured at once upon its patient head? The thing is an intolerable bore. A morsel of Mrs. Caudle's eloquence, daintily served up now and then, or even at weekly intervals, might have been endured, but here is a complete surfeit of it. A very unwise proceeding this in Job's executors, to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Tytler's Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern. A New Edition. Edited by the Rev. Brandon Turner, M.A.; with a Continuation from the Revolution of 1688 to the Present Time. Small 8vo, pp. 664. London: Adam Scott.

This is an enlarged and improved edition of Lord Woodhouselee's well-known compendium. Several other elementary works of the same character have appeared of late: but Tytler's compendium still keeps its place as an historical class-book; and in the present edition has been improved and greatly enlarged in conformity with the spirit of the valuable original.

Whistlebinkie; a Collection of Songs for the Social Circle. Glasgow: Robertson.

There is to be no end to "Whistlebinkie." Here we have once more the entire series rolled up together in a Grose-shaped volume—we can find no other word to describe its *gudgy* figure, which is so suitable to its droll, humorous, and comic contents. Besides the whole of the series of "Whistlebinkie," being in number five or six, we have here the sweet Nursery Songs lately published; and altogether such a modern "Ballant-Beuk," as the whole publishing world, and Leipsic Fair on the back of it, could not parallel.

Gospel Scenes; illustrative of Incidents in the History of our Saviour. Edinburgh: Macphail.

This neat and very small volume consists of short poems selected from many sources, and a considerable number of them transatlantic. They are illustrated by intelligent notes. We hope that the American bards are not making home readers forget our native poets. The selector might have found material as well suited to his purpose, and far better in itself, in such forgotten poets as Milton, Lamb, Coleridge, Heber, James Grahame, &c. We have not even Milton's "Advent Hymn," nor Lamb's "When young John ran to greet," so that the "Scenes" look more like an American reprint than an English Selection of Biblical Pictures from native Poets.

The Dispatches and Letters of Nelson. Volume V.

Of this new volume, which comprehends the correspondence of about two years, during which Nelson wrote a good deal, and did comparatively little, we shall delay minute notice until the work is completed by the publication of two more volumes, which are to conclude the series.

The Pryings of a Postman. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The Postman of Stockgate, a small market-town, or great village, took liberties with the post-bag, which the public must forgive, since his *pryings* not only contribute to the amusement of his readers, but extend their knowledge of the daily ongoings of society. The Postman we conclude to be young, since much of the correspondence which he has selected refers to those absorbing themes, *Love* and *Marriage*. But the "light-hearted wretch" ranges freely through many of the woes and difficulties to which all conditions of men and women are liable; so we have the epistles of disappointed geniuses, forlorn governesses, bereaved mothers, disconsolate widowers, and ill-married wives. What we want and miss, are epistles in the Winifred Jenkins style; but Hood is gone, and with him this faculty expired.

Sixteen Years in the West Indies. By Lieutenant Colonel Capadose. Two volumes. London: Newby.

In these volumes, we have a popular and pleasing account of most of the West India settlements, both insular and those on the main land, though it may not add much to our existing sum of information. Colonel Capadose repeats the general complaint, that, since the period of emancipation, the Negroes—like the whites at all times—are more disposed to enjoy their ease than to exert themselves, even in profitable agricultural labour. In a short appendix, he throws out various suggestions for the improvement of these failing colonies, by the introduction of new vegetable productions of easy cultivation.

The Science of Phrenology, as applicable to Education, Friendship, Love, Courtship, and Matrimony, &c. &c. By J. C. Lyons, with Illustrations. Octavo, London: Aylott & Jones.

Phrenology, we believe, numbers many ladies among its disciples, and to them, in the hope of "affording them amusement," Mr. Lyons dedicates his Treatise. In the Index, we find—"*Courtship, serious remarks on.*" Need we say more, to attract the notice of young ladies to the work? We also hear of a Mrs. Haggart, a model for wives, and have her bust. Who she is, we cannot tell, though we hope she may be no relative of our own famous David of that name, who had both a rather handsome face, and a fine development. Though every thing helps, we should not imagine that the philosophical phrenologists will be very proud of their new literary auxiliary.

MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The Cricket on the Hearth. A Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens. Small octavo, with numerous illustrations. Pp. 174.

"The Christmas Carol" was good and happy, and

"The Chimes" much better; but no author can at all times be equally felicitous, and "The Cricket on the Hearth" is, by "a long chalk," inferior to either of them; but especially to "The Chimes." It is, however, a kindly and genial fireside story, worked up in the old style, and embellished with many dainty bits of Dickens' own filigree and delicate mosaic. The characters are few, the incidents fewer; yet there is a little plot, and surprise, and a secret, not so well kept but that every one must have guessed it save those most interested. The principal characters are an honest, rough, middle-aged carrier, John Peerybingle by name, slow and stolid, and in his outward man clumsy and awkward; but possessed of a true and a most affectionate heart, bound up in "baby," and a charming, little, very young wife, who learns to love him dearly, and every day loves him more and more, though John can hardly believe in his own good fortune. This little wife, "Dot," by her caressing name, is the life and charm of the story. Then there is Caleb, a queer, kind-hearted little old toy-maker, devoted to a blind daughter; for whose sake he perpetrates all manner of affectionate frauds, by representing persons and circumstances in any thing but their true colours and proportions, to shield her from all knowledge of the ills of life, and of his own poor condition. And, as there must be contrasts, we have Caleb's master, Tackleton, a bitter, selfish old bachelor, who is about to marry a beautiful girl, engaged, long since, to an absent sailor, the son of Caleb. The sailor returns on the eve of this marriage, and poor Dot, in her kind endeavours to serve the lovers, draws suspicion on herself, and plunges the honest and most loving carrier into a very agony of distress. John is, in his own way, an Othello, but a Christian Othello. And all comes right at last, and ends delightfully with a feast provided by Dot, flowing cups and a dance, in which the four couples lead off to the music of the blind girl's harp; for even the sullen, unsocial, and malicious old bachelor, who has been cheated of his bride, is transformed as suddenly as a cross old father at the end of a farce. The hearth on which the *Cricket* chirps nightly, is, of course, that of John and Dot. Fairies and Phantasms play their part, but moderately, and for the purpose of chasing dark suspicions from the mind of John, and keeping alive his loving pity for his little wife, and her image as she had been ever before him, even when compelled to believe that she had wrecked his happiness for ever.

None of the great social interests—of the class-ills and injustices, which are illustrated in "The Chimes," are so much as alluded to here. John and Mrs. Peerybingle, if they illustrate any thing, establish the fact, so grateful to rich and selfish old bachelors, or parents stifling remorse in sacrificing their fair young daughters for "a good match," that a girl may be very happy, though married to a man old enough to be her father, without remembering that among the wooers there may be quite as many "Gruffs and Tackletons" as "Carrier Johns." But until there shall take place some grand social revolution, which may warrant prudent men in marrying thirty years on the right side of their grand climacteric, the moral lesson, cheerful in itself, may also be a useful one to doubting damsels.

In these tales, Mr. Dickens has, in one respect, decidedly improved,—though the change may considerably affect his popularity among the admirers of the Cockney and slangish dialects. His humble characters are no longer *vulgar* in their speech. They no longer exhibit that mark of low, of debased *caste*, more indelible than the brand or the chain of the Serf and the Thrall, a corrupt jargon, to perpetuate which in literature, is a deep sin against the progress of civilisation.

Poems and Pictures. A Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems, with one hundred illustrations on wood. By English Artists. London: James Burns.

This is an elegantly printed, and handsomely bound, small quarto volume, illustrated in the style of the edition of "Goldsmith's Poems," lately embellished by the Etching Club. The illustrations, of which many are executed in the best style of modern art, are the distinctive feature of the publication; but the whole forms an exceedingly beautiful and interesting table-book. The poems have the merit of variety, and somewhat of novelty in selection. The illustrations, as in every work of the sort, vary in excellence, but many of them are fine. Among our favourites, beautified perhaps by associated ideas, or the reflex light of the subject, are, "The Highland Shepherd," "Lucy's Flittin'," "The Boatie Rows," "The Muffin-Man." Yet the volume boasts many more ambitious efforts of the pencil and the graver, than those we name.

NEW NOVELS.

The Young Baronet. By the Author of "The Scottish Heiress," "The Young Widower," &c. 3 volumes. Newby.

The "Scottish Boz," as it is the fashion to call this novelist, is now entitled to hold up his head, and take a name of his own. He is not merely a clever, but a *progressing* writer; parts of "The Young Baronet," being superior to any of his earlier performances. He seems still, however, to feel himself bound, in prudence, to make sacrifices to his Public,—the public of the circulating library; though, instead of longer following its perverted tastes, he may surely by and by assume to give them a better direction, and to lead where he has hitherto followed. We must however say, that with great excellence in particular scenes, "The Young Baronet," as a whole, is very unequal; but the Scottish scenes, and the characters of the hearty, convivial, old-world sort, like Factor Drurie, are as genial and racy as any of their predecessors in this clever series of new Scottish novels. As a brief specimen of the style, we copy out the description of the rejoicings with which the passing of the Reform Bill was celebrated in the ancient borough town of Drumleigh, which adjoined the demesne of The Young Baronet. Though it does not equally well bear detaching, we must not forget that there is a fishing and smuggling village, with its appropriate characters, even superior to the Borough-town and burghers, which we give:

Loudly rang the old bells of the venerable town of Drumleigh, at the hour of noon, on the second day of July, in the year of Grace eighteen hundred and thirty-two; loudly rang out the brave joy-peals of those clamorous, monkish bells, so loud and brain-filling that they had a kind of fierceness in their mirth; crash and crash again went the old church bells, pelting forth their clear welkin tones to the bright blue summer sky; sharp and defying was the hasty roll of the noisy drums, and prompt and stirring the random trumpet notes of coming gatherings, as they poured into the square, the wide town square of Drumleigh. The shops were shut, and far up and down the long High Street first floor windows were open and occupied, and where there were balconies they were filled; flags, some of them old

Covenanting streamers, floated from the venerable Town House, which, though bearing marks of the batterings of angry times, stood strong and hoary in the centre of the square, in the severity of that cold majesty which time gives to hardy greatness; for bluff and rude were the stone ornaments on its thick gray walls, and surly and grim the carved effigies set among them. Wallace holding his rusty sword, standing in stained freestone in his nook; John Knox, in an opposite niche, looking on the people in the sculptured steadfastness of his Geneva frown; Kings' busts and Scotland's arms, and decaying iron, on which traitor's heads had been spiked in the rough old days; deeply set doors with musket balls imbedded in them; broken traceries and splintered pillar stones. Other houses here and there had hanging flags, but these looked not so natural on them, for the domestic character of such buildings was grotesquely apparent in the midst of this guise of playing a public part; but about the old Town House, the gathering point of the scene, there was nothing domestic at all—it had no firesides and no gentle ones to sit at them,—its very chimney smoke rose to heaven in an official kind of way; it had no small arrangements for comfort concealed within it; all was stony, depressing, and cold. It might have been a hero to its valet, that old Town House, and it was a sacred place to the gray man that kept life within its walls; and now it was enlivened by a state of things genial of the character which its aspect bore. There were drums sharp and defying at other parts of the square; but here, when such sounds arose, they were in bursts that made the heart beat quickly for a time. There were bugles at other places, cheerily played, and their brazen stops touched masterly; but here they had that proud wail of indignant injury which trumpets forth, in its very cadence, the haughtiness of slumbering power. Crash and crash again went the old church bells, louder and louder still; every stone in the square spire becoming nervous with vibration; and deeper and deeper came the murmuring swell from the dense and increasing crowd, when suddenly a shout arose, a shout of ten thousand voices, so earnest, so terrible and loud, that the pealing bells had a muffled sound, and the kindlings of the trumpet paled.

As the stunning effect ceased, and the volumes of sound broke lazily away, a gracefully built young man, whom the robed Provost, followed by other magistrates, had presented to the crowd at the stone balcony of one of the larger windows of the old building, uncovered in acknowledgment of the cheer.

"My frends," said the Provost, addressing the vast mass of men that now almost completely filled the square, "Sir Renault Falconer of Woodlee, who has just come to take his forefathers' place at the Old Hall up yonder,"—there was much cheering again,—"has consented to direct the procession to-day. He has been a cavalry officer in his time; but it is not on that account alone, that I asked him to be your leader on this occasion; but because I knew he would also be welcome to you as the worthy descendant of a race of bold and true men, who for two centuries and more have been the honoured friends, and at times the stout defenders of this ancient borough, and the undaunted supporters of those principles, the triumph of which we have this day met to celebrate." . . . . .

The last band had passed; and the last line of its followers, walking in the silence of its distance, had moved by and was gone, and the noble scene, for a moment or two, was all that appeared at this point of view. The old town stood in the sun-light, with its broad river gliding by its feet; the large wooded valley with its sweet lights, cool shadows, and bright green braes, lay in silence as before; while the eye, ranging farther, saw a bold line of hills rising bluely in the background, and down away, at the distance of a few miles, in the opposite direction, the cold green waters of the western sea. These were the only objects that filled the scene, until the long procession was seen winding up the green hill already mentioned, and forming in orderly masses round three upright beams set triangularwise, which appeared on the summit.

But the proceedings there were the hidden matters of doings far away. By-and-by a flag ran swiftly up above the silence of the crowd; there was a peal of ordnance which all the hills around revibrated in crumbling echoes, and a cheer arose, swelling in thundering fulness, on the valley winds; the trumpets rang forth their rich clangour on the hill, the line of procession passed slowly out from the dark mass of men, flags marking its classes, as it moved towards the town again. . . . . .

The bells rang as if new force was set to them, and cheers arose again from the old town square. Hogsheads of nappy ale were broached, horn [drinking-cups and frothing pails were handed round, and sped their way heartily; while one man, a lightly built, wiry-limbed fellow, of some fifty years, arrayed in corduroy smalls, gray worsted stockings, red waistcoat, a short gray coat, with metal buttons, and a glazed hat stuck jauntingly on one side of his head, nimbly ascended an iron lamp-post in the centre of the square, and taking dangerous footing on the empty ring at the top, took off his hat, and holding in his left hand a cup of ale, which a grinning friend had handed up to him, thus addressed the crowd:—

"Men, and brothers," commenced the orator, "my immortal countrymen; civil and religious liberty all over the world! hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" continued the speaker, waving his hat, while the cheers rose lustily around him; "this is not a rotten borough, but a free, civil, and religious town, or I would not stand on the top of a lamp-post to proclaim it: Our glorious Reform Bill, and God save the King!"

"Bravo Dick!" shouted the merry part of the crowd; "go on, Dick!"

"Fill my noggin again, ye Scribes and Pharisees," resumed the orator, throwing his empty cup to those below him. "This is a glorious day; the Tories are vanquished! the very skirts of their coats are disappearing from the political horizon. Their last act of tyranny was to alter the spirit measures," continued the speaker, bending precariously down to receive his replenished cup; "their last act of tyranny and oppression. But be joyful, oh, ye trades, and cock your bonnets, ye strapping foresters, ye might that slumbers in the peasant's arm! for every man may now smoke his pipe under his own fig-tree. I don't care a groat for any body — I'm a civil and religious reformer, all over the world!"

"Go on, Dick!" shouted his friends. "Bravo, Dick!"

"This is a great day for Drumleigh," resumed the orator, after taking a draught of the ale. "Our Provost has this day laid the foundation-stone of a reform monument, to look over the town of the true blue Whigs, and ancient stronghold of the Knights of Woodlee. Hurrah for the fighting Falconers! our stout allies, and trusty friends! Three cheers, ye sons of the old covenanters who have gone up this day, with young Falconer, to Ramoth Gilead; three cheers for the young baronet of Woodlee!"

So opens the story in volume I.; while in volume III. it thus closes with the Young Baronet's opinion of the Whig *regimé*. He declined to enter parliament, because he saw—

In parliament an entanglement of party, trampling on the principles for which the country had aroused its strength; he saw a noble cause in the hands of weak and low-rate men, yet who, from the war-cry of their party, had the representatives of the greater part of the kingdom at their beck; he saw that they were only disposed to carry measures which had been agitated by influential classes, whether these classes were civil or religious, paltry-minded or profound, so that their demands were general—that is to say, of much numerical combination of influence — they were adopted by these shufflers of dirty cards. The country had been deceived; the eventful period had produced no great man; the stupendous rising of a nation's heart had been prostrated to the purposes of a political party; and the sturdy

patriotism of the honest masses had been gambled with by the men in whom they trusted, and taken by them as a good hand in the old political game.

There was no guiding spirit of the time,—no mind to unite the worthy impulses of an injured people. The men in whose hands the government of the country had been placed, were the jaded partisans of a sect, and not the apostles of a religion; and it was for a religion, and not for a sect, that the country called.

Renault was a man who loved this religion of liberty, and who detested the sectarian warfare, which brought patriotism, hoodwinked, into the vile market of profit and place. He saw that to enter parliament then, would be but to add to a partisanship, which, though bearing a popular name, was in the guidance of men whom he could not acknowledge or support as fitting to direct the spirit of the times.

But it is to such men as Sir Renault Falconer, that the nation looks in her hour of doubt. He is the representative of a class who really *do* govern the country, though they do not enjoy the usual fruits of government: a class that slowly but securely influence the minds of the people, and are bulwarks not only between them and their political enemies, but between them and their political friends.

Better times are coming.

So *be it!*

Margaret; or, The Gold Mine. From the French of Elie Berthet. London: Weir.

This story, translated by a lady, if it be without the deep blemishes of the modern popular French romances, and indeed a tale of some vigour and originality, also lacks their beauties. The scene is laid in a wild and picturesque region of the French Alps, and a small monastery called the *Lautaret*, built in imitation of that of Mont St. Bernard, as a refuge for travellers, though very few ever visit this forlorn and inhospitable district. The story sets out well, both as to description and characters, but ends painfully and unsatisfactorily. Though the incidents are too violent and improbable, and the character of the heroine is too overstrained, to effect the intended purpose of the writer, in the lessons meant to be inculcated concerning "the root of all evil," still there are vigour and likelihood in the story, some well-imagined characters, powerful description, and a few striking incidents.

Mrs. Bray's Novels, Volume IX. "Henry de Pomeroy, or, The Eve of St. John," a legend of Cornwall and Devon; also, "The White Rose," a Domestic Tale.

"Henry de Pomeroy" is a Tale of the Middle Ages, with the domestic manners of which Mrs. Bray has, by dint of study and writing, made herself learnedly familiar. "Henry de Pomeroy," if not so *ambitious* as some of Mrs. Bray's strictly historical romances, is at least as pleasing in its scenery and details. *The White Rose* is a short story, such as might grace an Annual.

Morley Ernstein; or, The Tenants of the Heart. By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

This volume is another added to the list of the new large-sized re-issue of the romances of its popular author. As "Morley Ernstein" on its original appearance, received a due, that is, an elaborate, applausive, and somewhat *lengthy* notice in *Tait's Magazine*,* we conceive it superfluous to go again over the beaten ground. It is enough that this domestic Tale is considered among the happiest, if not the most brilliant efforts of its author.

* See *Tait's Magazine*, vol. ix. p. 513.

Forest and Game Law Tales. By Miss Martineau. Vol. II. Moxon.

This volume contains three stories illustrative of the oppressions, mischiefs, and demoralizing tendencies of the Game Laws, at different periods. The first is placed early in the eighteenth century, the second about twenty-five years since, and the third in the present time. Each answers its purpose of illustrating the consequences of the Game Laws, in corrupting or ruining individuals, and desolating farming families; but as Tales, none of the three is in any way remarkable. The ground plan is either too narrow, or Miss Martineau sticks too closely to her text.

The Eventful Epoch; or, the Fortunes of Nigel Clive. By Nicholas Michell, author of "The Traduced," "The Fatalist," &c. &c. 3 volumes. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This is a respectable novel of the old school. The "Eventful Epoch" is the end of the last century, when Burke defended the bulwarks of the Constitution from the assaults of such incendiaries as Dr. Priestley and Tom Paine; for we find them classed together in the romance, as they were by all loyal persons at the time. The story possesses very considerable merit, if not as a whole, which is somewhat heavy and commonplace, then in the adventures of Pellew and his wife, and the domestic scenes in which they figure. Pellew, the son of a small farmer, is a young man of high genius, and an accomplished scholar, whose enthusiastic character is powerfully acted on by the grand drama then acting in France, in which, like other honest visionaries, he saw the renovation and happiness of the human race. In London, where he seeks bread for his young wife, as a man of letters, he becomes entangled with the Revolutionary Societies of the period; and through the villanous arts of his associates, and from actually leading an insurrection, lays himself open to prosecution for treason. From the consequences of his follies, if not his crimes, he is saved by his heroic and devoted wife, who enables him to escape from the Tower. The tale of Pellew and his wife is, in short, full of interest and pathos; and one could almost wish it detached from the commonplace scenes and characters of the novel, which are sometimes felt to come in as impertinent interruptions.

NEW DRAMAS

The Maiden Aunt. *A comedy. By Richard Brinsley Knowles. Moxon.*—This lively and gay little drama is the production of a son of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who lays it at the feet of "the illustrious author of Virginius," as a tribute; and as a token too, peradventure, of greater things to come.

The Azamoglan. A tragedy. Founded on an incident in the Greek revolution. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Glimpses of the Wonderful; with numerous illustrative wood-engravings. London: Harvey & Darton.—This is a book for youth, intended to familiarize natural phenomena and science, by presenting some of their *wonders* in a striking way. The topics are diversified, well-chosen, and cleverly handled.

The Breath of Air, the Drop of Water, and the Ray of Light. A Tale of the Universe. By Earle

Colne. Darton and Clark.—It has long, the author of this little work remarks, been customary for moral and didactic writers to convey their lessons through the agency of Fairies and Sprites, then why may not other fanciful agencies be created and embodied to teach natural science? He has, accordingly, worked out this idea in an elegant tale; though we fear that such personages as Dewdrop, Sunbeam, and Zephyr, are hardly yet corporeal enough at once to supply the place of the Fairies to the imagination of youth. The idea, borrowed from our German neighbours, is prettily enough wrought out.

THE CATHOLIC SERIES.

Volumes of works, in different departments of literature, are at present issued by Chapman Brothers, London, who for the series have assumed the above comprehensive, though not very explicit title. The nature of the series will be better understood, when we mention that in it have already appeared "Emerson's Essays," the "Life of Jean Paul Richter," "Howitt's History of Priestcraft," and now comes forth a work from Boston, entitled, "Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted," by D. A. Brownson: and another and better, "The Nature of the Scholar, and its Manifestations," translated from the German of Fichte, by William Smith. This series deserves attention, both for what it has already given, and for what it promises, in the way of judicious translations, and reprints. One of the latest and most interesting volumes of the series, is, "The Destination of Man," a very remarkable work, translated from the German of Fichte, by Mrs. Percy Sinnet.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

School Education for the Nineteenth Century. By Samuel Preston. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—This sensible Essay is the production of a long-experienced practical teacher, who dates his work from *Hofwyl House*, Stamford Hill, and who is, as may be inferred, a disciple of Pestalozzi. Mr. Preston propounds nothing new or startling in his method; but he dwells with intenseness on that grand and essential preliminary to all effective education, to all sound moral and physical training,—the Education of Mothers.

European Geography made interesting; or, The Pupil's Companion to the Map of Europe. By James J. Gaskin, *Third* Edition. Dublin: S. Machen.

SERIAL WORKS.

The Modern Orator. Part XII.

The People's Dictionary. Part I.

The Herald of Peace. No. XLI. New Series.

The Art-Union. No. LXXXIX.—This number contains several interesting papers and striking illustrations, both in the departments of the Fine and the Useful Arts. A specimen of engraving by what is called the Anaglypotograph process, presents us with a beautiful plate, which, at a glance, might be fancied an engraving from some exquisite piece of sculpture. The subject, "Science Trimming the Lamp of Life," is an enlarged copy of "The Brodie Testimonial," from Mr. Wyon's famous medal, and is executed by Mr. Freebairn. An account of this beautiful process of engraving, which is so well adapted for medals and all surfaces in relief, accompanies the plate. The number also contains some good specimens of wood-engraving, and of a variety of articles for domestic use, of the decorative kind, in bronze, iron, glass, porcelain, &c. &c.; in short, all that is most rare and novel in the manufactories of Birmingham.

Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil. Parts II. and III.—Our friends, Crowquill and Palmer, are still Wandering on in Warwickshire and the neighbouring counties, and talking right pleasantly on the topics, and in the strain we formerly described.

The Steam-Engine. Part XIX.

Murray's Colonial Library gives us one of the most entertaining of modern books, "The Gypsies in Spain," by Mr. Borrow, the author of "The Bible in Spain." Each of the two original volumes makes a Part of the Library. Where is Mr. Borrow, and how employed now? His talents, and very rare and peculiar qualifications for travel, ought not to be allowed to rust.

TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS.

State Churches not Churches of Christ. By Edward Smith Pryce, B.A.—This is the *second* Premium Tract published by the Anti-State-Church Association. It gives a brief and popular view of the "Voluntary Question."

The Report of the Directors to the Fifty-first General Meeting of the Missionary Society, with Lists of Contributions, &c.—We regret to perceive that the contributions from Scotland, and from Edinburgh of course, have fallen off so much. But the churches in Scotland have now so many "Schemes" of their own on foot, that, whether Established or Free, they have no funds for purposes foreign to these.

Commerce a Divine Missionary. By the Rev. Henry Mackenzie.—This is a sermon preached by the rector in the parish church of Great Yarmouth, in aid of the *Shipwrecked Mariners' Society*, and published by request of the mayor and others. The preacher traces through the stream of history, but with great brevity, the effects of commerce in spreading civilisation and Christianity, and expatiates upon the connexion which ought to exist between the Church and Commerce as one of its best instruments in spreading knowledge. The rest of the discourse, which is above the average gauge of occasional charity sermons, is restricted to the immediate subject of the day. Of that we may say, that half-a-crown a-year entitles the shipwrecked mariner to a claim on the society; and thus, those who may not care to become members themselves, may, nevertheless, find some poor or thoughtless sailor whom their timely paid half-crown will ensure for a year from the casualties and sufferings to which all seamen are exposed, and especially on the coasts of Britain.

Tentamen Anti-Straussianum. The Antiquity of the Gospels asserted on philological grounds, in refutation of the Mythic system of Dr. David Frederick Strauss. An Argument by Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D. Trinity College, Dublin. London: Ward & Co.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.
MARCH, 1846.

BURTON'S LIFE OF DAVID HUME.*

LANGUAGE is not yet rich in precise definitions. "What is Poetry?"—"What is History?"—has never been satisfactorily settled; nor yet, "What is Biography?"—though some approach has been made to assign to each its province, and point out its boundaries. For our present purpose, it is sufficient to assume that the great end of Biography, is to convey a complete and accurate idea of the individual who forms its subject: in his inner, and in his external life, especially as that is shaped and coloured by the society and circumstances in which he is placed. If this assumption be substantially correct, then we have, in this "Life of Hume," a satisfactory solution of the question—"What is Biography?" derived from experiment. It is an inferior, though a most important element, in portraying any individual, that he may have been a statesman, a lawyer, a poet, an artist, a physician, or, like Hume, a philosopher: as to each profession there necessarily belongs a distinct set of circumstances, a different atmosphere, which must exercise a powerful influence on individual character. Keeping this in view, we are bound to say, that Mr. Burton has not only fulfilled his great first duty of anatomizing the man, David Hume, but also the subsidiary object of every biographer who thoroughly comprehends the nature of his function. He has presented us with "David Hume," and, to a considerable extent, "his Times,"—social, political, and literary. A bright and memorable era his was in the literary history of both France and Scotland; the society in which Hume moved being even more full of interest than his own life. The main object of the work is, however, the Life of Hume; and of this Mr. Burton has drawn the broad and massive outline, without omitting those smaller traits, individualities, and idiosyncrasies, which are required to give truth and life to all intellectual portraiture, while his secondary groups, and his back-grounds, harmonize and *tone* the picture which they enrich.

There would be implied national reproach in the life of Hume being so late of making its appearance, except for the explanation given by Mr. Burton. There have hitherto, he says, been no materials, and the reason of this will appear by-and-by. He has obtained a vast mass of materials, and states, that in his work "an attempt has been made to connect together these documents, by a narrative of events in the life of him to whom they relate; an account of his literary labours, and a picture of his character, according to the representations of it preserved by his contemporaries." Mr. Burton points out another feature of his work, which we must indicate thus early. He is, though by profession a lawyer, apparently deeply versed in the philosophical systems of his countrymen, Hume, Smith, Stewart, Brown, and others of inferior note, and conversant with the metaphysical writers of Germany. His analytic faculty may also have been sharpened, and his opinions in some measure moulded, by the inquiries and doctrines of Jeremy Bentham, for whom we believe he performed a duty somewhat similar to that which he here undertakes for Hume. Bearing this in mind, the reader may make his own of what follows from the advertisement of his book.

Though the task that was before me was simply to describe, and never to controvert, I do not profess to have avoided all indications of opinion in the departments of the work which have the character of original authorship. I have the satisfaction, however, of reflecting that the documents which are the real elements of value in this work, are impartially presented to the reader, and that nothing is omitted which seemed to bear distinctly on the character and conduct of David Hume.

It will now be satisfactory to all parties, to give the history of these new materials, the "Hume Papers," in Mr. Burton's own words.

I now offer a few words in explanation of the nature of these original documents. The late Baron Hume had collected together his uncle's papers, consisting of the letters addressed to him, the few drafts or copies he had left of letters written by himself, the letters addressed by him to his immediate relations, and apparently all the papers in his handwriting, which had been left in the possession of the members of his family. To these the Baron seems to have been enabled to add the originals of many of the letters addressed by him to his intimate friends, Adam Smith, Blair, Mure, and others. The design with which this interesting collection was made, appears to have been that of preparing a work of a similar description to the present; and it is a misfortune to literature that this design was not accomplished. On the death of Baron Hume, it was found that he had left this mass of papers at the uncontrolled disposal of the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. This learned body, after having fully considered the course proper to be adopted in these circumstances, determined that they would permit the papers to be made use of by any person desirous to apply them to a legitimate literary purpose, who might enjoy their confidence. Having for some time indulged in a project of writing a life of Hume,

* "Life and Correspondence of David Hume." From the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other Original Sources. By John Hill Burton, Esq. Advocate. 2 vols. Edinburgh: William Tait.

postponed from time to time, on account of the imperfect character of the materials at my disposal, I applied to the Council of the Royal Society for access to the Hume papers; and after having considered my application with that deliberation which their duty to the public as custodiers of these documents seemed to require, they acceded to my request.

The Life compiled from these voluminous materials, is pre-eminently that of a philosopher; and we think that it goes far to establish, of the great Metaphysician, what is universally allowed of the great Poet—that he must be born. Little or nothing is known of the childhood or boyhood of our "born" philosopher, though it may safely be assumed, that as soon as he was capable of thought, his intellect must have taken that direction in which it is found confirmed before he was out of his teens. A life of this eminent person—this born philosopher, if ever one existed—is therefore a desideratum not only in British literature, but in the history of universal mind,—of the progress made by the human understanding in the pursuit of abstract, as well as of practical truth. We have seen above that the *Hour* was come, and the Man has not been wanting, if a thorough appreciation of the character and social position of Hume, a clear comprehension of his works, with indefatigable, nay, we should say excessive, pains in research and investigation may qualify for the assumed task.

It had long, we have seen, been the laudable ambition of Mr. Burton to write the memoirs of his illustrious countryman, and he makes graceful acknowledgments, both to the gentlemen having the care of the Hume Papers, and to some of the most eminent of the Scottish literati, for the frank kindness with which they have lent him assistance and advice, and the warm encouragement which they have given to his undertaking. From this feeling, besides the mass of papers bequeathed to the Royal Society by the late Baron Hume, he has obtained access to several valuable collections of unpublished, private, and confidential letters, and in particular to the correspondence of Hume with Sir Gilbert Elliot, which has been got from his descendant the Earl of Minto, and a series of letters addressed to Colonel Edmondstoune, an accomplished friend whom Hume acquired, while Secretary to General St. Clair. Of the materials already before the world, but scattered through hundreds of obscure volumes and pamphlets, French and English, Mr. Burton has made that diligent use, which would make one regret to see so much labour often bestowed to obtain very small results, save for the consolation, that as the careful biographer must drudge through these toils, the labour may in this as in other cases be found its own sufficient reward. It is not the value of the game, but the pleasure and excitement of running down the quarry.——But keeping in view our narrow space, and the amplitude of the subject, it is time that we approached the actual book, the two well-filled volumes. As a Life of Hume, it would be imperfect, if not stark naught, without a minute account of his different works, whether metaphysical, ethical, or historical. But to analyze each of Hume's productions would not only have been impracticable, within moderate bounds, but might, if done, have overlaid and smothered the intended biography, and would also, we are persuaded, have grievously disappointed every class of readers. Some may think that in this department Mr. Burton has even gone too far. Hume's philosophy must be studied in his own works; but his biographer has ably and succinctly characterised each separate production, and sometimes indulged in disquisition, if not in controversy, so far as to point out inconsistencies or flaws in argument, detected either by himself or by other inquirers. How this has been accomplished, we shall endeavour by-and-by to show, as much of the strength and individual character of the "Life," are found in these brief argumentative or critical passages.

David Hume was born in Edinburgh, in 1711. He was the younger of the two sons of Hume or Home, of Ninewells, a Berwickshire estate of probably many more acres than then yielded pounds sterling apiece to the Laird. He was a remote offset of the great Eastern Border family of Home; and by what was then a common arrangement among Scottish gentlemen, wore the long robe, though rather as an ornament than a habiliment, as lairds seldom had much practice. Mr. Burton has availed himself of the Philosopher's labours in making out the pedigree of the Ninewells family, of which it is enough that David Hume, beyond all dispute, belonged to the "gentle blood" of his country, and felt it; and it is even alleged, but not proved, that he was not very fond of meeting, on the then narrow *pavé* of Edinburgh, a cousin, a baker in the Canongate, who might probably have claimed equal propinquity to the Earls of Home. Mr. Burton is astonished at the entire absence of poetic or historical associations in Hume, and at the want of any tender or of any stirring reminiscences of his childhood, which the romantic localities of Ninewells must have called forth in most minds. Of that period of Hume's life, his biographer can only speak, not from what is known, but from what is wanting. All that Hume has supplied is, that his father, "who passed for a man of parts," died when he was an infant; and that his mother, a young and handsome woman, was "of singular merit," and devoted herself entirely to the care of her children. Of his early education nothing is known, though he may probably have attended the parish school of Chirnside, and the High School of Edinburgh; and it is almost certain that he studied at the University of Edinburgh till he was about fourteen or fifteen. A letter written to a friend when he could not have been much older, might, Mr. Burton concludes, from its grave and high-toned philosophical feeling, be fancied an ambitious young student's imitation of this lofty vein, had not the writer been Hume, of whom his biographer says:—

Through the whole of the memorials of Hume's early feelings, we find the traces of a bold and far-stretching literary ambition; and though he believed that he had seared his mind to ordinary human influences, it was because this one had become so engrossing as to overwhelm all others. "I was seized very early," he tells us, in his 'own life,' "with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life, and a great source of my enjoyments." Joined to this impulse,

we find a practical philosophy partaking far more of the stoical than of that sceptical school with which his metaphysical writings have identified him; a morality of self-sacrifice and endurance, for the accomplishment of great ends. In whatever light we may view his speculative opinions, we gather from the habits of his life, and from the indications we possess of his passing thoughts, that he devotedly acted up to the principle, that his genius and power of application should be laid out with the greatest prospect of permanent advantage to mankind.

We shall find that Hume viewed mankind as an anatomist rather than as a philanthropist; yet we like to see a biographer set out with a hearty liking, and even a small bias, for his hero.

Mr. Burton gives us the fruits of his own unwearied pains, in extracts from essays and fragments found among the Hume Papers, which he refers to a very early period; and one of which, "An Historical Essay on Chivalry and Modern Honour," is certainly a very remarkable paper for a youth, containing many indications of the writer's peculiar cast of thought in after life, and worthy of being given to the world in full.

So steady, grave, and industrious a youth as Hume, was considered by his relations quite out out for the legal profession; but society will always have lawyers enough, and it was fortunate for mankind that Hume was seduced from law by "philosophy and general learning;" although the biographer asserts, what cannot be gainsaid, that Hume possessed all the elements of which a good lawyer is made; and that he has, besides, examined very creditable legal documents drawn up by him without any technical training.

A very remarkable revelation of Hume, the devoted young student, and indeed the Hume of all future time, has been discovered by Mr. Burton among the miscellaneous papers, and is here printed in full. It is a voluminous letter, addressed "To a Physician," who is conjectured to be Dr. Cheyne. This gentleman united considerable attainments in mental philosophy with high reputation and great professional knowledge, and, as the author of a work on the "English Malady," or the "spleen," as hypochondria was then termed, was just the man to attract the confidence of a young philosopher, whose devotion to study, and neglect of exercise and recreation, had slightly injured his health, and, as he far more feared, impaired his intellectual powers. Though he could still, as he told the Doctor, doggedly plod on, he felt unfitted for the higher or more sustained flights of genius. This curious epistle, the "Confessions of a Student," was probably never sent, and the advice craved consequently never given. Hume's patrimony, as the younger son of a small Scottish laird a century since, was necessarily very trifling; so he was compelled to try a more active course of life; and at Bristol, in a very few months, or we may infer weeks, he found that the business of a merchant was even more unsuited to him than law; so, as he himself narrates,—

"I went over to France, with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat; and I there laid that plan of life, which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature."

This is the clew to every part of Hume's subsequent career.——He liked the people, and spent several years in different towns in France, in nearly uninterrupted study; and here, in solitude and privation, he received that bias of character and of taste in pursuit which made him the thinker and the man which he continued to be to the end of life. The miracles then worked at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, the Jansenist saint, and the conversations of the Jesuits of Rheims and of La Flêche, in requiring a young man of the acute intellect of Hume to believe too much, drove him into confirmed scepticism. He tells himself how it was; and in doing so indirectly points out the pervading mischiefs of superstition. Mr. Burton says,—

We find from a letter to Principal Campbell, that two of these years were spent at La Flêche, and that he had some communication with the members of the Jesuits' College there. He says, "It may perhaps amuse you to learn the first hint, which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits' College of La Flêche, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging some nonsensical miracle performed lately in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at that time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gravelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles;—which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow, that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth."

In France, Hume composed his "Treatise of Human Nature," which he came over to London to print. He was now twenty-six years of age; but his vocation was fixed to "Divine Philosophy;" and he was, at all times, animated by that ardent literary ambition which, at first sight, appears not very consonant with the phlegmatic character usually assigned to him,—Mr. Burton, indeed, repeatedly labours to show how unjustly assigned. Hume's ambitions and passions were certainly not of the ordinary kind; but they were energetic and animating principles, strongly and habitually felt. The young author was naturally filled with anxiety, not alone about the fortunes, but the worth of his production; mistrustful, and desirous of the cool judgment of friends.—To how many works and projects might his words apply!

My own opinion I dare not trust to; both because it concerns myself, and because it is so variable, that I know not how to fix it. Sometimes it elevates me above the clouds; at other times it depresses me with doubts and fears; so that, whatever be my success, I cannot be entirely disappointed.

Mr. Burton has gone very fully into the history and character of the first great work of a great philosopher,—a work which Hume himself appears to have regretted, nay, disclaimed—and, perhaps, at

the same time, been not a little proud of,—as was perfectly natural. On this work, which comprehends the germ or fundamental principle of all Hume's inquiries and speculations on cognate subjects, the biographer discourses acutely and largely, though we can indulge our readers with merely a side glance. He speaks of Hume's lamentation over the short-lived influence of metaphysical inquiries, and the brief fame of such men as Hobbes.

Like the majority of literary prophecies dictated by feeling and not by impartial criticism, this one, whether as it refers to "The Leviathan," of which it is ostensibly uttered, or to the "Treatise of Human Nature," the fate of which doubtless suggested it, has proved untrue. The influence of Hobbes has revived, as that of the Treatise remained undiminished from the time when it was first fully appreciated. And in both cases their influence has arisen from that element which seems alone to be capable of giving permanent value to metaphysical thought. It is not that in either case the fundamental theory of the author is adopted, as the disciples of old imbibed the system of their masters, but that each has started some novelties in thought, and, either by themselves sweeping away prevailing fallacies, or suggesting to others the means of doing so, have cleared the path of philosophy. . . . . .

To those who hold that the writings of the great metaphysicians are to be esteemed on account, not of their fundamental principles, but of the truths they bring out in detail, a new theory is like a new road through an unfrequented country, valuable, not for itself, but for the scenery which it opens up to the traveller's eye. The thinker who adopts this view, often wonders at the small beginnings of philosophical systems — wonders, perhaps, at the circumstance of Kant having believed that his own system started into life at one moment as he was reading Hume's views of Cause and Effect. But the solution is ready at hand. We feel that the philosopher of Königsberg had in his mind the impulses that would have driven him into a new path had no Hume preceded him. We owe it to the Essay on Cause and Effect that it was the starting-point at which he left the beaten track; but, had it not attracted his attention, his path would have been as original, though not, perhaps, in the same direction. And so of Hume himself. If the main outline of his theory had never occurred to him, he would still have been a great philosopher; for, in some form or other, he would have found his way to those incidental and subsidiary discoveries, which are admitted to have reality in them by many who repudiate his general theory.

Of all the secondary applications of the leading principle of the Treatise, none has perhaps exercised so extensive an influence on philosophy, as this same doctrine of cause and effect.

Though not in exact sequence, we must, while in the vein, take another passage, as we do not mean to give often into such gravities.

The history of Hume's theory of Cause and Effect, is a marked illustration of the danger of bringing forward as an argument against theories purely metaphysical, the statement that they are dangerous to religion. It is difficult to see where there is a difference between adducing that argument in the sphere of natural philosophy, from which it has been long scouted by common consent, and bringing it forward as an answer to the theories of the metaphysician. In either case it is a threat, which, in the days of Galileo, bore the terror of corporal punishment, and, in the present day, carries the threat of unpopularity, to the person against whom it is used. If any one should suppose that he finds lurking in the speculations of some metaphysical writer, opinions from which it may be inferred that he is not possessed of the hopes and consolations of the Christian, humanity to the unhappy author should suggest that he ought rather to be pitied than condemned; and respect for the religious feelings of others should teach that there is no occasion to endeavour, by a laborious pleading, to demonstrate that a man who has said nothing against religion is in reality an enemy to Christianity. They are surely no enlightened friends to religion, who maintain that the suppression of inquiry as to the material or the immaterial world, is favourable to the cause of revealed truth. The blasphemer, who raises his voice offensively and contentiously against what his fellow citizens hold sacred, invokes the public wrath, and is no just object of sympathy. The extent of his punishment is regretted only when, by its vindictive excess, it is liable to excite retaliatory attacks from the same quarter. But the speculative philosopher, who does not directly interfere with the religion of his neighbours, should be left to the peaceful pursuit of his inquiries; and those who, instead of meeting him by fair argument, cry out irreligion, and call in the mob to their aid, should reflect first, whether it is absolutely certain that they are right in their conclusions, that his inquiries, if carried out, would be inimical to religion — whether some mind more acute and philosophical than their own, may not either finally confute the sceptical philosopher's argument, or prove that it is not inimical to religion; and secondly, whether they are not likely to be themselves the greatest foes to religion, by holding that it requires such defence, and the practical blasphemers, by proclaiming that religion is in danger.

Kant, the most illustrious opponent of Hume, in allusion to those who have appealed against him to our religious feelings, asks, what the man is doing that we should meddle with him; says he is but trying the strength of human reason, and bids us leave him to combat with those who are giving him specimens of the fabric on which to try his skill — tells us to wait and see who will produce one too strong to be broken to pieces — and not cry treason, and appeal to the angry multitude, who are strangers to these refined reasonings, to rush in. Shall we ask reason to give us lights, and prescribe beforehand what they are to show us?

From these mutilated fragments the reader may form some idea of the ability with which the graver or more dry and abstruse portions of the Life of a man, whose reputation rests mainly upon the depth and freedom of his philosophical investigations, is executed. Even to "light readers," Mr. Burton's elucidations of Hume's writings often give philosophical speculations an attractive, and never a repulsive air. What we shall next quote is intended to display the powers and style of the biographer, without much reference to the subject of his work. He is still discussing Hume's first publication, the "Treatise of Human Nature."

The system of philosophy to which the foregoing remarks apply, was published when its author was twenty-six years old, and he completed it in voluntary exile, and in that isolation from the counsel and sympathy of early friends, which is implied by a residence in an obscure spot in a foreign country. While he was framing his metaphysical theory, Hume appears to have permitted no confidential adviser to have access to the workings of his inventive genius; and as little did he take for granted any of the reasonings and opinions of the illustrious dead, as seek counsel of the living. Nowhere is there a work of genius more completely authenticated, as the produce of the solitary labour of one mind; and when we reflect on the boldness and greatness of the undertaking, we have a picture of self-reliance calculated to inspire both awe and respect. The system seems to be characteristic of a lonely mind — of one which, though it had no enmity with its fellows, had yet little sympathy with them. It has few of the features that characterize a partaker in the ordinary hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of humanity; little to give impulse to the excitement of the enthusiast; nothing to dry the tear of the mourner. It exposes to poor human reason

her own weakness and nakedness, and supplies her with no extrinsic support or protection. Such a work, coming from a man at the time of life when our sympathies with the world are strongest, and our anticipations brightest, would seem to indicate a mind rendered callous by hardship and disappointment. But it was not so with Hume. His coldness and isolation were in his theories alone; as a man he was frank, warm, and friendly. But the same impulses which gave him resolution to adopt so bold a step, seem at the same time to have armed him with a hard contempt for the opinions of the rest of mankind. Hence, though his philosophy is sceptical, his manner is frequently dogmatical, even to intolerance; and while illustrating the feebleness of all human reasoning, he seems as if he felt an innate infallibility in his own. He afterwards regretted this peculiarity; and in a letter, written apparently at an advanced period of life, we find him deprecating not only the tone of the Inquiry, but many of its opinions.

From MS. notes or common-place books kept by Hume in the earlier part of his life, Mr. Burton gives various extracts. Some of these memoranda embody facts and information afterwards used in "Smith's Wealth of Nations," and the biographer remarks that—

It is an occurrence quite characteristic of the friendship of these two great men, that either of them should have supplied the other with facts or ideas applicable to the subjects on which he might be engaged.

We copy out one of those sayings which is not in the common vein of the historian of the Stuarts: "Nations much oftener err from too great respect to governments than from too little." This must be Smith's saying, not Hume's.

Mr. Burton gives an accurate and chronological account of the appearance of each of Hume's works. Never, for many years, was there a more unfortunate author. His first work fell deadborn from the press, and his second and third were not much more successful. He printed his "Moral and Political Essays" in Edinburgh instead of London; and it is worthy of remark that, as he either erased or altered most of the passages in the second part of his "History of the Stuarts," which breathed any thing like democratic opinions, or a leaning to the popular party, so he ordered one of the most noble passages in his Essay on "The Liberty of the Press," to be wholly expunged.

Among the most useful of the biographer's labours is his careful collation of the various editions of Hume's works, by which he detects and exhibits his frequent alterations and erasures, particularly in the "History of England." These erasures, we regret to say, are rarely to the credit of the philosopher's liberality of opinion, where popular principles and interests are concerned.

Mr. Burton makes a very fair if not flattering estimate of the intellectual character and general accomplishments of the Scottish gentry of the middle of the last century, whose intellectual superiority he attributes in some degree to the practice of the youth of Scotland being then sent to study at foreign universities; and he establishes this opinion by reference to the epistolary correspondence of the friends of Hume. The conversation of Hume's friends, he says, we have unfortunately lost—

For there was no Boswell at his elbow. But their letters show how much of scholarship, and elegant literature, and philosophy, slumbered in the minds of the Scottish gentry of that age; and assure us that in his intercourse with an Elliot, a Mure, an Edmondstoune, an Elibank, a Macdonald, an Oswald, Hume was exchanging ideas with men not unworthy of literary fellowship with a mind even so highly cultivated as his own.

William Mure of Caldwell, who was in 1761 made a Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, was among those who seem to have earliest secured and longest retained Hume's esteem. The letters which passed between them are not often dated, but the circumstances under which many of them are written are attested by internal evidence.

Hume was by this time thirty-three years of age, and his means of life as small as at twenty-three; for, whatever might be the reputation of his books among the chosen few, their sale was as slow as at the first. He therefore made an attempt to obtain a professorship in the Edinburgh University; but this, and also the hope of the appointment of tutor to the son of Mr. Murray of Broughton, failed, for the reasons here given—

"The accusation of heresy, deism, scepticism, atheism, &c. &c. &c., was started against me; but never took, being bore down by the contrary authority of all the good company in town. But what surprised me extremely, was to find that this accusation was supported by the pretended authority of Mr. Hutcheson, and even Mr. Leechman, who, 'tis said, agreed that I was a very unfit person for such an office. This appears to me absolutely incredible, especially with regard to the latter gentleman. For, as to Mr. Hutcheson, all my friends think that he has been rendering me bad offices to the utmost of his power."

Francis Hutcheson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, had been among the warmest of his literary friends, and so had Mr. Leechman, then a popular clergyman; but, as Mr. Burton remarks,—

It may easily be imagined that both Mr. Hutcheson and Dr. Leechman would be opposed to the appointment of David Hume as a teacher of moral philosophy in one of the universities; and that they might entertain this opinion along with an honest admiration of his character, and an appreciation of the value of his talents when exercised in another sphere. It is at all events gratifying to find, that whatever opposition Hutcheson may have made, he was influenced by no sordid motive, as he was offered the chair, and refused it.

And thus was the "honour of philosophy" vindicated in Hume's eyes, though we hear no more of his correspondence with Hutcheson. Blair, Robertson, and some of the more celebrated clergymen of the Church of Scotland, were, however, until his death, among the most intimate friends and constant correspondents of Hume; but the tie was literature and social qualities, religion being an interdicted topic.

A story rashly circulated by *The Quarterly Review*, asserting that the Hume Papers showed the Scottish clergy of the age of Hume to have been a set of hypocritical sceptics and scoffers, is triumphantly refuted by Mr. Burton, who has examined all the documents and correspondences, and also by the gentlemen forming the Council of the Royal Society, who performed the same duty, and found nothing whatever to give colour to such an accusation.

The residence of Hume with the Marquis of Annandale forms an unpleasant episode in his history. This unfortunate person was in that condition of mental health which makes the

keeper of a lunatic asylum, a police-officer, or a drill-serjeant, a much fitter companion or attendant than a moralist and philosopher. But the emoluments were liberal; and Hume, with a strong desire for the attainment of independence and learned leisure, was still comparatively a poor man. Comparatively; for when worth £1000, he fancied himself well off, and when the master of £1600, his income was, in France, "equal to the pay of two captains." He was always frugal, and always contented, although philosophy did not forbid the desire to accumulate a little more money. His situation with this half-insane nobleman was incomparably more unpleasant than if the Marquis had been in a state of confirmed lunacy; and was made infinitely worse by selfish and interested persons in the household, who interfered with, and thwarted Hume, and embittered his life. The principal of these was a Captain Vincent, a relative of the mother of the Marquis, of whom, with the whole genus, Mr. Burton gives a graphic description:—

Captain Vincent held a commission from the Marquis to "hire and dismiss servants," and perform other like functions. It was in virtue of this authority that he dealt with Hume; and he seems at first to have thought, that in the person of the philosopher he had met with a sort of superior and valuable member of the fraternity of upper-servants. Though Hume had then written the works on which a large portion of his European reputation was afterwards built, this man seems to have regarded his literary abilities as merely an enhancement of the qualities which suited him for his servile office. Looking upon himself as a member of the family, he appears to have had much the same disposition to admit that Hume's literary distinction put them on a par with each other, as he might have had to admit that the display of an unexpected degree of musical talent in the servant's hall would qualify one of its frequenters to be hail-fellow well met with him in the dining-room. Whether Hume was right or wrong in the suspicions he entertained of Vincent, the conduct of Vincent to Hume was brutal, and that on his own showing.

One of Hume's views, as to the proper treatment of the Marquis, was, that the isolation of Weldhall was unsuitable to his condition: that he should be in a more cheerful residence, and one in other respects more suitable; and the dispute appears to have been for some time suspended on this peg. On the 31st October, Hume writes:—

"What is the mighty matter in dispute? Only about hiring a few carts to remove the family to another house, in order to quit this; which, for very good reasons, is infinitely disagreeable to your friend, very dangerous, will be uninhabitable for cold during the winter season, and costs £300 to £400 a-year, at least, to the family, more than is requisite." And afterwards he says of Vincent:—"He said, when he was here, that we shall live in this house till the lease was out, in spite of all opposition."

In the letter from which the preceding passage is taken, he says to Sir James Johnstone:—

"I must begin by complaining of you for having yoked me here with a man of the Captain's character, without giving me the least hint concerning it, if it was known to you, as, indeed, it is no secret to the world. . . . . He flatters, and caresses, and praises, and hates me also; and would be glad to chase me away, as doing me the honour, and, I hope, the justice of thinking me a person very unfit for his purposes."

Colonel Johnstone, the brother of Sir James Johnstone, was the step-father of the Marquis; but it was Sir James who, from warm admiration of "The Moral Essays," had engaged Mr. Hume in his most disagreeable, though not unprofitable office. Hume's connexion with the unhappy person, whose insanity soon became confirmed, was a fitting prelude to his subsequent embroilment with Rousseau. Mr. Burton makes the best of the affair for the philosopher, who was very reluctant to forego his pecuniary hopes, when he says:—

There are two different views that may be taken of Hume's motives for not having at once resigned his appointment, at the very commencement of the train of indignities to which he was subjected. Whoever anticipates that a man who had tutored his mind by the rules of philosophy, and who lived an upright and independent life, may be actuated by some better views than those of mere pecuniary aggrandizement, will give him credit for having believed it to be his duty to watch over certain interests of the Annandale family at the sacrifice of his own feelings. Those who, strongly disapproving of his opinions as a philosopher, believe them to be therefore the dictates of a corrupted mind, will probably search for base and selfish motives; and will have little difficulty in identifying them with a pure love of gain, sufficiently strong to absorb all gentlemanly feeling and all spirit of independence. The favourable and charitable view admits of no direct demonstration on which an opponent could not be able to throw doubt; and, the circumstances being stated, each reader is left to form his own opinion.

There is one thing that Hume never attempts to conceal—his feeling that the situation was in a pecuniary point of view advantageous to him, and his consequent desire to preserve it for his own sake, so long as he could do so with honour. That it should be so is one of those inconsistencies often exhibited in fine geniuses, which ordinary men of the world find it difficult to appreciate. It frequently proceeds from this circumstance, that, not being acquainted with the ordinary beaten tracks towards wealth and independence, which other men so easily find; yet desiring the latter, although perhaps they care not for the former endowment, they lay hold with avidity on any guide that is likely to lead them, by however devious and unpleasant a path, to the desired object. Men whose minds are much occupied with abstract subjects, if they be poor and desire to be free of unpleasant obligations, are thus apt to grasp at trifling rights with a pertinacity which has the air of selfishness.

We have a notion that publishers could illustrate this point or quality of philosophers from a pretty large general experience.

From reading the Annandale and Hume Correspondence, which was published some years since, we were somewhat inclined to think that Hume held rather too firm a grasp of a humiliating appointment, from which nothing satisfactory could result except a few pounds sterling; but Mr. Burton, after some excellent remarks on the condition and changes of Scottish society, which had humbled so many gentlemen into tradesmen and shopkeepers, takes a juster, because a broader view than ours. All this, and more, we have pondered; and, upon second thoughts, fully acquit Hume of all blame on the pounds shillings and pence score.

The more that a poor philosopher could fairly obtain from the revenues of a lunatic nobleman, whose accumulated rents amounted to £400,000, the better. Hume stuck up most manfully for a balance of £75 which he thought due to him; and it is a pity the sum was not much greater; especially if he generously gave up his salary of

Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates to his friend the blind poet, Blacklock, as is here, though indirectly, stated. We have, indeed, never been able to see that Addison was either mean or avaricious, because he exacted the fees of his office from his personal friends; rightly saying, that what was a trifle saved to each of them came to be a sum of some consequence to him.

Hume had not long escaped from the bondage to which "his poverty, but not his will, consented," when, early in 1746, he was invited to attend General St. Clair as his secretary, in an expedition intended for Canada, but which ended in an idle demonstration on the French coast. He was also, on a vacancy occurring, appointed Judge-Advocate; and he seems to have had some idea of obtaining a military commission, as a kind of *pis-aller*. In this brief service, of which Mr. Burton has given Hume's interesting account, which was sent home to his brother, he formed some valuable and steady friendships. One little episode is striking, as illustrative of a subject on which Hume has written one of his earliest essays, "Chivalry and Modern Honour," and also of his "Essay on Suicide." He writes—

"While we lay at Ploemeur, a village about a league from L'Orient, there happened in our family one of the most tragical stories ever I heard of, and than which nothing ever gave me more concern. I know not if ever you heard of Major Forbes, a brother of Sir Arthur's. He was, and was esteemed, a man of the greatest sense, honour, modesty, mildness, and equality of temper, in the world. His learning was very great for a man of any profession; but a prodigy for a soldier. His bravery had been tried, and was unquestioned. He had exhausted himself with fatigue and hunger for two days, so that he was obliged to leave the camp and come to our quarters, where I took the utmost care of him, as there was a great friendship betwixt us. He expressed vast anxiety that he should be obliged to leave his duty, and fear lest his honour should suffer by it. I endeavoured to quiet his mind as much as possible, and thought I had left him tolerably composed at night; but, returning to his room early next morning, I found him, with small remains of life, wallowing in his own blood, with the arteries of his arm cut asunder. I immediately sent for a surgeon, got a bandage tied to his arm, and recovered him entirely to his senses and understanding. He lived about four-and-twenty hours after, and I had several conversations with him. Never a man expressed a more steady contempt of life, nor more determined philosophical principles, suitable to his exit. He begged of me to unloosen his bandage, and hasten his death, as the last act of friendship I could show him: but, alas! we live not in Greek or Roman times. He told me that he knew he could not live a few days: but if he did, as soon as he became his own master, he would take a more expeditious method, which none of his friends could prevent. 'I die,' says he, 'from a jealousy of honour, perhaps too delicate; and do you think, if it were possible for me to live, I would now consent to it, to be a gazing-stock to the foolish world. I am too far advanced to return. And if life was odious to me before, it must be doubly so at present.' He became delirious a few hours before he died. He had wrote a short letter to his brother, above ten hours before he cut his arteries. This we found on the table."

The expedition having ended or failed, as French or English critics may please to describe the event, Hume, now thirty-five, was once more in want of occupation, and he could have but slender hopes of half-pay for his brief period of service as Judge-Advocate; so he returned to Ninewells, "sitting down quietly among his books, in the midst of his family circle, his mother, his elder brother, and his sister." And here, strange as it may seem, if he did not turn poet, he certainly amused himself and his friends by composing occasional verses. But the poetry of David Hume, thus given to light by the diligence of Mr. Burton, after an eclipse of a hundred years, is so rare a literary curiosity, that we must leave it untouched—a *bonne bouche* to thousands of readers, who would never open the works of a metaphysician and moral essayist. The poetry—the actual love-verses, and pieces of gallant compliment, naturally lead the biographer to the question, "Was Hume ever in love?" and he seems to hold, that no man deserves to have his biography written who never was in love, though he is hardly able, with all his ingenuity, aided by Hume's poetry, to establish a good case for his client. "Hume tells us," says Mr. Burton, in his own "Life,"

"As I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them." In his essays he frequently discusses the passion of love, dividing it into its elements about as systematically as if he had subjected it to a chemical analysis, and laying down rules regarding it as distinctly and specifically as if it were a system of logic.

Scraps are quoted from various letters, but nothing goes far to establish the fact, though Mr. Burton remarks,

The question, whether the man concerning whom a biographical work is written was ever in love, is an important feature in his history, if any light can be thrown upon it.

In the following curious anecdote, Hume, in a letter to Mr. Oswald of Dunnikier, explains the rationale of his own happy escapes.

Lord Marchmont has had the most extraordinary adventure in the world. About three weeks ago he was at the play, where he espied in one of the boxes a fair virgin, whose looks, air, and manner, made such a powerful and wonderful effect upon him as was visible to every bystander. His raptures were so undisguised, his looks so expressive of passion, his inquiries so earnest, that every body took notice of it. He soon was told that her name was Crompton, a linen-draper's daughter, that had been bankrupt last year, and had not been able to pay above five shillings in the pound. The fair nymph herself was about sixteen or seventeen, and being supported by some relations, appeared in every public place, and had fatigued every eye but that of his lordship, which, being entirely employed in the severer studies, had never till that fatal moment opened upon her charms. Such and so powerful was their effect, as to be able to justify all the Pharamonds and Cyruses in their utmost extravagancies. He wrote next morning to her father, desiring leave to visit his daughter on honourable terms; and in a few days she will be Countess of Marchmont.* All this is certainly true. They say many small fevers prevent a great one. Heaven be praised that I have always liked the persons and company of the fair sex! for by that means I hope to escape such ridiculous passions. But could you ever suspect the ambitious, the severe, the bustling, the impetuous, the violent Marchmont, of becoming so tender and gentle a swain—an Artamenes, an Oroondates!

* The marriage took place accordingly on the day following the date of the letter, viz. 30th January. She was the second wife of Lord Marchmont; his first countess, whose name was Western, having died on 9th May of the previous year.

By this time Hume was once more secretary to General St. Clair, who had been appointed English military envoy at Turin. A most delightful section of the "Life," and addition to literature, is found in the journal which Hume kept in his travels through Holland, the Netherlands, Austria, and part of Italy. We should really have felt grateful to Mr. Burton, although he had presented us with no other novelty. Nothing can be written with more charming ease and simplicity than Hume's compendious and pithy narrative of travel. A few detached passages are all we can afford.

COBLENTZ.

"We have now travelled along a great part of that country, through which the Duke of Marlborough marched up his army, when he led them into Bavaria. 'Tis of this country Mr. Addison speaks when he calls the people—

> Nations of slaves by Tyranny debased,
> Their Maker's image more than half-defaced.

And he adds, that the soldiers were—

> Hourly instructed as they urge their toil,
> To prize their Queen and love their native soil.

"If any foot soldier could have more ridiculous national prejudices than the poet, I should be much surprised. Be assured there is not a finer country in the world; nor are there any signs of poverty among the people. But John Bull's prejudices are ridiculous, as his insolence is intolerable. . . . . Beyond Hanau is the village of Dettingen, where we walked out and surveyed the field of battle, accompanied with the postmaster, who saw the battle from his windows. Good God, what an escape we made there!"

RATISBON.

"We were all very much taken with the town of Nuremberg, where we lay two nights ago; the houses, though old-fashioned, and of a grotesque figure, (having sometimes five or six stories of garrets,) yet are they solid, well built, complete, and cleanly. The people are handsome, well clothed, and well fed; an air of industry and contentment, without splendour, prevails through the whole. 'Tis a Protestant republic on the banks of a river, (whose name I have forgot.) . . . . . We travelled through part of the Elector Palatine's country, and then returned to Bavaria; but though the country be good and well cultivated, and populous, the inhabitants are not at their ease. The late miserable wars have no doubt hurt them much. Ratisbon is a catholic republic situated on the banks of the Danube. The houses and buildings, and aspect of the people, are well enough, though not comparable to those of Nuremberg. 'Tis pretended that the difference is always sensible betwixt a Protestant and Catholic country, throughout all Germany; and perhaps there may be something in this observation, though it is not every where sensible. . . . . Germany is undoubtedly a very fine country, full of industrious honest people; and were it united, it would be the greatest power that ever was in the world. The common people are here, almost every where, much better treated, and more at their ease, than in France; and are not very much inferior to the English, notwithstanding all the airs the latter give themselves."

Our next stage may be Vienna and its court, where then reigned the Empress Maria Theresa in all her pride and glory. Of Vienna, Hume says,

"This town is very little for a capital, but excessively populous. The houses are very high, the streets very narrow and crooked, so that the many handsome buildings that are here, make not any figure. The suburbs are spacious and open; but, on the whole, I can never believe what they tell us, that there are two hundred thousand inhabitants in it. It is composed entirely of nobility and of lackeys, of soldiers and of priests. Now, I believe you 'll allow, that in a town inhabited only by these four sets of people above-mentioned, the Empress-queen could not have undertaken a more difficult task, than that which she has magnanimously entered upon, viz., the producing an absolute chastity amongst them. A court of chastity is lately erected here, who send all loose women to the frontiers of Hungary, where they can only debauch Turks and Infidels. I hope you will not pay your taxes with greater grudge, because you hear that her Imperial Majesty, in whose service they are to be spent, is so great a prude. . . . .

"They are a well-looked couple; the emperor has a great air of goodness, and his royal consort of spirit. Her voice, and manner, and address are the most agreeable that can be, and she made us several compliments on our nation. She is not a beauty: but, being a sovereign, and a woman of sense and spirit, no wonder she has met such extraordinary support from her subjects, as well as from other nations in Europe. However, the English gallantry towards her is a little relaxed; and the King of Sardinia is her present favourite. . . . . You must know that you neither bow nor kneel to emperors and empresses, but curtsy; so that, after we had had a little conversation with her imperial majesty, we were to walk backwards through a very long room, curtsying all the way, and there was very great danger of our falling foul of each other, as well as of tumbling topsy-turvy. She saw the difficulty we were in; and immediately called to us: 'Allez, allez, Messieurs, sans cérémonie; vous n'êtes pas accoutumés a ce mouvement, et le plancher est glissant.' . . . . . This court is fine, without being gay; and the company is very accessible, without being very sociable. When we were to be introduced to the emperor and empress, Sir Thomas Robinson gathered us all together into a window, that he might be able to carry us to them at once, when the time should be proper. A lady came up to him, and asked him if these were not his chickens he was gathering under his wings, after which she joined conversation with us; and in a little time asked us, if we had any acquaintance of the ladies of the court, and if we should not be glad to know their names. We replied, that she could not do us a greater favour. 'Why, then,' says she, 'I shall tell you, beginning with myself; I am the Countess —' she added her name, which I am sorry to have forgot. We have met with several instances of these agreeable liberties. The women here are many of them handsome; if you ever want toasts, please to name, upon my authority, Mademoiselle Staremberg, or the Countess Palfi. The men are ugly and awkward." . . . . . .

I have heard Maly Johnston say she was told that she was very like the empress-queen. Please tell her it is not so. The empress, though not very well shaped, is better than Maly; but she has not so good a face. She looks also as if she were prouder and worse tempered."

We get on to a tour in Styria, then a much wilder country than now, though it is still a savage land in the eyes of English travellers.

"There happened, however, a thing to-day, which surprised us all. The empress-queen, regarding this country as a little barbarous, has sent some missionaries of Jesuits to instruct them. They had sermons to-day in the street, under our windows, attended with psalms; and believe me, nothing could be more harmonious, better tuned, or more agreeable than the voices of these savages; and the chorus of a French opera does not sing in better time. You may infer from thence, if you please, that Orpheus did not civilize the savage nations by his music.

Mantua was reached; and Hume becoming enthusiastic for once, tells that he "kissed the earth that produced Virgil," and admired the fertile plains which he has so finely celebrated. It is but fair, in the midst of our admiration of Hume's travels, that the reader should also hear what his biographer thinks of them, as his admira-

tion is more qualified; and perhaps we should have formed a less partial opinion, had the following parallel been found at the beginning instead of the end of the journal:

Far different, (says Mr. Burton,) was the pomp and circumstance in which the writer of this narrative performed his journey, from the condition in which Goldsmith, four years afterwards, pursued nearly the same route to—

—— where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.

And Hume's motions seem to have partaken of the pomp and regularity of his official station; for, even in these familiar letters to his brother, he is all along the secretary of legation; or when he descends from that height, it is but to mount the chair of the scholar and philosopher. There are no escapades. We never hear that he has taken it in his head to diverge from the regular route to see an old castle or a waterfall. Yet he went with an eye for scenery. The Alpine passes excited his admiration, and his description of the banks of the Rhine will be recognised at this day as very accurate—with one material exception. He says nothing of the feudal fortresses perched like the nests of birds of prey, to which their moral resemblance was at least as close as their physical; and thus one of the greatest historians of his age, passes through a country without appearing to have noticed in their true character, this series of prominent marks of a remarkable chapter in the history of Europe. . . . . .

He does not condescend to mention any one of the fine specimens of Gothic architecture which he must have seen—not even that vast and beautiful fragment the cathedral of Cologne. One wonders whether or not he was at the trouble of inquiring, what was that huge mass which he must have seen towering over the city; and if, straying within its gates, and looking on Albert Durer's painted windows, he had curiosity enough to inspect the reliquary of the tomb of the three kings, containing gems so ancient, that they are conjectured to be older than Christianity, and to have been the ornaments of some Pagan shrine, transferred to, and historically associated with, the pure creed which displaced the barbarous rites of Paganism. This might have at least formed a curious topic for his Natural History of Religion. . . . . .

Upon scarcely any subject does Hume converse as a brother travelling into foreign lands might be supposed to address a brother residing at home, and cultivating his ancestral acres. We should expect to find him observing that this river is like the Tweed, or unlike it—larger or smaller; or comparing some range of hills with the Cheviots: but he is general and undomestic in all his remarks, save the one observation that the Rhine is as broad as from his brother's house to the opposite side of the river.

At Turin, Hume, the "famous Scottish philosopher," was seen by the celebrated Lord Charlemont, one of the few *genuine* Irish patriots of his own, or indeed of any Irish age, who was then a very young man on his travels. His picture of Hume, which Mr. Burton copies, is true portraiture.

"Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person, was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman, than of a refined philosopher. His speech in English was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom most certainly never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old, he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained-bands."

We do not pretend to note the appearance of each of those works, which Mr. Burton, "as in duty bound," has specially and minutely recorded, with many of the collateral circumstances which attended each publication; but we may mention that, about the time of Hume's residence at Turin, he had determined that the unfortunate "Treatise of Human Nature," should be "treated as a work *blotted* out from literature," and the "Inquiry concerning Human Understanding" substituted in its stead. We notice this to introduce a specimen of Mr. Burton's manner of characterizing Hume's works, and to show his style of investigation, when he ventures to vindicate or to support his own opinions, when these are opposed to the philosophical systems of Hume. And thus he treats the doctrine of "necessity"—

Of those views which are more fully developed in the Inquiry than in the early work, one of the most important is the attempt to establish the doctrine of Necessity, and to refute that of Free Will in relation to the springs of human action. To those who adopted the vulgar notion of Hume's theory of cause and effect, that it left the phenomena of nature without a ruling principle, the attempt to show that the human mind was bound by necessary laws appeared to be a startling inconsistency—a sort of reversal of the poet's idea,

And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

It appeared to remove the chains of necessity from inanimate nature, and rivet them on the will.

But there is a decided principle of connexion between the two doctrines; whether or not it be a principle that will bear scrutiny, is another question. The two systems are identified with each other, simply by the annihilation of the notion of power both in the material and in the immaterial world. As we cannot find in physical causes any power to produce their effect, so when a man moves his arm to strike, or his tongue to reprimand, we have no notion of any *power* being exercised; but we have an impression that certain impulses are followed, and we can no more suppose that it was at the choice of the individual whether, when these impulses or motives existed, they should or should not be obeyed, than that when the phenomenon called in the material world the cause, made its appearance, there could be any doubt of its being followed by the effect. The inference from this was, that human actions are as much the objects of inductive philosophy as the operations of nature; that they are equally regular, effect following cause as much in the operations of the passions as in those of the elements.

We should have liked to quote what is said of Hume's doctrine of miracles, but must leave the reader to peruse an ingenious chain of reasoning on the rationale of belief, merely quoting the concluding sentence.

It is much to be regretted that Hume employed the word miracles in the title of this inquiry. He thus employed a term which had been applied to sacred subjects, and raised a natural prejudice against reasonings, applicable to contemporary events, and to the rules of ordinary historical belief. He might have found some other title—such as, "The Principles of Belief in Human Testimony," which would have more satisfactorily explained the nature of the inquiry.

(To be continued.)

THE EARL OF GOWRIE. A TRAGEDY.*

Mr. White has long ranked with the best of our humorous writers, and our readers have no doubt spent many an hour over the pleasant tales of the author of *Sir Frizzle Pumpkin*, in this and other magazines, without dreaming that they sprung from the lively brain of a son of the Church. Here he has entered the lists of literature in a new and more ambitious character, where success is the exception, failure the rule. If we cannot award him the palm of perfect success, there can be no question that he bears himself bravely, and gives goodly promise of higher achievements hereafter.

Mr. White has selected for his theme the mysterious attempt, by Lord Gowrie, at Ruthven Castle, upon the person of King James; a subject which has been hunted to death to very little purpose by historical antiquaries. That such an attempt was made, and that it was foiled, either by a singular coincidence of circumstances, or by premeditated arrangement, is certain. The motives and ultimate purpose of the conspirators are surrounded with obscurity. Mr. White has, with a dexterity which indicates no small aptness for dramatic composition, supplemented the historical facts by the introduction of motives and characters that give coherence to the story, and an explanation quite as satisfactory as that of any learned delver in the rubbish of antiquity. He has made it a case of plot and counter-plot, each of the parties acting under strong and natural impulses. The attempt of Gowrie is defeated by the very means which James had prepared for the seizure of that nobleman's person, and the usual sacrifices to the Moloch of tragedy are made consistently with historical truth. So far as Gowrie and his brother are concerned, this is well; but Mr. White stretches the poetical licence a little too far in killing off his heroine and her father without direct physical agency. Even Juliet uses the dagger. Lear may be permitted to die, when his mighty sorrows have "stretched him on the rack of a rough world" too long for a younger frame to bear. But common sense and the dramatic canons alike concur in requiring that people shall not be made to die off on a sudden, merely of broken hearts. It is quite probable that Mr. White could not avoid doing as he has done, — at least in so far as the lady was concerned. His heroine was to be got rid of — seeing, that for a heroine to survive her lover in a tragedy is out of all rule; and unfortunately phial and dagger were alike inadmissible, both from the character of the lady and the nature of the incidents. And this brings us to the point to which we have been over and over again brought by the repeated failures which we have witnessed within the last few years, of even able writers, in the construction of historical plays,—that a dramatist does unwisely in exercising his genius in this form. It is wilfully to bind himself in fetters,—to subject the ideal to the real in a way which is death to art. The adoption of a historical epoch gives tone, colouring, precision to a play; and, so far as it appears to us, the artist does well to place his characters in some period to which we can, in imagination, refer them. But beyond this we hold that he should keep himself perfectly free to develop his characters consistently with the logic of passion only, and to accumulate his motives and incidents with a regard only to general truth, without reference to historical accuracy. By doing so, he is enabled to adjust the materials of his picture more effectively, and to comply with the essential condition of all art, which otherwise he never can do, by making the interest of his work, as it were, radiate from, and converge towards, one great central focus. The want of this central interest is the main defect in the present play; and this defect will, in our apprehension, entirely unfit it for representation. The attention of an audience would inevitably flag before the close of the second act, simply for want of the development of any dominant passion, or principle, or of any striking series of events.

So much for the general structure of the play. Many of the situations are powerfully imagined, and the individual characters are sketched with a firmness and distinctive force that interests the reader, although the defects of the play, as a play, might render them tedious to a spectator. They indicate a power, which, if employed on the drama of pure character and passion, might add to the by no means abundant stock of our good acting plays. The character of Logan of Restalrig, fiery, yet subtle, generous, resolute, warm in passion and in affection, is perhaps the most striking. It is delineated with a free hand and elastic spirit, that reminds us of Decker, iff some of his best points. But, as in Decker, the want of compression is felt. The writer loses strength in diffuseness. And this indeed is true of the play throughout. We should say it bore the marks of being thrown off at a heat. In dramatic composition, where, above all others, every sentence should be freighted with significance, and where, without losing any thing of freedom, the writer ought to compress "infinite riches in a little room," this is a fault that must be fatal. But it is one, of which it always lies within the power of a writer of Mr. White's abilities, to cure himself.

It is difficult to select passages for quotation from a play like this, where the action is rapid, and the writer has not concentrated his thoughts in the few pregnant words for which our greatest dramatists are conspicuous; but the following quotations will show that Mr. White's style has in it the impulsiveness, and vigour, which form one of the main elements of excellence in dramatic writing.

Ayliffe, Lord Burghley's emissary, is endeavouring, without committing his principal, to wile

* By the Rev. James White. London: Newby.

from *Restalrig* his plans for securing the person of the King.

AYLIFFE.
The Lord Treasurer
Has had some distant inklings of your project,
But nothing sure;—you must be open with him.
RESTALRIG.
And play the braggart with my tongue, while he
Turns up his eyes to heaven! Hear me, Sir John.
I've had some old experience in this sort,
And can look up to heaven, as well as another,
And snuffle through the nose; I've done't ere now,
As Master Knox could witness;—silly girls
And crop-eared priests are softened by such arts;
But when I've dealt with men, 'twas as a man,
Openly, boldly; 'twould ha' been better for me,
To have been less bold, less open;—but 'tis past.
If I looked up to heaven, it was to see
The clear blue sky, and look no more upon
This wearying earth, and base unthankful aims.
And many a time I've wish'd that I had never
Turned my poor eyes to this bleak earth again!
But I ne'er played the cozener, and cast up
My sanctimonious visage to the clouds,
While, with a corner of my twisted eye,
I saw the earth grow black beneath the shadow
Of a great crime, of which I was the father.
Tell the Lord Treasurer, when I ride on flood,
I must be chooser of my horse. You come
To make your overtures. Speak on. I listen.

The only other passage for which we can spare room is, where the young Earl of Gowrie meets his mother—(whose character, by the way, is drawn with a more firm outline than any other in the play)—on his return from Padua, where he has signalized himself by his scholarship.

COUNTESS.
Where is the Earl
Of Gowrie?
GOWRIE.
Dearest mother, let me kneel,
And feel descend upon my bended head
A mother's blessing! (*Kneels.*)
COUNTESS.
I would see my son,
The heir of Ruthven.
GOWRIE.
He is on his knee
Before you. Let him hear your honour'd voice
Welcome him home.
COUNTESS.
Stand up, that I may see you.
Give me your hand. It is not like your father's.
Cast back the clustering ringlets from your brow.
So—look upon me. There is something there
That minds me of a man that I have heard
Once look'd into the visage of a king,
And quell'd him. What's your name, young sir?
BEATRIX.
'Tis John—
'Tis my dear brother.
COUNTESS.
Hush, girl!—What's your name?
GOWRIE.
John Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie.
COUNTESS.
It is not.
'Tis not the Earl of Gowrie. Would an earl
Change his broad belt and clanging sword for robes,
Might suit some scholar in a monastery?
Where are your spurs, sir? Where your glittering casque
Gathering the sunbeams round you as you walk?
I do not know you thus. You're not my son!
BEATRIX.
Speak not so harshly, mother; it will break
His heart to hear you.
COUNTESS.
Silence, silly girl!
Let him speak like a Ruthven, if the blood
Has not all turned to water in his veins.
Let me hear the Gowrie voice!
GOWRIE.
What would you, mother?
COUNTESS.
I'd see you, as a noble should be seen,
Girded and panoplied. Go, Beatrix,
Bring me his father's sword; his coat of mail,
His helmet: (*she brings the armour,*)
Gird him with the massive sword.
Now cast the hauberk on his shoulder—now
Fix the bright morion on his head. Stand there!
John, Earl of Gowrie, Lord of Ruthven, son
Of him, whose name was as a sound of thunder
Over broad Scotland, and whose lightning eye
Flash'd like an eagle's, when, with thirsty beak,
It swoops upon the vulture, lift your hand!
(*Gowrie raises his hand.*)
You will, so help you God, who judges all,
Bear a pure heart, firm hand, and righteous sword.
You will devote you, as your father did,
To your poor country's service. In her cause,
You will forget all fear, all tenderness;
You'll cleanse this realm of evil, though 'tis found
In loftiest place; you'll be a sheltering tower,
'Gainst the oppressions of authority,
And raise again, to be a beacon light
For Scotsmen's eyes, the banner of your house,
Best seen above the Ruthven's helmèd head,
And in the front of battle! You will make
No compact with dishonour; you will aid
The cause of truth, of justice, as he did,
Who leaves his sleep in a dishonoured shroud,
To join me in the blessing I now give you.
Kneel, Earl of Gowrie; be you brave and good,
More fortunate than your father, and as true.
Come to my heart! (*Embraces him.*)

THE DESERTED FARM.

A TALE OF THE GAME LAWS.

BY JOHN MILLS, AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN," &c.

"If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up."

In the north of Devonshire, and within sight of the waste called Witchwood, there is an old, ruinous, and deserted farm-house. The thatch is ripped in large flakes from the roof, and a sinking rafter here and there gives evidence of the visits of wind and storm and rottenness from the sap-consuming hand of Time. Green and dank are the once white-washed walls; and the ivy and climbing plants, which were trained to twine in festoons round and about the latticed porch, now straggle in confusion uncultivated and uncared

for. The shattered casements afford ingress and egress to a colony of drowsy bats, the only inhabitants of the crazy tenement, save a few delinquent rats attached to their home from long acquaintanceship with it. The kitchen chimney—a great, yawning, wide-mouthed chimney it is, and used of yore to vomit forth as thick a cloud of sooty vapour at Christmas and at other festive seasons as any for miles around—is choked with decaying nests of the chattering jackdaw; and the great cleft rent in one side at the base, shows the day not to be far distant when down it must crash in a heap of ruins. Long coarse grass grows in patches between the stones in the court leading to the door; and on the threshhold, gray moss clings and vegetates. The latch, which in years gone by was bright and polished with frequent handling, is now rust-eaten, and crumbles to the touch like charred wood.

The garden—and a prettier one bud nor blossom never flourished in—might, for aught of any appearance to the contrary, have never contained a flower; for thistles, thorns, and nettles rear themselves in high masses above the ground, and smother the solitary remnants of the few remaining. Weeds choke the pathways, and all around and about the deserted dwelling bears the effects of neglect and decay.

Not long since—not long enough to turn a single hair gray, save through the frosting hand of grief—this spot presented a very different picture. Prosperity, neatness, and order reigned where ruin is all but complete. In the sombre twilight of an autumn evening, and after a long honest day's toil had been done, a hale and hearty son of the soil, with well-set thews and sinews, might be seen at the door of his home, whiffing a pipe, while his wife hard by plied the spinning wheel, and crooned, in piecemeal to herself, some old English ballad. On the green, and not a stone's throw from where they sat, three ruddy cheeked children were wont to play, and their ringing laugh and boisterous mirth echoed merrily in the distance; now chasing each other round the trunks of the towering elms, and then closing in the pigmy grasp to fall shouting to the ground; at one moment the victor and the next the vanquished: each in turn boastful of his prowess, and proclaiming it with Stentorian lungs. It was a scene which may sometimes be witnessed in country life; would it were more frequent! of a hard working man contented and happy with his small earthly possessions, and justly proud of the independence which his industry, labour, and thrifty care enabled himself and his family to enjoy.

Joseph Knight was one of those small landowners, now more generally found in the far West of England than in any other of the agricultural districts. The extent of his acres was so limited that even to mention it is not unlikely to provoke a smile on the lip of the more favoured of Fortune; but as honest Joe (for that was the name he went by among his friends and gossips of the neighbourhood) surveyed his *own* fifty-five broad acres well-stocked and tilled, without mortgage or trammel of any kind, not a lighter nor happier heart ever throbbed within a human breast.

It is uncertain how long, but time out of mind this little freehold had descended in regular succession from father to son for many generations; and although it was too small to yield more than a living to the possessor, yet withal it was far from being a needy one. The cellar was never known to be without a capacious butt of old October ale, nor the larder free from a store of substantial dainties.

It chanced, on a winter's night, when Joe was sitting on the settle in the chimney corner, snugly protected from every chill and draught of air, by a great screen placed behind him, that he was roused from a drowsy, blinking, winking state by the sharp and plaintive whine of a dog.

His wife, who but a few minutes since had seen her little family to their dormitory, was engaged in spinning on the opposite settle, and the bur-r-r of the wheel deadened to her ear the noise which arrested the attention of her husband.

"List," said Joe, pointing to the quarter from whence the sound came. "I thought I heard the cry of a dog."

"'Twas nought but the wind and the sleet I think," replied his wife, stilling the hum of her spindle.

"'Tis 'though, lass," rejoined Joe, rising from his seat as the sound now became clear and distinct; and upon going to the outer door, and raising the latch, a poor, half-famished animal crept into the passage, and crouched, with a low moaning noise, at the farmer's feet.

"Bring a light," said Joe, "and let's see what it is."

Quickly the candle was brought, and as the flickering flame fell on the form of the animal, it discovered a large-framed dog of the greyhound species. Attenuated to almost a skeleton, wet and frozen, the animal appeared to have little of life remaining; and so piteously did it bemoan its misery, that the compassion both of Joe and his wife was instantly moved.

"Poor starved beast!" exclaimed Joe. "I wonder what flint-heart claims thee as master."

"Ay, indeed!" returned his wife shaking her head. "Whoever it may be, deserves the stocks and the whipping post, for treating a poor dumb creature so unkindly."

"Get some warm milk, lass," added Joe dragging the dog towards the kitchen fire. "We'll soon make him comfortable."

In a short time the cravings of hunger were appeased; and, stretched upon a sheep's skin before the crackling fagot upon the hearth, the dog quickly became as apparently happy as he had previously been miserable.

Anticipating that the greyhound had strayed from his home, or had been lost in some way or other, Joe thought that he would be claimed in a day or two, or that he should be able to discover his master in order to return him. No one, however, appeared as the rightful owner; and, notwithstanding the many inquiries made when attending markets and fairs, no intelligence or clew could be gained concerning the place from whence the hound had come.

Weeks and months sped away, and Spring (for such was the name given to the dog) by his good temper and playfulness had ingratiated himself into the best favours of the family. He was now regarded as a permanent resident among them; and although the farmer remembered that he should be called upon to pay a heavy tax, he resolved, nevertheless, to keep him.

It chanced that the property adjoining to Joseph Knight's belonged to one of a class becoming, happily for the general benefit of mankind, exceedingly rare; a hard drinking, hard swearing, hard riding foxhunter of the old school. It was the boast of Squire Wrench, as he was called, at the conclusion of his three diurnal bottles of port, that "he possessed land in thirty-five parishes, had drunk more wine, taken less physic, killed more foxes, and quarrelled with his neighbours more than any thirty-five men living." It may readily be imagined from this that the Squire's ideas of the Christian code concerning charity and good-will towards men, were extremely limited. Indeed, they were confined to doing whatever you like with your own, and as much with other people's as they would permit, or compulsion could enforce. The sports of the field, in every variety, he pursued with a jealous spirit, and an ardour not to be surpassed. The wide range of his manor, the abundance of his game, the vigilance of his keepers, and the dread of his prosecutions, were constant themes of his discourse. "Let me be feared," he said, "I reck nothing of being hated. A ban or a blessing is all the same to me." And if ever a man maintained a sentiment by his undeviating practice, Squire Wrench was the man above all others to support his.

It has been frequently said, that it is a difficult matter to effect a quarrel when there are not two parties to it. Now, for a length of time, in fact for years, the Squire had sought, with an industry worthy of a better cause, for an opportunity to quarrel with our humble hero, Joseph Knight; but the more he hunted for a source, the farther he appeared from the object of his attainment. In spite of rough words and an arbitrary bearing, Joe was ever civil and respectful, and even the best exertions of the Squire were frustrated in raising the choler of the farmer.

"The fellow's got no more pluck than a boiled chicken," said he. "I wish only that I could catch him tripping once; I'd trounce him."

The Squire, however, was mistaken as to the want of spirit in honest Joe; which he discovered greatly to his astonishment. In consequence of the lateness of the season one year, much of the corn was left standing on the first of September, and a field of wheat in Joe's possession happened to be as yet waving its golden ears in the autumn breeze. The lark had scarcely risen from her grassy nest when the Squire and his pointers were as usual scouring the fields in quest of game, and a covey of partridges rising from a stubble, out of shot, sought the shelter of the farmer's standing corn. Without the slightest hesitation the Squire followed the fugitives, and commenced beating for them, when his proceedings were suddenly interrupted by honest Joe's loud and earnest call for him to desist.

"I beg your pardon, sir" said he approaching hastily; "but the wheat is o'er ripe, and while the straw's as wet as it is now, you'll do me a power of injury."

"If your corn's ripe," replied the Squire in a passion, "why isn't it cut?"

"I've little help," rejoined the farmer, "and can afford little. The chief part of my work is done by myself, and a pair of hands at harvest time can't reap as fast as the sun ripens."

"That's no fault o' mine," returned the Squire. "Why don't ye sell your few paltry roods, and become a tenant farmer, instead of sticking yourself up as an upstart landowner, penniless and poverty-stricken though ye be."

"I pay my way," added Joe with a flush of pride upon his cheek, "and while I do that, no man has a right to give me directions concerning my business."

"A curse upon your tongue!" hissed the irate Squire between his teeth. "Do ye know who you're speaking to?"

"Well," replied Joe, looking the Squire full in his purple-hued countenance; "and," continued he, "I tell you, sir, that you shall *not* rove over my land to my injury. I never warned a gentleman off it before, but I now do. Begone, sir, and that, too, quickly, or I shall seek the remedy for trespass which you so often have put in force for far less causes than you have given me."

Squire Wrench was incapable of replying. He looked dumbfounded, and stared at the cool and collected Joseph Knight, with blood-shot eyeballs and a mute, roof-tied tongue.

"'Fore God!" ejaculated he at length, turning upon his heel, "ye shall rue this ere long. Recollect what I've said."

"Not I," returned Joe, snapping his finger and thumb in derision at the threat. "Ye never said any thing worth remembering that I ever heard."

Thus the two separated, and if the red burning spot on the cheek of each was any index of the fever of the blood, it ran scorching through each vein and conduit of their frames.

It was a bright and sunny morning late in October. The topmost leaves of the elms already began to change from their pristine green to the orange tint. Myriads of sparkling dew-drops flashed in the light of the early day; and fairy rings, where the elves of the night held their revels, were dotted round with white-capped mushrooms. Long threads of floating spider's film were thrown from twig to twig, and hung upon the hawthorn in an endless variety of woven meshes. Birds, gay, wild birds, warbled and trilled their merry songs on every bough, and hailed the opening day with their choicest music.

The sun had just tipped the tree-top with his first ruddy beam, when honest Joe, as was his custom, issued from his dwelling for the purpose of beginning his daily work. A spade, a hoe, and a pick-axe were thrown across his broad shoulders; and as he strode along, a loud clear whistle broke

from his lips. Close to his heels trotted the greyhound, and his finely developed muscles and sleek, shot-silk skin, showed the care that had been bestowed upon him since finding a home in the farm.

"Spring," said Joe. "Hey, lad! Let's see thee run," and away the dog bounded with the speed of light.

As he was racing along in a frolic with his master, a hare jumped from her form. Quick as thought the hound caught view of her, and away he flew in pursuit like a winged arrow from a yew bow.

To the ground Joe threw his implements and followed in the wake of the chase at his best pace. Before, however, he had proceeded many yards he saw Spring, within a few strides of his victim, dash through a strong, quickset hedge, making the thorns crack and quiver as he crashed through them. Upon arriving at the fence, Joe craned his neck over it, and saw Spring streak down a little slope and again become lost to sight. Flushed with excitement, and thoughtless of committing any wrong, Joe threw himself over the prickly barrier, and hastened in the direction he had last seen the greyhound.

"He'll catch her, I'll be bound!" said Joe exultingly; and as he spoke he perceived the hare sweeping towards him, and the hound making good the distance he had lost in the double. With her long ears thrown back upon her haunch the hare streaked past Joe, and Spring's jaws close to her scut again wrenched her from her course. To the right she twisted; but the wary dog, now upon his guard, turned in almost as short a space, and but little advantage was gained by the manœuvre. Now to and fro, right and left, the victim doubled, wrenched, and turned; still the hound followed closely, and, making a desperate effort, snapped her from the ground, and dropped her dead from his panting jaws.

"I thought so," said Joe running forwards to pick up the hare and to caress his successful favourite. "I thought so," repeated he aloud, "and a fairer or better course man couldn't hope to see."

"Ho, ho! that's your opinion, is it?" said a gruff voice in a bantering tone; and upon looking to the quarter from whence it came, Joe saw the ill-favoured countenance of Squire Wrench above a row of low palings some dozen yards off. "I did n't know," continued the Squire chuckling, "that you took out your certificate, Mr. Knight; but of course you do. Ha, ha. I wasn't aware that I had such a sporting neighbour. 'Odzooks, man! but your greyhound 'll soon make my hares scarce, I see."

"Your hares, sir!" replied the farmer. "The dog found, ran, and killed it on my own land."

"Yes," rejoined the Squire, as if communing with his own thoughts, "I don't suppose I can charge ye with trespass as well as being unlawfully in the pursuit o' game; but I told ye once that you should rue your speech to me," continued he clenching his fist and shaking it malignantly, "and by the saints, I'll be as good as my word."

There was a short pause, and Joe with hesitating manner turned upon his heel as if about taking his departure in silence; but a reluctant resolve overcame the inclination, and approaching the Squire he said, "Mr. Wrench, I gave ye, sir, unwittingly an offence some seven weeks since; but in the first place, it was as far from my intention of so doing as earth is from heaven. We both got a little high in words at last, and I, perhaps, forgot myself; but I trust, sir, you 'll not lay an information against me on that account, more particularly when I tell ye the chance that led to the death of this hare."

"Chance!" repeated the Squire. "Chance! Ho, ho!"

"Yes sir," returned Joe sternly, "*chance*. And if I tell ye a word of untruth, may my tongue become dumb with the lie!"

Without a deviation from the most trifling particular, Joe explained the way in which he became possessed of the greyhound, and the accidental circumstance of his coursing and killing the hare; and finished his short address by expressing a hope that the Squire would not bear malice towards him, or press the threatened fine for that which was hardly to be called an offence against the law; adding, that he was poor, and could ill afford to be mulcted in penalties.

"Hark ye," returned the Squire. "The poorer ye are the more the fine will pinch, and the more it pinches the better I shall be pleased. Chance! Ho, ho! Chance! Ho, ho!" and with a loud, mocking laugh he left Joe staring with amazement at the expressed vindictiveness of a man to whom he had never been the cause of the smallest injury, direct or indirect.

Joseph Knight had heard, in common with many other persons in these inquiring, judge-for-yourself days, that the decisions of magistrates are not always in accordance with strict justice, or seasoned with lenient mercy; and upon judgment being given, in the information laid against him by Squire Wrench, that he should pay the full penalty and costs, his belief was materially strengthened in the correctness of the report. Acting under the advice of a needy attorney, as watchful an animal for a job as a hungry shark for a bait, Joe determined to carry his case to a higher tribunal, and gave notice of appeal. Briefs were prepared, counsel employed, authorities cited, and after a lengthy investigation, it was decided that Joe had been very properly fined, and all that remained for him to do was to pay the money in addition to some forty pounds of expenses.

"A year's living gone!" said Joe bitterly.

A village is seldom without its alehouse, and its constant frequenters are the mole and rat-catcher; the dissipated cobbler; the idle and characterless. One evening a mixed company of companions were sitting boozing and discussing the local topics of interest at the Chequers, and among other matters spoken of was the late lawsuit, as it was termed, between Squire Wrench and farmer Knight. All advocated the side of honest Joe, and the only difference of opinion consisted in the retaliation which each, in turn, expressed his

determination of taking, had the case been his. The rat-catcher, a sturdy-built little man with a thick bull neck and a head as round as a marble, struck his clenched fist on the table, and boldly declared, "that if any man had served him so he'd burn his house down from over his head."

"I'd ham-string his horses," said the cobbler unclasping the blade of a knife, "and throw poisoned flesh into the courts of his kennel."

"Tush, tush!" ejaculated a tall, bony man, who, until now, had maintained an unbroken silence, and was sitting a little removed from the rest, so that he might lean his head against the wainscot, in a lounging, indolent manner. "Tush, tush," repeated he giving a shake not unlike a dog rousing himself from slumber. "What good would farmer Knight get by burning the Hall down, or laming and dosing the hounds, I should like ye to tell me?"

"No particular good that I know of," replied the rat-catcher. "But tell me this, Bob," continued he, "is a man like honest Joe, who was never known to deny a cup to the thirsty or a meal to the hungry, who has a kind word and an open hand for every body, to be trodden under foot by a bully like Squire Wrench, and not to turn upon him? I've heard," continued he energetically, "that even a worm will do that."

"Let him turn by all means," rejoined the individual addressed as Bob; "but at the same time, if *I* was farmer Knight, I'd take care the turn should be in my favour."

"What would you do?" asked the rat-catcher.

"As I do now," returned Bob. "Snare, net, trap, kill, and destroy every head o' game within my power."

"If he'd take up your trade," added the rat-catcher, "he certainly might soon make good his loss; for his land lies handy on the borders of the Squire's best coverts."

"Ha!" sighed Bob surveying the ceiling immediately above his head. "One might cram a sack nightly."

"Who talks about cramming sacks nightly?" said a voice as the door of the tap-room fell suddenly back upon its hinges and the figure of Joseph Knight stood upon the threshhold.

Every body in the room started with little less surprise than if the immaterial spirit of some departed friend had appeared among them. Honest Joe had not been known to enter the Chequers a dozen times in his life, and never at such an hour as this; but now with uneven step, flushed cheek, and glassy eye, he staggered forwards and reeled upon a bench.

"We were just talking, Mr. Knight," said the rat-catcher exchanging a significant wink with his companion Bob, "about the late ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Joe in a thick voice. "I heard outside what ye were saying, and all I want to learn is who gave the last piece of advice. That," continued he, "sounded wholesome."

"It was me, sir," replied Bob.

"So I thought," rejoined the farmer, "if my ears didn't deceive me. Here," continued he hallooing to the host of the Chequers, "bring a stoup of the best beer in your house."

Upon no occasion, heretofore, had the best butt in the possession of the landlord of the Chequers ran so freely as on this memorable night. For the first time since honest Joe's marriage there was a sad and aching heart under his roof; and at the first crowing of the cock its throb of anguish was but slightly relieved, by the wished for presence of him so anxiously and painfully anticipated.

It soon became the general talk, and neighbours shook their heads sorrowfully as they spoke, that honest Joe's once sober habits were on the wane, and the character of his associates disregarded. Drink, drink, drink was the apparent indulgence of his daily hours of relaxation; and at length it was remarked that he was more frequently to be seen in the village alehouse than at work or at home.

It was a drear and black night on the fifth of November, and on the hill-tops, here and there, might be seen the glow of kindled bonfires in commemoration of an event now but carelessly remembered or heeded; and the sharp firing of guns and pistols, the popping and phizzing of squibs and crackers, maintained a continued roar of ignited powder from every quarter of the compass.

"'Tis a good night for us," observed Bob, the most constant lounger at the Chequers, as he strode before an associate with a long gun thrown over one shoulder and a capacious game-bag slung across the other. "This blazing 'll mix with our own, and leave us to our work in quiet."

"I hope it may," replied Joseph Knight following closely to his heels, similarly armed and accoutred. "But ——," and then he broke off the sentence abruptly and became silent.

"What dost mean?" asked Bob turning upon his heel and facing his companion.

"Nothing that I wot of," rejoined Joe endeavouring to assume a collected manner, which ill suited with his quivering, uncertain voice.

"Why, you shake like a leaf, man," returned Bob laughing. "You'll soon get over these qualms," continued he, "when a little more used to the trade. Here, take a pull at this flask."

Joe took the proffered bottle, and poured a stinging dram down his throat, adding at the conclusion of his draught that "he was ready to meet any thing or any body."

"Said like a man!" observed Bob encouragingly, as he resumed the path leading towards a thick covert at some distance from where the two poachers stood.

Up long lanes, and through meadows, and over hedge and ditch, gate and stile; through gaps and yielding fence; and now over the hill-top on which the night-wind swept so keen and sharply, that tears stood in the eyes of Joe, not used to its rough, burly kiss; and then deep in the valley, and skirting the copse, and across the common on which the furze and dwarf blackberry bush flourished, Bob led the way, bent upon the destruction of the Squire's unsuspecting pheasants.

Now they entered a thick wood studded with

dark-green fir-trees, and over which towering elms and beech trees stretched their giant limbs; and from the lofty boughs of many, the gaily-plumed pheasant craned his long neck, and, peering at his nocturnal disturbers, shook his bright and varied plumage, after they had passed, and settled himself again to rest. The wary wood-pigeon, too, gave notice of the coming of the intruders, and broke the stilly, soundless haunt of many a sleeping denizen of the wild, by flapping her broad wing from her perch, and whir-r-ring to some more distant scene.

"Hist," said Bob in a whisper, "I thought I heard the bark of a fox."

"You thought right enough," replied Joe scarcely above his breath. "There, d'ye hear the varmint now?"

As he spoke the sound was too clear and distinct to be mistaken, and reynard was doubtlessly making many a rabbit's heart tremble, as he heard his enemy making, to him, night hideous.

"I wish the moon would just wink now and then," said Bob in an under tone. "If she doesn't," continued he, "we shan't be able to see 'em."

"It's near about the time for her to show herself," replied his companion; and as he spoke a pale ray of light glimmered through the murky darkness, and, although it shone but for a moment, Bob's practised eye caught sight of a pheasant perched above his head, and as his gun roared through the wood, and echoed from hill to hill in the distance, down it fell fluttering in death at his feet.

"What a noisy piece that is of yours," remarked Joe. "I, I, I never heard such a bellower in my life."

"Ha, ha," laughed Bob. "She is a blazer, certainly. But look about," continued he. "We must be sharp; for the night's so cloudy that the light 'll be but a few short glimpses now and then."

Taking advantage of the occasional peeps of the moon, which flashed from between large floating masses of clouds, the poachers brought down bird after bird in quick succession, and the game bag began to be of a bulky weight when Bob exclaimed, "Hist! I thought I heard a footfall."

"Let's begone then in the name of Heaven!" returned his companion, while a tremor seized his limbs and a cold sweat started in great beads upon his forehead as the thought of the consequences of a capture, to his wife and children, darted like lightning through his brain.

"Stay," added Bob, stooping to the ground and bending an ear close to it, "let me make sure first."

For a few short seconds the poacher maintained his listening position, and then springing to his feet he said, "I'm right. Save yourself," and crashing into a thicket he was quickly lost both to sight and hearing.

"Stop," called Joe, "stop for me."

"Stand," cried a voice as a figure leaped before the terror-stricken Joe within a few feet from where he stood, "or I'll drive an ounce and a half of lead through your heart."

"Surrender," hallooed another voice in his rear. "We're three to one; it's no use your showing fight."

"Close with him," added a third gruff speaker, which Joe recognised as Squire Wrench. "What the devil do I have keepers for, to stand parleying with a vagabond like a French poodle yapping at a rat? Either take him," continued he, "knock him down or shoot him. I don't care which, of a brass button."

Thus urged by their master the two servants rushed forwards and attempted to close with Joe: but felling the foremost with the butt end of his gun, and bursting from the gripe of the other, he dashed headlong forwards with maddened desperation to escape. In an instant, however, his pursuers were at his heels, and as he swept through briar and brake, and bramble and thicket, not knowing what point to make for, he heard the tramp of their feet but a few paces behind, tracking him like hounds on the trail.

"I'm lost, I'm lost!" muttered he to himself as he struggled on, and then tripping over the bared root of a tree he fell heavily to the ground. Scrambling to his feet he strove to recover himself, but before he could stagger on his legs a rough clasp was fixed round his throat and another hand clutched him in a hold which rendered him almost powerless.

"Keep the villain tight," shouted Squire Wrench in triumph as he arrived at the spot of the poacher's capture. "Who is the rascal?" continued he, bending over the prisoner. "Who is the poaching vagabond?"

"One who owes his ruin to your cruelty and injustice," replied the prisoner, panting like a spent dog.

"What, Joseph Knight!" ejaculated his arch enemy in a mingled tone of delight and surprise. "Honest Joe again in my trap?" and then he broke into a loud, ringing laugh, as if experiencing one of the most gratifying pleasures of his life.

If it was so, however, destiny had decreed that it should be the last; for when his mirth reached its highest, the gun in Joe's grasp exploded and backwards he fell with a broken curse muttered upon his lips.

How, it never was explained; but the trigger in some way or other was pulled in the securing of the poacher by the keepers, and the charge laid the remorseless oppressor and committer of wrong a lifeless body on the ground.

Investigations, examinations, and trial followed each other in quick succession, and at length it was decided that Joe, the now scarcely pitied criminal, should be banished from his home and country.

Poor Joe! When on the deck of the convict ship spreading her sails to waft him to the shore of his exile, how often would he cast a tearful and lingering look behind, and think of "*The great events that arise from little causes.*"

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE HON. GENERAL PHIPPS, M.P.

In every nation, and in every age, there has existed a small number of individuals, who, having been distinguished amongst their contemporaries by their talents, their services, their virtues, and, alas! too, often by their vices, at length occupy a conspicuous place in the pages of history, and become, in a greater or less degree, known to the remotest posterity. But, besides these, there are also, in every generation, many persons who, although they have neither attained nor aspired to so conspicuous a pre-eminence, have, on a smaller scale, and in a more limited sphere, entitled themselves to be commemorated; not, indeed, as extensive benefactors of mankind, but as having contributed, in their respective spheres, to promote happiness, or diffuse sound principles, so far as their influence and example extended.

The writer of these reflections cannot but think, that his late estimable friend, the Honourable General Phipps, may justly be enumerated among the individuals who have adorned the age in which they lived, and the circle in which they moved. We allude not so much to his military services, however assiduous and respectable, (and he rose to nearly the highest professional rank,) nor to the faithful discharge for many years of his parliamentary duties, as representative of Scarborough; but to the high sense of honour, the fascinating amenity of manner, the generous hospitality, and the rare combination of all those qualities which grace and dignify social life; the study and enjoyment of which, under the auspices of a model so accomplished and so amiable, tended to form the manners of those who had the happiness to occupy a place in his esteem, and to witness, in his person, a rare exhibition of those endowments which constitute the character of a high minded and accomplished gentleman and scholar.

The General's house in Mount Street, was equally remarkable for the assemblage of all that was elegant, and the absence of all that was ostentatious. Being a bachelor, though fond of female society, and always a welcome guest in the most distinguished circles, where ladies presided, his mansion was not spacious, but contained a series of commodious apartments, decorated with many paintings, many by the most distinguished living artists, of whom he was both the patron and the friend. He was very particular in the selection of his domestic servants, who were trained not only to the faithful discharge of their duties, but to wait upon his guests with a tact, despatch, and cheerfulness, which greatly contributed to the comfort of his convivial *re-unions*. His table was most liberally supplied with the best viands; his cellar amply stocked with the choicest wines: but there was as little of profusion as there was of parsimony at his entertainments. What he chiefly excelled in, was in the selection of his company: he was most anxious *ut coeat par jungaturque pari:* the number generally ranged between eight and twelve: and instead of keeping a mere debtor and creditor account, and bringing together heterogeneous and unsuitable guests, because he himself happened to have lately dined at their respective homes in succession,—although he never omitted making a suitable return to all of whose hospitalities he had partaken, he took care that they should, so far as practicable, be invited to meet such a party as they could both gratify and enjoy. The writer was often, during his morning visits, in the latter years of the General's life, consulted by him on this subject; and he always preferred arranging an additional entertainment, rather than invite any friend on an occasion when he might neither have derived nor imparted so much pleasure and instruction as when guests of different age, profession, or opinions, were assembled. At the same time, the company always contained the most judicious and agreeable combinations of individuals, distinguished in the most opposite walks of life. The most learned judges, the most accomplished orators, the most eminent church dignitaries, the most celebrated wits, the most popular artists, the most agreeable votaries of the drama and of the stage, here met with the most hearty welcome, and contributed to each other's gratification. It was at the head of his table that the General chiefly shone. Nothing could exceed the tact with which he gave the conversation such a turn as was best adapted to develop the talents, and gratify the feelings of all present. He could not have more assiduously attended to the wants of each, had that individual alone been present. No one seemed to be preferred, no one could think that he was neglected. Nothing was ever said that could give pain; and even the youngest or humblest of the party was encouraged to contribute what he could in the way either of amusement or information.

Nor was the General a less acceptable guest at the social board of his numerous friends. It is unnecessary to speak of *acquaintances*, for none who were so could help *becoming* his friends; and whenever his cheerful and intelligent countenance appeared, in any apartment where the company was assembling for dinner, a smile of cordiality pervaded every face, and a feeling of satisfaction enlivened every heart. The General's manners and opinions were those of the genuine old Tory school. In ecclesiastical matters, he was a devoted churchman; in politics, a most uncompromising enemy of all innovation. Towards his equals, he exhibited respect without subserviency; towards his inferiors, condescension without arrogance. He was extremely fond of classical learning, although he made no pretensions to profound scholarship; and he translated some of the odes of Horace, (who was his favourite author,) in such a spirit as to show that he had a clearer perception of the beauties of the original than many who excelled him in the cumbrous pedantry of erudition. Whilst there could not be a kinder or more steady friend, there could not be a more attached or more generous relative. Difference in political sentiments never estranged him from those to whom nature, duty, and affection, gave a claim upon his tenderness and sympathy. He fully appreciated, or rather was justly proud of, the various qualities and accomplishments which have enabled his not less amiable than distinguished nephew (the Marquess of Normanby) to assume so prominent a place both in the politics and in the literature of his country. He was fond of visiting his friends at their rural seats during the summer; and the only contest amongst them was, who should see him oftenest and retain him longest. Being very tenacious of acting on all occasions in the manner most suited to his birth and rank, he always undertook his annual excursions in his own chariot, and used to state, that he made it a rule to remain at each house one night for every ten miles that he travelled to reach it; upon which the writer replied to him, on more than one occasion, "Then, my dear General, I hope you will gratify and honour me by following out that law in *my* case; for, as you must perform a journey of 700 miles to reach my residence, I shall enjoy your society for upwards of two months, and the only day of your visit which I shall regret, will be that on which it terminates."

The General's death took place at Venice, to the great regret of all who knew him;—had the expression, all who *loved* him, been substituted, it would have been almost equally comprehensive; for he was one who never forfeited regard, and never merited enmity; and, as long as any of the many friends who partook of his hospitality, and admired the warm emotions which glowed in his heart, the high tone of principle which characterized his mind, and the dignified urbanity which graced his demeanour, shall survive, his loss will be deeply felt, and his memory gratefully revered.

Amongst the country seats which he felt gratified in frequenting, was Ham House, where he was always cordially welcomed by the late Countess of Dysart, whom he had known from his earliest years; and who, even in advanced age, retained many of those attractions which fascinated all who approached her. He very frequently went there, in his carriage, on Saturday, with his attached friend, Sir George Sinclair, who, at that time, assisted in doing the honours of Ham House, and remained there until the following Monday. During one of these excursions, the conversation related to a dinner party, at which the General had been recently present, and at which one of those beings of whom the witty General was least tolerant, namely, a *bore*, had, in a great degree, engrossed the attention, and exhausted the patience, of the company. This led to a disquisition upon the various species of the *genus* bore; and, when these had been, at some length, discussed and classified, it was observed that one kind had been omitted, namely, the *wild* bore, (or rather boar,) a remark which, coupled with the preceding colloquial analysis of the whole subject, gave rise to the following lines, of which a few copies were privately distributed among friends; and which we now reprint, as they may recall some interesting reminiscences of that period, to those contemporaries, from whose memories many of the incidents or individuals alluded to, may be rapidly passing away.

Dear General, to your famed urbanity,
(The inverse ratio of your vanity,)
Our hearts surrender at discretion,
Whate'er our rank, age, sex, profession;
Your kind and gen'rous hospitality,
Though mark'd, is deem'd your least good quality;
But grateful memory still retraces,
As Eastern travellers note oases,

The feasts, so well devised and splendid,
Where mirth with sage decorum blended;
Where viands all, from soup to salad,
Content the most fastidious palate;
Where Parma, Cheshire, Stilton, vie
With free Helvetia's rich supply,
Till fruit, from near and distant land,
Is marshall'd by sage Gunter's hand,
And apple choice, of ev'ry race,
Save that of *discord*, finds a place.

But hock, champagne, and costly fare,
Are boons the least attractive there;
The feast of soul, and flow of reason,
True wit, that's never out of season,
While Hook and Smith their jokes have rattl'd o'er
From side to side, like boys at battledore;
And Croker, Rogers, Colman greeting,
Like colours in the rainbow meeting,
Diffuse a pure, though varied, light,
Turning to day the genial night;
And Sutton too, though none so fit,
In chair, which Sidmouth graced, to sit,
Deigning at festive board to dine,
Is found as *speaker* most to shine.
If such a jury you impanel
On these lame lines, I cross the Channel—
A Jew boy might, with less effront'ry,
Present a stucco Pitt to Chantrey.

Like knowing Horace, you discriminate,
Ne foris dicta quis eliminet;
And though (for which I owe him gratitude)
He leaves for *umbræ* some small latitude,
That clause (to give your taste its due,)
Is a dead-letter still with you;
No make-weight, though his name were Guelph,
Would find admission—but myself.

But whilst you always set your face
Against what's dull or commonplace,
Fresh streams of anecdote and pun
Around your table daily run:
And, as you'll deem the gift no stigma,
I'll try your skill at an enigma.
As pounces on a mouse a ready puss,
You'll seize the word at once, like Œdipus.

To you I need make no apology
For borrowing from the Greek mythology;
On any branch of classic lore,
You always can go off at score;
In Moschus you will find—no, fie on
My mem'ry! I believe 'tis Bion—
But these are always bound together
In links of vellum, boards, or leather;
And though, if I should thus confound 'em,
I'd strike a pedant in black gown dumb,
You'll not, because of such a slip,
Impugn or slight my scholarship.
In Bion then—no mean authority—
We're told, that, on a certain horrid day,
A graceful youth, yclept Adonis,
With Cupids on their milk-white ponies,
Encounter'd, in a forest green,
At early dawn—the thing I mean.
Llandaff himself could scarcely show me on
What day (perhaps in Boedromion)
Of what Olympiad, priesthood, reign,
These fleet equestrians scour'd the plain.
The months, I think, were only ten:
No "glorious days of July" then:
Greeks date by victors at the games,
As we by Henry, George, or James.
Adonis, whom no peril scared,
At once th' unequal combat dared,
And brandish'd high the polish'd javelin,
(No blunderbusses then for levelling;)
But, though impell'd with ardent stroke,
In twain the faithless weapon broke.
The savage beast, aroused and ruthless
(He should have had at least one tooth less,)
Madden'd with rage, though slightly harm'd,
Assaults the hero, now disarm'd;
Inflicts with force the mortal blow,
And crimson torrents stream below.
Thus he, whom tender Venus cherish'd,
In life's gay morning sadly perish'd!
Dear youth, cut off in earliest bloom,
While Cupids waft thee to the tomb,
With pensive look and drooping wing,
From gory drops fresh rosebuds spring,
And cause with lamentation deep
The Mulgrave of that age to weep.
Lo, from each pearly tear, they see
Spring up the chaste anemone.
More dazzling far that neck of snow,
Where nature's loveliest ringlets flow;
More bright that eye of radiant blue,
Now glist'ning with affection's dew.

But themes like this, so sad and serious,
In my plain style would only weary us.
Ai ai τον Κυθηρειαν flows,
From such a pen, like leaden prose.
For muse like mine 'tis far too wide a scope;
So shift we now the bard's kaleidoscope.
England's the land we'll place the scene in,
And give our word a second meaning;
It differs both in sense and spelling
From that on which we've now been dwelling.
The race we sing, of ancient blood,
Existed long before the flood;
And since, in Babel's fatal plain,
Confusion dire began to reign,
This wide-spread family, old and young,
Have chatter'd still in ev'ry tongue.

His presence gave my Uncle Toby a
Fit, something like the hydrophobia,
Lower'd his patience down to zero,
And made him chaunt lillibullero.
Although Debrett and Kearsley tell us he's
Well in the House of Agar Ellises,
The more I con the subject over,
The less I find he's like Lord Dover.
He's what all laughter-loving gipsies,
With one accord deny Charles Phipps is.
Should he in guise of beau or belle come,
You'd frown, instead of smiling welcome.

Though found, in every age and nation,
Among the lords of the creation,
The baleful *genus* we condemn
By no means is confined to them.
Fond lovers, ere they've whiled a week off,
Call long-woo'd brides—the thing we speak of.
But as this test may sometimes err,
Think of some prim old Dowager,
Whose hourly element is slander,
As much as fire to salamander:
It's one of the impossibilities
To be with such a cross sibyl at ease.

Blue stockings too (sure butt for waggery)
Are always ranged in this category.
They're deep in Hebrew, Greek, and Syriac,
Well read in Ovid, by Meziriac;
Compare the Greek and French Medea,
O'er Herman pore and Dorothea;
And, of quotations nothing chary,
Recite whole scenes from Alfieri;
Can talk of trade-winds and Etesian,
What martyrs fell by Diocletian:
As versed in marbles, gems, and bronzes,
As any Fellow of St. John's is:
Scan all the reigns of all the Ptolèmies;
By problems prove how high a column is,
And verify each bill they pay
By strictest rules of Algebra;
Class nat'ral orders like Decandolle,
Or, analyzing Gluck and Handel,
Show why they brought the seventh or triad in;
Or talk of alkaloids and iodine;

Thro' microscopic focus eye a mite,
And speak of mica, quartz, and miemite;
To animals, of names profuse,
Excepting those in common use,
They leave to some unlearn'd plebeian
The use of language not Linnæan.
At the famed Regent's Park menagerie,
They dub with some new term the casuary,
Or give a name from ornithology
(Glandarius) to the bird we call a jay.
The honest squire is quite disdain'd,
Who stares, when ask'd when Tarquin reigned;
Of Spenser's Queen can't quote one stanza,
Or trace the lineage of Braganza;
And knows no more about a lexicon
Than *they* have learnt of Manx or Mexican.

Our female politicians too
Are ranged in this same class by you;
(Perhaps the dread of such a snare
Has kept you a *célibataire*.)
They thrice a-week at fierce debate are
Found caged within the Ventilator;
Bland Seymour to the destined place
Conducts them — but without the mace —
There meet the Whig and Tory peeress
(If seen, O how their smile would cheer us!)
Attracted more by Cam than Kean — nay,
Preferring Peel to Paganini!
From five till two they hear and see at ease,
Invisible as Homer's deities,
When, from Olympus looking down,
Venus could smile, and Juno frown.
They leave at home their dull or testy mates,
See honest Joe dissect the estimates;
At Croker's brilliant flashes wonder,
Or cower beneath O'Connell's thunder;
Hear dauntless energetic Stanley;
Peel's lofty strain, so clear and manly;
Bardett, who gives to off-hand speech
A charm, no set harangue can reach;
Kind Althorp's pithy tale unvarnish'd,
With no fine tropes or figures garnish'd;
Macaulay's periods, rich and flowing,
With Demosthenic ardour glowing;
Or Weth'rell, now with logic battering,
Now jokes, like squibs and crackers, scattering —
Oft hurl'd at worthy Aldermen,
Who beard the lion in his den;
Beneath the Tory banner ranged,
His principles have never changed —
He blends in happy nomenclature
The objects least allied in nature.
Like omnibus, with motley crew,
Pick'd up between St. Paul's and Kew,
His fertile mind culls varied stores
From every corner he explores.

But don't withhold all due compassion
From hapless Peer, or man of fashion,
Who, whilst with strong Bohea regaled,
Next day hears ev'ry speech retail'd.
Is told before, at, after dinner,
How weighty the remarks of Wynne are —
How keen Sir Richard scarce knew what to call
The nine-and-fiftieth wordy protocol —
And, back'd by courteous Eliot, wearies
Gay Palmerston with searching queries —
Facetious Croker, too, is nettled —
Scheld navigation still unsettled —
And Stormont not a little touchy
'Bout Luxemburg's disputed Duchy;
They beg to know, when he'll think fit to tell,
What's to become of Antwerp's citadel?
And why unratified to-day waits
The treaty sign'd by Mastuschewitz?
How could they dream such terms were ever meant
By wily Envoy, Emp'ror, Government?
If so, why, they can only wonder,
E'en Whigs could make so gross a blunder.
The Noble Viscount, bound to vindicate
What Dutch King, Burgomaster, Syndic hate,
Smiles — shakes his head, with shrug most elegant,
Quite longs to answer — but — he really can't.
State secrets — no — he daren't divulge 'em,
In justice both to France and Belgium —
Hopes all will yet prove smooth and stable,
And lauded treaties grace the table.

Such themes, remote, contemporaneous,
Domestic, foreign, miscellaneous,
Engross in parlour or in park,
Our female *quid-nunc* until dark.
Game, bankrupts, steam, Welch judges, treacle,
Malt, Newtonbarry, Mrs. Deacle;
And when at last, in dismal plight,
The drowsy husband drawls, good-night —
"My dear, before we go to bed, you'll
Peruse with me th' amended schedule —
What *can* have knock'd you up? pray come and
Hear all about Lieutenant Drummond —
And let me tell the reasons why
Dear Brud'nell hopes to save poor Fowey.
O'Connell's speech at the Rotunda
Kept me awake all night on Monday —
Such exhibitions sure must be
An eye-sore to poor Anglesea.
Domitians, Neros, and Caligulas,
Are Alfreds, when compared with Nicholas.
I beg, my love, that you'll again mark
My shrewd prediction as to Denmark.
It made Princess Augusta stare!
She almost started from her chair.
When we were playing at *écarté*
On Thursday, at the Queen's last party;
I told her, and the Duke of Rutland,
What I surmise concerning Jutland;
And what I'm confident will *be* done,
Ere many months elapse, with Sweden —
But added, whilst the cards went round,
How we might still secure the Sound.
The Duke, who must have deeply felt
The force of my remarks — misdealt.
The dear Princess became *distraite*,
She mark'd up six, instead of eight;
I saw that, more than once, she play'd,
When diamonds had been led, a spade —
(No wonder Lady Mary Taylor,
Could scarce imagine what might ail her —)
And whilst from her surprise recovering,
Her Royal highness lost a sovereign!
The very moment we could close
Our game, Her Royal Highness rose;
Talk'd to the King, when commerce ceased,
A quarter of an hour at least.
The kindly monarch, frank and candid,
And to all parties even-handed,
Seem'd list'ning with profound attention,
To what the Princess deign'd to mention;
And from the ceiling scarce took off his eyes,
Intently musing o'er my prophecies.
Nay, I'm quite sure I overheard
His Majesty say, "'pon my word!"
And when their conference was done,
The King talk'd next to Palmerston.
I know one mustn't overrate
One's humble influence in the State;
But still it seems an odd coincidence,
(So palpable it might convince a dunce,)
That all the envoys of the pow'rs
Were closeted *next day* four hours.
Do step one moment to the atlas,
I'll show you where the Dutch will battle us,
Should ministers in spite of me, uphold
The throne of semi-cath'lic Leopold.
Tho' my predictions may be scorn'd,
The Premier has been fairly warn'd.
At the last route of Duchess Dino,
Whilst you were busy at casino,
I talk'd at least an hour to Grey,
In my own frank and off-hand way —
During the whole of Pasta's song,
I watch'd the face of Talleyrand;

He look'd, as if he'd give his ears
To learn what pass'd about new peers—
On that point Grey knows my opinion—
I own'd, what course I'd bet a guinea on—
But chiefly tried to make him see
The mushroom Belgic monarchy,
About which Brougham makes such a fuss,
Will end at last *in nubibus*.
To argue on, when once non-plus'd, is
No fault of Grey's—to do him justice:
You've heard me all along maintain,
That *he* has something *like* a brain—
He doubtless is—a clever man—
Inclined to do the best he can—
And therefore it's one's duty quite,
To try and set, or keep, him right.
He bow'd profoundly once or twice—
Seem'd thankful for my good advice—
Which, tho' he made no such confession,
Produced, I think, a strong impression—
And that, in some respects, my view
Of things was altogether—new.
His tone, which some have call'd imperious,
I find submissive quite, tho' serious—
And how his countenance relaxes,
Whenever I suggest new taxes!
Whilst I detail'd in clear abridgment
My scheme, up came the Duke of Richmond,
And hurried him at once away,
To the no small chagrin of Grey.
Good-night—but, *à propos*, Pope Gregory
I 'm sure is on the road to beggary—
These Austrians are as bad as Boney—
It 's clear they mean to keep Ancona:
As Cobbett says, in last week's Register,
They won't in spite of all their pledges, stir.
So now, my love, pray light my taper—
But, bless me, here's the evening paper.
'Twas lying nearly cover'd by
The second tome of Brambletye:
I can't repose, without first knowing
What's said about the Prince de Rohan—
I see he's greeted with applauses—
What a vile wretch that Sophy Dawes is!
When first I read the facts, I threw aside
At once the notion of a suicide—
John Bull will force him to abandon
That plea, it hasn't a leg to stand on;
And Louis Philippe's credit drooping
No longer can be propp'd by *duping**—
A halter waits that fell virago—
My dear, I see you're yawning—pray go—
I 'll only skim five columns through,
And then retire to bed—adieu!
Stop half a minute, pray, *mon cher*,
I see you're half way up the stair—
Don't think of trudging one step farther down—
What was the night the Duke was murder'd on?
My treach'rous mem'ry for chronology,
My love, must serve as my apology—
The twenty-sixth—O yes, you're right;
I recollect it now—good-night."

But gallantry enjoins forbearance—
We'll say no more about the fair ones:
The Muse, *per contra*, must describe
Our sex as members of the tribe—
Unnumber'd as the *genus* locust;
If they should all be burk'd or hoccuss'd,
Good subjects would be drugs on hand,
Supply would so exceed demand.

Known *tam Mercurio quàm Marte*,
He's found in every sect and party—
'Mid naval heroes too, and military,
Or any pompous Whig, or silly Tory.
He may be monarch, novel-writer,
Historian, bard, nay, wear a mitre;
Should curious foreigners inquire
If such can sit for town or shire,
Let them attend debates one week, or
Refer the question to the Speaker—
In wit his own antipodes,
They cluster round his chair, like bees—
And, whilst Panmure enjoys his grouse,
Like colds—confine him to the House.
Tho' some scarce to a goose can say, Boh!
Others may be as learn'd as Strabo,
And in capricious mem'ry bottle
The lumb'ring lore of Aristotle;
Thro' Coke, or Blackstone's tomes go on straight,
Like Leslie, or La Place, demonstrate
Parabola, ellipse, hyperbole,
And quote whole books of Milton verbally;
Or whilst you muse, and wish to sip at ease
Your tea, quote strophes from Euripides,
With tribrach, spondee, dactyl, anapæst,
Each deem'd, by harass'd boys who scan,—a pest.
Discuss inscriptions Greek and Runic,
Peloponnesian wars or Punic,
Expatiate gravely on Ricardo,
(Which no one at your table dare do,)
Or whilst for hours you stroll together,
Describe a fog, last Tuesday's weather;
The shortest way from rural villa
In Regent's Park to Piccadilly;
Debate whose fox-hounds are the fleetest—
If Hoby's boots, or Taylor's neatest;
Or Chef of Dudley, Sefton, Essex,
In some new salad best can dress eggs—
At stand of Coaches scan each door,
To see what crest is *gules*, or *or*,
And point out some distinctive badge in it—
Deduce the Beauforts from Plantagenet,
And show, without the least miscarriage,
Each birth, accession, death, or marriage—
Or trace, with deep heraldic skill, a
Tree of the Duffs from Dornadilla,
Or tell a joke from parish vestry,
About some country church orchestra.

Now let your patience bear with one
Example more, and then I've done.
The word would issue from your lips,
As surely as your name is Phipps,
At Ham, should any pert young dandy fill
Thy place, dear unassuming Mandeville,†
Where one,‡ with kindest manners graced,
Still welcomes learning, wit, or taste—
Where honour'd guests to regal halls
Repair from Fulham, or St. Paul's—
And Blane, who, with consummate skill,
Machaon-like, removes each ill,
Decided, too, as Podalirius,
When fev'rish patients grow delirious,
Beneath his laurels finds repose—
The boon his art so oft bestows—
Or pond'ring o'er Ham's massive gildings,
The legal sage forgets Stone buildings, §
Of keen debate completely sick, shuns
Beer Bill, and Bankrupt jurisdictions—
Keeps all ten-pounders in abeyance—
Grim phalanx, to be charged a day hence—
Forbears to tax Lord John with juggling,
'Gainst corporation robb'ry struggling—
Or wail the constitution's sad demise,
Which reckless ministers—macadamise—
On revolution lays embargo,
Whilst quaffing Port or *Châteaus Margot*—
And, (sever'd from his Preston Pylades,‖
Near whom he now and then sits—ill at ease,)

* Or Dupin.
† The late Countess of Dysart.
‡ Now Duke of Manchester, and the dearest and most valued of the author's friends.
§ Sir C. Wetherell.
‖ Sir C. W. and Mr. Hunt often sat on the same bench during the debates on the Reform Bill.

Attracted by each winning grace,
Near fair Maria claims a place;*
Or with thee shares the festive day,
And smiles in spite of Schedule A.

Though frowns may cloud thy placid cheek,
My overflowing heart *will* speak.
How sweetly glide uncounted hours
With thee,† in Ham's sequester'd bowers!
There converse, holy and serene,
Ennobles and endears the scene.
Thy spirit soars to realms above,
Where reigns a King, whose name is Love,
To bring from thence ethereal fire,
And animating hopes inspire.

BRIGHTON, *January* 14, 1832.

When thus, with new-born ardour fraught,
A blessing from on high is sought,
The heart bursts each enthralling chain,
Can calmly look on death as gain,
Feels each unhallow'd passion cease,
And all is friendship, all is peace.
Time thus from worldly trifles won,
Is blest eternity begun;
And, whilst we bend the suppliant knee,
This earth itself is Heaven with thee.

And now, dear Gen'ral, fare you well!
My muse's theme, I scarce need tell;
You must have voted, long before,
The author—and the word—a bore.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES,

AS REPRESENTED ON THE EDINBURGH STAGE IN DECEMBER 1845.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(*Concluded from page* 116 *of our February Number.*)

SUFFER me, reader, at this point, to borrow from myself, and do not betray me to the authorities that rule in this journal, if you happen to know [which is not likely] that I am taking an idea from a paper which years ago I wrote for an eminent literary journal. As I have no copy of that paper before me, it is impossible that I should save myself any labour of writing. The words at any rate I must invent afresh: and, as to the idea, you never *can* be such a churlish man as, by insisting on a new one, in effect to insist upon my writing a false one. In the following paragraph, therefore, I give the substance of a thought suggested by myself some years ago.

That kind of feeling, which broods over the Grecian tragedy, and to court which feeling the tragic poets of Greece naturally spread all their canvass, was more nearly allied to the atmosphere of death than that of life. This expresses rudely the character of awe and religious horror investing the Greek theatre. But to my own feeling the different principle of passion which governs the Grecian conception of tragedy, as compared with the English, is best conveyed by saying that the Grecian is a breathing from the world of sculpture, the English a breathing from the world of painting. What we read in sculpture is not absolutely death, but still less is it the fulness of life. We read there the abstraction of a life that reposes, the sublimity of a life that aspires, the solemnity of a life that is thrown to an infinite distance. This last is the feature of sculpture which seems most characteristic: the form which presides in the most commanding groups, "is not dead but sleepeth:" true, but it is the sleep of a life sequestrated, solemn, liberated from the bonds of space and time, and (as to both alike) thrown, (I repeat the words,) to a distance which is infinite. It affects us profoundly, but not by agitation. Now, on the other hand, the breathing life—life kindling, trembling, palpitating—that life which speaks to us in painting, this is also the life that speaks to us in English tragedy. Into an English tragedy even festivals of joy may enter; marriages, and baptisms, or commemorations of national trophies: which, or any thing *like* which, is incompatible with the very being of the Greek. In that tragedy what uniformity of gloom; in the English what light alternating with depths of darkness! The Greek, how mournful; the English, how tumultuous! Even the catastrophes how different! In the Greek we see a breathless waiting for a doom that cannot be evaded; a waiting, as it were, for the last shock of an earthquake, or the inexorable rising of a deluge: in the English it is like a midnight of shipwreck, from which up to the last and till the final ruin comes, there still survives the sort of hope that clings to human energies.

Connected with this original awfulness of the Greek tragedy, and possibly in part its cause, or at least lending strength to its cause, we may next remark the grand dimensions of the ancient theatres. Every citizen had a right to accommodation. *There* at once was a pledge of grandeur. Out of this original standard grew the magnificence of many a future amphitheatre, circus, hippodrome. Had the original theatre been merely a speculation of private interest, then, exactly as demand arose, a corresponding supply would have provided for it through its ordinary vulgar channels; and this supply would have taken place through rival theatres. But the crushing exaction of "room for *every* citizen," put an end to that process of subdivision. Drury Lane as I read, (or think that I read,) thirty years ago, allowed sitting room for three thousand eight hundred people. Multiply *that* by ten; imagine

* The lovely Marchioness of Ailesbury.
† This is addressed to the Duke of M.

thirty-eight thousand instead of thirty-eight hundred, and then you have an idea of the Athenian theatre.*

Next, out of that grandeur in the architectural proportions arose, as by necessity, other grandeurs. You are aware of the *cothurnus*, or buskin, which raised the actor's heel by two and a half inches; and you think that this must have caused a deformity in the general figure as incommensurate to this height. Not at all. The flowing dress of Greece healed all *that*.

But, besides the *cothurnus*, you have heard of the masque. So far as it was fitted to swell the intonations of the voice, you are of opinion that this masque would be a happy contrivance; for what, you say, could a common human voice avail against the vast radiation from the actor's centre of more than three myriads? If, indeed, (like the Homeric Stentor,) an actor spoke in point of loudness, ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα, as much as other fifty, then he might become audible to the assembled Athenians without aid. But this being impossible, art must be invoked; and well if the masque, together with contrivances of another class, could correct it. Yet if it could, still you think that this masque would bring along with it an overbalancing evil. For the expression, the fluctuating expression, of the features, the play of the muscles, the music of the eye and of the lips,—aids to acting that, in our times, have given immortality to scores, whither would those have vanished? Reader, it mortifies me that all which I said to you upon the peculiar and separate grandeur investing the Greek theatre is forgotten. For, you must consider, that where a theatre is built for receiving upwards of thirty thousand spectators, the curve described by what in modern times you would call the tiers of boxes, must be so vast as to make the ordinary scale of human features almost ridiculous by disproportion. Seat yourself at this day in the amphitheatre at Verona, and judge for yourself. In an amphitheatre, the stage, or properly the arena, occupying, in fact, the place of our modern pit, was much nearer than in a scenic theatre to the surrounding spectators. Allow for this, and placing some adult in a station expressing the distance of the Athenian stage, then judge by his appearance if the delicate pencilling of Grecian features could have told at the Grecian distance. But even if it could, then I say that this circumstantiality would have been hostile to the general tendencies (as already indicated,) of the Grecian drama. The sweeping movement of the Attic tragedy *ought* not to admit of interruption from *distinct* human features; the expression of an eye, the loveliness of a smile, *ought* to be lost amongst effects so colossal. The masque aggrandized the features: even so far it acted favourably. Then figure to yourself this masque presenting an idealized face of the noblest Grecian outline, moulded by some skilful artist *Phidiacâ manu*, so as to have the effect of a marble bust: this accorded with the aspiring *cothurnus*; and the motionless character impressed upon the features, the marble tranquillity, would (I contend) suit the solemn processional character of Athenian tragedy, far better than the most expressive and flexible countenance on its natural scale. "Yes," you say, on considering the character of the Greek drama, "generally it might; in forty-nine cases suppose out of fifty: but what shall be done in the fiftieth, where some dreadful discovery or *anagnorisis* (*i. e.* recognition of identity) takes place within the compass of a single line or two; as, for instance, in the Œdipus Tyrannus, at the moment when Œdipus by a final question of his own, extorts his first fatal discovery, viz. that he had been himself unconsciously the murderer of Laius?" True, he has no reason as yet to suspect that Laius was his own father; which discovery, when made further on, will draw with it another still more dreadful, viz. that by this parricide he had opened his road to a throne, and to a marriage with his father's widow, who was also his own natural mother. He does not yet know the worst: and to have killed an arrogant prince, would not in those days have seemed a very deep offence: but then he believes that the pestilence had been sent as a secret vengeance for this assassination, which is thus invested with a mysterious character of horror. Just at this point, Jocasta, his mother and his wife, says,† on witnessing the sudden revulsion of feeling in his face, "I shudder, oh king, when looking on thy countenance." Now, in what way could this passing spasm of horror be reconciled with the unchanging expression in the marble-looking masque? This, and similar cases to this, must surely be felt to argue a defect in the scenic apparatus. But I say, no: first, Because the general indistinctness from distance is a benefit that applies equally to the fugitive changes of the features and to their permanent expression. You need not regret the loss through *absence*, of an appearance that would equally, though present, have been lost through *distance*. Secondly, The Greek actor had always the resource, under such difficulties, of averting his face; a resource sanctioned in similar cases by the greatest of the Greek painters. Thirdly, The voluminous draperies of the scenic dresses, and generally of the Greek costume, made it an easy thing to muffle the features altogether by a gesture most natural to sudden horror. Fourthly, We must consider that there were no stage lights: but, on the contrary, that the general light of day was

* "*Athenian Theatre:*"—Many corrections remain to be made. Athens, in her bloom, was about as big as Calcutta, which contained, forty years ago, more than half a million of people; or as Naples, which (being long rated at three hundred thousand,) is now known to contain at least two hundred thousand more. The well known census of Demetrius Phalereus gave twenty-one thousand citizens. Multiply this by 5, or 4½, and you have their families. Add ten thousand, multiplied by 4½, for the *Inquilini*. Then add four hundred thousand for the slaves: total, about five hundred and fifty thousand. But upon the fluctuations of the Athenian population there is much room for speculation. And, quære, was not the population of Athens greater two centuries before Demetrius, in the days of Pericles?

† Having no Sophocles at hand, I quote from memory, not pretending therefore to exactness: but the sense is what I state.

specially mitigated for that particular part of the theatre; just as various architectural devices were employed to swell the volume of sound. Finally, I repeat my sincere opinion, that the general indistinctness of the expression was, on principles of taste, an advantage, as harmonising with the stately and sullen monotony of the Greek tragedy. Grandeur in the attitudes, in the gestures, in the groups, in the processions—all this was indispensable: but, on so vast a scale as the mighty cartoons of the Greek stage, an Attic artist as little regarded the details of physiognomy, as a great architect would regard, on the frontispiece of a temple, the miniature enrichments that might be suitable in a drawing-room.

With these views upon the Grecian theatre, and other views that it might oppress the reader to dwell upon in this place, suddenly in December last an opportunity dawned—a golden opportunity, gleaming for a moment amongst thick clouds of impossibility that had gathered through three-and-twenty centuries—for seeing a Grecian tragedy presented on a British stage, and with the nearest approach possible to the beauty of those Athenian pomps which Sophocles, which Phidias, which Pericles created, beautified, promoted. I protest, when seeing the Edinburgh theatre's *programme*, that a note dated from the Vatican would not have startled me more, though sealed with the seal of the fisherman, and requesting the favour of my company to take coffee with the Pope. Nay, less: for channels there were through which I might have compassed a presentation to his Holiness; but the daughter of Œdipus, the holy Antigone, could I have hoped to see *her* "in the flesh?" This tragedy in an English version,* and with German music, had first been placed before the eyes and ears of our countrymen at Covent Garden during the winter of 1844-5. It was said to have succeeded. And soon after a report sprang up, from nobody knew where, that Mr. Murray meant to reproduce it in Edinburgh.

What more natural? Connected so nearly with the noblest house of scenic artists that ever shook the hearts of nations, nobler than ever raised undying echoes amidst the mighty walls of Athens, of Rome, of Paris, of London,—himself a man of talents almost unparalleled for versatility,—why should not Mr. Murray, always so liberal in an age so ungrateful to *his* profession, have sacrificed something to this occasion? He, that sacrifices so much, why not sacrifice to the grandeur of the Antique? I was then in Edinburgh, or in its neighbourhood; and one morning, at a casual assembly of some literary friends, present Professor Wilson, Messrs. J. F., C. N., L. C., and others, advocates, scholars, lovers of classical literature, we proposed two resolutions, of which the first was, that the news was too good to be true. That passed nem. con.; and the second resolution was *nearly* passing, viz. that a judgment would certainly fall upon Mr. Murray, had a second report proved true, viz. that not the Antigone, but a burlesque on the Antigone, was what he meditated to introduce. This turned out false;† the original report was suddenly revived eight or ten months after. Immediately on the heels of the promise the execution followed; and on the last (which I believe was the seventh) representation of the Antigone, I prepared myself to attend.

It had been generally reported as characteristic of myself, that in respect to all coaches, steamboats, railroads, wedding-parties, baptisms, and so forth, there was a fatal necessity of my being a trifle too late. Some malicious fairy, not invited to my own baptism, was supposed to have endowed me with this infirmity. It occurred to me that for once in my life I would show the scandalousness of such a belief by being a trifle too soon, say, three minutes. And no name more lovely for inaugurating such a change, no memory with which I could more willingly connect any reformation, than thine, dear, noble Antigone! Accordingly, because a certain man, (whose name is down in my pocket-book for no good,) had told me that the doors of the theatre opened at half-past six, whereas, in fact, they opened at seven, there was I, if you please, freezing in the little colonnade of the theatre precisely as it wanted six-and-a-half minutes to seven,—six-and-a-half minutes observe too soon. Upon which this son of absurdity coolly remarked, that, if he had not set me half-an-hour forward, by my own showing, I should have been twenty-three-and-a-half minutes too late. What sophistry! But thus it happened, (namely, through the wickedness of this man,) that, upon entering the theatre, I found myself like Alexander Selkirk, in a frightful solitude, or like a single family of Arabs gathering at sunset about a solitary coffee-pot in the boundless desert. Was there an echo raised? it was from my own steps. Did any body cough? it was too evidently myself. I was the audience; I was the public. And, if any accident happened to the theatre, such as being burned down, Mr. Murray would certainly lay the blame upon me. My business meantime, as a critic, was—to find out the most malicious seat, *i. e.* the seat from which all things would take the most unfavourable aspect. I could not suit myself in this respect; however bad a situation might seem, I still fancied some other as promising to be worse. And I was not sorry when an audience, by mustering in strength through all parts of the house, began to divide my responsibility as to burning down the building, and, at the same time, to limit the caprices of my distracted choice. At last, and precisely at half past seven, the curtain drew up; a thing not strictly correct on a Grecian stage.

* *Whose* version, I do not know. But one unaccountable error was forced on one's notice. *Thebes*, which by Milton and by every scholar is made a monosyllable, is here made a dissyllable. But *Thebes*, the dissyllable, is a *Syrian* city. It is true that Causabon deduces from a Syriac word meaning a case or enclosure, (a *theca*,) the name of Thebes, whether Bœotian or Egyptian. It is probable, therefore, that Thebes the hundred-gated of Upper Egypt, Thebes the seven-gated of Greece, and Thebes of Syria, had all one origin as regards the name. But this matters not; it is the *English* name that we are concerned with.

† "*False:*" or rather inaccurate. The burlesque was not on the Antigone, but on the Medea of Euripides; and very amusing.

But in theatres, as in other places, one must forget and forgive. Then the music began, of which in a moment. The overture slipped out at one ear, as it entered the other, which, with submission to Mr. Mendelssohn, is a proof that it must be horribly bad; for, if ever there lived a man that in music can neither forget nor forgive, that man is myself. Whatever is very good never perishes from my remembrance,—that is, sounds in my ears by intervals for ever,—and for whatever is bad, I consign the author, in my wrath, to his own conscience, and to the tortures of his own discords. The most villanous things, however, have one merit; they are transitory as the best things; and *that* was true of the overture: it perished. Then, suddenly, —oh, heavens! what a revelation of beauty!— forth stepped, walking in brightness, the most faultless of Grecian marbles, Miss Helen Faucit as Antigone. What perfection of Athenian sculpture! the noble figure, the lovely arms, the fluent drapery! What an unveiling of the ideal statuesque! Is it Hebe? is it Aurora? is it a goddess that moves before us? Perfect she is in form; perfect in attitude;

> Beautiful exceedingly,
> Like a ladie from a far countrie.

Here was the redeeming jewel of the performance. It flattered one's patriotic feelings, to see this noble young countrywoman realizing so exquisitely, and restoring to our imaginations, the noblest of Grecian girls. We critics, dispersed through the house, in the very teeth of duty and conscience, all at one moment unanimously fell in love with Miss Faucit. We felt in our remorse, and did not pretend to deny, that our duty was—to be savage. But when was the voice of duty listened to in the first uproars of passion? One thing I regretted, viz. that from the indistinctness of my sight for distant faces, I could not accurately discriminate Miss Faucit's features; but I was told by my next neighbour that they were as true to the antique as her figure. Miss Faucit's voice is fine and impassioned, being deep for a female voice; but in this organ lay also the only blemish of her personation. In her last scene, which is injudiciously managed by the Greek poet,—too long by much, and perhaps misconceived in the modern way of understanding it,—her voice grew too husky to execute the cadences of the intonations: yet, even in this scene, her fall to the ground, under the burden of her farewell anguish, was in a high degree sculpturesque through the whole succession of its stages.

Antigone in the written drama, and still more in the personated drama, draws all thoughts so entirely to herself, as to leave little leisure for examining the other parts; and, under such circumstances, the first impulse of a critic's mind is, that he ought to massacre all the rest indiscriminately; it being clearly his duty to presume every thing bad which he is not unwillingly forced to confess good, or concerning which he retains no distinct recollection. But I, after the first glory of Antigone's *avatar* had subsided, applied myself to consider the general "setting" of this Theban jewel. Creon, whom the Greek tragic poets take delight in describing as a villain, has very little more to do, (until his own turn comes for grieving,) than to tell Antigone, by minute-guns, that die she must. "Well, uncle, don't say that so often," is the answer which, secretly, the audience whispers to Antigone. Our uncle grows tedious; and one wishes at last that he himself could be "put up the spout." Mr. Glover, from the sepulchral depth of his voice, gave effect to the odious Creontic menaces; and, in the final lamentations over the dead body of Hæmon, being a man of considerable intellectual power, Mr. Glover drew the part into a prominence which it is the fault of Sophocles to have authorized in that situation; for the closing sympathies of the spectator ought not to be diverted, for a moment, from Antigone.

But the chorus, how did *they* play their part? Mainly *their* part must have always depended on the character of the music: even at Athens, that must have been very much the case, and at Edinburgh altogether, because dancing on the Edinburgh stage there was none. How came *that* about? For the very word, "orchestral," suggests to a Greek ear *dancing*, as the leading element in the choral functions. Was it because dancing with us is never used mystically and symbolically, never used in our religious services? Still it would have been possible to invent solemn and intricate dances, that might have appeared abundantly significant, if expounded by impassioned music. But that music of Mendelssohn!—like it I cannot. Say not that Mendelssohn is a great composer. He *is* so. But here he was voluntarily abandoning the resources of his own genius, and the support of his divine art, in quest of a chimera: that is, in quest of a thing called Greek music, which for *us* seems far more irrecoverable than the "Greek fire." I myself, from an early date, was a student of this subject. I read book after book upon it; and each successive book sank me lower into darkness, until I had so vastly improved in ignorance, that I could myself have written a quarto upon it, which all the world should not have found it possible to understand. It should have taken three men to construe one sentence. I confess, however, to not having yet seen the writings upon this impracticable theme of Colonel Perronet Thompson. To write experimental music for choruses that are to support the else meagre outline of a Greek tragedy, will not do. Let experiments be tried upon worthless subjects; and if this of Mendelssohn's be Greek music, the sooner it takes itself off the better. Sophocles will be delivered from an incubus, and we from an affliction of the auditory nerves.

It strikes me that I see the source of this music. We, that were learning German some thirty years ago, must remember the noise made at that time about Mendelssohn, the Platonic philosopher. And why? Was there any thing particular in "Der Phædon," on the immortality of the soul? Not at all; it left us quite as mortal as it found us; and it has long since been found mortal itself. Its venerable remains are still to be met with in many worm-eaten trunks, pasted on the lids of which I have myself perused a matter of thirty pages, except for a part that had been too

closely perused by worms. But the key to all the popularity of the Platonic Mendelssohn, is to be sought in the whimsical nature of German liberality, which, in those days, forced Jews into paying toll at the gates of cities, under the title of "swine," but caressed their infidel philosophers. Now, in this category of Jew and infidel, stood the author of "Phædon." He was certainly liable to toll as a hog; but, on the other hand, he was much admired as one who despised the Pentateuch. Now *that* Mendelssohn, whose learned labours lined our trunks, was the father of *this* Mendelssohn, whose Greek music afflicts our ears. Naturally, then, it strikes me, that as "papa" Mendelssohn attended the synagogue to save appearances, the filial Mendelssohn would also attend it. I likewise attended the synagogue now and then at Liverpool, and elsewhere. We all three have been cruising in the same latitudes; and, trusting to my own remembrances, I should pronounce that Mendelssohn has stolen his Greek music from the synagogue. There was, in the first chorus of the "Antigone," one sublime ascent (and once repeated) that rang to heaven: it might have entered into the music of Jubal's lyre, or have glorified the timbrel of Miriam. All the rest, tried by the deep standard of my own feeling, that clamours for the impassioned in music, even as the daughter of the horse-leech says, "Give, give," is as much without meaning as most of the Hebrew chaunting that I heard at the Liverpool synagogue. I advise Mr. Murray, in the event of his ever reviving the "Antigone," to make the chorus sing the Hundredth Psalm, rather than Mendelssohn's music; or, which would be better still, to import from Lancashire the Handel chorus-singers.

But then, again, whatever change in the music were made, so as to "better the condition" of the poor audience, something should really be done to "better the condition" of the poor chorus. Think of these worthy men, in their white and sky-blue liveries, kept standing the whole evening; no seats allowed, no dancing; no tobacco; nothing to console them but Antigone's beauty; and all this in our climate, latitude 55°, 30th of December, and Fahrenheit groping about, I don't pretend to know where, but clearly on his road down to the wine cellar. Mr. Murray, I am perfectly sure, is too liberal to have grudged the expense, if he could have found any classic precedent for treating the chorus to a barrel of ale. Ale, he may object, is an unclassical tipple; but perhaps not. Xenophon, the most Attic of prose writers, mentions pointedly in his *Anabasis*, that the Ten Thousand, when retreating through snowy mountains, and in circumstances very like our General Elphinstone's retreat from Cabul, came upon a considerable stock of bottled ale. To be sure, the poor ignorant man calls it *barley wine*, [ὰνος χριθινος:] but the flavour was found so perfectly classical that not one man of the ten thousand, not even the Attic bee himself, is reported to have left any protest against it, or indeed to have left much of the ale.

But stop: perhaps I am intruding upon other men's space. Speaking, therefore, now finally to the principal question, How far did this memorable experiment succeed? I reply, that, in the sense of realizing all that the joint revivers proposed to realize, it succeeded; and failed only where these revivers had themselves failed to comprehend the magnificent tendencies of Greek tragedy, or where the limitations of our theatres, arising out of our habits and social differences, had made it impossible to succeed. In London, I believe that there are nearly thirty theatres, and many more, if every place of amusement (not bearing the technical name of *theatre*) were included. All these must be united to compose a building such as that which received the vast audiences, and consequently the vast spectacles, of some ancient cities. And yet, from a great mistake in our London and Edinburgh attempts to imitate the stage of the Greek theatres, little use was made of such advantages as really *were* at our disposal. The possible depth of the Edinburgh stage was not laid open. Instead of a regal hall in Thebes, I protest I took it for the boudoir of Antigone. It was painted in light colours, an error which was abominable, though possibly meant by the artist (but quite unnecessarily) as a proper ground for relieving the sumptuous dresses of the leading performers. The doors of entrance and exit were most unhappily managed. As to the dresses, those of Creon, of his queen, and of the two royal sisters, were good: chaste, and yet princely. The dress of the chorus was as bad as bad could be: a few surplices borrowed from Episcopal chapels, or rather the ornamented *albes*, &c. from any rich Roman Catholic establishment, would have been more effective. The *Coryphæus* himself seemed, to my eyes, no better than a railway labourer, fresh from tunneling or boring, and wearing a *blouse* to hide his working dress. These ill-used men ought to "strike" for better clothes, in case Antigone should again revisit the glimpses of an Edinburgh moon; and at the same time they might mutter a hint about the ale. But the great hinderances to a perfect restoration of a Greek tragedy, lie in peculiarities of our theatres that cannot be removed, because bound up with their purposes. I suppose that Salisbury Plain would seem too vast a theatre: but at least a cathedral would be required in dimensions, York Minster or Cologne. Lamp-light gives to us some advantages which the ancients had not. But much art would be required to train and organize the lights and the masses of superincumbent gloom, that should be such as to allow no calculation of the dimensions overhead. Aboriginal night should brood over the scene, and the sweeping movements of the scenic groups: bodily expression should be given to the obscure feeling of that dark power which moved in ancient tragedy: and we should be made to know why it is that, with the one exception of the *Persæ*, founded on the second Persian invasion,* in which Æschylus,

* But in this instance, perhaps, distance of space, combined with the unrivalled grandeur of the war, was felt to equiponderate the distance of time, Susa, the Persian capital, being fourteen hundred miles from Athens.

the author, was personally a combatant, and therefore a *contemporary*, not one of the thirty four Greek tragedies surviving, but recedes into the dusky shades of the heroic, or even fabulous times.

A failure, therefore, I think the "Antigone," in relation to an object that for us is unattainable; but a failure worth more than many ordinary successes. We are all deeply indebted to Mr. Murray's liberality, in two senses; to his liberal interest in the noblest section of ancient literature, and to his liberal disregard of expense. To have seen a Grecian play is a great remembrance. To have seen Miss Helen Faucit's Antigone, were *that* all, with her bust, ὡς ἀγαλματος,* and her uplifted arm "pleading against unjust tribunals," is worth ——what is it worth? Worth the money? How mean a thought! To see *Helen*, to see Helen of Greece, was the chief prayer of Marlow's Dr. Faustus; the chief gift which he exacted from the fiend. To see Helen of Greece? Dr. Faustus, we *have* seen her: Mr. Murray is the Mephistopheles that showed her to us. It was cheap at the price of a journey to Siberia, and is the next best thing to having seen Waterloo at sunset on the 18th of June 1815. †

JENNY BASKET; AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

(*Continued from page* 123 *of our February Number.*)

CHAPTER X.

"He spoke in darkness of their fate,
The madness of the desolate;
She listen'd to that voice, whose tone
Her inmost spirit seem'd to own,
As kindred with its tenderest thought,
And to despairing sorrow wrought:
Now own'd she love's resistless sway;
And HOPE sprang up amidst dismay."

CRAVEN.

THE sun had now disappeared from the horizon, and the shadows of night were settling down upon the low lands; which admonished the Iroquois to desist, and set up their tent for the night, on the narrow strip of land before described. They perceived, by the formation of the abrupt mountain, that the pass in which our company were climbing up, was the only place of ascent or descent; and they felt sure of a general capture in the morning. That the fugitives should not descend that pass and make their escape during night, the pursuers lighted their fire just at the foot of the craggy way, and kept that way well guarded during the night. With hard toil and most fatiguing labour, the pursued company reached the cave before described. Its mouth, which was too spacious to constitute it a natural fort, faced towards the pass; and it was only by penetrating to a kind of second room, and moving laterally behind jutting rocks, that the inmates of the cave were safe from fire-arms, pointed toward its mouth. Into this den of darkness and alpine horrors the party entered, just as the short-lived twilight of the western hemisphere was resigning an autumnal day for the darkness of a moonless night, with the horrid prospect of being aroused, on the following dawn, by the war-whoop of the bloody Iroquois, who were intent on their destruction. The young Englishman, who had manifested symptoms of fainting during their ascent, declined entering the cave for the present; but seated on a rock near its mouth, he politely bespoke the continued attentions of our heroine, who had so kindly aided him in the ascent up the mountain. Night had now drawn its curtains over the prospect. Its stillness was broken only by the sullen roar of the cataract which murmured at their feet.

The fire of the enemy flamed up from the valley,

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* στηθεα ὡς ἀγαλματος, *her bosom as the bosom of a statue;* an expression of Euripides, and applied, I think, to Polyxena at the moment of her sacrifice on the tomb of Achilles, as the bride that was being married to him at the moment of his death.

† Amongst the questions which occurred to me as requiring an answer, in connexion with this revival, was one with regard to the comparative fitness of the Antigone for giving a representative idea of the Greek stage. I am of opinion that it was the worst choice which could have been made; and for the very reason which no doubt governed that choice, viz.—because the austerity of the tragic passion is disfigured by a love episode. Rousseau, in his letter to D'Alembert upon his article *Genève*, in the French Encyclopédie, asks,—"*Qui est-ce qui doute que, sur nos théatres, la meilleure pièce de Sophocle ne tombât tout-à-plat?*" And his reason (as collected from other passages) is—because an interest derived from the passion of sexual love can rarely be found on the Greek stage, and yet cannot be dispensed with on that of Paris. But why was it so rare on the Greek stage? Not from accident, but because it did not harmonize with the principle of that stage, and its vast overhanging gloom. It is the great infirmity of the French, and connected constitutionally with the gaiety of their temperament, that they cannot sympathize with this terrific mode of grandeur. We can. And for *us* the choice should have been more purely and severely Grecian; whilst the slenderness of the plot in any Greek tragedy, would require a far more effective support from tumultuous movement in the chorus. Even the French are not uniformly insensible to this Grecian grandeur. I remember that Voltaire, amongst many just remarks on the Electra of Sophocles, mixed with others that are *not* just, bitterly condemns this demand for a love fable on the French stage, and illustrates its extravagance by the French tragedy on the same subject, of Crebillon. He (in default of any more suitable resource) has actually made Electra, whose character on the Greek stage is even painfully vindictive, in love with an imaginary son of Ægisthus, her father's murderer. Something should also have been said of Mrs. Leigh Murray's Ismene, which was very effective in supporting and in relieving the magnificent impression of Antigone. I ought also to have added a note on the scenic masque, and the common notion, (not authorized, I am satisfied, by the practice in the *supreme* era of Pericles,) that it exhibited a Janus face, the windward side expressing grief or horror, the leeward expressing tranquillity. Believe it not, reader. But on this and other points, it will be better to speak circumstantially, in a separate paper on the Greek drama, as a majestic but very exclusive and almost, if one may say so, bigoted form of the scenic art.

throwing a lurid ghastliness over the rugged landscape, gilding the forest trees around, and rendering the dark bodies of the moving foe horrifically visible, as they were preparing their arms for the coming morning.

"How unfortunate," observed the Englishman, "it is for me, who am by choice a forester, that just at this juncture, when the claims of female dependence cast the duty upon me, I am rendered unable to discharge that duty: nay, that I should now require female sympathy and the tender hand of kindness to sustain me."

"Indisposition," responded Jane, "needs no apology." With this, Jane rose and was about to enter the cave. The voice of the Englishman arrested her. It was a voice naturally of moving eloquence, and deep sincerity; but now, being made plaintive and tremulous by weakness, was rendered more effective on the female heart. The words were—"My dearest Jane, I pray you, do not leave me."

For a moment Miss Stirling thought of resenting such a liberty of expression, coming from one so little known to her; yet those witching tones, in which the offensive words "*My dearest*" were conveyed, operating on a heart predisposed to love the stranger, served only to produce silence and embarrassment.

"If my name, my character, my family, and my fortune, are unknown to you," resumed the patient, "yours are equally unknown to me. The extent of my information respecting yourself is, that your Indian name signifies *The mountain Rose*. The Dutch call you *Jenny Basket*. The young officer with us calls you sister Jane; and the servants, Miss Stirling. I supposed the kind old gentleman, of military air, whom I saw at the Mountain-house, was your father. Who he is, or what, I know not: but this I know"—and here a deep sigh, which came up from the bottom of a manly heart, for a moment suppressed utterance. The patient repeated—"This I know, that without a miracle being wrought in our favour, (pointing his finger to the lurid fire of the Iroquois,) the tongue that now speaks to you, and the heart which dictates the words; ay, and the ear which now condescends to listen, will be cold and dead as these gray rocks, before another sun shall shine on this mountain."

The impassioned sincerity with which this announcement was made, drew the auditor beside the speaker, where she resumed her seat. And the speaker gently taking the hand of the hearer in his own, thus continued:—"Be thou what thou mayest, I cannot close my eyes in death without unfolding to one whose gentle heart has won ——"

"How now, *yungons*," cried Cudjoe, as he issued from the cave, "wha—what do ye here in the dark? dere's no mone till night: jist come in out of the could wind. Shenandoah and I has lit up the flambows inside, spread down the buffalos and blankets as comfortable as we can; and he says that you, Johnstone, must be steeped with yarbs to-night, or ye'll be plaguy sick to-morrow. And as for Shenandoah, he knows a thing or two about roots and yarbs, and human ailments, though he is getting old and can't do as once; but, howsomever, may be these cursed Iroquois will put us all out of trouble by to-morrow's sun-rise. Be that as it may, come, come in, I say."

Thus speaking, the brawny forester laid hold of Johnstone, and without ceremony carried him into the second room in the cave. Already Shenandoah had got his fire blazing, and a camp-kettle filled with Indian medicines. While the bubbles were rising to the surface of the boiling kettle, the aged chief in deep abstraction, and resting his forehead on his skinny hand, imperceptibly, and forgetful of his Christian conversion, was holding communion with invisible agents, and repeating, in under tones, incantations sacred to the native tribes, and which are supposed by them to be sovereign in expelling unearthly demons, to whose agency sickness is ascribed. The patient, Jane Stirling, and Cudjoe, were the only persons present who could understand the language, and comprehend those mystic rites; hence Mr. Asbury, who hoped that his instructions while at German-flats had cured the aged convert of paganism, charitably construed those monotonous sounds used by the chief into Christian prayer. Still, not being sure that the fact was so, he graciously hinted that he did not hear the name of Jesus Christ in the prayer; and knowing that the Indian language had no word to denominate that divine personage, he said to the chief, "Remember that you ask all in the name of the Saviour of sinful men."

"Yes," responded Shenandoah, in imperfect English. "He save him from the black witch of the dismal swamp, the flying witch of Ogechee: he medisum,—he save him."

"No, no," cried Mr. Asbury; "not the medicine that can save him, but Jesus Christ."

"Oh, yes," says the Christian chief; "I see now. He save 'em, Jesum Christ too, if he be wounded with a spear, if he boil with white bubble,—he save all that come unto him. The witch of Oriskanee he made Biglog hot very much, and much dry with fever. I look on the Great Spirit when he medisum boil, and said, 'Joggo! get out, prison witch!' and he go up in the smoke, and gone by the second sun." And then, relapsing into the Indian dialect, the incantation went on, till Mr. Asbury, still fearful of pagan rites, was about to interfere a second time, when Cudjoe, who by this time had entered into the spirit of his master's mysterious devotions, spoke out with commanding authority, "Hold still, Asbury; you'll break the charm if you put in any of your Bible lingo now. Shenandoah has brought it almost up to the right pitch; and if you speak, it will all go down, and he'll have to do it all over again."

Mr. Asbury groaned in spirit, and lifted his eyes upwards.

The medicine being thus prepared, thus consecrated, was duly administered to the patient; while blankets dipped in hot water were muffled around him; and heated stones, suddenly plunged in water and then rolled in a blanket, were placed at his feet. "Be quiet," laconically enjoined the

royal doctor, as he left the cave for its outer porch.

Overcome by fatigue, Robert Brown and Nanny had forgotten the perils of the day, and were probably dreaming of former scenes and countries far distant. Lieutenant Stirling's head, too, was reclining against a rock, while seated on a buffalo robe; and his hard breathing was the only sign of complaint against his still harder pillow. Mr. Asbury's pocket Bible was in his hand, as he sat under the light of an Indian flambeau; but even circumstances so peculiar, and further perils so imminent, could not prevent the lines of the small print from seeming to run into each other in obscure confusion; till at length the disciple of Wesley might be seen with open book, but closed eyes, as the light streamed down upon his well-turned forehead.

While four of the company were thus lost in dreams, our heroine had been busily engaged in those tender attentions to the sick, which are ever grateful when administered by a female hand. The pores of the sufferer began to get open under the Indian mode of treatment; and feeling easier, though not inclined to sleep, he removed the blanket from his head, that he might look around their rocky room. Not noticing the foresters in the group, he ventured to call the attention of Jane to the fact of their absence.

Indians have a unique habit in leaving a room. They slip out in a noiseless, stealthy way; and they are accustomed to watch the movements of those in the house, so as, if possible, to make their exit unobserved. The absent foresters had done so on this occasion; and Miss Stirling was unable to tell how long they had been out.

"Dare you venture to the mouth of the cave?" asked the patient. "It may be they are seated on the rock where we were sitting, to watch the movement of the foe."

"*Dare* I?" answered Jane, with a smile. At this she left the inner room, and hastened to the mouth of the cave.

Jane stood upon the projecting rock where she and her patient had lately been sitting; and though the declining fires of the Iroquois were dimly revealing the lank forms of seven sleeping warriors, muffled in their blankets, lying at the foot of the pass, yet Jane's thoughts reverted to that interesting moment, when seated on that very rock, the impassioned words of Johnstone met her ear, and found a way to her heart,—"'I cannot close my eyes in death without unfolding to one whose gentle heart has won——' I wonder what would have been the next words," apostrophized Jane, "if the hoarse voice of Cudjoe had not arrested the sentence?" Checking herself in these untimely thoughts, she repeated, "Seven?—ay, seven only of the Iroquois lie stretched there before that fire. We counted ten in the batteau; and though one fell by Cudjoe's rifle, and another by Shenandoah's, still there should be eight remaining alive." At that moment the white blanket, and the high plume of eagle-feathers, of a wakeful chief, were dimly descried on the wrought steps in the mountain pass, but a few rods below the maiden; and the blaze and sharp report of a rifle were simultaneous with the striking of a leaden ball against the very rock upon which she stood. On a second look towards the fires, and probably aided by their reflection, or by the fancy of the spectator, she imagined that she could detect Butler silently skipping down the declivity, having been up to reconnoitre the position of the stronghold.

Indians never dispose themselves to sleep, without selecting from their number at least one wakeful sentinel. In time of peace, and on hunting excursions, this duty is assigned to some trusty squaw; but in war, and when peril is nigh, the trust is committed to vigilant warriors, of wakeful eyes and subtle circumspection. Soldiers on guard, in civilized warfare, have often been found sleeping upon their post: but a sleeping sentinel, around an Indian camp, would be a thing unknown.

Jane looked out in every direction. Their leaders were nowhere to be seen. The report of the rifle had startled up each sleeping warrior, who now stood in the light of the fire, with his rifle in his hand. As the reconnoitrer returned to the camp, and got within the reflection of the light, Miss Stirling distinctly recognised him as Butler, who now was imparting what he had discovered to his listening comrades. Learning the cause of the rifle-report, the warriors immediately resumed their hard beds, and all was quiet. The noise of the rifle, though much nearer the cave than the Indian camp, and though heard in terror by the patient, failed to have the same effect on the white sleepers as on their more vigilant foes. The book of Mr. Asbury had fallen from his hand; his arm, resting on the rock, served as a pillow for his head; while the nasal music which filled the cave indicated deep sleep, and a total oblivion of prospective dangers.

"Was that Cudjoe's rifle?" inquired the patient, as his nurse re-entered the cave.

"I think not," replied the considerate Jane.

"Whose was it, then?" added Johnstone.

"It came from the Iroquois' camp," was the reply.

"Heaven defend us! and where are our leaders at this critical moment?" nervously exclaimed the sick man.

"I know not," replied Jane; "but I observe they have not taken their rifles. They stand there with yours, where they were placed when we first entered the cave."

"Most extraordinary!" added the young man. "I have been with the native tribes for these two years, and have wandered with these very foresters, who are now mysteriously absent, for many thousand leagues, yet have I never known them, either by night or by day, to be separated from their rifles, even for one half hour. A melancholy foreboding now comes over me; and though I should be the last to alarm the fears of one whom I so fondly love——." Jane struggled to hide her burning blushes, and to suppress her gushing tears, which the last four words of Johnstone had called forth. But it was all in vain. Nature triumphed over artificial refinements, and Jane sprang to

support the sinking head of the patient, as his trembling hand was about to fail in its support of his head; while he thus proceeded, — "A melancholy foreboding comes over me, that ere this our leaders have flung themselves from the western precipice of this mountain into the boiling cataract, or on the rugged rocks, to escape the certain capture which awaits us in the morning. Do you know, my dearest Jane, that these Indians will never be taken prisoners of war by each other, if any other expedient can be resorted to? Hence they invoke the stroke of a fellow warrior, or even venture on self-destruction, when they have abandoned all hope of escape, rather than fall into the hands of a hostile band."

"I was not aware of this usage among savages," soothingly responded Miss Stirling; "but certainly we should have better hopes of Shenandoah, who has embraced the Christian's faith; and as for Cudjoe, his conduct would be guided entirely by the king, whom he so faithfully serves."

"You say true," rejoined the patient, "as to Cudjoe's devotion to the chief; yet, remember the scene around the ancient graves, on German-flats: that must have taught you, that even the doctrines of the cross fail to redeem these native converts from the power of Indian habits and superstitions, which still exert their influence over them. Oh, my lovely Jane! the presence of these rifles furnishes such proof to my apprehensions, that it would be presumptuous to hope, and cruel in me not to tell you frankly that we are lost!" A solemn and death-like silence succeeded this announcement. The patient again reclined his head upon the couch, and tenderly taking the hand of his adored one in his, proceeded thus,—"I had fondly hoped that a day would come, when it would be proper for me to tender my hand to the being who alone holds my heart; and that we both together, retiring to some sylvan retreat, far from the treachery of the world, might realize the bliss provided by a merciful Providence for the pure in heart, and which, in a great measure, has been destroyed by the artificial and conventional usages of society. But that day can never come; no, never. Yet, as I was saying, while we sat upon the rock at the entrance of this cave, just as Cudjoe came upon us, I cannot close my eyes in death without unfolding to one who has won my deepest affections, the truth of my passion, and tendering my heart, and plighting my troth, to be hers only, even in the embrace of death."

CHAPTER XI.

To the dread rattling thunder
Have I not given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt? the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth,
By my so potent art.

SHAKSPERE.

The ardour of this passionate declaration, mixed with the frenzied fever of the patient, had given such a tremor to the voice, and nervous action to the hand that held Jane's, that she timidly withdrew hers, and gently laid her fingers on his beating temples, before she answered. And thus, sitting beside his couch, and numbering, as it were, the bounding pulse upon his temples, she replied: "This long absence of the foresters, when we so much need their countenance, is indeed extraordinary. But even this, so calculated to increase our alarm, should not loosen our hold on divine providence, nor cause the daughter of Lord Stirling to commit an indiscretion. Belonging, as I do, to the ancient peerage of Scotland, whatever may be the impressions made on my heart——." And here she paused, while her fingers trembled in unison with the beating pulse, and a round pearly drop, rolling from her hazel eye, suffused her cheek, and fell upon the patient's forehead, as she bent over him,—"Belonging to the ancient peerage of Scotland," she resumed, "never can I be so far lost to a sense of what is due to the conventional usages of society, as you are pleased to term them, as to accept a lover till I know something of his family and his history. I know you as an eccentric forester merely; but could I know that you were even respectably connected, I do not say, nay, my heart will not allow me to say, that your hand would be rejected, though by those same conventional usages I might be condemned for stooping from my rank."

A proud curl of the forester's lip might at that moment have been seen: it passed off in a moment; and to Jane's charitable apprehension it was but a muscular contortion occasioned by a darting pain in the patient's temple.

"Whatever be my family, my character, or my country," replied the patient, "a solemn vow, which I took upon myself on leaving the home of my ancestors, renders them a secret, not now to be revealed. The time may come when that vow will be no longer binding; and rest assured that my dearest Miss Stirling shall be the first to know that I am worthy or unworthy of her hand. What do I say? the dreams of the future were beguiling me. The time may come! No, never. The night passes: the eagles of the mountain, or the fishes of the Mohawk, will banquet on the mangled corpses of our leaders; while we, pent up in this rocky tomb, will be suffocated by smoke, coming from a fire kindled at its mouth; or being dragged out, Indian captives, we shall expire amid kindling flames at the stake. Oh, my adored one! let us here join our hands, and plight our faith to be one in heaven, should the light of another sun never again cheer us on this side of immortality."

"No, never, until my reasonable terms be complied with," was Miss Stirling's firm reply, though her heaving bosom and trembling voice revealed a dissenting heart, which in its emotions was struggling to say yes. She resumed, "Sir, try to compose yourself; this fever I fear has been too busy with your imagination, and left you less of daring and of fortitude than you possessed when first I saw you. Be it that our leaders have forsaken us in despair, as I now begin to fear; we will remove your couch behind yon projecting rock; my brother Charles shall learn the

use of the rifle; Robert Brown can use another; and if Mr. Asbury has scruples of conscience to shed blood in self-defence, I hope that I shall not forfeit your good opinion, should I from necessity become a little masculine. We shall hold a council of war when our friends awake. In the meantime, dismiss your apprehensions. By the bye," she added, softening down a little, as she looked on the labouring emotions of the young man, and reverting to the former subject, "my dear friend, I should have appended one more condition to my terms, before I gave encouragement. I cannot give my hand, however disposed my heart may be, to you, until I have discharged my duty to another." —

"To another!" cried Johnstone, with an hysteric scream, as he sprang upright in his couch, and looked the very picture of frenzied jealousy and despair.

"Be calm, lie down, my dear," soothingly said the compassionate nurse, as she gently pressed him again to his pillow. "I said my duty, not my love, or at least not that love of which this heart is capable. But there is one" — and here the patient's look assumed an almost unearthly scrutiny — "to whom I owe my highest duty on this side heaven, until this bloody struggle shall come to an end. That one, though not a lover, has won my allegiance, and has right to claim my service. Could you have heard him in the dead night-watches, as I have heard him, and in that very rock-room of the Mountain-house, when he supposed all ears were closed but His who heareth prayer, and all eyes shut but His who never slumbers nor sleeps, but leadeth Joseph like a flock; could you have heard him presenting so humble and sinful a being as myself, to the throne of the heavenly grace, saying — 'and grant, O most merciful Father, to shield her youthful head by thine Almighty arm; prosper her in her doings; defend her from the assaults of this evil world; and bring her to thine eternal kingdom;' — could you have heard him pray this for you, and in the manner which he prayed it, you too would have been won to his person, and to the cause of that country for whose prosperity he at the same time prayed. That one has fixed my purpose to aid the cause in which he is engaged, and to devote the feeble energies of a woman in favour of my adopted country, until the distraction and turmoil which now disturb and deform it, be hushed to peace, and a new empire be numbered among the nations of the earth. That one is no other than the illustrious and unrivalled WASHINGTON."

Miss Stirling's voice became animated as she spoke thus. Her brother Charles was aroused.

"Oh! I have had a fearful dream," exclaimed he, as he rubbed his eyes, and returned to consciousness. "What is the day of the month? — Let's see — October has come in — Yes, it is the second day of October. I must note it in my memorandum book, and hereafter compare the date with what I shall hear of my dear friend André. I tremble to think of what has befallen him."

The young officer was agitated in every limb, as he delivered the above, in broken sentences.

"What has come over you, dear Charles?" cried his compassionate sister. "I fear your bed has proved harder than the mountain heather, and frightful dreams are the offspring of unquiet sleep."

"No common dream, I can assure you," replied Charles; "when I as plainly saw the person, and heard the voice of my generous friend, Major André, as I ever saw or heard them in my life."

"Oh, is that all?" cheeringly said Jane, "It is a good omen to be visited by absent friends, when we are in tribulation."

"Ay, dear sister, well may you say absent friend, in this sad case. No sooner had I met my friend than he held up to my astonished gaze his own death warrant, bearing the signature of GEORGE WASHINGTON, in a large bold hand; and though I never saw the autograph of that illustrious General, I will venture to predict, that should I ever see it, I shall at once recognise it, from a vivid recollection of what I saw of that death warrant."

"Dismiss your fears," cried Jane, as she drew from her bosom a passport, bearing the General's name.

Charles started back with a scream of agony, while a deathly paleness came over his face, as he hid it from the exhibited autograph, covering his eyes with his hands.

"Most extraordinary," reflectingly observed the interested patient. "But your brother requires water to revive him. I fear these hardships — but they'll soon be over to all of us."

Jane dashed some water in her brother's face, and gave him some to drink from an Indian ladle, which the foresters had secured in their flight.

The young officer soon came round, and in an anxious subdued voice proceeded as follows: —

"Pardon this weakness. It is the stinging rebukes of conscience, joined with the certainty that Major André is no more. After he had shown me the death warrant——"

"You mean, brother, after you *dreamed* of seeing it," interrupted Jane.

"No, I saw it, as plainly as I saw that passport in your hand, and the handwriting was identically the same," replied Charles: "and that was not the most appaling part of the spectacle. The subdued and sorrowful look of my friend, as he ardently pressed my hand, while he said, 'Remember my mother and sister,' is now vivid to my recollection, and will be retained to the day of my death. And then, the scene changed. I saw him on a gibbet, afterwards in his coffin; and I heard the cold clods falling over him, as he was interred by the hands, and bewailed by the tears of strangers."

"Extraordinary!" responded Miss Stirling and the patient in the same breath.

The reader of the history of these events need not be told that, in point of fact, the second day of October 1780, witnessed the execution of Adjutant-General John André, as has been before recorded.

"But where are our guides?" cried Charles,

whose dream, or second sight, as it may well be called, had hitherto diverted him from noticing their absence.

"Where indeed?" answered Jane; "they have not been here since midnight, to my recollection, and they may have gone an hour or two before."

"Gone! gone where?"

"Ay, that is the question, brother, which we are unable to solve; for—"

At that moment the well known whoop or unearthly scream of the Iroquois broke upon their ears; and the echoing caverns, by prolonging and repeating it, seemed to multiply their besiegers into legions. This effectually roused the sleepers. Robert Brown was on his feet in a moment, instinctively moving towards the rifles, which stood in a corner of the cave.

"But, I can get no shot," despondingly soliloquized this faithful servant of Lord Stirling, "without going out of the mouth of the cave; and the moment I am there, I'm a dead man."

This was too true. And the fact rendered the rifles in the cave wholly useless in defence. Old Nanny had only risen to her knees, half supporting her oblique posture by one hand upon the floor of the cave; and being but half awake from a frightful dream, her eyes glared wildly around the cave, still obscurely lighted by the expiring flambeaux. A second war-whoop, which arose above the noise of the cataract, and seemed to penetrate the heart of the mountain, brought both Mr. Asbury and old Nanny to their feet.

"Where are our guides?" were the first words of the divine.

"We have but one left," replied Miss Stirling, "He that guided the three Hebrew children through the fiery furnace, when the form of a fourth was seen to walk with them amidst the fire, alone remains to defend us."

"Let us go to the mouth of the cave," cries the preacher to Charles.

They went; and to their surprise the Iroquois had left their encampment, and were seen holding on to the rocks in their ascent up the mountain, and had already made considerable progress towards the cave. Though the fires within the cave had till then thrown their reflections upon the walls, making it appear like night in that subterranean lodge; yet on getting out, a cloudless day had broken upon the world, and one of those golden suns had begun to tinge the top of the mountain, revealing a delightful change in the weather, and giving promise of an American Indian summer, which generally commences in October, and continues until Christmas. O, it was a lovely morning, but in wide contrast with the dismal prospects of the besieged fugitives. The roar of that waterfall, whose leaping waters sparkled in the beams of morning, was like a solemn dirge to the ears of these two beholders, whose eyes had lost their relish for the grandeur and beauties of nature, and were strained towards every point of the compass to light on their forest guides, in whom alone they had earthly hopes. But the guides were no where to be seen. The ascending warriors had had their attention diverted for a short time from the mouth of the cave, having to encounter one of the dangerous passes to the cave, formed by almost perpendicular rocks: and this difficulty had given time to our two friends at the mouth of the cave to make those observations above noted. But no sooner had the Iroquois obtained better foothold, than rifle-balls spattered at the feet of the observers, clipping off innumerable fragments of rock around the mouth of the cave. These stinging monitors drove back the observers, after they had taken a melancholy gaze on the rising sun, which to them in all human probability was to rise or set no more. It remained for the preacher to report what they had seen and felt, and to prepare the minds of the forlorn party for that awful change which awaited them.

The ashy pale countenance and quivering lips of Mr. Asbury were incontestible evidences that hope had fled, and sudden death was inevitable. "My friends," said Mr. Asbury, in a voice husky and sepulchral, "our guides are gone — the enemy are near at hand — what can we do? I'm not prepared to address you — indeed, we have no time:—I now feel that I need supporting grace myself:—Lord have mercy on my soul! — Jesus grant us dying grace!" With these words the preacher dropped upon his knees, covering his eyes with his hands, while he groaned in mental agony. Robert Brown and old Nanny kneeled to share in the benefits of the prayer; Robert, in the corner, where the rifles stood, fixing his hand on the breech of one of them; while Nanny kept close to the preacher. The violent fever of the patient had now subsided, and this was no time for sleep. Another wild shout proclaimed the near approach of the savages; and sundry bullets entering at the cave's mouth, struck the upper ceiling, and struck off pieces of rock, which came down near the feet of the kneeling parson. Nanny screamed, and was in hysterics; the preacher merely drew up his feet; "Johnstone" sprang from his bed, and, folding a blanket around him, seized one of the rifles; the lieutenant had his hand upon another; while Jane was trying to raise the remaining one, which seemed somehow encumbered by the arm of the praying Robert. And now the wild voices of the approaching savages became more and and more fearfully distinct; revealing to the besieged that their foes were now approaching the last narrow pass, and that, in a few minutes they would stand before the mouth of the cave. The devotions of Mr. Asbury had grown from silent ejaculations and suppressed groaning, to oral prayer. A tremendous earthquake seemed to shake the mountain. It seemed as if part of the mountain had fallen above the cave; rumbling, and jarring, and splitting the rocks overhead! Prayer ceased; and every mortal in that rocky vault instinctively sprang from the impending ruin to the mouth of the cave. What a scene met their astonished gaze! A massive rock, of many tons weight, was, at that moment, rolling, bounding, leaping, grating, and jarring through that frightful narrow pass, where, in awful terror, stood the cowering Iroquois, who, in a moment,

were swept down the frightful declivity. The disparted rock rolled on, shrouding the horrible scene; and yet, strange to tell, above, and nearer to the cave than where this frightful avalanche had done its work of death, two living warriors rose to their feet, from behind projecting rocks, and, in terror, were moving down the declivity. A voice, as from the upper regions, now saluted the ears of the besieged, — a voice loud, clear, and commanding, — "Go back into the cave or you die!" The awe-stricken company obeyed as if by instinct. In a moment, a second earthquake shook the place where they were. They sprang, as before, to the cave's mouth; when, lo! another mountain of rock was bounding behind the two escaped warriors. One of them disappeared from the view of the beholders, and they thought him ground to powder beneath the falling rock. The blanket of the other seemed caught by a projecting fragment of the falling mass; or that sharp fragment had pierced the body of the warrior, fastening him to the descending rock. And as the rock increased in its velocity, and whirled and bounded down the mountain, the extended limbs of the transfixed warrior floated in the air, whirling and bounding with the disparted rock, until both together, leaping over the narrow trail, plunged into the vortex of the Mohawk, which boils below the cataract. It was a scene of terror and amazement! But a moment before, and the tenants of the rocky cave, cowered, trembling on the verge of existence; now they stood in the light of a cheering sun; the mists of night were rising above the mountain-tops, unveiling the outlines of sublime and bold scenery; the chiming waterfall discoursed music to the surrounding echoes; the birds, on the forest trees, woke their morning song, and all Nature seemed new, and lovely, and inspiring. But where were the Iroquois? — Their memorial was written in blood on the rugged rocks of the dangerous pass. The redeemed party stood and looked down that pass, now all forsaken and tenantless: the sudden transition, the gush of intense feeling, the mingled sentiments of gratitude to Heaven for deliverance, and commiseration for the awful fate of those who had perished, hushed the party into silence; and they stood, and gazed, and wept! While thus rapt in speechless wonder and awe, Cudjoe, on a sudden, bounded into the midst of them, and thus broke silence: — "Whoa-wa! couldn't ye stand it in the cave? I told Shenandoah that the big rocks, let loose over the cave, would make a bluster among ye. But then, d'ye see, the cave and the pass was the lowest pint in the mountain; and, somehow, *rather* big stones let loose, will always be *arter* the lowest pints; so we'd no choice; but *zuckers!* if you'd not run in when Shenandoah squalled out to ye, ye'd all got confusticated as well as them black varmint. Don't depend on that bush, Shenandoah: the roots only sprangle on the surface; they can't get into the rock; and I liked to pull it up as I came down, and tumble down with it." On the eyes of the company being turned to the point indicated by the speaker, they beheld the king of the Oneidas clambering down from a frightful crag of rock, which, rising abruptly at the back of the cave, formed a wild and broken pinnacle to the mountain. From that pinnacle, rocks of immense weight were still hanging, as it were, in frightful equipoise, requiring but a little effort to loosen them from their beds, and send them thundering down the rocky pass. The two faithful foresters had spent the livelong night in preparing the rocks, on that pinnacle, for the frightful avalanche which has just been described.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

FLOWERS PLANTED IN HONOUR OF THREE SISTERS.

Bloom, sweetly bloom, ye flow'rets fair,
Nursed by affection's tend'rest care,
Fann'd by the softest breath of spring
That scents the zephyr's lightest wing;
May all your glossy leaflets spread
With choicest dews upon them shed.
In Winter's dark and cloudy day,
May lingering beauty round you play,
And silvery hope, with sweetest chime,
Whisper the joys of summer time.
May clustering flowers of beauty gem
Love's coronet on every stem,
And Flora breathe her sweetest grace,
The guardian of this sacred place.

Thus sweetly bloom the lovely three,
Like buds upon one parent tree:
In all the joyous light of youth,
In all the purity of truth;
Fresh as the rose-bud, sweet and young,
With pearly dew-drops round it hung;
Pure as the lily's leaves of snow,
Calm as the streamlet's noiseless flow,
Whose sunny waters sink to rest
Upon the lake's untroubled breast.

Thus sweetly bloom the sister-band;
May time new graces still expand,
Till, gather'd to the land of love,
The paradise of God above,
To grow in beauty side by side,
Where streams of life for ever glide.

A. W.

SLEEP.

Sleep! mild and beautiful sleep!
Luller of thought!
Swiftly my soul with thy spirit steep,
Upgather'd into thy bosom deep,
Alive to nought.

Deep as a fathomless lake,
The restless play
Of curling billows that boil and break,
Still'd until night with the silence, ache
And long for day.

Soft as the shadowéd moon
In waters deep;
Calm as the presence of burning June,
Hushing the winds in the languid noon,—
Come, sweet sleep!

P. L.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF ENGLISH CHANCELLORS.

(*Continued from page 84 of our February Number.*)

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

With the era of Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Campbell's Biographies of the Chancellors assume a new aspect, and become thenceforth "Lives;" entitled as much by their amplitude, as by their varied excellences, to take and hold a place in English literature, as histories telling all that can ever now be known of the eminent persons portrayed. From this epoch, also, the work possesses greater interest, from the individual characters of the Chancellors of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the many memorable events of that period of our national history, with which they were directly connected.

The indomitable genius of Wolsey, his princely munificence, and the heroic qualities—the nobler part of man—which his downfal drew into light, if they have not somewhat influenced the opinions of his biographer, have disposed him to tenderness for the splendid transgressor, in which the reader cannot help sharing, though sometimes against his better judgment.

The leading facts of the biography of Wolsey differ in no essential particular from those with which English readers are already familiar. The future Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor of England, and—a dignity in which he took far more pride—the Legate *à latere*, was beyond question the son of a butcher of Ipswich. He was one of those men on whom Nature, from their birth, impresses the outward stamp of greatness. Little or nothing is known of his childhood or school days; but his father's neighbours contributed to send the promising genius to Oxford. He took his degree at Magdalen College so early, as to have been, in ridicule, styled the "Boy Bachelor." In the very zenith of his fortune Wolsey boasted of this nickname, as proof of his early attainments in literature. He was still very young when elected a fellow of his college, and appointed head-master of the school connected with it. He is said to have been most assiduous in his duties, devoted to the interests, and filled with the pride, of learning. While thus engaged he became acquainted with the youthful friends More and Erasmus.

Another crisis, if not indeed the turning point of Wolsey's fortunes, was at hand, to which Lord Campbell thus adverts:—

> The probability at this time was, that he would spend the rest of his days in the University, and that his ambition (which could not have aspired higher) might be crowned with the headship of his college. But it so happened that he had for pupils three sons of the Marquess of Dorset, and during a Christmas vacation he accompanied them to the country seat of their father. Wolsey was now in his twenty-ninth year, of great acquirements, both solid and ornamental,—remarkably handsome in his person, insinuating in his manners, and amusing in his conversation. The Marquess was so much struck with him, that he at once proffered him his friendship; and, as a token of his regard, presented him to the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire, which then happened to fall vacant. Wolsey accordingly took orders, and was instituted as parson of this parish on the 10th of October, 1500. He immediately renounced his school and other college appointments,—the more readily on account of a charge brought against him, that he had misapplied the college funds. While bursar, he had erected the tower of Magdalen College chapel, known by the name of "Wolsey's tower," still admired for the chaste simplicity and elegance of its architecture, and he was accused of having clandestinely diverted a portion of the revenue over which his office of bursar gave him control, to the expense of this edifice,—a heinous offence in the eyes of the fellows, while lamenting their diminished dividend. . . .
>
> Suddenly emerging from the cloisters of Magdalen, in which he had been hitherto immured,—when he took possession of his living, he seems for a time to have indulged in levities not becoming his sacred calling. By his dissolute manners, or perhaps by his superior popularity, he incurred the displeasure of Sir Amyas Paulet, a neighbouring justice of the peace, who lay by for an opportunity to show his resentment. This was soon afforded him. Wolsey, being of "a free and sociable temper," went with some of his neighbours to a fair in an adjoining town, where they all got very drunk, and created a riot. Sir Amyas, who was present, selected "his Reverence" as the most guilty, and convicting him "*on the view*," ordered him to be set in the stocks, and actually saw the sentence carried into immediate execution.

The haughty Chancellor, it is alleged, did not in after times forget the indignity offered to the roistering priest; who soon afterwards left his rural parish, and, in the natural course of events, from being domestic chaplain to Sir John Nanfant, Treasurer of Calais, obtained a similar appointment with Henry VII. He was now become a wiser and graver, if not a better man; and the path to high fortune was open before one, in all respects qualified to succeed in the race of worldly ambition.

He had now occasion to be in the presence of the King daily, celebrating mass before him in his private closet; and he afterwards gave attendance upon the courtiers who he thought bore most rule in the Council, and were highest in favour. They soon perceived his merit, and were disposed to avail themselves of his services. He is said now to have displayed that "natural dignity of manner or aspect which no art can imitate, and which no rule or method of practice will ever be able to form." He was eminently favoured by nature in dignity of person, and winning expression of countenance. According to Cavendish,* he was celebrated for "a special gift of natural eloquence, with a filed tongue to pronounce the same, so that he was able to persuade and allure all men to his purpose;" or, in the words of Shakspere, he was "exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading." He had, besides, a quick and correct perception of character, and of the secret springs of action, and a singular power of shaping his conduct and conversation according to circumstances.

The manner in which Wolsey recommended himself to the favour of Henry VII. is well known.

* Cavendish the Secretary and Biographer of Wolsey.

He was not only an able and skilful negotiator of delicate affairs, but a servant whose zeal kindled to the enthusiastic devotion which made him anticipate modern railroad speed in promoting the elderly king's wishes for an immediate union with Margaret, Duchess-dowager of Savoy. This marriage the death of Henry prevented; but not before Wolsey's zeal had been rewarded by him with the rich deanery of Lincoln. The rising favourite made a still more rapid progress in the good graces of the young king, Henry VIII.

Wolsey at once conformed to the tastes of the youthful Sovereign, and won his heart. He jested, he rallied, he sang, he danced, he caroused with the King and his gay companions, and in a very short time, by his extraordinary address, he not only supplanted Surrey in the royal favour, but also Fox his patron. He was sworn a Privy Councillor, and appointed King's Almoner; an office which kept him in constant attendance on the person of the Monarch in his hours of relaxation, and thereby enabled him to acquire over the mind of Henry an ascendency which was imputed to the practice of the magical art. It is said, however, that although Wolsey, for the purposes of ambition, countenanced irregularities at Court unsuitable to the presence of a priest, he was careful, when any proper opportunity offered, to give good advice to the King, as well in respect to his personal as his political conduct, and highly tending on both accounts to his advantage and improvement. He would instil into his mind a lesson on the art of government over a game at primero, and after a roistering party with him at night, he would hold with him in the morning a disputation on a question out of Thomas Aquinas. As yet without any higher appointment about the Court than that of Almoner, he soon made himself Prime Minister, and exercised supreme power in the state.

The splendid steps in Wolsey's future career may be briefly passed. As Commissary-General to the Army in France, he amassed immense wealth, which he employed in no sordid way; while the successive appointments of Bishop of Tournay, and of Lincoln, Archbishop of York, and Cardinal Legate *à latere*, rapidly increased his fortune and power. He was, indeed, the wealthiest pluralist ever known in England, enjoying, along with his archiepiscopal dignity, the revenues of some of the richest sees in the kingdom. The Great Seal yet remained to be grasped, and the aged Warham was supplanted; for though doubts upon this subject have been raised, Lord Campbell comes, we think, to the true conclusion, when he states, —

The parade which he immediately made of the trappings of the office of Chancellor, and the manner in which he devoted himself to the discharge of its duties, showed that he had clutched it as eagerly, and that he enjoyed it as intensely, as any preferment ever bestowed upon him. . . . . .

Wolsey was now in the zenith of his greatness. At this period, the Crown was absolute in England, and he alone wielded all its power. He was in consequence courted with the greatest obsequiousness by Francis I. and Charles V. the rival monarchs, who were contending for superiority on the continent of Europe, and who felt that the result of the struggle depended to a considerable degree on his friendship. . . . . .

Money coined with the Cardinal's hat upon it was now current without objection, though made the ground of one of the charges against him on his fall. The University of Oxford is supposed to have exceeded all the rest of the nation in servility towards him, and to have almost committed treason, by styling him in their addresses, "Your Majesty."

No head of an ambitious and restless man could long have stood the homage and adulation heaped upon the Cardinal. He became intoxicated with the fumes of the incense burned to him by crowned heads, princesses of the blood, and servile nobles and churchmen. The splendour of his mode of living throws the greatest magnificence of the nobility of modern times completely into the shade. It even eclipsed that of his luxurious master.

His manner of living now eclipsed the splendour of the King's court. His household consisted of eight hundred persons, comprehending one Earl (the Earl of Derby,) nine barons, and many knights and squires of great figure and worship. He had a high-chamberlain, a vice-chamberlain, a treasurer, a controller, and other officers corresponding to those of royalty, bearing white staves. He had in his hall-kitchen two master cooks, with many assistants; and in his private kitchen a master cook, who went daily in damask, satin, or velvet, with a chain of gold about his neck. We should never finish if we were to enumerate all the yeomen, grooms, pages, and purveyors that he had in his larder, scalding-house, scullery, buttery, pantry, ewery, cellar, chaundery, wafery, wardrobe, laundry, bakehouse, wood-yard, garner, garden, stable, and almoserie, with the yeoman of his barge, yeoman of his chariot, his master of the horse, saddler, farrier, and muleteer. "Also he had two secretaries, and two clerks of his signet, *and four councillors learned in the laws of the realm.*" Now that he was Chancellor, he was constantly attended by all the officers of the Court, and by four footmen appareled in rich ermine coats. . . . Three great tables were daily laid in his hall for this numerous retinue. Many of the nobility placed their children in his family, and for the purpose of winning his favour, allowed them to act as his servants, although they had a separate table, called "the mess of lords," and had numerous menials to attend them.

"When it pleased the King's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the Cardinal's house, such pleasures were then devised for the King's comfort and consolation as might be invented or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. There was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices, both of men and children."

We have likewise very picturesque descriptions of his march to the Court at Greenwich on Sundays, — riding through Thames Street on his mule, with his crosses, his pillars, his hat, and the Great Seal, till he came to Billingsgate, where he took his barge, — and of the gorgeous celebration of mass in his chapel, where he was attended by Bishops and Abbots. Such was his haughtiness, that he made Dukes and Earls to serve him with wine, and to hold the basin and lavatories.

But for our purpose the most interesting pageant he exhibited was his procession from York House to the Court of Chancery in Westminster Hall. [We omit the description of the dresses and properties.] There was borne before him — first, the Great Seal of England, and then his Cardinal's hat, by a nobleman or some worthy gentleman, right solemnly, bare-headed. And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was attending his coming to await upon him to Westminster Hall, as well noblemen and other worthy gentlemen, as noblemen and gentlemen of his own family; thus passing forth with two great crosses of silver borne before him; with also two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant at arms with a great mace of silver gilt. Then his gentlemen ushers cried, and said, "On! my Lords and Masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace." Thus passed he down from his chamber to the Hall; and when he came to the Hall door, there was attendant for him his mule, trapped

altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups. When he was mounted, with his cross-bearers and pillar-bearers, also upon great horses trapped with fine scarlet. Then marched he forward.

The Cardinal's procession from York House to the Court of Chancery, is described as "an interesting pageant." There was certainly mummery enough about it, nay an imposing grandeur, borrowed from the character and bearing of the personage who played the principal *rôle*. Yet how meanly, to the reflective minds of modern men, does it contrast with the simple dignity with which Sir Thomas More filled the same post! Even then the pantomimic pomp of the Lord Chancellor called forth gibes and ridicule.

It was a common saying, that "the two crosses showed that the Cardinal had twice as many sins to repent of as any other prelate." The pulpit likewise occasionally resounded with invectives against him. Doctor Barnes, afterwards burnt for heresy, having showed his independent spirit by inveighing against the pomp and luxury of the Cardinal, was summoned before him, and received this admonition: "What, Master Doctor! had you not a sufficient scope in the Scriptures to teach the people but you; but that my golden shoes, my poll-axes, my pillars, my golden cushions, and my crosses did so far offend you, that you must make us *ridiculum caput* amongst the people? We were jollily that day laughed to scorn. Verily, it was a sermon more fitter to be preached on a stage than in a pulpit." Barnes answered, that he had spoken nothing but the truth out of the Scriptures, according to his conscience, and was for that time discharged. With the exception of his prosecution of Buckingham, Wolsey showed no inclination to blood or cruelty.

In estimating Wolsey's capacity as a judge, Lord Campbell, himself a thorough lawyer, is naturally rather surprised how he got through business, without exposing himself to ridicule for ignorance of law. Yet, in spite of professional disqualification, Wolsey was not only a popular and a pure judge, but he introduced many improvements into the administration of justice.

Notwithstanding his leaning towards Wolsey, Lord Campbell pronounces him solely chargeable with the judicial murder of the Duke of Buckingham; an act which may be said to have remotely laid the foundation of his own misfortunes. His bold attempt, incited by his royal master, in the plenitude of power, to levy money without the consent of Parliament, also contributed to his ruin; though its immediate and main cause was his coldness, if not opposition, to the King's passionate wish to divorce Queen Catherine, that he might gratify his inflamed desires by marrying Anne Boleyn. A momentous event at this time is thus noticed:—

In the beginning of the following year, when Wolsey had been in daily danger of disgrace, he was very near reaching the grand object of his ambition, the triple crown. Clement VII. had a dangerous fit of illness, and for some time his recovery was despaired of. Historians are agreed that if he had actually died at this juncture, Wolsey, in all probability, would have been his successor. . . . . This event would have had a most powerful influence on the fate of the Western Church, and might have entirely changed the history of our country. Wolsey, a much abler, and more enlightened man than Clement, would probably have stopped the Reformation, or given it a new direction; and he certainly would have kept England true to the Papal see, by granting Henry his divorce, and conferring new honours upon him as Defender of the Faith. But Clement rose, as it were by miracle, from the grave, Wolsey was disgraced, and England became Protestant.

Previous to the King's passion for Anne Boleyn, Wolsey, who had become hateful to every class of the people, save servile and expectant courtiers and churchmen, was somewhat shaken in the King's favour. Baffled by the Parliament in one instance, he made a second attempt to levy a tax of a sixth of every man's property, for the King's use, and began with the citizens of London; haughtily warning them to obedience, lest "it might fortune to cost some of them their heads." Now, says Lord Campbell,—

The rich and poor agreed in cursing the Cardinal as the subverter of their laws and liberties; and said, "if men shall give their goods by a commission, then it would be worse than the taxes of France, and England would be bond, and not free." Happily the commissioners met with forcible resistance in several counties; and such a menacing spirit was generally displayed, that the proud spirit of Wolsey quailed under it, and he was obliged not only to pardon all concerned in these tumults, but, on some frivolous pretext, to recede altogether from the illegal exaction. This was a great crisis in our constitution; for if Wolsey could have procured the submission of the nation to the yoke he attempted to impose, there would have been an end of parliaments for all ordinary purposes, although, like the States-General of France, they might still have been convoked to ratify certain acts of state originating with the executive government. But the courage and love of freedom natural to the English Commons, speaking in the hoarse voice of tumult, and resorting to the last right of *insurrection*, preserved us in so great a peril.

Various attempts were made to open the eyes of the king to the misconduct of the minister,—and even the stage was resorted to for this purpose.

The Masque is described at length; and whether meant at him or not, "The plaie" says Hollinshed, "sore displeased the Chancellor," a "guilty conscience" leading him to apply the moral to himself. But his embassies, his entertainments, and pageants, continued to be as splendid as ever; for the "cunning chastity" of the ambitious maid of honour, and her vacillating opposition to the royal desires, though they had shaken, had not yet quite subverted his power.

The Cardinal had by this time become the object of Anne Boleyn's hatred, as an imagined obstacle in her path; and, while the tedious suit for the divorce was proceeding, she and her kinsmen lost no opportunity of undermining Wolsey with her royal lover, as soon as this policy had become safe. There was "a Night Crow," as Wolsey had termed Anne, "which possessed the royal ear, and misrepresented the most harmless of his actions." Anne Boleyn is no favourite with Lord Campbell, though he does her justice. She is one of those personages that, in the eyes of posterity, would be contemptible or hateful, if the monstrous and remorseless cruelty of which she became the victim, did not soften the judgment of her character, which no extenuating circumstance can wholly blind.

The account of Wolsey's downfal, is written by Lord Campbell in a style which deeply interests the feelings, even with the full remembrance of

Shakspere's witchery. We can give but one imperfect extract. The divorce suit had, by the decision of Campeggio, the Pope's Commissioner, been appealed to Rome, to the infinite indignation of the King, who, sitting apart in a lofty room, anxiously watched the proceedings of the Court. We mention this to introduce the following trait of Wolsey, and a fragment of the narrative of his disgrace. When the King overheard the decision, he despatched the Duke of Suffolk, who—

In a loud and angry tone, spoke these words: "It was never merry in England whilst we had Cardinals among us." Although Wolsey privately regretted the delay, his spirit would not brook this insult to his order. Rising with apparent coolness, he said, "Sir, of all men living, you have least reason to dispraise Cardinals; for if I a poor Cardinal had not been, you would not at this present have had a head upon your shoulders wherewith to make such a brag in disrepute of us who have meant you no harm, and have given you no cause of offence."

The King now made a progress in the midland counties with Anne, who was using all her arts, under the guidance of her uncle, her father, and other courtiers, to bring about Wolsey's disgrace. There was much apprehension of his influence over the King, if they should meet, and the policy adopted was to keep them apart as much as possible.

The Court was fixed for some weeks at Grafton, in Northamptonshire. Wolsey stationed himself at the Moore, a country house a few miles distant; but he was never invited to Court. On matters of state his opinion was seldom asked, and then only by a special messenger. His ruin was seen to be at hand; wagers were laid that the King would never again speak to him; and his opponents openly threatened "to humble the pride of all churchmen, and to ease them of that load of wealth which encumbered the successors of the apostles."

Wolsey rested his hopes upon a personal interview with the King, and obtained one. This gleam of favour was almost the last ever shown him by the capricious tyrant. The "night crow," on that same evening, whispered away the grace and hopes of the morning.

He had received the promise of another audience next day; but that same night a solemn engagement was extorted from the King, by Anne, that he never again would admit the Cardinal into his presence.

Wolsey had a lodging provided for him that night by his own servants at Euston. When he returned in the morning, he found that the King had rode out with the Lady Anne, to hunt in Hartwell Park, where she had made provision for the King's dinner, lest he should return before the Cardinal was gone. They never met more.

When the Chancellor found that he was finally cast off by his master, who was now under the entire management of other favourites, and that he must soon bid adieu to all his greatness, for a time he lost all fortitude;—"he wept like a woman and wailed like a child." On his return to London, however, his spirits rallied, and he resolved with decency to meet the impending blow.

On the first day of Michaelmas term, Wolsey appeared for the last time in Westminster Hall, to which he had gone in his accustomed state.

It was remarked that in the procession, and while sitting in the Court of Chancery, his manner was dignified and collected, although he, and all who beheld him, knew that he had touched the highest point of all his greatness, and from the full meridian of his glory he hastened to his setting. This was his last appearance in public as Chancellor.

That same evening he received a private intimation that the King had openly announced his immediate disgrace.

Wolsey was immediately deprived of all his offices. Premunire informations were filed against him; he pleaded guilty, threw himself upon the royal clemency, and sought to conciliate his tyrant, by the voluntary surrender of his palaces, rich furniture, and plate, and his princely residence of York Place, which, under the changed name of Whitehall, afterwards became the city palace of a long succession of English kings. One gift deserves especial record. In the depth and agony of his disgrace, Sir Henry Norris, a young knight, afterwards executed as one of the lovers of Anne Boleyn, secretly brought him a cheering message from Henry, who had capricious fits of relenting. Norris met the Cardinal by chance at Putney, and delivered into his hands a ring, the secret token of the King's confidence.

Wolsey was so transported with joy at this gleam of returning good fortune, that he instantly dismounted, knelt in the mud, and returned thanks to God his Maker, and to the King his sovereign Lord and Master, who had sent him such comfort. He added, "Gentle Norris, if I were lord of a realm, the one half thereof were an insufficient recompense for your pains and good comfortable news. But, good, good Master Norris, consider with me that I have nothing left me but my clothes on my back. Therefore I desire you to take this small reward at my hands." He then gave him a gold chain, with a cross of gold enclosing a piece of the veritable wood of the true cross, which he continually wore round his neck, next his skin.

When Norris was gone a little way he called him back, saying, "I am sorry that I have no condign token to send to the King; but if you would present the King with this poor fool, I trust his Highness would accept him well; for surely, for a nobleman's pleasure, he is worth a thousand pounds." This fool, whose name was "*Patch*," was so much attached to his master, that it required six tall yeomen to force him to accompany Norris to Windsor, although he knew that he was to be transferred from disgrace and want, to royalty and splendour. It is a pleasure to be told, that the King received him most gladly.

Wolsey, on his arrival at Esher, found the house without beds, sheets, tablecloths, cups, or dishes,—which he was obliged to borrow in the neighbourhood; but here he remained, with a numerous train of attendants, till the commencement of the following year.

The affirmation of Erasmus, that no human being regretted Wolsey's fall, is too strong. He was loved, at all events, by his poor fool, and by his secretary, Cavendish; and certainly to some extent by the faithful and courageous Thomas Cromwell, however faulty he afterwards became. Lord Herbert affirms, and Lord Campbell appears to adopt, the opinion—

That no man ever fell from so high a station who had so few real crimes objected to him; and we are mortified by finding that the articles were subscribed by the virtuous Sir Thomas More, as Chancellor, and presented by him to the King.

In those *variorum* foot-notes, which, as we have already said, give additional value and great interest to Lord Campbell's narrative, there is a touching quotation from Cavendish's description of the affection and fidelity of Wolsey's attendants, when his disgrace was complete, his fortunes hopeless.

He was unable to pay or to support his dependents

who still adhered to him, and he begged them to provide themselves a new master till fortune should prove more auspicious. Tears were copiously shed on both sides, and most of those he addressed refused to leave "so kind a master" in his adversity. A subscription among the chaplains and others of most substance, whom he had promoted, provided a fund from which the most urgent necessities of the establishment were supplied. . . . . Cavendish's picture of this scene is very touching. "Afterwards my Lord commanded me to call all his gentlemen and yeomen up into the great chamber, commanding all the gentlemen to stand on the right hand, and the yeomen on the left; at last my Lord came out in his rochet upon a violet gown, like a bishop, who went, with his chaplains, to the upper end of the chamber, where was a great window. Beholding his goodly number of servants he could not speak to them until the tears ran down his cheeks; which, being perceived of his servants, caused fountains of tears to gush out of their sorrowful eyes, in such sort as would make any heart to relent."

The King having shown some relenting towards the fallen favourite, during a severe illness with which Wolsey was seized, it was deemed expedient, by his enemies, to have him removed to a safe distance from the Court; and he was, accordingly, sent to his see of York, in a sort of honourable exile. It is amusing, says Lord Campbell,

to observe that this journey, which may now be performed in a few hours, was then considered as formidable as if it had been to a distant foreign land. Some of Wolsey's servants, though much attached to him, "of their own mind desired him of his favour to tarry still here in the south, being very loth to abandon their native country, their parents, wives, and children."

Wolsey, notwithstanding his reduced fortune, had still a train of a hundred and sixty persons, and twelve carts to carry his baggage. He made short stages, sleeping at different religious houses, where he was hospitably entertained. On Maunday Thursday, being at the abbey of Peterborough, he washed, wiped, and kissed the feet of fifty-nine beggars, on whom he bestowed liberal alms. Having paid a visit to Sir William Fitzwilliam, a wealthy knight of that country, he spent the summer and autumn at Southwell, Scroby, and Cawood Castle, near York,—acquiring immense popularity by his condescension, his kindness, his hospitality, and his piety. "He set an example to all church dignitaries, a right good example how they might win men's hearts." On Sundays and holidays he rode to some country church, celebrated mass himself, ordered one of his chaplains to preach to the people, and distributed alms to the poor. He spent much of his time in adjusting differences in families and between neighbours. His table, plentifully but not extravagantly supplied, was open to all the gentry of the country, and he gave employment to hundreds of workmen in repairing the houses and churches belonging to his see.

Wolsey had appointed his installation, as Archbishop, to take place in York Minster, on the 7th of November, and preparations were made to perform the ceremony with great pomp and magnificence. Presents of game and other provisions poured in from all quarters, for the entertainment he was that day to give; and on the morrow he had agreed to dine with the Lord Mayor of York, when the greatest efforts were to be made to do him honour. But before the time arrived he was a prisoner on a charge of high treason, and he had sustained a mental shock which soon brought him to his grave.

Henry, who had recommended to the northern nobility to be courteous to Wolsey, was not a little startled when he heard of the following which the Cardinal now had, independently of the royal favour. The courtiers were still more astounded, and the "night crow," as he styled Anne Boleyn, uttered notes of fear. The divorce suit was still dragging on, and there seemed no chance of bringing it to a favourable conclusion without a rupture with the Court of Rome, which Wolsey might very seriously have impeded.

On Friday, the 4th of November, about noon, when the Cardinal was sitting at dinner, in his hall, with his officers, suddenly entered the Earl of Northumberland, who had been his page, and whom he had divorced from Anne Boleyn. Wolsey apologized to him that dinner was nearly over, and seeing him attended by the old servants of the family, said:—"Ah, my Lord, I perceive well that you have observed my old precepts and instructions which I gave you when you were abiding with me in your youth,—to cherish your father's old servants, whereof I see here present with you a great number. They will live and die with you, and be true and faithful servants to you, and glad to see you prosper in honour, the which I beseech God to send you with long life."

With regret and grumbling, the Earl, that same evening, executed this commission, and arrested the Cardinal for high treason; but on what particular charge is not known; as death opportunely stepped in to save Henry from another crime, under the sanction or mockery of law, being added to the catalogue of his atrocities. Wolsey was wholly overcome by this fresh blow; though his regret was more for his attendants, for those who had abandoned all to follow him to his place of banishment, than for himself. He wept bitterly, but soon summoned fortitude to appear in the hall, "where," says Cavendish, "there was not a dry eye among all the gentlemen sitting at table with him."

The popular tide had now turned in the Cardinal's favour; and, on his way from Yorkshire to London, as a prisoner, he was met by thousands of the country people, calling aloud—

"God save your Grace, God save your Grace! The foul evil take all them that have thus taken you from us! We pray God that a very vengeance may light upon them."

They afterwards obliged him to travel in the night time, to escape public notice. He expressed great regret for the loss of a sealed parcel he had left behind him at Cawood. This being sent for was found to contain hair shirts, one of which he now always wore next his skin.

The first night he was lodged in the abbey at Pontefract. In journeying thither, he expressed great apprehension lest his destination should be Pontefract Castle, where so many had suffered violently; and he said, "Shall I go to the Castle and die like a beast!"

He must, at this fatal place, probably, have dreaded assassination.

Various superstitious facts, or fables, or a mixture of both, are related of Wolsey's last days. He was seized, on the journey, with dysentery, and was hardly able to sit on his mule.

When his servants saw him in such a lamentable plight, they expressed their pity for him with weeping eyes; but he took them by the hand, as he rode, and kindly conversed with them. In the evening of the third day, after dark, he arrived, with difficulty, at the Abbey of Leicester. The Abbot and Monks met him at the gates, with many torches. As he entered he said, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you."

He was immediately carried to his chamber, and put into a bed, from which he never rose. This was on Saturday night, and on Monday he foretold to his servants, "that by *eight of the clock next morning* they should lose their master, as the time drew near that he must depart out of this world."

Next morning, about seven, when he had confessed to

a priest, Kingston asked him how he did. "Sir," quoth he, "I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render my simple soul unto his divine hands. If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his main pleasure, not regarding my godly duty."

In summing up the character of Wolsey, and animadverting upon his conduct as a judge, Lord Campbell does not allow his readers to forget, that he is himself a well-trained lawyer, and that Wolsey was none, and yet regularly sat in the Court of Chancery, and decided cases with "a very high hand," without deigning to consult the common-law judges, or at all caring about precedents, or statute or common-law. He, of his sole authority, instituted three auxiliary courts, for the better despatch of business; and, if the common-law lawyers sneered at the professional ignorance of the Chancellor, he retorted on them the weightier charge of ignorance of civil law, and of the principles of general jurisprudence:—

And he has been described as often interrupting their pleadings, and bitterly animadverting on their narrow notions and limited arguments. To remedy an evil which troubled the stream of justice at the fountain-head, he, with his usual magnificence of conception, projected an institution, to be founded in London, for the systematic study of all branches of the law.

Such a critic as Jeremy Bentham would probably have considered the Cardinal a better administrator of justice, a sounder judge, than all his court put together.

It was a very trifle, in those times, that a priest, vowed to celibacy, should have one or more mistresses, and families of children. The Cardinal was no exception to a common rule; and it is more remarkable, that even his enemies could make no charge of corruption, as a judge, against him; nor is it mean praise when his biographer, notwithstanding his professional bias, is constrained to say—

He is celebrated for the vigour with which he repressed perjury and chicanery in his Court, and he certainly enjoyed the reputation of having conducted himself as Chancellor with fidelity and ability. . . . . .

In judging him, we must remember his deep contrition for his backslidings; and the memorable lesson which he taught with his dying breath, that, to ensure true comfort and happiness, a man must addict himself to the service of God, instead of being misled by the lures of pleasure and ambition.

The subsequent part of Henry's reign is the best panegyric on Wolsey; for, during twenty-nine years, he had kept free from the stain of blood or violence the Sovereign, who now, following the natural bent of his character, cut off the heads of his wives and his most virtuous ministers, and proved himself the most arbitary tyrant that ever disgraced the throne of England.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

The life of Lord Chancellor More, which follows that of Wolsey, forms a delightful piece of English biography. It is written, throughout, with a genial appreciation of all that was admirable and *loveable* in a great man: most "interesting in his life and in his death." The father of Sir Thomas More was a judge of the King's Bench; and Lord Campbell, who sometimes displays a little very natural professional pride, remarks of More,—]

The future Chancellor sprung from that rank of life which is most favourable to mental cultivation, and which has produced the greatest number of eminent men in England; for, while we have instances of gifted individuals overcoming the disadvantages of high birth and affluence as well as of obscurity and poverty, our Cecils and Walpoles, our Bacons and Mores, have mostly had good education and breeding under a father's care, —with habits of frugality, and the necessity for industry, energy, and perseverance to gain distinction in the world.

More very early displayed quick and lively parts, and natural humour—genuine English humour—and also those solid talents which ensure success in life. From the household of Cardinal Morton, whose merry page he had been, he went to Oxford; and, besides great classical attainments and proficiency in all the usual studies still pursued in that university, Lord Campbell justly assigns to him the high honour of being the "earliest distinguished orator, and the earliest elegant prose writer, using the English language." His destination was the law; the study of which, if we may trust Lord Campbell, was then a much more serious matter than in our times, when a sufficient knowledge

of jurisprudence is supposed to be gained by eating a certain number of dinners in the hall of one of the Inns of Court, whereby men are often called to the bar wholly ignorant of their profession; and, being pushed on by favour or accident, or native vigour of mind, they are sometimes placed in high judicial situations, having no acquaintance with law beyond what they may have picked up as practitioners at the bar. Then the Inns of Court and Chancery presented the discipline of a well-constituted University; and, through Professors, under the name of "Readers," and exercises, under the name of "mootings," law was systematically taught, and efficient tests of proficiency were applied, before the degree of barrister was conferred, entitling the aspirant to practise as an advocate.

While still very young, More gave lectures on law, and with great applause; and his lecture-room probably becoming too small for his audience, he shifted the scene to the church of St. Lawrence, in Old Jewry; where, however, his prelections were on moral philosophy and history. He was, in short, a "fashionable" lecturer, run after by the great, the noble, and the learned, as Coleridge or Sir Humphrey Davy was in our own "highly civilized" age. At all periods of his career there was a slight taint of fanaticism in the character of More, though controlled by strong good sense, and neutralized by singular sweetness of disposition. After being called to the bar, he was seized with one of those fanatical fits which have, of late, broken out in several young English gentlemen of Oxford; though few of them have yet gone quite so far as More, who wished, for ever, to renounce the pomp and vanities of the world, and to bury himself in a monastery.

He was so transported with the glory of St. Augustine, and so enraptured with the pleasures of piety, and so touched with the peace, regularity, and freedom from care of a monastic life, that he resolved to enter the order of St. Francis. But before taking the irrevocable vow of celibacy, shaving his crown, putting on the gray serge garment fastened by a twisted rope, and walking barefoot in quest of alms, he prudently made an experiment how strict monastic discipline would permanently suit him. "He began to wear a sharp shirt of hair

next his skin. He added also to his austerity a whip every Friday and high fasting days, thinking that such cheer was the best alms that he could bestow upon himself. He used also much fasting and watching, lying often upon the bare ground or upon some bench, laying a log under his head, allotting himself but four or five hours in a night, at the most, for his sleep; imagining, with the holy saints of Christ's church, that his body was to be used as an ass, with strokes and hard fare, lest provender might pride it, and so bring his soul, like a headstrong jade, to the bottomless pit of hell."

All this, and much more, was done by the devotee; and yet the future Chancellor came to discover, that he had no true vocation; so he returned to his secular profession, in which he made rapid progress; married most happily; and, having been born in *Milk Street, Cheapside*, settled with his wife in *Bucklersbury;* respectable, if not fashionable quarters, in those days, — where, says his biographer,

He applied himself, with unremitting assiduity, to the business of his profession; being stimulated, and cheered, and comforted, and rewarded by her smiles. When he was Lord High Chancellor, he must have looked back with a sigh to this portion of his career. He rose very rapidly at the bar, and was particularly famous for his skill in international law.

He was made Under-sheriff of London, and became a popular member of the House of Commons; where he was, on some trying occasions, what we should now term "leader of the Opposition;" and in this capacity offended Henry VII., who punished him by imprisoning and fining his father. In the succeeding reign, his reputation as a lawyer rose so high, and he had acquitted himself so well as counsel for the Pope, in a trial at which the young and then popular King was present, that Henry resolved to have so able a man in his service; and More, in an evil hour, was knighted, appointed the Master of Requests, and sworn of the privy council. We must here indulge in a quotation. The "Lives" before us fulfil the true and highest purpose of biography, in being as much domestic histories as records of the deeds of public functionaries.

He now removed from Bucklersbury, and took up his residence at Chelsea, in what might then be considered a country-house, which he built for himself, and where he amused himself with an extensive garden and a farm. To his inexpressible grief, he had lost his first wife after she had brought him four children; and he had entered into a second matrimonial union, not of sentiment, but convenience, with Mrs. Alice Middleton, a widow lady, "of good years, and of no good favour or complexion." She was seven years older than himself, and it is to be feared not always of the sweetest disposition. "This he did because she might have care of his children; and she proved a kind step-mother to them." Erasmus, who was often an inmate in the family, speaks of her as a keen and watchful manager, with whom More lived on terms of as much respect and kindness as if she had been fair and young. "No husband ever gained so much obedience from a wife by authority and severity, as More by gentleness and pleasantry. Though verging on old age, and not of a yielding temper, he prevailed on her to take lessons on the lute, the cithara, the viol, the monochord, and the flute, which she daily practised to him."

Yet from some of their conjugal dialogues, recorded by members of the family, we are made to doubt, whether the sweetness of their intercourse was not occasionally flavoured with a little acid. He would say to her, "that she was penny-wise and pound-foolish, saving a candle's end and spoiling a velvet gown." She rated him for not being sufficiently ambitious; and, because he had no mind to set himself forward in the world, saying to him, "Tillie vallie! Tillie vallie! Will you sit and make goslings in the ashes: my mother hath often said unto me, it is better to rule than to be ruled." — "Now, in truth," answered he, "that is truly said, good wife; for I never found you yet willing to be ruled."

He had soon a very numerous household; for, his daughters marrying, they and their husbands and their children all resided under his roof, and constituted one affectionate family; which he governed with such gentleness and discretion, that it was without broils or jealousies.

The course of his domestic life is minutely described by eye-witnesses. "His custom was daily (besides his private prayers with his children) to say the seven psalms, the litany, and the suffrages following; so was his guise with his wife and children and household, nightly, before he went to bed; to go to his chapel, and there on his knees, ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them." Says Erasmus, "You might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. . . . All its inhabitants, male or female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and with a temperate cheerfulness."

But the most charming picture of More as a private man is carelessly sketched by himself in a hurried Latin letter to Peter Giles, his friend at Antwerp, lamenting the little time he could devote to literary composition. "For while in pleading, in hearing, in deciding causes, or composing disputes as an arbitrator, in waiting on some men about business, and on others out of respect, the greatest part of the day is spent on other men's affairs, the remainder of it must be given to my family at home; so that I can reserve no part to myself, that is, to study. I must gossip with my wife and chat with my children, and find something to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon a part of my business, unless I were to become a stranger in my own house. . . . . . His time was now more than ever broke in upon by visits from distinguished foreigners, who were eager to see him from his great reputation abroad, and whose opinion of him he still farther exalted by the charms of his manner and conversation.

To his great grief he was often obliged to lodge in the palace; and his favour with the King and the Court threatened utterly to interfere with all his domestic enjoyments, and to ruin his literary projects.

Sir Thomas was constrained to feign dull, something very foreign to his nature, to escape the "labour dire, and weary wo," of amusing the King. Affairs of diplomacy, on which the King or his old college friend, Wolsey, employed him, were equally disagreeable; and we find him writing to Erasmus from Calais, where he was long stationed:

"I approve your determination never to be engaged in the busy trifling of princes; from which, as you love me, you must wish that I were extricated. You cannot imagine how painfully I feel myself plunged in them, for nothing can be more odious to me than this legation. I am here banished to a petty seaport, of which the air and the earth are equally disagreeable to me. Abhorrent as I am by nature from strife, even when it is profitable, as at home, you may judge how wearisome it is here, where it actually causes a loss to me."

More was shortly afterwards rewarded with the profitable office of Treasurer of the Exchequer, and made speaker of the House of Commons; in which office, instead of proving subservient to the wishes of the King and the Cardinal, he made a noble stand for the privileges of the Commons, when exorbitant demands for money were made, and thus gave deep offence. The scene in which the

Cardinal appeared in the house, where the haughty and powerful prelate was firmly confronted by the mildest but most courageous of men, is as memorable as that which preceded the rout of the Long Parliament, by Cromwell's soldiers.

When the session was closed, Wolsey, in his gallery at York Place, said to More, "I wish to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker." "Your Grace not offended, so would I too, my Lord," replied Sir Thomas, "for then should I have seen the place I long have desired to visit."

From this time Wolsey is said to have been jealous, or afraid of the man whose independence and firmness, while they made him popular among the people, also extorted the respect of the King. With Henry he continued in such high favour, that he sometimes inflicted unwelcome visits upon him at his pleasant house, at Chelsea. On such occasions, says Lord Campbell,—

From a true sense of hospitality, More did his best to entertain his royal guest, and put forth all his powers of pleasing. Roper particularly celebrates one of these visits, when the King was so much delighted with his conversation that, after dinner, he walked with him in the garden by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck. As soon as his Majesty was gone, Roper congratulated his father-in-law on the distinguished honour that had been paid to him; saying, "how happy must he be with whom the King was so lovingly familiar, the like of which had never been seen before except once, when he walked arm in arm with Cardinal Wolsey." "I thank our Lord," quoth he, "I find his Grace my very good Lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go." This authentic anecdote shows, in a very striking manner, how More had early penetrated the intense selfishness, levity, heartlessness, and insensibility to remorse which constituted the character of the King, while these bad qualities were yet disguised by a covering of affability, hilarity, and apparent good humour, and before they had shed the blood of a wife or a friend. The world could little anticipate that Henry would actually one day cut off More's head, even without any such substantial advantage as the winning of a castle. For the present his Majesty delighted to honour him.

More's "European literary reputation" was now at its height. His "Utopia," his "Epigrams," and his "Refutation of the Lutherans," had now been published, and frequently reprinted in France and Germany.

When the great question of the divorce, on which Henry had set his heart, was first discussed, More foresaw trouble; and he tried to temporize, when his opinion of the legality of the King's marriage with Queen Catherine was asked; but whatever was questionable in this, was amply atoned for by his subsequent conscientious condemnation of the marriage of the King with Anne Boleyn, though his disapproval arose only from his scruples or convictions as a sincere Catholic, bound by the Canon law:—

While the suit for the divorce was going on at Rome, through negotiations with Clement, and before the Legatine Court opened its sittings after the arrival of Campeggio, More appears to have observed a strict neutrality, and he enjoyed the confidence of both parties. Queen Catherine said,—"The King had but one sound councillor in his kingdom, Sir Thomas More; and as for Cardinal Wolsey, then the greatest subject in the realm, for his own benefit or end he cared not what counsel he gave." On the other hand, the Duke of Norfolk, the uncle of Anne Boleyn, the Earl of Wiltshire, her father, and Anne herself, who now secretly directed the King's councils, had great hopes of bringing More into their designs as an active partisan, and intended that he should be the successor to Wolsey, whom they doomed to destruction, if the divorce was not speedily pronounced.

The Chancellor of the Duchy [which More now was] was still very submissive to the Lord High Chancellor; but we have an account of a scene at the council-board about this time, which proves that there was "no love lost between them." The Cardinal showed Sir Thomas the draught of a treaty with a foreign power, asking his opinion of it, and pressing him so heartily to say "whether there were any thing therein to be misliked," that he believed there was a desire to hear the truth, and pointed out some great faults committed in it. Whereupon the Cardinal, starting up in a rage, exclaimed,—"By the Mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the Council;" at which Sir Thomas, smiling, said,—"God be thanked! the King our Master hath but one fool in his council."

Wolsey, who always wished the man whose virtuous character was the silent reproach of his own, out of the way, proposed various embassies for him; yet More was probably better fitted to conduct important negotiations, than any other individual that could have been selected. When at Cambray, negotiating for a general peace between England, France, and the several states governed by Charles V., he became, as usual, home-sick, though the highest success had attended his negotiations; and he afterwards wrote to Erasmus,—

"I do not like my office of an ambassador; it doth not suit a married man thus to leave his family: it is much fitter for you ecclesiastics, who have no wives and children at home, or who find them wheresoever you go."

Soon after his return, he paid a visit to the King at Woodstock, where he heard of the great misfortune of the principal part of his house at Chelsea, and all his outhouses and barns filled with corn being consumed by a fire, raised by the negligence of a neighbour's servant. The letter he wrote to his old wife, on this occasion, excites our admiration of him more than all his learned works, his public despatches, or his speeches in parliament. I must likewise observe, that for style it is much better, and much nearer the English of the present day, than the elaborate compositions which he wrote for publication. But besides the delightful glance that it gives of the manners and customs of private life in a remote age, its great charm will be found in the unaffected piety, in the gaiety of heart, and in the kindness of disposition which it evinces.

"Mistress Alyce,—In my most harty will, I recomend me to you. And whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the loss of our barnes, and our neighbours also, w^t^ all the corne that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath liked hym to send us such a chance, we must not only be content, but also be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost: and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and hartely thank him, as well for adversitie, as for prosperitie. And par adventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse, than for our winning. For his wisedom better seeth what is good for us then we do ourselves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thank God both for that he hath given us, and for that he hath left us, which if it please hym, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet lesse, at hys pleasure be it. I praye you to make some good ensearche what my poor neigh-

bours have loste, and bidde them take no thought therefore, and if I shold not leave myself a spone, there shall no poore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be with my children and household mery in God. And devise somewhat with your friends, what way wer best to take, for provision to be made for corne for our household, and for sede thys yere coming, if ye thinke it good that we keepe the ground still in our handes. And whether ye think it good yᵗ we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more nowe than ye shall neede, and which can get them other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man wer sodenly sent away he wote nere wether. At my coming hither, I perceived none other, but that I shold tary still with the kinges grace. But now I shall, (I think,) because of this chance, get leave this next weke to come home and se you; and then shall we further devise together uppon all thinges, what order shall be best to take: and thus as hartely fare you well! with all our children as you can wishe. At Woodstok the thirde daye of Septembre, by the hand of your loving husband,

"THOMAS MORE, Knight."

The Court was now sojourning at Woodstock after its return from Grafton, where Henry had taken his final leave of Wolsey. More having rendered an account of his embassy, was allowed to visit his house at Chelsea; and Henry, with the Lady Anne, first moved to Richmond, and then to Greenwich, where, as we have seen, Wolsey being deprived of the Great Seal and banished to Esher, the new arrangements were completed, and Sir THOMAS MORE was sworn in Lord Chancellor.

Often as More's delightful letter has appeared in English books, we could not forbear illustrating our pages with a composition so full of the character of the writer, and so gracefully introduced by his biographer.

Many snares must ever attend the office of the minister of a prince of the character of Henry VIII.; and More did not at first wholly escape them. Lord Campbell passes the most severe censure when he says, that the new Chancellor was not only Chairman of the Committee of Judges which drew up the forty-four articles of impeachment against Wolsey, and yet passed over all his actual misdeeds in stretching the prerogative, and nearly all of the most frivolous or forced kind, but that he—

cannot help suspecting that More was privy to a scheme for withdrawing Wolsey from the judgment of parliament, and leaving him entirely at the mercy of his arbitrary master.

This is a serious and heavy charge, and it were to be wished that Lord Campbell had stated the grounds on which his opinion rests. More, however, as Chancellor, passed laws on matters which we should be glad to see taken up by his modern successors. Among these were statutes to prevent extortion on the probate of wills. His diligence, despatch, and general conduct as a judge, were admirable; and with the utmost purity and love of justice, he carried to the bench his natural love of joking and "merry gibes." His impartiality was complained of by his kith and kin, as unfriendly, in days when "a friend in the court was better than a penny in the purse."

But the private man is, in all points, even more rare and admirable than the Judge; and we must now gather a few precious illustrations of More's daily life from Lord Campbell's treasury. After describing his conduct as a Judge, it is said,—

But there is no circumstance during his Chancellorship that affects our imagination so much, or gives us such a lively notion of the manners of the times, as his demeanour to his father. Sir John More, now near ninety years of age, was hale in body and sound in understanding, and continued vigorously to perform the duties of senior puisne Judge in the Court of King's Bench. Every day during term time, before the Chancellor began business in his own Court, he went into the Court of King's Bench, and, kneeling before his father, asked and received his blessing. So if they met together at readings in Lincoln's Inn, notwithstanding his high office, he offered the pre-eminence in argument to his father, though, from a regard to judicial subordination, this offer was always refused. . . .

I am old enough to remember that when the Chancellor left his Court, if the Court of King's Bench was sitting, a curtain was drawn, and bows were exchanged between him and the Judges; so that I can easily picture to myself the "blessing scene" between the father and son. . . . .

Instead of imitating Wolsey's crosses, pillars, and poll-axes, More was eager to retreat into privacy, and even in public to comport himself with all possible simplicity. On Sundays, while he was Lord Chancellor, instead of marching with great parade through the city of London to outrival the nobles at the Court at Greenwich, he walked with his family to the parish church at Chelsea, and there, putting on a surplice, sung with the choristers at matins and high mass. It happened one day that the Duke of Norfolk, coming to Chelsea to dine with him, found him at church, with a surplice on his back, singing. As they walked homeward together arm in arm after service, the Duke said, "God's body! God's body! My Lord Chancellor a parish clerk! a parish clerk! You dishonour the King and his office." "Nay," quoth he, smiling; "your Grace may not think that the King, your master and mine, will, with me, for serving his Master, be offended, or thereby account his office dishonoured."

In religious processions he would himself carry the cross; and in "Rogation Week," when they were very long, and he had to follow those who carried the rood round the parish, being counselled to use a horse for his dignity, he would answer, "It beseemeth not the servant to follow his master prancing on cockhorse, his master going on foot."

Lord Campbell, with some success, defends More against the serious charge of being a persecutor of the Reformers; and what follows cannot, we think, be disputed:—

That he was present at the examination of heretics before the Council, and concurred in subjecting them to confinement, cannot be denied; for such was the law, which he could not alter; but we ought rather to wonder at his moderation in an age when the leaders of each sect thought they were bound in duty to Heaven to persecute the votaries of every other. It was not till More had retired from office, and was succeeded by the pliant and inhuman Audley, that heresy was made high treason, and the scaffold flowed with innocent blood.

But More's great stumbling-block — which he encountered on entering into office, and which caused his fall — was the divorce.

The Chancellor, on this subject, certainly temporized farther than is consistent with the purity and singleness of his general character. He concurred in endeavouring, by "bribes to foreign Universities," to obtain opinions favourable to the King's wishes; but while those of Italy responded as desired, sturdy Germany, where the Emperor was all-powerful, resisted; and—

Luther had his revenge of "THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH," by declaring "that it would be more lawful for the King to have two wives at the same time, than to

separate from Catherine for the purpose of marrying another woman."

Luther had a great leaning towards polygamy, and thought that it would be better that a priest should be allowed several wives than none at all, and that the practice of the Patriarchs and Jewish Kings might be safely followed.

By this time, Thomas Cromwell, the Secretary of Wolsey, had, by unscrupulous compliances, effectually insinuated himself into the confidence of Henry; and a man, whose character exhibited few good points, save his bold fidelity to his fallen master, was destined, in the course of Providence, to forward the great work of the Reformation. Cromwell counselled Henry to brave and defy the power of Rome, unless Pope Clement at once complied with his desires, or rather submitted to his menaces. The distress and perplexity of Lord Chancellor More, when this resolution was taken, must have been extreme, as he was a most conscientious and submissive, nay, almost a bigoted adherent of the Church of Rome, though his opinions of the Pope's temporal supremacy in England were moderate, if not liberal. Thus involved, the Lord Chancellor went too far, even for selfish policy, in compliance with the demands of the imperious and now furious Henry, unless he had been prepared to go all lengths. We are told,—

His state of mind at this time may be gathered from a dialogue between him and his son-in-law, who thus relates it:—"Walking with me along the Thames' side at Chelsea, he said unto me, 'Would to our Lord, son Roper, on condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and were presently cast into the Thames.' 'What great things be those, sir,' quoth I, 'that should move you so to wish?' 'In faith, son, they be these,' said he. 'The first is, that whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal war, they were at universal peace. The second, that where the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were well settled in perfect uniformity of religion. The third, that the matter of the king's marriage were, to the glory of God and quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion.'"

He had great misgivings as to the progress of the reformers, and even anticipated the time when, in England, those who adhered to the old faith might be denied religious liberty.

A prophecy this too sadly realized. Nothing now remained to him but to resign the Great Seal, which he felt as a signal deliverance:—

He had not consulted his wife or his family about resigning, and he concealed from them the step he had taken till next day. This was a holiday; and there being no Court Circular or Newspaper on the breakfast table, they all went to Church at Chelsea, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. "And whereas upon the holydays, during his High Chancellorship, one of his gentlemen, when the service at the church was done, ordinarily used to come to my Lady his wife's pew-door, and say unto her, '*Madam, my Lord is gone,*' he came unto my Lady his wife's pew himself, and making a low courtesy, said unto her, '*Madam, my Lord is gone,*' which she, imagining to be but one of his jests, as he used many unto her, he sadly affirmed unto her that it was true. This was the way he thought fittest to break the matter unto his wife, who was full of sorrow to hear it."

More immediately set about providing for his officers and servants; transferred his state barge, with its eight rowers, to his infamous successor, Audley, and "his Fool" to the Lord Mayor of London for the time being. We are not surprised that Lord Campbell is fascinated by the most petty details of the life of More. English literature has few such biographies. After resigning office, and disposing of the affairs connected with it,—

He called together all his children and grandchildren who had dwelt with him, and asked their advice how he might now, in the decay of his ability, bear out the whole charges of them all, as he gladly would have continued to do. When they were all silent—"Then will I (said he) show unto you my mind: I have been brought up at Oxford, at an Inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and in the King's Court, from the lowest degree to the highest; and yet have I, in yearly revenues at this present, little left me above a hundred pounds by the year: so that now, if we wish to live together, you must be content to be contributaries together. But my counsel is, that we fall not to the lowest fare first: we will not, therefore, descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn, but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful men, of great account and good years, do live full well; which, if we find ourselves the first year not able to maintain, then will in the next year come down to Oxford fare, where many great, learned, and ancient fathers and doctors are continually conversant; which, if our purses stretch not to maintain neither, then may we after, with bag and wallet, go a-begging together; hoping that, for pity, some good folks will give us their charity, and at every man's door to sing a *Salve Regina*, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together."

In those times there were no pensions of £5000 a-year for ex-Chancellors, nor sinecures for their sons.

This excellent man, for a brief season, enjoyed the calm and tranquillity for which he had longed. Writing to Erasmus, he says, he "had now obtained what, from youth, he had longed for: he was freed from all public business, and could live, for a time, only to God and to himself."

But this quiet was to be of short duration. The rupture with the See of Rome was, by the violent counsels of Thomas Cromwell, now complete; and Henry had privately married Anne, who was in a state of pregnancy. Shortly after, the marriage was declared, and orders were given for the new Queen's coronation. At this ceremony the ex-Chancellor declined to appear, though his presence had been anxiously solicited; and this gave mortal offence to Anne, who, besides being artful and mean, was not seldom bitterly vindictive. The persecution which soon led More to the scaffold, whither Anne Boleyn was in her turn soon to follow, was now commenced, and, as was the constant custom, after the accession of the Tudors, under a mockery of legal forms. We have seen how truly More penetrated the character of the King, long before it had been exhibited in the sanguinary and flagitious light in which it now stood forth.

The Duke of Norfolk, the uncle of the new Queen, made a last attempt to overcome More's conscientious scruples, or, at all events, to exact dissembled compliance, which might not have, after all, saved the victim; saying,—

"By the mass, Master More, it is perilous striving with princes; therefore I could wish you, as a friend, to incline to the King's pleasure; for, by God's body, Master More, *indignatio principis mors est.*" "Is that all?" said Sir Thomas; "why then, there is no more difference between your Grace and me, but that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow." Norfolk, it is well known, was attainted, ordered for execution, and only saved by Henry's death.

But More's other prophecy, of the same sort, was

literally fulfilled. Having asked his daughter, Roper, how the world went, and how Queen Anne did, "In faith, father," said she, "never better; there is nothing else in the Court but dancing and sporting." "Never better!" said he. "Alas! Meg, it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."

Nothing could induce this great and virtuous man to violate his conscience, by taking the oath to the King as supreme Head of the Church of England, and renouncing all obedience to the Pope, which had become the religious test; and in the trials of his fortitude which followed, the constancy of this undoubted martyr of the rights of conscience was never once shaken. While More lay in the Tower, whither he had been hurried by "the importunate clamours" with which Anne contrived to exasperate her royal partner, many victims to the oath of supremacy were led thence to the stake; and More was visited by his wife, in the hope that her persuasion might induce him to yield, and save his life. The interview is thus described by Lord Campbell:—

On her entrance, like a plain rude woman, and somewhat worldly, she thus saluted him, "What, the good-year, Mr. More, I marvel that you, who have been, hitherto, always taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favour and good will both of the King and his Council, if you would but do as the Bishops and best learned of his realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children and household, be merry; I muse what, a God's name, you mean, here thus fondly to tarry." Having heard her out, preserving his good humour, he said to her, with a cheerful countenance, "I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing." "What is it?" saith she. "Is not this house as near heaven as my own?" She could only come out with her favourite interjection, which she used, like Dame Quickly, to express impatience, "Tilly vally! Tilly vally!" By pointing out the short time he could enjoy his house compared with the long and secure tenure of heaven, and various other arguments and illustrations, he, to no purpose, tried to convince her that it was better to remain in the Tower than to dishonour himself. He was little moved by her persuasions, thinking (but not saying) as Job, when tempted by his wife, "Quasi una ex stultis mulieribus locuta es."

We must render her the justice to recollect, however, that she continued actively to do what she could for his comfort; and, in a subsequent part of his imprisonment, when all his property had been seized, she actually sold her wearing apparel to raise money to provide necessaries for him.

We need not follow out this sad story to its melancholy close, though we do wish that some competent person, in warning to future ages, would give the world of England a history of its crown lawyers. In that record, the infamous name of Rich the Solicitor General would fill a conspicuous niche. Lord Campbell has gibbeted the equally infamous Lord Chancellor Audley, the fit instrument of Henry VIII.

All must agree with Lord Campbell in holding Sir T. More wholly blameless in his conscientious assertion of his right to hold his own religious opinions—in silence—for he obtruded them on no one; and many will adopt the sentiment expressed below:—

The English Reformation was a glorious event, for which we never can be sufficiently grateful to divine Providence: but I own I feel little respect for those by whose instrumentality it was first brought about;—men generally swayed by their own worldly interests, and willing to sanction the worst passions of the tyrant, to whom they looked for advancement. With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Thomas Cromwell or Cranmer.

We shall not mar the effect, to the reader, of the narrative of More's imprisonment, trial, and last days.

We take reluctant leave of this beautiful and heart-touching biography—this admirable addition to the best kind of literature—that which warms and purifies the affections, and elevates the mind. We have the more pleasure in recording this opinion, as we cannot on many points, nor yet in his general estimate, coincide with Lord Campbell's judgment of Lord Bacon, whose life—passing the "mean, sordid, and unprincipled Chancellors, which have tended to make the latter half of the reign of Henry VIII. the most disgraceful period of the English annals," and also the Chancellors of Elizabeth—next attracts special notice.

Lord Campbell considers the Life of Bacon "still a desideratum in English literature;" and he has, with "fear and trembling," attempted the arduous task of delineating a character which certainly baffles all ordinary rules and common-place axioms; and which we humbly think he has but imperfectly penetrated, and often judged on narrow views.

The most studied, antithetical, and what is termed *ambitious* piece of composition, in these volumes, is the introduction to the life of Bacon.

But this is a subject which demands more consideration, and even space, than can be afforded at this time. Were it, however, only for its importance in English biography, this life, on which Lord Campbell puts forth all his strength, requires examination. It has ever gone hard with Bacon. While admiring friends, and loving kinsmen and descendants, revering his memory with feelings little short of adoration, have dwelt fondly upon the most minute details of the life of Sir T. More; and while Becket and Wolsey have each been warmly extolled by their respective secretaries, and placed in the fairest light before the eyes of posterity, the errors of Lord Bacon have been eagerly pointed out and dwelt upon, until those who know little else about him have come vaguely to consider the

"Wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,"

as some extraordinary monster, combining the most stupendous intellect with the most singular depravity of the moral sense. Believing this an erroneous, and, as it affects so great a master of mankind, a mischievous opinion, we propose attempting to examine it, though going little farther into the subject than we have data furnished by Lord Campbell himself.

(To be continued.)

COUNT MONTHOLON'S CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON.*

THERE are, no doubt, several grave and sufficient reasons for publishing expensive and voluminous works by instalments; but the practice can neither be agreeable to readers—we do not speak of purchasers—nor convenient to reviewers. Here are two volumes of a work, from which we expected a great deal of new information, and in which a good deal is certainly found: but these volumes only get through the first two years of Napoleon's captivity, about which much has already been published, and then leave us to languish for the history of those long remaining years when every other source of information was cut off by the departure of the greater part of the suite, and when Count Montholon had the ex-Emperor nearly all to himself. Waiting the richer anticipated banquet, we must, meanwhile, be content with what is set before us.

What may be properly termed the "History of the Captivity," occupies less than a half of the two volumes published,—as a good part of their space is filled with those copious "*Dictations*" which Napoleon has left as materials for History, or, as often, of self-laudation, and the vindication of his character from false and frivolous, as well as from grave and serious, charges. The work opens with the arrival of Napoleon at Paris, after his final overthrow at Waterloo,—his arrival to find that all was lost!

The people, if, as Count Montholon asserts, they remained faithful, gave no sign; and among all other classes of the nation, "fidelity was the exception." The Chambers were convoked, and the ominous word "*Abdication*," was whispered. Fouché was treacherous, and the act of resigning the crown was formally signed. What follows, as well as the above facts, is matter of public history; and we restrict our notice of the volumes to what is either personal or private, and, in some sort, original. Count Montholon, who had been a soldier of the Republic, was long employed by Napoleon in diplomatic affairs, and appears to have been sincerely and devotedly attached to his chief, whose captivity he patiently shared for six weary years. He was with him during that disastrous period when Napoleon seemed completely stunned by overwhelming reverses, and when he had sunk, for a time, into helpless apathy. Count Montholon makes statements which tend to the belief that, if Napoleon had, at this extreme ebb of his fortunes, taken advantage of the spirit which was displayed by two regiments of the guard, he might have retrieved his fortunes; but he himself saw farther, and said, "that torrents of blood must be shed in his quarrels, and no drop of French blood should be shed for a cause wholly personal:—

"No," said he, "I can never forget one thing; that I have been brought from Cannes to Paris in the midst of cries for blood! *Down with the priests—Down with the nobles!* I would rather have the regrets of France, than possess its crown."

Count Montholon seems no more to have, at any time, doubted the truth or good faith of his chief, than his great military genius. The grapes were sour; and Napoleon, if deeply mortified, was perhaps at this moment not ill-pleased to be permitted by the Allies to embark at Rochefort, with the services of plate and porcelain, the twelve dozen table napkins, and sheets and towels, and carriages and books, and maps, and the hundred thousand francs which his old friend Fouché allowed him to carry away with him. The game was up: there was now but one cry among the generals and dignitaries of the empire. "Let him set off; let him go; we can undertake nothing either for his advantage or the good of Paris."

The gloom and apathy which was apparent in Napoleon, and every minute circumstance of the crisis, are well described by Count Montholon. One alone was found faithful among the faithless,—the daughter of Josephine.

Queen Hortense's devotedness to the Emperor was unbounded; she offered him her diamonds, and every thing of value which she had at her disposal; and, when he refused her offers, she made use of stratagem to compel him to accept them. There never was seen so complete a disregard of personal interest.

The narrative of Las Cases, and the accounts of several contemporary writers, have rendered the events of the embarkation at Rochefort, and all that preceded and followed, familiar to every reader of Napoleon's memorable story; but here they are again dwelt upon at a length measured by Count Montholon's idea of the immense importance of the most trivial circumstance connected with his fallen Master. It is enough for us, that the time was frittered away which might have enabled Napoleon to escape to the United States. By the confession of his own followers, the throwing himself, with vaunted chivalrous confidence upon the honour and generosity of England, was but his *pis aller*.

But the surrender was made, the destination of the ex-Emperor was fixed, his protest taken, and his attendants selected. The English gentlemen in the Northumberland were utterly astonished at the Emperor's consummate knowledge of the social organization and resources of England. But what astonished them still more, as well it might, was to hear from his own lips—

That he had constantly endeavoured to unite the two nations in the bonds of friendship and mutual interest; only demanding for France the sceptre of the continent, and leaving to England that of the seas.

While the Northumberland continued in the Channel, the coast of France was, of course, sometimes visible, and, as if in imitation of Mary Queen of Scots, Napoleon took of it this pathetic or theatrical farewell:—

The Emperor stood still, looked at the coast, and, taking off his hat, said, with emotion—

* "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena." By General Count Montholon, the Emperor's Companion in Exile, and Testamentary Executor. Two vols. 8vo. London: Colburn.

"Farewell! Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France—farewell!"

The captain of the brig Griffin, one of the squadron, was named Wright :—

His name struck the Emperor : "Are you a relation," he asked one day, "of the Captain Wright whom your libellers accuse me of having strangled!"

"Yes, Sire," answered he, "and, by my faith, I should be curious to know from you how the poor devil killed himself, for I never believed that you had had him hung without reason."

"Well, I will tell you," answered the Emperor.

The long tale was told, of which the main point is, that Wright committed suicide in his prison, "a national habit of the English," the Emperor said; so there needed be no surprise or doubt about Wright's fate.

The Emperor seized every opportunity of clearing his character from the libels and calumnies of the English government and its creatures. What follows is, at least, brave talk. Perhaps Napoleon, at this time, believed himself the man he took pains to describe himself :—

"Notwithstanding all their libels, I fear nothing for my renown; posterity will render me justice: it will compare the good which I have done with the faults which I have committed; I do not fear the result. If I had succeeded, I should die with the reputation of being the greatest man who ever existed; from being nothing, I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the universe, without committing any crimes. If crime had been in accordance with my opinions, neither Louis XVIII. nor Ferdinand would now reign: many times have their heads been offered to me for a price, and their death has been daily put forward to me as advisable. I refused; I do not regret it. My ambition was great, I confess it, but it *rested* on the opinion of the masses; I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people; the empire, as I had organized it, was but a great republic. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, '*a career open to talent*, without distinction of birth;' and it is for this system of equality that the European oligarchy detests me. And yet, in England, talent and great services raise a man to the highest rank—you should have understood me."

The Englishmen listened with all their ears, and the expression of their countenances showed the effect produced upon them.

Much of the early part of the residence in St. Helena has been anticipated, not only by Las Cases, Gourgaud, O'Meara, and others, but by a very recent work, which contains the reminiscences of that same lively and engaging little girl, Miss Betsy Balcombe, who makes so conspicuous a figure in Count Montholon's narrative. It was in her father's residence, "the Briars," that Napoleon lived until Longwood could be fitted up for his reception :—

The Emperor passed his time at Briars just as on board the Northumberland.

He remained in his room till four or five o'clock, and sought to forget the hours in the recollections of his campaigns in Italy and Egypt.

Las Cases wrote from Napoleon's dictation.

He was shortly afterwards settled at Longwood, and his household organized in a style of splendour which ought to have satisfied a hero of moderate desires; and now began those petty but bitter squabbles and wrangles with his unlucky *custodier*, Sir Hudson Lowe, which, wherever the fault might lie, certainly exhibited the great Napoleon in any thing but a dignified aspect. Against Sir Hudson he conceived a strong and senseless prejudice at their very first interview, and before that gentleman could have done any thing to give him just ground of offence. In fact, Bonaparte saw and hated his inflexible and astute gaoler.

After the first day, the Emperor said to us, "That man is malevolent; whilst looking at me, his eye was like that of a hyena taken in a trap; put no confidence in him; we complain of the Admiral, we shall perhaps regret him, for, in truth, he has the heart of a soldier, whilst the general only wears the dress. His appearance and expression recall to my mind those of the Sbirri of Venice. Who knows! perhaps he will be my executioner. Let us not, however, be hasty in forming our judgments; his disposition may, after all, atone for his sinister appearance."

It required the whole of the Emperor's instinctive rapidity to receive this impression at the first sight of Sir Hudson Lowe.

In fact, Sir Hudson Lowe had something prepossessing in his appearance. . . . .

Sir Hudson Lowe was a man of great ability, and had the extraordinary faculty of giving to all his actions such a colouring as suited the object which he proposed to effect. An excellent man of business, and of extreme probity. Amiable when he pleased, and knowing how to assume the most engaging form.

He might have acquired our gratitude, but he preferred the disgraceful reprobation which has followed him to the tomb. He was said to be a good father and a good husband.

Count Montholon's account of Sir Hudson Lowe, is, in fact, not very consistent. His sober judgment appears to have risen against his passions and prejudices. The painful and galling nature of the position in which this honest and steady, if stern old soldier, was placed between the Emperor and his suite on the one hand, and the English government and the Allies on the other, may be gathered from what follows :—

The ruling vice of Sir Hudson Lowe's character was an unceasing want of confidence—a true monomania. He often rose in the middle of the night—leaped out of bed in haste, from dreaming of the Emperor's flight—mounted his horse, and rode like a man demented to Longwood, to assure himself, by interrogating the officer on duty, that he was labouring under the effects of nightmare, and not of a providential instinct; and yet, notwithstanding this, the impression on his mind was so lively that he could never decide on leaving Longwood, till he received our word of honour that the Emperor was in his apartments. There was then almost an effusion of gratitude on his part, and he excused himself for having disturbed us in the middle of the night.

Every candid man must allow, that circumstances were more in fault than Sir Hudson Lowe, for much of what may have been harsh or unmannerly in his treatment of the wayward and restless charge, who delighted in annoying him.

The Emperor's table-talk, though scanty, offers us a few inviting extracts. He spoke paragraphs for the *Moniteur*, and the germ of democratic speeches, which might have suited the Convention during the rage of Republicanism. Of one memorable and mortifying event, of which the captive was now the greatest trophy, he said to his suite,—

"At Waterloo, *I ought to have been victorious;* the chances were a hundred to one in my favour; but Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of forty-two thousand Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousands of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken *flagrante delicto*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with forty thousand

men, suffered Bulow and Blücher to escape from him; and, finally, a heavy fall of rain had made the ground so soft, that it was impossible to commence the attack at day-break. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the defiles of the forest, before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It was lost without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe, the recognition of the interests of the masses, and of the democracy."

Of colonies and himself he said, at an interview with Colonel Wilks the ex-governor of St. Helena,

"You have lost America by enfranchisement; you have perceived the reason, and, as you say, you prevent the English from becoming proprietors in India. You do well, for, when children arrive at years of maturity, it is in the nature of things that they should become independent. Your power in India has been exposed to great dangers. I have constantly assailed it by my negotiations, and I would have reached it by my arms, had I been able to come to an understanding with the Emperor of Russia, on the partition of Turkey. . . .

I have always been of opinion that the rivalries between great nations have been the results of misunderstanding, and from the moment that I was baulked in my project of making a descent upon England, by the fault of Admiral Villeneuve, I never desired any thing but peace. As long as the negotiations on your part were conducted by Fox, they were honourably conducted; and had he lived, England and France would have been united in the closest alliance since 1806. Unfortunately for both nations, Fox died, and the ministry which succeeded him, adopted the shade of Pitt for its Ægis.

"In short, I have always wished for peace with England, by all means reconcilable with the dignity of the French nation.

The whole of this conversation, or rather harangue to the departing governor, whom the Emperor charged with a message to the English people and to the Prince Regent—which we fear was never delivered—is highly characteristic of the plausible speaker. On another occasion, he said,—

"My son will reign, if the popular masses are permitted to act without control; the crown will belong to the Duke of Orleans, if those who are called liberals gain the victory over the people; but then, sooner or later, the people will discover that they have been deceived,—that the white are always white, the blue always blue,—and that there is no guarantee for their true interests, except under the reign of my dynasty, because it is the work of their creation.

"I did not usurp the crown,—I picked it up from the gutter; the people placed it on my head. I wished the name of Frenchman to be the most noble and desirable on the earth. I was King of the People, as the Bourbons are Kings of the Nobles, under whatever colours they may disguise the banner of their ancestors.

His reminiscences of childhood, like those indeed of every human creature possessing any degree of sensibility, though looking somewhat got-up, are affecting when viewed either in contrast with his extraordinary career, or in relation to his fallen condition. Count Montholon had one day been writing for fourteen hours to his dictation, and was completely exhausted, but yet able either to write down or to bear in mind what follows:—

"What recollections," said he, "crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied with political topics, or with the insults of that wicked man! I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. It seems to me always in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world with twelve thousand francs a-year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, in our old house at Ajaccio. You remember its beautiful situation — you cannot have forgotten it! You have often despoiled it of its finest bunches of grapes, when you ran off with Pauline to go and satisfy your childish appetite. And Madame Joue—into what a rage she put herself, and how she scolded that poor Pauline, upon whom the whole storm always burst! Happy hours! the natal soil has infinite charms; memory embellishes it with all its powers, even to the very odour of the ground, which one can so realize to the senses, as to be able, with the eyes shut, to tell the spots first trodden by the foot of childhood.

"I still remember with emotion, the most minute details of a journey during which I accompanied Paoli. More than five hundred of us, young persons of the first families in the island, formed his guard of honour; I felt proud of walking by his side, and he appeared to take pleasure in pointing out to me, with paternal affection, the passes of our mountains, which had been witnesses of the heroic struggle of our fellow-countrymen for natural independence. The impression made upon me, whilst I listened, still vibrates in my heart! Come, place your hand upon my bosom! see, how it beats!" and it was true, his heart did beat with such rapidity, as would have excited my astonishment, had I not been acquainted with his organization, and with the kind of electric commotion which his thoughts communicated to his whole being.

"It is like the sound of a bell," added he; "there is none here; I am no longer accustomed to hear it. The sound of a bell never strikes my ear, without carrying back my thoughts to the sensations of my youth. The Angelus' bell led me back to pleasant reveries, when, in the midst of earnest thoughts, and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sound under the shady woods of St. Cloud; and often have I been supposed to have been revolving the plan of a campaign or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly absorbed in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth. Religion is, in fact, the dominion of the soul; it is the hope, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity! what a power would it still have, did its ministers comprehend their mission!"

This is at least very pretty talk.

Besides the continual squabbles with Sir Hudson Lowe, quarrels arose in the Emperor's household. A duel was impending. "Be brothers!" he said to those fiery spirits; "otherwise you will be an additional punishment to me! Be brothers, I command you, I entreat you as a father!"

One quarrel with Sir Hudson Lowe led Napoleon to seek a small revenge, by smashing all his own plate, and ordering it for sale. The Count relates:

The Emperor ordered me to send him, as an answer, all his plate, broken into pieces. I thought I saw in this order an impulse of indignation—justifiable, indeed, but the consequence of which would be a daily privation to long fixed habits; and twenty-four hours passed without my having obeyed. The next day, I thought, would make me certain whether this order proceeded from a well-considered and determined will, or from an impulse of the moment. In fact, next morning, when he rose, the Emperor asked me what I had done; and approving my conduct in awaiting a new command from him, before reducing him to eat off bad English ware, he told me to have only as much plate broken as I thought could be spared, without encroaching upon what was actually necessary for his personal service, and to send it to the town, and sell it.

As soon as Sir Hudson Lowe learned, by the telegraph from Longwood, that splendid pieces of table service were being broken up, and that the *maître d'hotel*, Cipriani, was preparing to take the wrecks of them to the town, there to sell them, and place the produce at the disposal of the commissioner of provisions for Longwood, he hastened at a gallop to Longwood, to tell me that he would oppose this sale to the Jews of

James Town; and that if I insisted on the sale taking place, I must send and sell the plate to certain persons whom he would point out to me. . . . . .

The obligation under which we were to provide for a part of the expenses at Longwood not having been revoked, the Emperor ordered me to have the rest of his plate broken, to send it to the commissioner, and to employ some of the produce of it in purchasing for his table a service of English porcelain or of china, the best that could be found at James Town.

This order had all the appearance of a cool determination, and I ought, perhaps, to have obeyed it; but I knew what the force of habit was with the Emperor, and I knew what a cruel change such a striking one in the service of his table would be to him. I spoke to him of this, and proposed to keep only what was strictly necessary: he approved of my plan; and, on the 5th of November, Cipriani again conveyed to Commissioner Ibbetson broken plate, amounting in weight to eighty-two pounds nine ounces.

This time the blow was again violent to Sir Hudson Lowe; but he made no alteration in our position.

More plate was afterwards broken, though as much from spleen as from necessity; and in what follows, the great Emperor more resembled a spiteful and angry waiting-gentlewoman than a hero in adversity:—

The Emperor, on his side, required that I should persist in what I had said, namely, that his plate was his only resource at St. Helena; and I received, for the third time, orders to have all the plate broken up, with the exception of twelve covers; fresh remonstrances on my part would have been useless and unbecoming; I refrained from making any, and the Emperor believed himself obeyed.

Four baskets of broken plate, weighing altogether 290 lbs. 12 oz., were conveyed from Longwood on the 25th of December, 1816, and dinner was served on bad china, brought by Cipriani from James Town.

When Sir Hudson Lowe was made acquainted with this third and last despatch, and the purchase of the china, he saw that he was conquered; came to express to me his lively regret, and plainly showed how much afraid he was of blame from his government: he told me that he only acted on the conviction that we had a great quantity of gold at Longwood; that he had been assured of this; and that he would never have allowed a single piece of plate to be broken, could he have supposed that matters would go so far as to reduce General Bonaparte to eat off dishes like those of the lowest colonist in the island; that he would send immediately to the Cape of Good Hope, and procure a suitable service, until such time as he could receive one from England.

The Emperor was enchanted with the account which I gave him of this communication; but his joy was changed into perfect disgust when he sat down to his dinner, served on the china brought by Cipriani. The physical effect upon him was such that he ate nothing, and said to me, on leaving the dinner-table, "It must be allowed, my son, that we are all great children. Can you conceive that I could not conquer my disgust at this badly-served dinner?—I, who when I was young ate from black dishes; in truth, I am ashamed of myself to-day."

"Let the shame be of short duration," replied I, "for to-morrow your Majesty will dine with appetite." "I hope so," answered he, "for this would be too foolish."

His joy was infantine when, next morning, Marchand brought to him in the bath his *soupe à la Reine*, as usual, in the little silver-gilt bowl which he had been accustomed for many years to see. He could not help thanking me, with a smile, for my disobedience, and I was greatly put to it to keep my secret till dinner-time; but I kept it, so great was my hope of giving him a few moments of agreeable impression, when he saw his dinner served as usual. I was right; for when we entered the dining-room, he took me by the ear, and said to me, in his joyous tone, "Ha, ha! Mr. Rogue; you took upon yourself yesterday to make me pass an uncomfortable quarter of an hour; it is my turn to-day!"

I confessed to him, that, not being able to resolve to take from him his last luxury, I had put aside what was necessary for his personal service; but that, to make up for this, I had been obliged to take away all the plate used by the grand marshal. He laughed very heartily at the fraud which my solicitude for his comfort had suggested to me, and said, "Upon my faith, you have done well! and so much the better, that you have succeeded with this bandit, Lowe, as well as if I had not a silver dish left. As to Bertrand, so much the worse for him, if he has nothing but china! It was his advice which I followed."

The Emperor had letters sent to the princes and princesses of his family, informing them that he was destitute of the most necessary things—of the comforts of life. They all hastened to offer him the whole or the greater portion of their fortunes.

With a few detached scraps of Napoleon's table-talk, we must conclude our hasty notice of the opening portion of Count Montholon's work; a work which, whatever be its defects or merits, always artlessly, and without study, exhibits its author in the light of an honest and candid man, and a faithful and disinterested follower of Napoleon.

Napoleon, primed perhaps by English and other reviews, was a severe but discriminating critic of his brother Lucien's epic poem of "Charlemagne." He said,—

"Lucien, perhaps, may have wished to write a work of re-action! How could he indulge the illusion of believing that he was about to restore the power of Rome? How can one admit that he consecrated twenty thousand lines to preach absurdities which no longer belong to the age; to defend prejudices which he can no longer entertain?—and he, above all—all whose opinions are controlled and regulated by the theory of republicanism!

"What a perversity of mind! What he could really have done, is a history of Italy. . . .

"This passion of Lucien, and others of my family, for writing poetry and romance, is something quite inexplicable — Louis and Elisa write romances! There may be clearness and interest in Louis's romances, but by far the greater part will consist of sentimental metaphysics and philosophical absurdity. As to Elisa, I am at fault if she does not give us the sequel of the Monk." . . . .

"My object was to destroy the whole of the feudal system, as organized by Charlemagne. With this view, I created a nobility from among the people, in order to swallow up the remains of the feudal nobility. The foundations of my ideas of fitness were abilities and personal worth; and I selected the son of a farmer or an artisan to make a duke or a marshal of France. . . .

"My plan was to re-construct the ancient nobility of France. Every family which reckoned among the number of its ancestors a cardinal, a great officer of the crown, a marshal of France, chancellor, keeper of the seals, minister, &c. was entitled on that account to sue for the title of duke. You, Montholon, for example, would have been a duke, because you were descended from chancellors and keepers of the great seal of France. Every family which had had an archbishop, ambassador, chief president, lieutenant-general, or vice-admiral, the title of count: every family which had had a bishop, major-general, rear-admiral, councillor of state, or president of parliament, the title of baron.

These ideas, inconsistent enough in themselves, are among the many after-thoughts with which Napoleon, in captivity, sought to glorify himself for unfulfilled designs.

There is something painfully little in the bitter pleasure which it always gave Napoleon to mortify and torment the unfortunate person compelled to see to his safe custody. One

means of annoyance was uniformly refusing to admit Sir Hudson to his presence, especially when the poor man wished, with his own eyes, to satisfy himself that the captive had not escaped. One day, the Count relates,

I was writing from his dictation, when the valet-de-chambre on duty came to inform him that the governor had, for the last half-hour, been insisting on entering the Emperor's room, in order to assure himself with his own eyes that he had not escaped. The valet had resisted, but Sir Hudson Lowe had dared to forget all propriety so far as to say, that he would have the doors forced if they persisted in not opening them to him. It was then only that Noverras resolved to come and disturb his royal master, whom he knew to be occupied in dictating to me; and I must remark here, that the Emperor was so devotedly loved by his attendants, that there was not one among them who, completely associating themselves with his sufferings, would not have sacrificed himself to spare him the slightest one of them. Noverras knew the blow which this affair would be to the Emperor, and therefore it was not till the very last extremity that he consented to bring him Sir Hudson Lowe's message. The Emperor listened with contemptuous indifference, and, turning round, said:—"Tell my gaoler that it is in his power to change his keys for the hatchet of the executioner, and that if he enters, it shall be over a corpse. Give me my pistols." Sir Hudson Lowe heard this answer, and retired confounded; but the blow was struck, and the day was lost for work.

Sir Hudson Lowe, when in a gracious humour, once presented a small case of superior Bourbon coffee for Napoleon's use, which Count Montholon was afraid to mention, for fear of giving offence; but to his great astonishment—

The Emperor merely said,—"Cause the case to be carried to the pantry—good coffee is a precious thing in this horrible place." Cipriani thought me mad, when I put the case into his charge to be used by Pièrron, the chief cook. I was obliged to repeat the Emperor's order before he would consent to obey; declaring to me, over and over again, that he would, first of all, submit it to a variety of trials before he allowed any of it to be served up to his master. In short, the coffee was excellent.

Cipriani, in conformity with the character of his nation, suspected poison in the gift. Napoleon better knew Englishmen, of whom he said, "I have done England great mischief, and would have done her more had the war continued, but I have never ceased to esteem the English people."

The following extraordinary story is related here of the royal lady, best known in England as the friend and patroness of Lady Hamilton and the cajoler of Lord Nelson:—

The aged Queen Caroline of Naples was living in Sicily, overwhelmed with vexation, and steeped in humiliations. The English had unworthily sacrificed her to their ambitious views upon Sicily. She was thirsting for vengeance, and her imagination—degraded by all the blood which she had caused to be shed, when the unskilfulness of the Directory re-opened to her the gates of Naples—could not be restrained within any bounds, when she thought she saw a ray of hope.

The marriage of one of her daughters with the Duke of Orleans, was made subservient to the policy of the moment. On the birth of the Duke de Chartres, she conceived the infernal idea of offering him up as a holocaust, in order to buy back the crown of Naples. "This child," she wrote to the Emperor, "will one day become a dangerous rival of your son; he will fully represent a principle of conciliation between interests which you have amalgamated in appearance, but which your death will separate anew. Restore to me the crown of Naples, and I will at the same time serve your cause, and satiate my hatred of the English, by new Sicilian Vespers, which will swallow up a whole race of rivals of your dynasty."

The Emperor was filled with indignation, and caused the bearer of this execrable message to be conveyed to a state-prison. There he would have long remained, had not the events of 1814 restored him to liberty.

Atrocious and dissembling as was the character of the Queen of Naples, if the above anecdote is at all credible, she must have been, at this time, absolutely insane.

Las Cases departed, the ex-Emperor fell into bad health, and Sir Hudson Lowe became more cross and irritable than ever. The climate of St. Helena, it is stated by Count Montholon, disagreed with Napoleon, and the singular complaint is made that the thermometer there "varies ten degrees, according as the sun is above or below the horizon." A very limited range this, compared with the great majority of even the most salubrious climates.

About this time, several ships arrived from India and the Cape, and the officers were permitted, as usual, to visit Longwood. An anonymous captain offered to rescue the Emperor, and carry him wherever he would; but he declined. One of the officers of the garrison, also, contrived a plan of escape, which "was almost certain of success;" but neither was this plan acceded to. The Emperor might doubt whether these were not snares to entrap him, and authorize a more rigorous confinement.

The work breaks off abruptly, with a new squabble between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, who was compelled to be ever on the alert to detect secret correspondences. The subsequent volume, or volumes, as they must refer to a period of which comparatively little is known, namely, that which intervened between the departure of Las Casas, Gourgaud, and others of the suite, and the death of Napoleon, will be looked for with interest and curiosity; while the most trivial of details and unimportant "dictations" in those already published will long form a study to the future historian of Napoleon, however meagre they may seem to contemporary readers.

THE INSCRIPTION.

"If an inscription be put upon my tomb, it may be, that I was an enthusiastic lover of the church; and as enthusiastic a *hater* of those who have betrayed it, be they who they may."—COLERIDGE'S "*Table Talk.*"

LET him who never dared refuse
To pay the parish priest his dues,
Whether his breeding sows and ewes
Brought nine or ten,
Pause; for the tomb of one he views,
Who loved such men!

But let not him whose graceless soul
Regards the fruits of sty and stall,
Of fold and field, as sacred all
From priestly touch,
On a departed spirit call
Who hated such!

L. D.

CONFESSIONS OF AN HOMŒOPATHIST.*

THIS is a clever book, though some may say, not a candid one. The avowed object of the volume, says the author, "is to expose, in an agreeable form, the fallacies of a peculiar system of empiricism which has but too frequently succeeded in luring dupes to their ruin." This system is *Homœopathy*, which the author of the Confessions fancies may be better exposed and put down by satire and tale, than by further learned controversy in Medical Journals. The idea he has worked out in a clear, well-written tale, in which a German Homœopathist, who has made his fortune in England, relates his various adventures, and unfolds the mysteries of his successful practice. His fortunes were at the lowest ebb when the discoveries of Hahnemann presented themselves to him as an inexhaustible mine of gold, if properly worked. Let him tell it himself.

I shall simply state, that having examined it in all its bearings, I cried "Eureka," for it suited me: spent some time in medical studies, took a degree as M. D., merely as a cover to avoid the imputation of being a Quack, and carefully husbanding my resources, I was soon ready to start in my new career.

Englishmen being the persons I most desired as patients, I had assiduously cultivated the English tongue, and ingeniously contrived to be paid for my acquisition, by pretending to teach English students German, as soon as I had acquired the mere rudiments of the former. . . . . .

It forms one of the curious coincideuces of my life, that just at this period, when I was as yet undecided where to pitch my camp, I met an Homœopathist who had sojourned in many towns of England, and from him I learned, more practically than I had hitherto known, the rationale of forming a settlement.

This man had sought England, five years before, with twenty pounds in his pocket, carrying a packet of Geneva watches, for which he was to receive a per centage, in case of his smuggling them successfully; this he accomplished, and then tried to drive a trade by repairing Geneva and French watches. Finding this trade overstocked, and not being able to get work enough, his slender finances became exhausted, and he was obliged to become servant to a fellow-countryman, who was practising Homœopathy, with the additional aids of galvanism, electricity, and cupping, in the *ironic* town of Sheffield, where he was making a good deal of gold of the Vulcanian population. This man had treated him kindly, and, after some time, taken him into his confidence.

In short, the servant, Dusterweg, soon became as good a physician as his master; cured many whimsical old ladies; acquired a vast reputation; and was one of the most ingenious of puffers. At Heidelberg he got a degree, and soon eclipsed his patron. This Herr Doctor, Von Dusterweg, gave our hero, his countryman, the following sound advice about laying a good foundation for his future practice: —

"A patient of rank—an old imaginative Earl, who thinks he has been cured of an abscess in his brain by me—which abscess was the production of my brain, and which required the administration of 30,000 globules of sweet mercury, one globule being taken for nine months, every quarter of an hour, so that in that time he had taken the enormous quantity of one-eighth of a grain."

In this style did my new acquaintance, Schnickle,—I beg his pardon, Herr Doctor Von Dusterweg,—acquaint me with the management of the practical part of my chosen profession; but not satisfied with these details, I persuaded him one day to make over to me an old pocket-book, to which I had seen him often refer; this he did in an unguarded moment, when he had made rather too copious libations to the jolly god at my expense. Now, this little book was not any way remarkable in appearance, except that it was old and greasy, and had the picture of a Jager shooting at a stag impressed on its cover, and a name attempted to be erased from the fly leaf.

This invaluable pocket-book proved a complete guide to the practice of Homœopathy. It is not without sense as the reader will see.

Nervous and Hypochondriac cases are the best for our practice. They pay best, and being quite incurable by medicine only, are those which are least grudged to us by the Regulars.

N.B.—Old established M.D.'s, who had made their fortunes, have often sent me such cases.

Treatment.—Diet as different as possible from whatever they have been taking before, abundant exercise with from thirty to forty globules per diem. These must be changed every three days, in order to secure the attendance of the patients, and the consequent reception of their fees. To such persons you cannot be too liberal of your promises of health; but never omit stating, that recovery will be tedious.

Value.—If well managed, from twelve to sixty guineas.

All the common complaints, incident to females, are profitable, and easily cured; persons afflicted with such, are never satisfied with their regular physician, except he is constantly dosing them, even against his better judgment. They will do for you, what they will not do for him, namely, exercise freely, and take proper food, get up early, go to bed in good time, and refrain from undressing themselves to go to parties at midnight. Globules and attenuations must be given in frequent doses, otherwise, recovery might be attributed to your rational treatment. This must never be permitted; the exercise, diet, and all other means must be made secondary to the globules. The distinction between the Regular and you, in such cases, consists in this: That he is required to cure by medicine alone, and nothing farther will be submitted to, from him; whereas, you will have perfect command over the actions, diet, nay, from the frequency of administering your medicines, over the very thoughts of your patient. Hence your success!

Fevers are a little hazardous, yet you should not refuse them; for all sensible writers on the subject, acknowledge that the less done in fever the better, and that suits admirably with our practice. Nine cases out of ten will get well spontaneously. Well, in those nine you and your globules get all the credit; if you see the tenth likely to die, immediately apologize for not being able to attend on account of your home practice. The patient dies, but not in your hands; some regular physician is called in, says all is wrong, and adopting his own practice, has the felicity of performing the last ceremony, and having maligned you, follows the example of his patient, and departs. Never forget to pay a visit of condolence to the afflicted family, before the first gloss is off their mourning. . . . .

Should the reverse of this case happen, that is, should a regular physician be displaced, to call you in, at a time when there is little hope of the patient's recovery, never doubt about undertaking the case, stating, at the same time unequivocally, that the vital principle has been so much lowered, that you entertain very little hopes; but that, as the regular practitioner had despaired, it was plain he put little trust in his own treatment: you would try: very sorry that you did not see them sooner. You commence, nature gets fair play; recovery ensues, immortal honour crowns your brows, and Homœopathy is lauded to the skies. If the patient dies, it only justifies the opinion you had given—"too far gone."

There is another circumstance which serves to protect our characters in unfortunate cases; the family of the

* Dublin: S. B. Oldham.

deceased are ashamed at having had the weakness to employ us, and are too proud to acknowledge it, so their wounded "amour propre" causes them either to defend our treatment, or to be perfectly silent on the subject. Either answers!

Cancers and some skin diseases had better be rejected. You can't cure them, neither can any one else! Time is lost, and failure is fatal to our system. But, on the other hand, it is found highly useful to give the most high-sounding and portentous names to the most trifling maladies. Thus, every little innocent tumour must be called cancer; every little rush on the skin either Lepra, or Elephantiasis, or Psoriasis. Such cases get well, and the induction is plain. . . . . .

In your general conversation with patients, use the simplest terms you can devise—this, for contrast with the Regulars, who are lovers of octosyllabic jawluxators. Endeavour to preserve your foreign idiom, in whatever land you may be; this impresses the polite, and captivates the vulgar. It is often, however, the highest proof of wisdom, to keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut. Give liberally to charities patronised by your patronesses; but there should be an attempt at privacy, in so doing, which will be an incentive to publication. Never mind your patrons in this line!

Patients who are sceptical of the truths of Homœopathy, from a love of variety, or a hundred other reasons, will sometimes consult you; as these persons are inclined to ridicule infinitesimal doses, it is sometimes highly useful to give them powerful doses of various highly-concentrated medicines, in globules, similar in appearance to all the rest, but consisting of Morphia, Strychnine, Arsenic, Corrosive Sublimate, and such like: a few of these, mingled with your sugar and starch globules, will cause effects to be felt by the sceptic, which will quickly overcome his disbelief—he generally makes an excellent patient, and often a good decoy duck.

Never scruple in paralytic cases to give Strychnine largely; but never allow it to be supposed that you are giving more at a dose, than the one-hundred-thousandth of a grain.

Much of this may be unfair or uncandid. On this head we give no opinion; our sole object being to display the character of the book.——In furtherance of his grand design our Homœopathist went to London.

I had taken up my abode with a Jew tailor, in the Strand, and he advised me to commence my practice in some of the country towns, and afterwards come up to London, when I knew more of the people I had to deal with.

This advice seemed good, because it tallied with my own inclinations, and I determined to adopt it. He also offered to introduce me to the celebrated Heinrich Hosse, who was flourishing as an Homœopathist at the West End, and as he was our countryman, he promised me honest advice from him.

Next day we sought Hosse, who was living in one of the villa houses, bordering on the Green Park, and who appeared rather to have sought retirement than publicity, in the choice of his residence. A long row of carriages was drawn up at his door, some of them displaying coronets on their panels, and sundry cabs, evidently from distances, were continually arriving. A porter, in showy livery, received us at the door, and a black lackey showed us into a handsome reception room, where some fifty or sixty persons were already collected.

At this moment a small *tiger* entered from another room, and called out with the accent of a foreigner—"Milor Middelton." A gentlemanly man immediately followed him. This ceremony was repeated every few minutes, only with a new title, till I began to think that the whole House of Lords had come to consult Herr Hosse. Then came a Countess, and a Baronet, or two, and a few Honourables, then some plain Mr. or Mrs. then our ears were tickled with a Duchess. In about an hour, our own unworthy names were called, and we in turn followed the tiger through a tasteful corridor, full of flowering exotics, and entered an apartment fitted up with exquisite taste and splendour. Large looking-glasses filled all the piers, and the furniture was covered in crimson velvet.

In an easy chair, at a small round table, sat Herr Hosse, having before him a rosewood box, containing his Materia Medica. A number of notes and some gold lay also beside him. A kind of dumb waiter, with revolving leaves, stood at his left hand, covered with small phials and pill-boxes. Confronting him, on a tall perch, sat a magnificent macaw, in all the splendour of his oriental plumage, with his head on one side, as if listening to every word that was said—as great a natural dandy as his master was an artificial one. A bust of Hahnemann, in pure white marble, was supported on a chaste column, almost behind his chair, with the motto—

"Artis Medicæ Renovator."

A few pictures, more remarkable for the massive richness of their frames, than the excellence of the painting, were suspended from the walls, and some half-dozen volumes, completed the arrangement of this handsome study, where the only things wanting, seemed to be the materials for study. The presiding spirit amidst all this splendour, was a little dark Jewish-looking man, with an ineffable look of self-satisfaction. He was attired in a flowing and flowered silk dressing-gown, secured by a thick cord and tassels, at the waist, but open at the breast to display his rich vest, handsome ruffles, diamond studs, and gold watch-chains.

He received us most courteously, and being informed of my wish to obtain his advice with regard to a settlement, placed his head on one side (like his macaw,) and, having considered for a few minutes, gravely asked—"How much I could afford to expend, in the first instance?"

Being informed that my resources were very limited, he advised me to commence in some of the provincial towns, where the field was open, and not think of London, till I had saved money enough to make a stylish impression, or at least, to purchase a partnership with some of those already established. This advice decided me, and after some desultory conversation, we took our leave, Hosse having promised to forward my interests in every way that he could, provided I left London.

After much inquiry, I fixed on Manchester as a good place to commence practice, and engaged the little German tailor, with whom I lodged, and whose trade was indifferent, to act as my servant. He made himself a most picturesque livery, and as soon as it was finished, we started, having previously ordered private apartments in the principal hotel, and announced our expected arrival in all the local papers.

The little tailor's name was Johan Kobelt, and a most faithful and useful alley he proved to me. Seated on the top of the coach, he told stories of the extraordinary cures I had accomplished, and stated, that I only intended staying a few days in Manchester for consultations. Two of his auditors, who said nothing, determined to try the marvel-working powers of so extraordinary a person, and the more resolutely, from having been to London for advice, where they had swallowed a fair allowance of blue pill, been boiled in hot baths, perished in cold ones, and finally told, that their livers would never be better without change of scene and air.

Every where the coach stopped, Johan was eloquent in my praises, and distributed cards bearing my name, and the address of the hotel, where I intended stopping, in Manchester. The cunning little fellow had also written to the landlord, announcing my arrival, and by a timely douceur to the waiter, had circulated my cards in every quarter of the town.

As I knew nothing of these transactions, you may judge of my surprise at being informed by the landlord that several persons were anxiously awaiting my arrival, and had left orders to be informed of it as early as possible. I was not half an hour in my apartments, when twenty persons had sent up their cards, expressing their wish to consult me.

A wretched, squalid-looking mendicant, apparently covered with leprosy, also caused a school-boy to write a dirty little scrawl, begging me, for God's sake, to cure him, as he had been in all the hospitals, and none of the doctors could. This I threw aside in disgust.

An elegantly-folded note was next presented from Sir H—— G——, requesting that I would favour him with a call as soon as convenient, and stating that a servant waited for an answer.

I was on the point of sending an affirmative one, when Johan, who had been out, entered the room, and being informed of what I could not help considering extraordinary success, interrupted me, and in most peremptory tone said, "Success, indeed! Excuse your humble servitor; but if such success satisfies you, the man has more ambition than the master. Trust me: I know more of these people than you do; and if they find that they can have you for sending for, you will lose half your time, and half your fees. It would be best for you not to be seen at all out of doors. A little mystery will magnify your presumed powers; consequently, to the Baronet you must not go: rest assured, he will come to you."

Kobelt then proceeded to pull down my vanity, by clearly demonstrating, that as yet I had been but the puppet, whilst he was the real engineer who had arranged and pulled the strings.

"Now," said he, in continuation, "come to this window, and tell me what you see?"

"I see a wretched beggar in rags, gesticulating vehemently, and a crowd of curious people laughing at him. Now he throws himself upon his knees. He appears to be directing his words towards us. Oh, the horrid wretch! he is all covered over with leprosy! See, he tears open his shirt, whilst the scales are flying off from him on every side, and the crowd are scattering through fear of contagion!"

"You have observed accurately. Now, tell me, would you like that miserable man for your patient?"

"No, assuredly! it disgusts me to look at him. Besides, I fear Homœopathy would hardly cure him."

"Yet, on that man depends your fortune in this town, and the greater part of the celebrity which, in a few hours, you have discovered that you possess!!!"

Johan was found a most invaluable auxiliary. He was indeed the soul of the concern. Manchester proved a fertile field; the leprous beggar an admirable decoy; and our doctor was, in one day, fairly ushered into prosperous, well-paying practice.

Johan and I had been busily engaged making globules, and preparing attenuations all the morning, and by twelve o'clock so many persons had arrived, that I could no longer put off seeing them. In the course of my practice, I have seen thousands upon thousands of patients, but not one of those who appeared that day has ever been forgotten, though many, subsequently seen, have totally escaped my memory.

The first person introduced, was a little shrivelled old hag of a gentlewoman, with false hair, teeth, and eyebrows, and very richly attired. She came to consult me about certain red spots and pimples, which disfigured her face, particularly her nose, and which, she hinted, was an obstacle to her promotion. She had consulted many medical men. Dr. P—— recommended her to go to Harrowgate; she went, and came back, nothing paler, but somewhat thinner. Dr. S—— told her, Pugh! it was only Acne Rosacea; never do her any harm: get up at five in the morning, ride five miles, on a high cantering horse, drink a pint of goat's milk for breakfast, and take five grains of blue pill going to bed; and when the fee was placed in his hand, he added, that it would be better for her to be minding her devotions than her face, at her time of life—"The wretch," said she, "it is a wonder so many people of sense employ him; you will be astonished when I tell you, that the Dowager Countess of Hoopandsystem delights in the fellow, and says he is a diamond in the rough." Dr. J——s put his cane to his nose, spoke of constitutional irritation, change of climate, cuticular efflorescence, wrote his prescription, and went away. Dr. B—— said he would cure her, but having found out that he was poisoning her with arsenic, and boiling her to a skeleton in hot baths, she left him; she detailed the opinions of several other members of the faculty; but said they had done her no good, but had destroyed a fine constitution, and completely shattered her nerves.

From inquiry, I found that she had been living on the richest diet, and was constantly using powerful stimulants. Her wish to get well, made her promise to adhere strictly to very simple regimen, which I dictated, and I gave her forty globules of Aconite; one of which was to be taken three hours after a meal, and no food of any kind to be touched for an hour after that, and no drink stronger than milk and water. A flannel mask to be put on the face, precisely at nine o'clock in the evening, and worn till next morning. To see me again in a week.

Now all ye who are malevolently disposed to attack Homœopathy on every occasion, list to the wisdom of the system, as displayed in this my first prescription. Its purpose was double, to prevent those frequent meals and perpetual sippings of potent fluids, which had deranged both stomach and skin, and to drive her to her bed at an early hour, in place of driving into the vicissitudes of heat and cold, draught, damp, and hot suffocating air, which forms the atmosphere of what is called society. Now, it was probable that all these ends would be served, without a word on the subject being said, and, consequently, without producing a feeling of restriction in the patient.

My next patient was a lady, *un peu passés*, who was tormented with such fits of nervousness and sleeplessness, and a tendency to dream of horrors, that her whole life was rendered miserable; every little noise frightened her; if the wind blew, it was certain the chimneys would fall on her; if it were calm, she dreaded suffocation; every dog she met had a peculiarly rabid look, and seemed ready to fly at her, in preference to any one else. These, and a number of similar symptoms, she eloquently described, till I was obliged to cut her short, by saying, "Madam, I know it all—you shall be cured."

"Shall I—shall I. Oh! dear sir, do you say so?"

"Yes, madam; but the most particular attention must be given to my directions. Here are sixty globules; every second hour in the day, one of these must be taken, commencing at six o'clock in the morning, then walk a mile. No tea, coffee, or other stimulant allowable, nothing but water; dine at three o'clock, and then drive ten miles. Sup on bread and milk, boiled, and at ten retire to bed, having taken one of these six globules. You will have refreshing rest, and be quickly restored.

I might well promise this; for although the sixty globules were taken from a drawer, labelled "Mimula Sabonitica," and contained only so much starch, the six contained each a full dose of Morphia.

The Baronet I had declined visiting the previous day, now entered. He was a fine stately man, but seemed in great torture, and was assisted into the room by a servant, and the aid of a crutch; he had suffered from gout every where, and I thought I saw evidences of an intellect weakened by constant attacks of pain.

I immediately hastened to give him a chair, and he dropped into it, as if his knee joints had no power when once bent out of the perpendicular, and when he had drawn his breath, he said, with the courteous smile of a gentleman—

"Well, Doctor, you have played the part of a tyrant with me, and have caused me to rise from bed, where I have been stretched now three months, and have made me drive five miles. My family physician was with me when I received your reply, and with a very grave face he told me, that he would not be answerable for the consequences, if I persevered in so mad a project as that of driving into Manchester. I told him I should not hold him accountable any longer, thanked him for his attention, gave him his last guinea, and, with the aid of two glasses of brandy, and a little of Hoffman's anodyne, here I am, and I declare I think

the fresh cool air has greatly revived me ; and although every jolt in the road gave me torture infinite, still I grinned and bore it ; but now, sir, that I am roused, I am willing to bear more than that, to get rid of this troublesome complaint."

I questioned him closely ; he had been a man of great activity, a mighty Nimrod, and had always been in the habit of indulging the good appetite, procured by violent exercise ; he had, moreover, the reputation of having one of the strongest heads in the shire, whilst his cellar of wines was celebrated far and wide. A disputed election, for a neighbouring borough, caused a third party to offer him their votes ; he yielded to the temptation, and carried off the prize, for which the others were contending. The healthy and hearty country gentleman was now lost in the M. P.; he carried with him to London, all his eating and drinking propensities, but he could not bring thither the active exercise and bracing field sports, which rendered his little excesses innocuous. Night after night, in St. Stephen's, half the day in bed, or lounging about the clubs, with perhaps a short ride or walk in the parks, was not sufficient for his powerful frame. A violent fit of indigestion, followed by gout, laid him on his back for some time, and destroyed the relish and spirit he formerly had for all exertion. In this deplorable state he had remained for some years,—now better, now worse. His hunters had been sold, and he himself, now yielding to his complaint, waited, with pettish anxiety, the daily visit, of a really skilful physician, who found it necessary to continue giving wine and stimulants, through fear of the gout attacking his stomach, and thus aimed at suppressing a fire, by pouring oil on it.

Having learned thus much, I told the Baronet that I could cure him, provided that he pledged his word implicitly to follow my directions.

He promised, and I immediately wrote—

"Let Sir H—G—'s coachman receive orders to set him down to-day at one quarter of a mile from home, which distance he will walk, at whatever pace pleases him best ; he may have the assistance of a servant. To-morrow Sir H— G— is to drive twelve miles, and to be let down half a mile from home. His diet, each day, is to be a single chop, broiled, for dinner, with one glass of Madeira, and water *ad libitum*. Boiled bread and milk for breakfast and supper ; nothing to be eaten in the intervals. One hundred globules accompany this, one to be taken every hour. In three days I should be glad to see Sir H — G — again."

I folded this up, and presented it with the globules ; then reminding him of his promise, I caused him to be assisted out.

So much for the doctor's practice. Yet he met with sundry rebuffs, reverses, and even detections and exposures, but was not without consolation.

The results of a few of the cases mentioned, may be interesting.

The Baronet Sir H— G— was gradually restored to his habits of activity, and consequent health : the first use he made of it, was to present me with a splendid thorough-bred hunter, and he never seemed satisfied praising my system, my skill, and my success.

The pimple-faced lady, forced to live a natural life, appeared, after a short time, fairer than ever, at least, quite fair enough for a lady with £5,000 per annum. Who can deny that the globules worked this cure ?

The nervous lady walked and ate, and consequently slept, till she was heartily tired of walking, eating, and sleeping ; and dreading that she might acquire the form, as well as the health and strength of a milk-maid, proclaimed herself cured.

The doctor had now been three years in practice, and had made money.

I had now the proud satisfaction of numbering amongst my patients, and the admirers of my system, persons of all ranks. I had one duke, several earls, lords in multitude, and commoners and merchants, richer and more liberal than lords. Whilst in Manchester, I had never violated the rule I laid down for myself, of requiring all patients to come to me, never visiting any at their own houses ; this served two good purposes ; viz. bad cases, and those likely to die, could not come, *tant mieux!* and I had the more time for pocketing fees at home, being kept constantly occupied from early in the morning, till five in the afternoon ; the rest of the day I reserved for my own recreation.

Previous to settling in Manchester, I had adopted the name of Eisenberg; my own mean patronymic Gruber, not sounding either sufficiently aristocratic, or sufficiently German. This is a very usual practice with my countrymen, in other lands, except that they are excessively fond of adding the titles of Count or Baron; from this folly, I had the good sense to abstain. One day, when I was weary of listening for hours, to vast numbers of cases, I retired, for a short time, to refresh myself, when Johan brought me a card, which, he said, a little German gentleman had given him, requesting an interview ; it bore the name, "Count Furstenburg." I was not generally fond of seeing my countrymen ; but at this particular moment, I felt amiable, and thought it would be a comfort to me to hear, and talk a little of my mother tongue.

"Show the gentleman in."

Judge my surprise, when the Count of Furstenberg entered the room, — to see under that redoubted name, the little, insignificant Professor Sobieski Pöble, whom I had been so instrumental in tormenting at Leipsic.

His surprise was not less than my own : our mutual acknowledgment was not a little ludicrous. I cried — "Count Furstenberg ; Professor Pöble ! ! !"

He simultaneously exclaimed—"Dr. Eisenberg ; Carl Gruber ! ! !"

It was impossible to avoid laughing at our discovered masquerade ; and although we entertained a most cordial and mutual hatred to one another at Leipsic, at Manchester we stood in a different position, and, strange as it may appear, we embraced, as if old and dear friends. After some little conversation, I had to return to my patients ; but Pöble promised to dine with me, and tell me his adventures since we parted.

Dr. Eisenberg was now making a rapid fortune. He had more patients than he could attend.

People were glad to get an appointment for a week off. I pretended to make no distinction between the peer and the peasant, but saw all in rotation. At first I insisted on my regular fee in gold ; after a little time, I found it was better to leave regular fees to regular physicians, and to take whatever was offered, apparently without noticing what it might be. Thus, many persons, according to their rank or wealth, gave largely ; and if others gave moderately, the average of the whole was far greater than if I had distanced or repelled some, by refusing what they could afford.

When I found any patient of strong intellect, expressing doubts as to the possibility of my very minute doses being able to produce effects on the human system, I immediately directed attention to the invisible doses of Miasma, unappreciable to the most delicate tests of chemistry, yet which were capable of producing and maintaining the most direful and fatal diseases, such as plague, cholera, small-pox, typhus, &c. ; but with intellectual persons of a peculiar stamp, who were more in the habit of reasoning deeply than speaking much, I had a favourite exemplification of the theory of infinitesimals afforded by the vaccine virus or cow-pox. I would say, "You will not deny that the smallest particle of this matter, even when diluted one thousand or ten thousand times, is capable of producing a pustule of a certain character, and a peculiar kind of fever."

Our doctor had, meanwhile, some painful misadventures, and his conscience was occasionally haunted by the ghosts of patients whom he had killed. He began to tire even of money-making.

A sense of loneliness began to reign in my mind, nearly to the expulsion of avarice; and often, in my fits of

despondency, I would have resigned all, for the comfort and solace of one genuinely loving, and truly sympathizing mind.

I had followed the advice given me in London, not to enter into society, or I might have dissipated this unwholesome gloom; but I well knew that it was necessary to abstain from familiar intercourse, in order to sustain my part as a wonder-worker.

At last, I unbosomed myself to Johan, and he decided at once, that I ought to marry. But who? He had a niece of his own, an artificial flower-maker, in London, an excellent and pretty girl, whom he could strongly recommend.

But we shall not interfere with the doctor's private affairs. It became necessary, after sundry moving accidents by flood and field, that he should change the scene, and also his name; so, visiting Glasgow and Edinburgh, he settled in Paisley, and adapted himself to Scottish practice. How the Professor fared in Paisley; his brilliant successes, and black reverses; and how, finally, he returned to Germany, and set up as "Count Von Eisenberg;" travelled throughout Europe, but without again attempting practice; and married a woman of family, &c. &c. we leave to the reader; content with stating that, as a mere tale, the work has considerable merit. As to the quackery and professional arts exposed, it is to be feared that these are not confined to the Homœopathic practitioners.

LOUDON'S LEGACY TO GARDENERS.*

This is a posthumous work. The idea of it originated with Mr. Osborn of the Fulham Nursery, who, having many young gardeners under his charge, felt how much they might be benefited by this sort of private instructor. Mr. Loudon, the author of many—perhaps too many—books on cognate subjects, accordingly seized the hint, and produced a work in which young men may find instructions in arithmetic and book-keeping, geometry, mensuration, and practical trigonometry, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, land-surveying, levelling, planning and mapping, architectural drawing, &c. &c. Mrs. Loudon was induced to publish the book, which a friend felicitously named, her husband's "Last Legacy to Gardeners." What was left incomplete in the manual, has, by Mr. Loudon's dying directions, been finished by his friend, Dr. Jamieson. The brief Memoir, written by Mrs. Loudon, will, to the great majority of readers, be the most attractive portion of the volume. Young gardeners are comparatively a small class; while all feel interested in the pursuits, struggles, and fortunes of a man of considerable ability, and of untiring industry and perseverance, who devoted himself, from early youth until his dying hour, to spreading the knowledge of a useful and beautiful art. Apart from his scientific and literary labours, and the formation and development of his character and mind, Mr. Loudon's life is uneventful. John Claudius Loudon was born in April, 1783, at Cambuslang, in Lanarkshire, the eldest of a large family. His father was, at that period, a farmer at Gogar, near Edinburgh; and an intelligent man, possessed of the admirable Scottish ambition of giving his son a good, which was then fancied a classical, education. Young Loudon, however, displayed a taste for landscape gardening, before he could be induced to apply to the study of Latin and Greek; and while dallying over these languages at the public schools of Edinburgh, he acquired a knowledge of French, and made good progress in arithmetic, writing, and drawing. In the latter art he made such proficiency, that at an early age he was competent to act as draughtsman and assistant to a nurseryman and landscape-gardener, *Scottice* planner, at Easter Dalry, near Edinburgh. His master, Mr. Mawer, died before his pupil was sixteen; and for the next four years young Loudon resided under the roof of Mr. Dickson, nurseryman and *planner*, Leith Walk. His ardour for congenial studies was now so great, that he sat up two nights a-week at his books. He also attended the botany, chemistry, and agricultural classes in the university, and was considered by Dr. Coventry, the professor of agriculture, as his most promising pupil. This gentleman† furnished him with many useful letters of recommendation, when, at the age of twenty, he repaired to London. Scottish gardeners have for generations been esteemed and sought after in England; and Loudon was soon very extensively employed as a landscape-gardener, both in that country and in Scotland. Of her husband at this early period, Mrs. Loudon remarks:—

It is curious, in turning over his memoranda, to find how many improvements suggested themselves to his active mind, which he was unable, from various circumstances, to carry into effect at the time, but which, many years afterwards, were executed either by himself or by other persons, who, however, were unaware that he had previously suggested them. Throughout his life similar occurrences were continually taking place; and nothing was more common than for him to find persons taking the merit to themselves of inventions which he had suggested years before. When this happened, he was frequently urged to assert his prior claim; but he always answered, that he thought the person who made an invention useful to the public had more merit than its original contriver; and that, in fact, so long as the public were benefited by any invention of his, it was perfectly indifferent to him who had the merit of it.

By his suggestion, the gloomy Scottish pine, and the sepulchral yew, were either supplanted in the squares of London, or improved by the intermixture of such deciduous trees as will best bear the smoke of a city. Loudon became, at an early age for such distinction, a member of the Linnean Society, and first appeared before the public as an author, forty years since, in a work on the formation of plantations, and on landscape-gardening. This was followed up by several other treatises on the same subjects, composed while he actively followed his profession of landscape-gardener. From violent rheumatism, caught in a night journey on the outside of the coach, he not only suffered severely, but, at the age of twenty-three, became lame in the left knee for the remainder of his life. Among the many advantages of railway-travelling, protection from the severity of cold, and its serious consequences, are not the least. While suffering under this illness, Mr. Loudon lodged at a farm-house near Harrow, and, always active with mind and pen, a work on English farming was the result; while he amused himself with painting land-

* Self-Instruction for young Gardeners, Foresters, Bailiffs, Land-Stewards, and Farmers, &c. &c. &c. By the late J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S. &c. with a Memoir of the Author. Octavo, with portrait. Pp. 240. Longman & Co.

† Our readers have lately been introduced to this rare Scottish professor in the Memoirs of Niebuhr.

scapes. He soon became so much alive to the bad husbandry then common in England, that he urged his father to come south, and apply his superior skill to the soil; and the family, in the following year, removed from Gogar to the farm of Wood-Hall. And now, one of those occurrences which Miss Edgeworth loves to invent as steps in the prosperous and onward career of a young man of ability and worth, really led to the direct furtherance of Loudon's worldly interests. A pamphlet, entitled *An Immediate and Effectual Mode of Raising the Rental of Landed Property in England, &c. &c.* caught the attention of General Stratton, a large proprietor in Oxfordshire, who offered the author Great Tew, a farm of fifteen hundred acres, at a low rent, that he might introduce Scottish husbandry, and thus realize the promise of his pamphlet. The experiment succeeded; and by farming, but principally by the emoluments of his profession, our Scottish gardener had, before he was thirty, amassed a fortune of £15,000. His father also prospered on his Middlesex farm, which, at his death, was sub-let for £1000 per annum, the rent at which he held it being £300. By this time, Mr. Loudon had made what might have been considered a very competent fortune; and he, in 1813-14, allowed himself the improving relaxation of a long tour in the north of Europe, in Austria, Russia, and Poland, during which, besides making copious literary memoranda, he took views of every palace and garden which were worth visiting. The devastations of war were every where visible in his progress; and when he reached Moscow, he found the houses yet black from the recent conflagration of that capital. Mrs. Loudon is surprised that her husband did not, on his return, publish his travels; but he appears to have found less pleasing occupation. Like too many men, being really rich, for his station, possessed of an ample competence, a handsome independence, he wished to be still richer, and, accordingly, dabbled in mercantile speculations, and in underwriting ships at Lloyds', until, in 1815, he found himself deprived of nearly the whole of his previous over-rapid accumulations, and his health seriously affected by the anxiety of mind which he had undergone. It was, in our opinion, the misfortune of Mr. Loudon (his profession considered) to have acquired his money far too easily. Again a poor man, he now, in 1816, settled at Bayswater, in a house to which a large garden was attached, and, after publishing several works, commenced his celebrated "Encyclopædia of Gardening." With a view to professional objects, he, in 1819, visited France and Italy, which countries had been sealed during his former tour. Mrs. Loudon gives a sketch of his progress, and tells its results. At its conclusion, he began in earnest to his Encyclopædia, being now furnished with fresh and copious materials. His labours were, however, suspended by another desperate attack of chronic rheumatism, of which the cure proved worse than the disease, as his right arm was actually wrenched, broken, in the process of shampooing in Mahomet's Vapour Baths, so close to the shoulder, that it could not be set, and he soon lost the use of it. As a warning against the rash use of extraordinary and violent remedies, we copy out Mrs. Loudon's account of her husband's tortures, from having submitted to the violent shampooing and stretching which left such consequences.

During the whole of the year 1828, he suffered most excruciating pain, not only from his right arm, the bone which had never properly united, and to retain which in its place he was compelled to wear an iron case night and day, but from the rheumatism which had settled in his left hand, and which contracted two of his fingers and his thumb, so as to render them useless. It is, however, worthy of remark, and quite characteristic of Mr. Loudon, that, at the very time he was suffering such acute bodily pain, he formed the plan of his houses in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, and superintended the building of them himself, rising at four o'clock every morning, that he might be on the spot when the workmen came to their work. . . . . .

When, shortly after, his right arm was broken a second time, and he was obliged to submit to amputation, though he gave up landscape-gardening, it was only to devote himself more assiduously to his pen. He was, however, now no longer able to write or draw himself, and he was compelled to employ both an amanuensis and a draughtsman. Still, though he had only the use of the third and little finger of his left hand, he would frequently take a pen or a pencil, and make sketches with astonishing vigour, so as fully to explain to his draughtsman what he wished to be done.

During the time that he was suffering so severely from the pain in his arm, he found no ease but from taking laudanum; and he became at last so habituated to the use of this noxious potion, that he took a wineglassful every eight hours. After the amputation of his arm, however, he wished to leave off taking it, as he was aware of its injurious effects upon his general health; and he contrived to cure himself by putting a wine-glassful of water into his quart bottle of laudanum every time he took out a wine-glassful of the potion, so that the mixture became gradually weaker every day, till at last it was little more than water; and he found he had cured himself of this dangerous habit without experiencing any inconvenience.

The "Encyclopædia of Gardening," which, with the exception of the "Cottage Architecture," is Loudon's most popular, and certainly one of his most pleasant books, was published in 1822, and in 1824, the "Encyclopædia of Agriculture," and some smaller works, a proof of his wonderful energy of mind—of "the power of the soul over the body." In 1826, he established the *Gardener's Magazine*, a periodical which was from the first very successful, and which, though it latterly fell off considerably, at one time yielded him a profit of £750 a-year. This magazine was very useful in many respects, not only to gardeners, but to the nobility and landed proprietors, into whose heads it indirectly introduced some good and generous ideas as to their treatment of their dependents. Mr. Loudon, who always, as we think, erred on the side of attempting too much, and who at one period was engaged in *five* different periodical works, in 1828 commenced the *Naturalist's Magazine*. His mental and manual activity were unbounded; his head literally teemed with projects thrown out in his periodicals, often hasty and crude, no doubt, but sometimes sound or suggestive. In 1824 he married. But we must let Mrs. Loudon, who proved a most congenial-minded, and fitting helpmate, tell the brief story of this happy wooing.

About this time Mr. Loudon formed his first acquaintance with me. My father died in 1824; and finding, on the winding up of his affairs, that it would be necessary for me to do something for my support, I had written a strange wild novel, called *The Mummy*, in which I had laid the scene in the twenty-second century, and attempted to predict the state of improvement to which this country might possibly arrive. Mr. Loudon chanced to see the review of this book in the *Literary Gazette*, and as, among other things, I had mentioned a steam-plough, it attracted his attention, and he procured the work from a circulating library. He read it, and was so much pleased with it, that he published, in *The Gar-*

dener's Magazine for 1828, a notice of it under the head of "Hints for Improvements;" and he had from that time a great desire to become acquainted with the author, whom he supposed to be a man. In February, 1830, Mr. Loudon chanced to mention this wish to a lady, a friend of his, who happened to be acquainted with me, and who immediately invited him to a party, where she promised him he should have the wished-for introduction. It may be easily supposed that he was surprised to find the author of the book a woman; but I believe that from that evening he formed an attachment to me, and, in fact, we were married on the 14th of the following September.

Soon after his marriage rival periodicals appeared; the *Gardener's Magazine* fell off, but languished on for many years, and was given up on the editor's decease. Mrs. Loudon gives various sketches of tours which she made with her husband in England and Scotland, partly on professional business, and partly for health and recreation. They were, however, both hard workers, though more ardent than prudent, perhaps; as health and domestic enjoyment were the high price paid for doing in one season the fair business of two or three; and much time must also have been consumed in vain or resultless labours. Mrs. Loudon states, that in 1832 her husband commenced his most popular work, the "Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture." She says:

I was his sole amanuensis, though he had several draughtsmen. The labour that attended this work was immense; and for several months he and I used to sit up the greater part of every night, never having more than four hours' sleep, and drinking strong coffee to keep ourselves awake. The *First Additional Supplement* to the *Hortus Britannicus* was also prepared and published in 1832.

This work was published at his own risk, or "on his own account," and its success tempted him also to publish, on his own account, the "Arboretum Britannicum," an expensive undertaking, which involved him in pecuniary difficulties that preyed severely upon his mind, and probably accelerated his death. While preparing this work he began the *Architectural Magazine*, another abortive undertaking. Mr. Loudon, in short, attempted too much, and necessarily failed. The principle of the power-loom has never yet been successfully applied to science or literature. The details are sufficiently melancholy, though the same sympathy may not be called forth by the pains and penalties attending undertakings which partook largely of the character of mere commercial speculations, that is excited by the struggles of uncalculating, irrepressible genius, under adverse circumstances. Yet it is with sincere pity, not unmixed with admiration of really extraordinary fortitude, that we read what follows.

From the year 1833, to Midsummer 1838, Mr. Loudon underwent the most extraordinary exertions both of mind and body. Having resolved that all the drawings for the *Arboretum* should be made from nature, he had seven artists constantly employed, and he was frequently in the open air with them, from his breakfast at seven in the morning, till he came home to dinner at eight in the evening; having remained the whole of that time without taking the slightest refreshment, and generally without even sitting down. After dinner, he resumed the literary part of the work, and continued writing, with me as his amanuensis, till two or three o'clock in the morning. His constitution was naturally very strong; but it was impossible for any human powers to bear, for any lengthened period, the fatigue he underwent. In 1836, he began *The Suburban Gardener*, which was also published in monthly numbers, so that he had five monthly works going on at the same time. He soon found, however, that three monthly works, besides the *Arboretum*, were as much as his health would permit him to undertake the management of, and he disposed of *The Magazine of Natural History* to Mr. Charlesworth. In 1838, he also gave up *The Architectural Magazine*, and at Midsummer in that year, he finished the *Arboretum Britannicum*. He was now in circumstances that would have discouraged almost any person but himself. His health was very seriously injured, partly by what was supposed to be a liver complaint, and partly by an enormous swelling in his right knee, which some of the most eminent medical men in London supposed to be produced by a disease in the bone. In addition to the large sums in ready money he had paid to the artists and other persons employed during the progress of the *Arboretum*, he found at its conclusion that he owed ten thousand pounds to the printer, the stationer, and the wood-engraver who had been employed on that work. His creditors, however, did not press him for their money, but gave him a chance of reaping the benefit of his labours at some future time, by consenting to wait till they were paid by the sale of the *Arboretum* and the *Cottage Architecture*, upon condition that he placed these works in the hands of Messrs. Longman, to hold for the creditors till the debt was paid.

Notwithstanding the state of his knee, which was now such that he was unable to walk without assistance, immediately on the completion of the *Arboretum* he arranged and published his *Hortus Lignosus Londinensis*; and in the last number of *The Suburban Gardener*, which was finished about this time, he informed the public that he intended to resume his profession of landscape-gardener, and that he would not only go out, but give advice at home, on any plans that might be sent to him. To us, who saw the state of his health, this intimation gave the greatest pain, and we determined to do every thing in our power to prevent the necessity of his exerting himself. Two of his sisters learned wood-engraving; and I, having acquired some knowledge of plants and gardens during the eight years I had acted as his amanuensis, began to write books on those subjects myself. In the mean time, he grew so much worse, that we had very little hope of his recovery, till he placed himself under the care of William Lawrence, Esq.; when that eminent surgeon took a different view of the case from what had been before entertained, and by his mode of treatment rapidly restored him to health.

In the following year Mr. Loudon became editor of the *Gardeners' Gazette*, which profitless employment, however, he soon relinquished, and, in 1840, he visited Paris, and, in the following year, Scotland. On this last tour, he had a violent illness; but he rallied, and, in the course of the winter, and the following year, he improved several of his former works, and contributed to others. In the spring of 1842, he had an attack of inflammation of the lungs, from which, however, he partially recovered to write more books and lay out more grounds. A second attack came on, and Mr. Lawrence, in whose professional judgment he had the highest confidence, did not conceal the truth, which only roused the doomed man to increased exertion, if that were possible. He had now a wife—soon to be a widow—and a daughter, to stimulate industry, which needed no impelling motive save that inherent ardour and activity which had actuated Mr. Loudon through every hour of his life. Accordingly, we are told,

As soon as Mr. Loudon found that his disease was likely to prove fatal, he determined, if possible, to finish the works he had in hand, and he laboured almost night and day to do so. He first, with the assistance of his draughtsman, finished a plan for Baron Rothschild; then one for Mr. Ricardo, another for Mr. Pinder, and, finally, a plan for the cemetery at Bath. He had also

engaged to make some additional alterations in the grounds of Mr. Fuller at Streatham, and he went there on the 11th of October, but he was unable to go into the garden; and this was the last time he ever attempted to visit any place professionally. He continued, however, to walk in the open air in his own garden, and in the grounds of Mr. Hopgood, nurseryman, at Craven Hill, for two or three days longer, though his strength was fast decreasing; and after the 16th of October, he did not leave the house, but confined himself to his bedroom, and a drawing-room on the same floor. Nothing could be more awful than to watch him during the few weeks that yet remained of his life. His body was rapidly wasting away; but his mind remained in all its vigour, and he scarcely allowed himself any rest in his eagerness to complete the works that he had in hand. He was particularly anxious to finish his *Self-Instruction for Young Gardeners*, which is published nearly in the state he left it, though, had he lived, it would probably have been carried to a much greater extent. About the middle of November, the medical men who attended my poor husband pronounced his disease to have become chronic bronchitis; and this information, combined with the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, had a powerful effect upon him. He now made an effort that can only be estimated by those who know the natural independence of his mind, and the pain it gave him to ask even a trifling favour. He wrote a letter stating his situation, and that the sale of 350 copies of the *Arboretum* would free him from all his embarrassments. This letter he had lithographed, and he sent copies of it to all the nobility who took an interest in gardening. The result was most gratifying. The letter was only dated the 1st of December, and he died on the 14th of that month; and yet, in that short space of time, the noblemen he appealed to, with that kindness which always distinguishes the English aristocracy, purchased books to the amount of £360. Mr. Loudon had intended to forward similar letters to all the landed proprietors and capitalists; and, though only a few were sent, they were responded to with equal kindness.

Notwithstanding this prompt kindness, and the generous dealing of his printers and publishers, the latter hours of Mr. Loudon were embittered by the difficulties in which a sanguine temper, or a disposition to grasp at too much, had involved him. But the end of a melancholy tale was drawing near. The assignees of his engraver, who had become a bankrupt, were threatening to make Mr. Loudon also a bankrupt; and even to arrest him for a debt of £1500. Mrs. Loudon does not believe they would have carried their threats into execution; but the anxiety, correspondence, and consultations attending them, had a fatal effect upon the invalid. She relates,

On Wednesday the 13th of December, 1843, he sent me into London to see the assignees, and to endeavour to bring them to terms, our kind and excellent friend, the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, having promised to lend us money for that purpose. The assignees, however, refused to accept the terms we offered, unless Mr. Loudon would also give up to them his edition of *Repton*, which he was most unwilling to do, as the debt on that work was comparatively small; and, consequently, he had reason to hope that the income produced by it would be soonest available for the support of his family. He was accordingly very much agitated when I told him the result of my mission; but he did not on that account relax in his exertions; on the contrary, he continued dictating *Self-Instruction* till twelve o'clock at night. When he went to bed he could not sleep, and the next morning he rose before it was light. He then told me he had determined to sacrifice his edition of *Repton*, in order to have his affairs settled before he died; adding, "but it will break my heart to do so." He repeated, however, that he would make the sacrifice, but he seemed reluctant to send me into town to give his consent; and most fortunate was it, as, if I had gone to town that morning, I should not have been with him when he died. He now appeared very ill, and told me he thought he should never live to finish *Self-Instruction*; but that he would ask his friend Dr. Jamieson, to whom he had previously spoken on the subject, to finish the work for him. Soon after this he became very restless, and walked several times from the drawing-room to his bedroom and back again. I feel that I cannot continue these melancholy details: it is sufficient to say, that, though his body became weaker every moment, his mind retained all its vigour to the last, and that he died standing on his feet. Fortunately, I perceived a change taking place in his countenance, and I had just time to clasp my arms round him, to save him from falling, when his head sank upon my shoulder, and he was no more.

I do not attempt to give any description of the talents or character of my late husband as an author; his works are before the world, and by them he will be judged; but I trust I may be excused for adding, that in his private capacity he was equally estimable as a husband and a father, and as a master and a friend. He was also a most dutiful son and most affectionate brother.

To this we can add nothing. Mr. Loudon was a lover of strict or of *literal* truth. He even thought it falsehood for a servant to deny his master to impertinent visiters. He was a lover of order, and most punctual as to time and all affairs of business. Of his fortitude of mind we have seen several strong instances, and his industry was certainly unsurpassed. He worked on and on, like a well-going well-oiled machine. We are told, by a friend, that, though a matter-of-fact man, Mr. Loudon had "a good deal of poetry in his soul." He could not have been a Scot of the last century, and remained altogether devoid of poetic sensibilities, though, we must confess, his poetry seems generally to have lain dormant. Yet it required enthusiasm of some kind to keep alive and support his wonderful industry. We do not feel qualified to pronounce upon every part of his posthumous work, "Self-Instruction for Young Gardeners," &c. &c.; but, from Mr. Loudon's own sound early training, his mature knowledge and long practical experience in business, we are almost confident that it must be a safe and valuable guide. And the finishing touches have been added by persons perfectly competent for the task.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

It sounds like the tolling of funeral bells, as the annunciation is made of one death after another amongst those who supported our canopy of empire through the last most memorable generation. The eldest of the Wellesleys is gone: he is gathered to his fathers; and here we have his life circumstantially written.

Who, and of what origin are the Wellesleys? There is an impression current amongst the public, or there *was* an impression, that the true name of the Wellesley family is Wesley. This is a case very much resembling some of those imagined by the old scholastic logicians, where it was impossible either to deny or to af-

* By Robert Rouiere Pearce, Esq. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

firm: saying *yes*, or saying *no*, equally you told a falsehood. The facts are these: the family was originally English; and in England, at the earliest era, there is no doubt at all that its name was De Wellesleigh, which was pronounced in the eldest times just as it is now, viz. as a dissyllable,* the first syllable sounding exactly like the cathedral city *Wells*, in Somersetshire, and the second like *lea*, (a field lying fallow.) It is plain enough, from various records, that the true historical *genesis* of the name, was precisely through that composition of words, which here, for the moment, I had imagined merely to illustrate its pronunciation. Lands in the diocese of Bath and Wells, lying by the pleasant river Perret, and almost up to the gates of Bristol, constituted the earliest possessions of the De Wellesleighs. They, seven centuries before Assay, and Waterloo, were "seised" of certain rich *leas* belonging to *Wells*. And from these Saxon elements of the name, some have supposed the Wellesleys a Saxon race. They could not possibly have better blood: but still the thing does not follow from the premises. Neither does it follow from the *de* that they were Norman. The first De Wellesley, known to history, the very tip-top man of the pedigree, is Avenant de Wellesleigh. About a hundred years nearer to our own times, viz. in 1239, came Michael de Wellesleigh; of whom the important fact is recorded, that he was the father of Wellerand de Wellesley. And what did young Mr. Wellerand perform in this wicked world, that the proud muse of history should condescend to notice his rather singular name? Reader, he was—"killed:" that is all; and in company with Sir Robert de Percival; which again argues his Somersetshire descent: for the family of Lord Egmont, the head of all Percivals, ever was, and ever will be, in Somersetshire. But *how* was he killed? The time *when*, viz. 1303, the place *where*, are known: but the manner *how*, is not exactly stated; it was in skirmish with rascally Irish "kernes," fellows that (when presented at the font of Christ for baptism) had their right arms covered up from the baptismal waters, in order that, still remaining consecrated to the devil, those arms might inflict a devilish blow. Such a blow, with such an unbaptised arm, the Irish villain struck; and there was an end of Wellerand de Wellesleigh. Strange that history should make an end of a man, before it had made a beginning of him. These, however, are the *facts*; which, in writing a romance about Sir Wellerand and Sir Percival, I shall have great pleasure in falsifying. But how, says the too curious reader, did the De Wellesleighs find themselves amongst Irish kernes? Had these scamps the presumption to invade Somersetshire? Did they dare to intrude into Wells? Not at all: but the pugnacious De Wellesleys had dared to intrude into Ireland. Some say in the train of Henry II. Some say—but no matter: *there* they were: and *there* they stuck like limpets. They soon engrafted themselves into the county of Kildare; from which, by means of a fortunate marriage, they leaped into the county of Meath; and in that county, as if to refute the pretended mutability of human things, they have roosted ever since. There was once a famous copy of verses floating about Europe, which asserted that, whilst other princes were destined to fight for thrones, Austria—the handsome house of Hapsburgh—should obtain them by marriage:

"Pugnabunt alii: tu, felix Austria, nube."

So of the Wellesleys: Sir Wellerand took quite the wrong way: not cudgelling, but courting, was the correct way for succeeding in Kildare. Two great estates, by two separate marriages, the De Wellesleighs obtained in Kildare; and, by a third marriage in a third generation, they obtained in the county of Meath, Castle Dengan (otherwise Dangan) with lordships as plentiful as blackberries. Castle Dangan came to them in the year of our Lord, 1411, *i. e.* before Agincourt: and, in Castle Dangan did Field-marshal, the man of Waterloo, draw his first breath, shed his first tears, and perpetrate his earliest trespasses. That is what one might call a pretty long spell for one family: four hundred and thirty-five years has Castle Dangan furnished a nursery for the Wellesley piccaninnies. Amongst the lordships attached to Castle Dangan was *Mornington*, which more than three centuries afterwards supplied an earldom for the grandfather of Waterloo. Any further memorabilia of the Castle Dangan family are not recorded, except that in 1485, (which surely was the year of Bosworth field!) they began to omit the *de* and to write themselves Wellesley *tout court*. From indolence, I presume: for a certain lady Di. le Fl., whom once I knew, a Howard by birth, of the house of Suffolk, told me as her reason for omitting the *Le*, that it caused her too much additional trouble.

So far the evidence seems in favour of Wellesley and against Wesley. But, on the other hand, during the last three centuries the Wellesleys wrote the name Wesley. They, however, were only the *maternal* ancestors of the present Wellesleys. Garret Wellesley, the last male heir of the direct line, in the year 1745, left his whole estate to one of the Cowleys, a Staffordshire family who had emigrated to Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's time, but who were, however, descended from the Wellesleys. This Cowley or Colley, taking, in 1745, the name of Wesley, received from George II. the title of Earl Mornington: and Colley's grandson, the Marquess Wellesley of our age, was recorded in the Irish peerage as *Wesley*, Earl of Mornington; was uniformly so described up to the end of the eighteenth century; and even Arthur of Waterloo, whom most of us Europeans know pretty well, on going to India a little before his brother, was thus introduced by Lord Cornwallis to Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth, the Governor-general) "Dear sir, I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wesley, who is lieutenant-colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man, and a good officer." Posterity, for *we* are posterity in respect of Lord Cornwallis, have been very much of *his* opinion. Colonel Wesley really *is* a sensible man; and the sensible man, soon after his arrival in Bengal, under the instigation of his brother, resumed the old name of Wellesley. In reality, the name of Wesley was merely the abbreviation of indolence, as Chumley for Cholmondeley, Pomfret for Pontefract, Cicester for Cirencester; or, in Scotland, Marchbanks for Marjoribanks, Chatorow for the Duke of Hamilton's French title of Chatelherault. I remember myself, in childhood, to have met a niece of John Wesley the Proto-Methodist, who always spoke of the second Lord Mornington (author of the well-known glees) as a cousin, and as intimately connected with her brother the great *foudroyant* performer on the organ. Southey, in his Life of John Wesley, tells us that Charles Wesley, the brother of John, and father of the great organist, had the offer from Garret Wellesley of those same

* "*As a dissyllable:*"—just as the *Annesley* family, of which Lord Valentia is the present head, do not pronounce their name trisyllabically, (as strangers often suppose,) but as the two syllables *Anns lea*, accent on the first.

estates which eventually were left to Richard Cowley. This argues a recognition of near consanguinity. Why the offer was declined, is not distinctly explained. But if it had been accepted, Southey thinks that then we should have had no storming of Seringapatam, no Waterloo, and no Arminian Methodists. All that is not quite clear. Tippoo was booked for a desperate British vengeance by his own desperate enmity to our name, though no Lord Wellesley had been Governor-General. Napoleon, by the same fury of hatred to us, was booked for the same fate, though the scene of it might not have been Waterloo. And, as to John Wesley, why should he not have made the same schism with the English Church, because his brother Charles had become unexpectedly rich?

The Marquess Wellesley was of the same standing, as to age, or nearly so, as Mr. Pitt; though he outlived Pitt by almost forty years. Born in 1760, three or four months before the accession of George III., he was sent to Eton at the age of eleven; and from Eton, in his eighteenth year, he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, where he matriculated as a nobleman. He then bore the courtesy title of Viscount Wellesley; but in 1781, when he had reached his twenty-first year, he was summoned away from Oxford by the death of his father, the second Earl of Mornington. It is interesting, at this moment, to look back on the family group of children collected at Dangan Castle. The young earl was within a month of his majority: his younger brothers and sisters were, William Wellesley Pole, (since dead, under the title of Lord Maryborough,) then aged eighteen; Anne, since married to Henry, son of Lord Southampton, aged thirteen; *Arthur*, aged twelve; Gerald Valerian, now in the church, aged ten; Mary Elizabeth, (since Lady Culling Smith,) aged nine; Henry, since Lord Cowley, and British ambassador to Spain, France, &c. aged eight. The new Lord Mornington showed his conscientious nature, by assuming his father's debts, and by superintending the education of his brothers. He had distinguished himself at Oxford as a scholar; but he returned thither no more, and took no degree. As Earl of Mornington, he sat in the Irish House of Lords; but not being a British peer, he was able to sit also in the English House of Commons; and of this opening for a more national career, he availed himself at the age of twenty-four. Except that he favoured the claims of the Irish Catholics, his policy was pretty uniformly that of Mr. Pitt. He supported that minister throughout the contests on the French Revolution; and a little earlier, on the Regency question. This came forward in 1788, on occasion of the first insanity which attacked George III. The reader, who is likely to have been born since that era, will perhaps not be acquainted with the constitutional question then at issue. It was this: Mr. Fox held that, upon any incapacity arising in the sovereign, the regency would then settle (*ipso facto* of that incapacity) upon the Prince of Wales; overlooking altogether the case in which there should *be* no Prince of Wales, and the case in which such a Prince might be as incapable, from youth, of exercising the powers attached to the office, as his father from disease. Mr. Pitt denied that a Prince of Wales, simply *as* such, and apart from any moral fitness which he might possess, had more title to the office of regent than any lamp-lighter or scavenger. It was the province of Parliament exclusively to legislate for the particular case. The practical decision of the question was not called for, from the accident of the king's sudden recovery: but in Ireland, from the independence asserted by the two houses of the British councils, the question grew still more complex. The Lord Lieutenant refused to transmit their address,* and Lord Mornington supported him powerfully in his refusal.

Ten years after this hot collision of parties, Lord Mornington was appointed Governor-General of India; and now first he entered upon a stage worthy of his powers. I cannot myself agree with Mr. Pearce, that "the wisdom of his policy is now universally recognised;" because the same false views of our Indian position, which at that time caused his splendid services to be slighted in many quarters, still preponderates. All administrations alike have been intensely ignorant of Indian politics; and for the natural reason, that the business of home politics leaves them no disposable energies for affairs so distant, and with which each man's chance of any durable connexion is so exceedingly small. What Lord Mornington did was this: he looked our prospects in the face. Two great enemies were then looming upon the horizon, both ignorant of our real resources, and both deluded by our imperfect use of such resources, as, even in a previous war, we had possessed. One of these enemies was Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore: him, by the crushing energy of his arrangements, Lord Mornington was able utterly to destroy, and to distribute his dominions with equity and moderation, yet so as to prevent any new coalition arising in that quarter against the British power. There is a portrait of Tippoo, of this very tiger, in the second volume of Mr. Pearce's work, which expresses sufficiently the unparalleled ferocity of his nature; and it is guaranteed, by its origin, as authentic. Tippoo, from the personal interest investing him, has more fixed the attention of Europe than a much more formidable enemy: that enemy was the Mahratta confederacy, chiefly existing in the persons of the Peishwah, of Scindia, of Holkar, and the Rajah of Berar. Had these four princes been less profoundly ignorant, had they been less inveterately treacherous, they would have cost us the only dreadful struggle which in India we have stood. As it was, Lord Mornington's government reduced and crippled the Mahrattas to such an extent, that in 1817, Lord Hastings found it possible to crush them for ever. Three services of a profounder nature, Lord Wellesley was enabled to do for India: first, to pave the way for the propagation of Christianity,—mighty service, stretching to the clouds, and which, in the hour of death, must have given him consolation; secondly, to enter upon the abolition of such Hindoo superstitions as are most shocking to humanity, particularly the practice of Suttee, and the barbarous exposure of dying persons, or of first-born infants, at Sangor on the Ganges; finally, to promote an enlarged system of education, which (if his splendid scheme had been adopted) would have diffused its benefits all over India. It ought also to be mentioned that the expedition by way of the Red Sea against the French in Egypt, was so entirely of his suggestion and his preparation, that, to the great dishonour of Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, whose administration was the worst, as a *war* administration, that ever misapplied, or non-applied,

* Which adopted neither view; for by *offering* the regency of Ireland to the Prince of Wales, they negatived Mr. Fox's view, who held it to be the Prince's by inherent right; and, on the other hand, they still more openly opposed Mr. Pitt.

the resources of a mighty empire, it languished for eighteen months purely through *their* neglect.

In 1805, having staid about seven years in India, Lord Mornington was recalled, was created Marquess of Wellesley, was sent, in 1821, as Viceroy to Ireland, where there was little to do; having previously, in 1809, been sent Ambassador to the Spanish Cortes, where there was an infinity to do, but no means of doing it. The last great political act of Lord Wellesley, was the smashing of the Peel ministry in 1834; viz. by the famous resolution (which he personally drew up) for appropriating to general education in Ireland any surplus arising from the revenues of the Irish Church. Full of honours, he retired from public life at the age of seventy-five, and, for seven years more of life, dedicated his time to such literary pursuits as he had found most interesting in early youth.

Mr. Pearce, who is so capable of writing vigorously and sagaciously, has too much allowed himself to rely upon public journals. For example, he reprints the whole of the attorney-general's official information against eleven obscure persons, who, from the gallery of the Dublin theatre, did "wickedly, riotously, and routously" hiss, groan, insult, and assault, (to say nothing of their having caused and procured to be hissed, groaned, &c.) the Marquess Wellesley, Lord-Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland. This document covers more than nine pages; and, after all, omits the only fact of the least consequence, viz., that several missiles were thrown by the rioters into the vice-regal box, and amongst them a quart-bottle, which barely missed his excellency's temples. Considering the impetus acquired by the descent from the gallery, there is little doubt that such a weapon would have killed Lord Wellesley on the spot. In default however, of this weighty fact, the attorney-general favours us with memorializing the very best piece of doggerel that I remember to have read; viz., that upon divers, to wit, three thousand papers, the rioters had wickedly and maliciously written and printed, besides, observe, *causing* to be written and printed, "No Popery," as also the following traitorous couplet—

> "The Protestants want Talbot,
> As the Papists have got *all but*;"

Meaning "all but" that which they got some years later by means of the Clare election. Yet if, in some instances like this, Mr. Pearce has too largely drawn upon official papers, which he should rather have abstracted and condensed, on the other hand, his work has a specific value in bringing forward private documents, to which his opportunities have gained him a confidential access. Two portraits of Lord Wellesley, one in middle life, and one in old age, from a sketch by the Comte d'Orsay, are felicitously executed.

Something remains to be said of Lord Wellesley as a literary man; and towards such a judgment Mr. Pearce has contributed some very pleasing materials. As a public speaker, Lord Wellesley had that degree of brilliancy and effectual vigour, which might have been expected in a man of great talents, possessing much native sensibility to the charms of style, but not led by any personal accidents of life into a separate cultivation of oratory, or into any profound investigation of its duties and its powers on the arena of a British senate. There is less call for speaking of Lord Wellesley in this character, where he did not seek for any eminent distinction, than in the more general character of an elegant *litterateur*, which furnished to him much of his recreation in all stages of his life, and much of his consolation in the last. It is interesting to see this accomplished nobleman, in advanced age, when other resources were one by one decaying, and the lights of life were successively fading into darkness, still cheering his languid hours by the culture of classical literature, and in his eighty-second year drawing solace from those same pursuits which had given grace and distinction to his twentieth.

One or two remarks I will make upon Lord Wellesley's verses—Greek as well as Latin. The Latin lines upon Chantrey's success at Holkham in killing two woodcocks at the first shot, which subsequently he sculptured in marble and presented to Lord Leicester, are perhaps the most felicitous amongst the whole. Masquerading, in Lord Wellesley's verses, as Praxiteles, who could not well be represented with a Manton having a percussion lock, Chantrey is armed with a bow and arrows:

> Ea! trajecit aves una sagitta duas.

In the Greek translation of *Parthenopæus*, there are as few faults as could reasonably be expected. But, first, one word as to the original Latin poem: to whom does it belong? It is traced first to Lord Grenville, who received it from his tutor, (afterwards Bishop of London,) who had taken it as an anonymous poem from the "Censor's book;" and with very little probability, it is doubtfully assigned to "Lewis of the War Office," meaning, no doubt, the father of Monk Lewis. By this anxiety in tracing its pedigree, the reader is led to exaggerate the pretensions of the little poem; these are inconsiderable: and there is a conspicuous fault, which it is worth while noticing, because it is one peculiarly besetting those who write modern verses with the help of a gradus, viz. that the Pentameter is often a mere reverberation of the preceding Hexameter. Thus, for instance—

> 'Parthenios inter saltus non amplius erro,
> Non repeto Dryadum pascua læta choris;'

and so of others, where the second line is but a variation of the first. Even Ovid, with all his fertility, and partly in consequence of his fertility, too often commits this fault. Where indeed the thought is effectually varied, so that the second line acts as a musical *minor*, succeeding to the *major*, in the first, there may happen to arise a peculiar beauty. But I speak of the ordinary case, where the second is merely the rebound of the first, presenting the same thought in a diluted form. This is the commonest resource of feeble thinking, and is also a standing temptation or snare for feeble thinking. Lord Wellesley, however, is not answerable for these faults in the original, which indeed he notices slightly as 'repetitions;' and his own Greek version is spirited and good. There are, however, some mistakes. The second line is altogether faulty:

> Χαίρω Μαινάλιον ναιέτ' ἰφαντίνα θεὸν
> Ἀχνυμένος λιπὼν

does not express the sense intended. Construed correctly, this clause of the sentence would mean—"*I sorrowfully leaving all places gracious to the Mænalian god:*" but *that* is not what Lord Wellesley designed: "*I leaving the woods of Cyllene, and the snowy summits of Pholoe, places that are all of them dear to Pan*"—*that* is what was meant: that is to say, not *leaving all places dear to Pan*, far from it; but *leaving a*

few places, every one of which is dear to Pan. In the line beginning

Καν ἐθ ὑφ' ἡλικιας

where the meaning is—*and if as yet, by reason of my immature age,* there is a metrical error; and ηλικια will not express immaturity of age. I doubt whether in the next line,

Μηδ' ἀλκη θαλλοι γουνασιν ἡιθεος

γουνασιν could convey the meaning without the preposition ἐν. And in

Σπερχομαι οὐ καλεουσι θεοι.

I hasten whither the gods summon me—οὐ is not the right word. It is, however, almost impossible to write Greek verses which shall be liable to no verbal objections; and the fluent movement of these verses sufficiently argues the off-hand ease with which Lord Wellesley must have *read* Greek, writing it so elegantly and with so little of apparent constraint.

Meantime the most interesting (from its circumstances) of Lord Wellesley's verses, is one to which his own English interpretation of it has done less than justice. It a Latin epitaph on the daughter (an only child,) of Lord and Lady Brougham. She died, and (as was generally known at the time) of an organic affection disturbing the action of the heart, at the early age of eighteen. And the peculiar interest of the case lies in the suppression by this pious daughter, (so far as it was possible,) of her own bodily anguish, in order to beguile the mental anguish of her parents. The Latin epitaph is this:

Blanda anima, e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo,
Inter maternas heu lachrymasque patris,
Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas,
Et levis, et proprii vix memor ipsa mali;
I, pete calestes, ubi nulla est cura, recessus:
Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies!

The English version is this:

Doom'd to long suffering from earliest years,
Amidst your parents' grief and pain alone
Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears;
And in *their* agonies forgot your own.
Go, gentle spirit; and among the blest
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest!

In the Latin, the phrase *e cunis* does not express *from your cradle upwards.* The second line is faulty in the opposition of *maternas* to *patris.* And in the fourth line *levis* conveys a false meaning: *levis* must mean either *physically light, i. e.* not heavy, which is not the sense, or else *tainted with levity,* which is still less the sense. What Lord Wellesley wished to say—was *light-hearted:* this he has *not* said: but neither is it easy to say it in good Latin.

I complain, however, of the whole as not bringing out Lord Wellesley's own feeling—which feeling is partly expressed in his verses, and partly in his accompanying prose note on Miss Brougham's mournful destiny ("her life was a continual illness") contrasted with her fortitude, her innocent gaiety, and the pious motives with which she supported this gaiety to the last. Not as a direct version, but as filling up the outline of Lord Wellesley, sufficiently indicated by himself, I propose this:—

Child, that for thirteen years hast fought with pain,
Prompted by joy and depth of natural love,—
Rest now at God's command: oh! not in vain
His angel ofttimes watch'd thee,—oft, above
All pangs, that else had dimm'd thy parents' eyes,
Saw thy young heart victoriously rise.
Rise now for ever, self-forgetting child,
Rise to those choirs, where love like thine is blest,
From pains of flesh—from filial tears assoil'd,
Love which God's hand shall crown with God's own rest.

LITERARY REGISTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Velasco, or Memoirs of a Page. By Cyrus Redding. Three volumes. London: Newby.

We have in "Velasco," a fiction above average, whether in design or composition, power of thought, or knowledge of man and of mankind. It is an autobiographical story, the hero being something between Gil Blas and Anastasius. The scene is laid in Spain; of the history, scenery, and manners of which romantic land the author possesses extensive and intimate knowledge, which he is not averse to display. The page is born in Madrid, among the poorest of its rabble population. His first lessons are begging and pilfering; but by the kindness of some priests, who require an errand-boy, he picks up a little education; and being handsome, adroit, and unscrupulous, though suffering a great deal of temporary hardship in the noble households into which he makes his way, he gets on tolerably well, engages in many adventures and misadventures, which do not tend to improve his moral feelings, though they fulfil his inventor's design of showing that selfishness, a worldly spirit, and low ambitions, though they may render a man outwardly prosperous, never yet imparted either true happiness or dignity. Though the scenery and the characters are Spanish, that is to say, Moorish, Jewish, or Gipsyish, as of pure Castilian or Andalusian blood, Mr. Redding takes advantage of his framework to make his ecclesiastics, bishops, grandees, ministers of state, señoras and señoritas, actresses and opera-girls, develop motives of action, and display traits of character which belong to all countries, but which might not have been held decorous to connect with English society. With these solid merits, the book, as a mere romance, possesses as much of wild adventure, description, love, and sentiment as may satisfy the youngest reader.

Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances. Courtney of Walreddon; a Romance of the West.

This tenth monthly volume completes the Revised and Illustrated Edition of Mrs. Bray's fictions, published by Longman and Company. And here the lady drops her curtsy, and takes her leave, having contributed to the common stock of elegant literature upwards of thirty volumes, which, from their author's extensive historical reading, and varied traditionary and antiquarian lore, instruct while they entertain.

The Age of Pitt and Fox. By the Author of "Ireland and its Rulers." Octavo, volume I. Pp. 416. London: Newby.

This work, so far as it has gone, is formed on the same plan with that which gained for its author deserved reputation. Yet he seems less at home here than on Irish ground; as his mode is too loose and desultory for history, too grave for sketches; and as he is much less

conversant with the personalities of Pitt, Fox, and their contemporaries, than with the rulers and party leaders of Ireland. He has, besides, begun to write, one would imagine, before he had surveyed the whole of his subject, and apportioned its several parts.

Literary Flowerets, Poetic and Prosaic, Miscellaneously Entwined. By Thomas Cromwell, F.S.A., author of "Oliver Cromwell and his Times." Second edition. Small octavo, pp. 192. London: J. Chapman.

Bohn's Standard Library.

This series gives us Roscoe's "Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth," edited by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, the son of the author; and another very valuable work, "The Miscellaneous Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, with Dr. Gregory's Memoir of Hall, and a critical estimate of his character and writings from an abler pen, that of John Foster. The "Life of Leo the Tenth," is a good work in its own place, but Hall's Miscellanies is of the daily bread of Christian and social men.

The Autobiography and Justification of Johannes Ronge. Translated from the German Edition by John Lord, A.M. London: Chapman, Brothers.

Lives of the Eminent Men of Fife. By James Bruce. Edinburgh: Macphail.

This commemoration of the worthies of the "Kingdom" includes, among others, the Life of Cardinal Beaton, of Michael Scott, of Sir Andrew Wood, "gude Maister Robert Henrysone," and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount. The sketches appeared originally in the *Fifeshire Journal*, of which their author is the editor; and are to be continued until all "the eminent men of Fife," who, it appears, are multitudinous, are fairly presented to posterity. We may have a better opportunity of characterizing the series, which may in the meanwhile be described as piquant and curious.

Journals of Expeditions of Discovery into Central Australia, and Overland from Adelaide to King George's Sound, in the year 1840-41. With the sanction and support of the Government. Including an account of the Manners and Customs of the Aborigines, &c. &c. By Edward John Eyre, Resident Magistrate, Murray River. 2 volumes, octavo, with Map, numerous Engravings, &c. London: T. & W. Boone.

The author apologizes for the Journal of his Exploratory Expeditions being so late of appearing, and satisfactorily accounts for a delay which is of small consequence compared with the actual new information obtained respecting the Geography, the Climate, the Natural History, and, above all, the productive resources of the country which he traversed. Mr. Eyre had been for eight years resident in Australia, and had visited most of the *located* parts of the Australian colonies, and made several exploratory journeys before he undertook this more important expedition. Thus qualified by experience and observation, he, however, modestly claims no higher merit than faithfully describing what he saw. The romance of such expeditions had been pretty well exhausted by preceding explorers, though readers will still sympathize in adventures of men bound on such perilous quests as a pathless journey through the arid wastes of Australia. The party left Adelaide about the middle of June, and in a month of necessarily very slow marches, got into comparatively unknown, and almost unnamed ground, and two weeks later fell in with natives who might have heard of the white-faced enchanters, but who had never seen any one of them. They passed the Flinders range, and penetrated far beyond its boundaries, marking the prevailing sentiment by naming one mountain "Mount Distance," and another "Mount Hopeless," until they seem to have got into a region of "Dismal Swamps," where a sad new feature was discovered in this "disheartening country," namely brine springs, "the water poisoned at its very source," and a soil quite bare, destitute of all vegetation, and covered with salt. Save for some timely refreshing showers, the travellers and their horses could not have penetrated thus far. In proceeding in another direction the disheartening report is, "dense scrub, and sand ridges, salt water channels, and the dry beds of small lakes, also salt." But a narrow tract of "good, grassy country" was reached, and there, of course, a settler was found, who even here maintained a communication with the little capitals of the colony. On this expedition natives were sometimes procured as guides, and they seem to have been intelligent as well as faithful, though fearful instances of their treachery and cruelty, when in the search of plunder, are not wanting. In this way Mr. Eyre lost his faithful servant, in addition to his other fearful hardships and dangers.

When in very great distress for want of water, small quantities, by the example of the natives, were obtained by digging up the roots of trees. The expedition occupied about a year, but the nature of the country and other causes retarded its progress. The work concludes with the fullest and best account of the aborigines that we have ever yet met with. That account is thus summed up: "Naturally, I do not think that the people are blood-thirsty. . . . With many vices and but few virtues, I do not think the Australian savage is more vicious in his propensities, or more violent in his passions, than are the greater number of the uneducated class of what are called civilized communities." Mr. Eyre throws out many valuable and humane suggestions for the treatment and civilization of the natives.——His work, though from its nature somewhat diffuse, is interesting, as all such narratives must be. We regret to say that the result of his explorations is far from being satisfactory. The book is well printed and beautifully illustrated.

Scottish Art, and National Encouragement: containing a view of existing Controversies and Transactions, during the last twenty-seven years, relative to Art in Scotland; with an ample Appendix of Documents. Small 8vo. With full-length portrait of the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, Sir William Allan. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

This is a corrected reprint of a series of articles which appeared last autumn in an Edinburgh newspaper, and attracted considerable attention in the course of their publication. The Academicians, and the whole body of Artists, have, it appears, felt themselves aggrieved and ill-treated by the Directors of the Royal Institution, or rather by certain individuals, or a *clique*, who have assumed the sole power and management of what, in Edinburgh, is called The Institution. In this publication, a strong case of contumelious treatment, if not of positive injustice, to the Artists and the Academy, is made out against the Executive of the said Institution, and of the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufac-

tures, which, so far as individuals are concerned, mean the same thing; the active managers of the Board and of the Institution being, so far as we can understand, one, though not indivisible. On one point the Academy have already triumphed—at least for a time—by getting a resolution rescinded which went to deprive them of two of the four rooms occupied by their annual exhibitions: but this appears only an interim arrangement, and various other weighty matters remain wholly unsettled. These matters involve not merely the honour and veracity of the Academy, which have been very rudely assailed by the Institution, but also the disposal of large funds appropriated for the promotion of Art and the benefit of Artists. The author of the articles reprinted contends that the interests of Art will never be properly cared for, nor at all safe, unless the Royal Institution, *i. e.* the *clique* above-mentioned, a self-appointed, or, at all events, an irresponsible body of patrons and pseudo-patrons of Art, be swamped, and its property transferred to the Scottish Academy. This may seem a sweeping idea; but our author farther contends, that the act of transferring the whole property and funds of the Royal Institution to the Royal Academy, is only one of justice, or rather of restitution, as the Royal Institution has acquired much of its funds and property at the expense, or by the exertions of the Artists. From this publication it would appear that the Institution has appropriated very considerable sums, arising from the Annual Exhibitions of the Artists, to its own purposes; while it is charged with ignorance, or neglect, of the true interests of Art, and also, if we mistake not what is pretty plain, with gross jobbing. Since the Artists ceased to support the Institution, it has enjoyed no active or useful existence, and seems fast tending to extinction, its members gradually dying out, and no new ones joining it; so that it becomes necessary in some manner to dispose of its property for the purposes for which it was acquired. The author endeavours to show a strong claim, on the part of the Academy, to this property, arising from the history of the funds, as well as the nature of the objects to which they were originally devoted; and in support of his views he has given a large Appendix of documents, which form the actual substance of this controversy. The main question for impartial spectators of this very keen local controversy, is, whether the interests of Art in Scotland might not now be safely left to the encouragement of the public, and the management of the Artists themselves, altogether independently of Boards consisting of noble or gentle patrons, and of all sorts of Associations and Institutions, which are often, as time rolls on, found to overlay and smother the babe which they undertook to foster; and also independently of annual grants of the public money, however trifling the sum may be, over which neither the artists nor the public have any control, and which is just as much loose cash for the Boards to sport with and throw to favourite boys. The Artists, or the Royal Academy, might, no doubt, wish to handle this small sum; and while those of London and Dublin do as much, this is but a natural feeling. Yet, were they once placed upon an independent footing, we make no doubt that they would gladly dispense with bounty-money altogether, and prove that they are quite able to take care of themselves, without either sops or leading-strings. The clearness and energy with which the whole subject of this volume is handled, renders the work a valuable boon to the interests of the Fine Arts.

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Volume the Fourth. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D.; assisted in the preparation of the English original by H. White, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c. &c. Octavo, pp. 621. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

The portion of this comprehensive History which is contained in this new volume, is the epoch of the protest of Spire, the Augsburg Confession, and the establishment of Protestantism in the Swiss cantons. Dr. D'Aubigné announces in the preface a revised English edition of the previous volumes of his History, to be published by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, who have made him, he says, "a suitable and precise offer" for this new volume, and are therefore understood by him to hold the sole copyright of it. "The work is now," he states, "their property." This arrangement has, however, been disputed by other publishers, who, having given the former unprotected volumes to the British public, claim the right to perpetuate so convenient a system of publication. How a question may be settled which is of vital moment to all authors and publishers, whether in Great Britain or upon the Continent, we do not pretend to say; nor shall we advert to the contents of the new volume of this popular History until we are in a fit capacity for speaking of the entire work, so far as it has yet appeared, after perusing the new translations or the emendations and prefaces to the former volumes which Dr. D'Aubigné announces as about to issue from the press of the publishers to whom he has disposed of this volume.

The work is printed in a better style than the translation of the first three volumes now in general circulation, and is, of course, more expensive; as here, besides superior paper and print, copy-money has to be paid, and probably not little of it. It is thus the Historian of the Reformation states his own case,—

I publish in English this continuation of the History of the Reformation. I do not think that, as I publish myself in this language, any one will have the power, or will entertain the idea, of attempting another publication. It would be a very bad speculation on the part of any bookseller; for where is the reader that would not prefer the original text as published by the Author himself, to a translation made by a stranger?

But there is a higher question—a question of morality. Of all the property that a man can possess, there is none so essentially his own as the labours of his mind. Man acquires the fruits of his fields by the sweat of his servants and of his beasts of burden; and the produce of his manufactures by the labour of his workmen and the movement of his machines; but it is by his own toils, by the exercise of his most exalted faculties, that he creates the productions of his mind. Accordingly, in putting this History under the protection of the laws, I place it at the same time under a no less secure safeguard,—that of justice. I know that it is written in the consciences on the other side of the Channel and of the Atlantic,—*Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for one of your own country: for I am the Lord your God.* To English honour I confide this Work. . . . . .

I had at first thought of making arrangements for the present publication with the English and Scotch booksellers, who had translated the former portions. Relations that I had maintained with some of these publishers, and which had gained my esteem for them, induced me to adopt this course. They were consequently informed by letter of my purpose, and several months later I had an interview with some of them at Glasgow. I told them of my intentions, and desired to know theirs. They replied that they could not communicate them immediately, since they would first have to come to an arrangement with their colleagues, in order to

make me a proposal in common. It would appear that they did not succeed. However that may be, and although I allowed a sufficient period of time to elapse, I received no communication from the associated publishers. But at the same time one of the first houses in Great Britain, Messrs. Oliver & Boyd of Edinburgh, who were introduced to me by my highly respected friend Dr. Chalmers, made me a suitable and precise offer. I could wait no longer; and on the very eve of my departure from London for the Continent, after a sojourn of three months in Scotland and in England, I made arrangements with them, which have since been definitively settled, and the work is now their property.

The French laws are positive to protect literary property in France, even if it belongs to a foreigner. I am less familiar with the English laws; but I will not do England the injustice of believing that its legislation is surpassed by that of France, in justice and in morality.

This statement is dated at Geneva, in January last. The literary world must look with anxiety to the issue of a dispute which, though originating with rival publishers, involves high and permanent interests.

Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem; performed in the Steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, author of "The Irish Sketch-Book." Small octavo, with numerous illustrations, &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

The wisdom of our northern ancestors has left on record the significant saying, "*The grace of a gray bannock lies in the baking.*" The Romans, in their learned dead tongue, have said exactly the same thing; and Mr. Titmarsh has, in more instances than one, illustrated the truth of these proverbs, by imparting freshness and grace to things in themselves sufficiently homely, hackneyed, coarse, or trivial. A traveller, who has no pretensions to be either scientific, classical, or philosophical, who knows little about the Pyramids, and less about the antiquities of the Holy Land, must have been somewhat at a loss for topics on the route which Mr. Titmarsh followed. But the force of genius conquers all difficulties. The *artiste*, who, at a pinch, could toss up a delicious *fricassee* from a pair of old upper-leathers, was one whose culinary resources never could fail; and this holds eminently of the literary resources of Mr. Titmarsh, who possesses the rare power of making something pretty, piquant, and stimulating out of the most ordinary and vulgar substances: the cookery, or the *dishing*, being all in all. Now, this useful faculty cannot be long possessed by any one in these our times—from the fabricator of fragments and shreds of ribbon, velvet, and gauze, into smart caps, waistcoats, and bonnets, on to the getter-up of clever volumes for the current season—without finding some one to turn it to good account; and our man of genius has been noted. In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, ham-sandwiches, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. Even on the Firths of Forth and Clyde, or the rivers Severn, or Shannon, the same auspicious event is always celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost-free, and permitted, in coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-Navigation Company" were, in 1844, so fortunate as to crimp Mr. Titmarsh for their grand experimental pleasure voyage and tour to the many famous places which he has celebrated. And this celebration is effected in a way quite novel. As raptures are got up, and classic associations awakened, by every raw Oxonian or literary bagman surveying, for the first time, the Pillars of Hercules, or Athens, or Jerusalem, Mr. Titmarsh has reversed all that, turned every object seamy-side outmost, on its beam-ends, or topsy-turvy; and in this plight described it. Rare work he makes of it, though some readers, who can truly estimate his powers, will scarcely thank him for his pains. Cleverly as the task is gone through — for task-work some of it is, we are happy to believe, whatever face is put upon the affair, the travesty is almost overdone — the book wants seriousness and earnestness, were it but for relief. On this journey, many deeper thoughts than those recorded must have passed through the mind of the man who thus winds up his Oriental Travels,—than those which he has set down as best suited to the town-readers of the spring of 1846, and the clubs:—

Who can forget the Bosphorus, the brightest and fairest scene in all the world, or the towering lines of Gibraltar, or the grand piles of Mafra, as we rode upon the Tagus? As I write this and think, back comes Rhodes, with its old towers and artillery, and that wonderful atmosphere, and that astonishing blue sea which environs the island. The Arab riders go pacing over the plains of Sharon, in the rosy twilight, just before sunrise; and I can see the ghastly Moab mountains, with the Dead Sea gleaming before them, from the mosque on the way towards Bethany. The black, gnarled trees of Gethsemane lie at the foot of Olivet, and the ramparts of the city rise up on the stony heights beyond.

Is it not selfish of Mr. Titmarsh to treasure up so many lovely images and precious memories of this "Journey," as such passages indicate, and treat his readers with so much of his mere mess-table talk, sprightly as it is?——At all events, we hope that "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-Navigation Company" have voted him a yachting service of plate, weighing, at least, five hundred ounces.

We might find many most alluring extracts in this "Journey."—What then? It is, though a very handsome, not a costly volume, and the reader may easily find it, or, if not, should command it, at his Subscription Library or his Club.

Western Clearings. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, author of "A New Home: Who will Follow." London: Wiley & Putnam.

The sketches of the living manners of the Far West, of the way of life of the emigrants and settlers in the Bush and the Prairies, are among the most pleasant of recent American publications. Though in the garb of fiction, they, in a lively and engaging manner, embody the actual. Though the real scene has never been witnessed, one may safely swear that "The Ball at Thrams Huddle," or "The Forest Fête," are as true as calotype portraiture, and show us more of genuine American character than many volumes of travels. Although the authoress is very far from being insensible to faults and deficiencies of character, or to the privations and rudenesses of forest life, she is uniformly cheerful, amiable, and indulgent, — a practical female philosopher, looking forward to the bright and refined future, and making the most of the substantial peace and plenty of the present. Independently of these qualities, the "Western Clearings," as a mere literary

production, deserves high commendation among works of its class. The sketches are framed on the model of Miss Mitford's "Village;" and, if with much less delicacy and polish of style, with more flesh-and-blood reality.

Russia under the Autocrat Nicholas I. By Ivan Golovine, a Russian subject. 2 vols. post 8vo. Colburn.

The author of this work quarrelled with his government, or rather with his governors; refused that implicit unquestioning obedience or submission, which is the first public virtue of a Russian; and safe, because far beyond the reach of the police, the knout, and Siberia, he not only defies the Czar, but takes up "a railing accusation" against his native country, or those institutions and persons that enslave, demoralize, and degrade it. He has indeed not told very many "tales out of school," which have not been told before by travellers from every country of Europe. Still such vituperative and one-sided statements, are felt to come with an ill grace from a native of Russia, who, for no public motive that we can trace, forgets, that "it is idle to sit in Rome and strive with the Pope," and not much braver to malign his Holiness when out of the reach of the anathemas of the Church, and the thunders of the Vatican. But all this might have been overlooked, had Ivan Golovine told us any thing in dispraise of the manners, institutions, and rulers of his native country, that we had not previously learned, from quarters where no bias could be suspected. To those, however, who know little of the social and political condition of European Russia, the volumes will furnish much valuable information.

British Female Biography. Being Select Memoirs of Pious Ladies in the various Ranks of Public and Private Life; including Queens, Princesses, Martyrs, Scholars, Instructors, Poetesses, Ministers' Wives, &c. &c. By the Rev. Thomas Timpson. Small Octavo. With Portrait of Hannah More. London: Aylott & Jones.

This is one of a class of books which have their own uses, limited as is their scheme, and homely as their style may be. Much is not to be expected from each of sixty memoirs, crowded into one moderately-sized volume. Yet the compiler has done all that could be expected of him; and his work will interest many worthy persons, and to ladies prove an agreeable companion, either in the private chamber or at the work-table.

Lives of English Poets, from Johnson to Kirke White: Designed as a Continuation of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." By the late Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A. translator of Dante. Small Octavo. London: Bohn.

This neat and handy volume contains, in all, seventeen Lives,—that of Johnson being the fullest, and those of the Wartons, Smollett, Goldsmith, and Chatterton, forming part of the number. But what has become of Cowper, and of Burns? The latter may, however, not be considered an English poet. The "Lives" originally appeared in the *London Magazine*, twenty-four years since; so that they are now, in every respect, as good as manuscript; and a desirable addition to that most valuable description of modern books,—namely, those calculated, from their subject, composition, popular character, and low price, for extensive circulation among the reading classes of moderate means.

The Early French Poets. A Series of Notices and Translations. By the late Rev. Henry Francis Cary. With an Introductory Sketch of the History of French Poetry, by his Son, the Rev. Henry Cary.

This work, in every exterior feature, is exactly the counterpart of the "Lives" noticed above, and, like them, appeared in the *London Magazine*. It is, of course, a work adapted to a much narrower circle of readers: still, it is one that will be prized by poets, and by the lovers of pure literature; and its value to both classes will be greatly enhan ced by the well written Introductory Sketch.

The Citizen of Prague. Translated by Mary Howitt. Three Volumes. Colburn.

Mrs. Howitt styles this romance "a noble work," and traces some fanciful analogy between the present position of England and Ireland, and that of Austria and Bohemia at the period of the story she has translated. It is of the age of Maria Theresa, and semi-historical; a tale descriptive of the court and the city, the royalties, the nobles, and the burghers; the domestic being by far the better part of it. Though Mrs. Howitt has not this time been so happy in her choice as when she selected the rare fictions of Miss Bremer, the very circumstance that she has thought the "Citizen of Prague" worthy of wearing an English dress, is sufficient warrant of a certain degree of merit. In that confidence we point it out to our readers.

The Parlour Novelist; a Series of Works of Fiction, by the most celebrated authors. Vol. I. "Tales by the O'Hara Family. Belfast: Simms & Macintyre.

Here is one of the modern wonders of cheapness, "Crohoore of the Bill-hook," and "The Fetches," in a small neat volume, very small type indeed, for about the tenth part of the original price. Other volumes of the *Parlour Novelist* are announced, but none so attractive as this first one; perhaps the best of Banim's novels.

SERIALS.

Knight's Old England's Worthies. Part I.—This promises to be an interesting publication. It is of the same size and form as "Knight's Old England," lately concluded, and is intended to form a Gallery of Portraits, with biographies of the individuals portrayed. Of these there are six well engraved heads on one sheet, which, with a coloured frontispiece and a few vignettes, constitute the embellishments of Part I. The portraits, and the accompanying biographies, are those of Henry II. Roger Bacon, Edward III. Wickliffe, Chaucer, and William of Wykham. The biographies, if necessarily not very full in detail, are accurate, satisfactory, and marked by enlightened opinion and impartial judgment.

A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century; forming a Key to the Writings of our Ancient Poets, Dramatists, and other Authors, &c. &c. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. Part II. London: John Russell Smith.—From its title-page, this work promises a great deal; but we have not seen Part I.; and, besides, it is not from two or three Parts that any judgment can be formed of a work of this kind.

Two new English Dictionaries have appeared, of a popular character. One, entitled, "A New Universal Etymological and Pronouncing Dictionary," is published by Gilbert, London; the other, called "The Popular and Complete English Dictionary of every Term used in Science, Literature, and Art," is published by Washbourne, London, and edited by the Rev. John Boag. Both promise to be useful books, well fulfilling their announced purposes.

KNIGHT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND DURING THE THIRTY YEARS' PEACE. Part I.

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war!

And in this new serial — serial only in issue — it is intended to second and celebrate those better triumphs. The work will form a handsome book of large octavo size. We need hardly say, that it is written in a liberal and enlightened spirit. Let us hope that there may be grounds for continuing such a title to English history, until the *thirty years* become thrice thirty.

PAMPHLETS.

THE MISSIONARY'S WARRANT. By the Rev. William Leitch, A.M. Minister of Monimail. Edinburgh: Macphail.—This is a discourse, enforcing the duty of supporting foreign missions, in a strain of eloquence and animation, and with a scope of illustration, as well as of strenuous argument, not often found in the Scottish provincial pulpit.

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE SCOTCH BAPTIST CHURCHES; from their rise in 1764, to 1834.—This is a brief history of a respectable sect, now of some standing, whose tenets ally them closely with the Old Scotch Independents, with the exception of the opinions they hold on Baptism. The sketch here given of the peculiar tenets of this body of Christians, and of its rise in Scotland, is taken from an account, drawn up fifty years since, by one of the most able of the Baptist pastors, Mr. Archibald Maclean, and continued to the present time.

LETTERS AND DEPOSITIONS OF THE STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, SOMERSET HOUSE.—This pamphlet is in substance a history of the revolt of the students against their master, with the causes which led to it;—for which revolt the students appear to have had good cause.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS UNSANCTIONED BY THE GOSPEL, and Unnecessary in a Christian State; a Letter by the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A.

AMERICA AND HER SLAVE SYSTEM.— This is an exposure of the slave system of the United States, written by a philanthropic man, and intended to awaken the British to the enormities of the organized domestic despotism of the Republic.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL PREPARATION OF TURF. By Robert Mallet, C.E. Dublin: Oldham.

VENTILATION; a Reply to Mis-statements made by *The Times* and by *The Athenæum*, in reference to ships and buildings ventilated by the author; by D. B. Reid, M.D. F.R.S.E.

ÆOLUS, a Retrospect of the Weather of the Twelvemonth past, 1844, and a Prognostication for the coming, 1845.—This weather-wise pamphlet has been lying on our table for some time, and now that 1845 is not only come, but past, we turned with some curiosity to the *Prognostication* for it, which we give verbatim.

"The progress of *dryness* is begun; [it has been the very wettest of wet years,] but this being the first of its two or three years of duration, not in this will the midsummer rains be scanty. [That they were not!] Not in this will be wanting occasional and refreshing thunderstorms, intermingled with dry and ripening days. What could be more propitious for the corn, the cattle, for the pears and plums? *Safely may we foresay it*;—in our part of the world there will be no scarcity of any good thing that Heaven bestows." Amen! Thus sayeth the prophet of Sherwood, Paternoster Row; and for such vaticinations simple English folks delight to pay their good money!

MACHINERY AS IT AFFECTS THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN FACTORIES. By William Carpenter.

A LETTER TO THE CITIZENS OF ABERDEEN ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THEIR ACADEMICAL INSTITUTIONS. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Latin in Marischal College.—Though this letter is addressed to the citizens of Aberdeen, it is calculated for a much wider range of usefulness; and we recommend it to the citizens and municipal authorities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, &c. &c.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE; or, Oppression in High Places. In a Letter from Mr. Harvey, an English Clergyman, to the Earl of Aberdeen and the Bishop of London.

REPORT of the Bristol and Clifton Auxiliary Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION DEMANDED BY JUSTICE AND HUMANITY, as the Incurable Enemy of Liberty; in a Letter addressed to the Abolitionists of Great Britain, &c. &c. By Henry A. Wright.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES. By the Lord Viscount Ranelagh.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL ANNUAL for the Year 1846. Edited by David G. Goyder.

FIRST ADDRESS of the Committee of the Metropolitan Working Man's Association.—This first address is deserving of general attention. Its objects are excellent, and merit the support of all classes of society.

WHO WAS "JACK WILSON," THE SINGER OF SHAKSPERE'S STAGE? An attempt to prove his identity with John Wilson, Doctor of Music in the University of Oxford in 1644. By Edward Rimbault, LL.D.—Dr Rimbault has made out his position entirely to his own satisfaction,—and he has even made it look not unfeasible to others.

NOTES OF THE CAUSE TRIED AT THE LIVERPOOL SUMMER ASSIZES, between W. E. Newton and the Grand Junction Railway Company.

BLISS NOT RICHES; or, Colonization on Principles of Pure Christianity. By Edward King.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

"PEEL'S BILL,"—THE NEW ONE: TRIUMPH OF RATIONAL RADICALISM.

VIEWED merely in its bearing on national commercial policy, the measure of Sir Robert Peel is most important. Coming from him—to borrow the words of a reformer of the Reform Bill era,—it "took away our breath." The only principle upon which the ministerial measure can be supported, is that of the entire abolition of commercial restrictions and protections; and it goes so far towards realizing this principle in practice, that to halt in *ce beau chemin* will be found impossible. But the scope of the reform contemplated by the Premier, is much wider: it embraces other branches of state policy, as well as trade. Its sly concoctor, as if he were laughing in his sleeve, at the squirearchy and their conservatism, tempts them to consent to this innovation, by the offer of one or two more innovations. The proposed change in the act of settlement, is a great act of justice to the industrious poor; the capitalist will no longer be able to throw off the charge of supporting in sickness and infirmity, the labourers whose strength has been exhausted in his service: but it revolutionizes the established empire of the great unpaid, breaks the last frail tie that bound the sons of toil more closely to the land-owners than to any other class of proprietors. Making the cost of prosecutions at assizes a public burden is a relief to land-owners: but it is also a great stride towards the abandonment of all prosecutions for crime, at the instance of the parties injured; and the recognition of the principle, that punishment is inflicted not to gratify private revenge, but to ensure the public safety, and that a servant of the state alone ought to be charged with the duty of urging its infliction.

In short, Sir Robert Peel's measure is a great and marked advance in the practical application of rational politics. With all deference to "The League," and its energetic and loveable leader, the party who really triumph on the present occasion are the rational, or as Blackwood used to call them, "the educated Radicals." The ministerial is an Utilitarian measure: its introduction is a proof that the practical views of the Utilitarians have triumphed—have so pervaded our national policy that ere long they must "leaven the whole lump." The day of cant and clap-trap has gone by. "The glorious revolution of 1688," is placed in the same category as "Church and State:" "Fox Clubs" and "Pitt Clubs" are equally at a discount: "Whig" and "Tory," are names of factions which have been broken up and scattered to the four winds. Public opinion will now be satisfied with no rulers incapable of framing practical and practicable measures for the production of tangible good to the greatest number. Peel and Russell are equally convinced of this; they are aware that they live in a new age, and must speak its language,—that if they are to govern, they must govern in the sense of the public.

This revolution in public opinion, of which the Catholic Emancipation and Reform Bill Acts, and the Corn-law Abolition Bill, are alike consequences, not causes, has been the work of a party, which, in the common acceptation of the word, is no party. Bentham, Mill, Thompson, Place, and their allies—the old "Westminster Rump" and the old Westminster Review coterie—never constituted such a confederation of the wealthy, the noble, and the intellectual of the land as we have been accustomed to see aiming at, and arrogating political power. They were not the first to try politics and politicians by the standard of utility; Franklin and Priestley had done it before them. They were not in advance of all their contemporaries; for in almost every nook and corner of the empire were isolated individuals, or small knots of friends, who, by independent thinking, had arrived at the same conclusions. But they were placed in the metropolitan centre, and came in contact with all classes, and men from every province. They were men of action; the politicians of the day took counsel with them, derived advantage from their co-operation, unconsciously adopted first one and then another of their views. Men of wealth and intellect, but whose social position placed them in conflict with many of our institutions—as, for example, the Ricardos—sympathised with them. Men who had acquired independent fortunes in the service of the revolutionary government of India, like the Humes and Crawfords, and had retained little respect for mere traditional conventionalities, sympathized with them. Amiable men of poetical sentiment, combined with an instinct of truth, like Bowring, sympathized with them. All the heads of departments in the great government and other public offices, who bore the burden of state toil without any share in the honour, and a very inadequate share in the remuneration, sympathised with them. The bulk of the literary class were predisposed to adopt many of their views. Congenial opinions gathered around them a numerous unorganized political union. The working classes, in their struggles for political equality, learned to look to them for a just estimate of their character and protection. Political writers, threatened with persecution, received from them advice and assistance. The assistance they occasionally gave to political leaders enabled them to push intelligent young men into the subordinate offices of Government. Their opinions were sedulously diffused, through the instrumentality of the press, by occasional pamphlets and periodical works, of which the original Westminster Review was the most complete and efficient agent.

Of late, this section of public political opinion has been less prominent than it was from the time of Canning and Huskisson, till the passing of the Reform Bill. Most of the old leaders have died or retired from the public stage; and, of their younger disciples, few or none seem to have inherited their robust manliness of character. Their vocation was less to train individuals, or organize a party, than to form and disseminate opinions. In that vocation, predisposed as society was to adopt their political creed, they have been eminently successful. Their unostentatious practical political opinions predominate in the households of the middle classes; they have made good their footing in the best spirits of the two great factions which still, and, perhaps, as long as the empire endures, will dispute for the helm of empire, under varying names and combinations of individuals. The

holders of this new and true political faith have this advantage over all others, that each individual, and every little knot, can work, with effect in their own peculiar sphere. Their opinions accord with the truth of things, and their every act tells. It is only when men strive to resist or thwart nature that great and enduring organizations are requisite.

But co-operation, whenever it is possible, gives additional strength. The present time is propitious for raising again the banner of rational Radicalism. The Whigs have shelved themselves: nothing is to be gained by bearing with their feeblenesses and follies. Peel has broken up the party upon which he so long leaned, and rests, proudly, alone, trusting to his own resources. It is bare justice to say of this man, that, with all his defects,—and they are many and glaring,—he is a power in himself; and the only public man of the day, (except Lord Brougham, who is as inferior to him in concentratedness of purpose, as he is superior to him in the higher attributes of intellect and fancy,) of whom so much can be said. Peel is not to be supported, (in the partisan sense of the word,) by the rational Radicals; but he is to be used by them, and treated with that respect which his progressive liberalism deserves. The man who first broke up the Tory monopoly in the Scottish Court of Session;—the man who commenced his career by stepping out of the ranks of his party to champion the monetary opinions of *The Edinburgh Review*;—the man who first, among our officials, set about practical law reforms;—the man who restored to the Roman Catholics their political privileges;—the man who is now emancipating commerce, and adapting his whole administrative system to the principles of practical Utilitarianism, is one with whom Rational Radicals may cordially co-operate, on all occasions when their views coincide.

The alliance of Rational Radicals with Sir Robert Peel, however, or with any minister, must necessarily be of an occasional, intermitting character. They seek truth that the truth may make them free; they are a kind of political Quakers, and can co-operate with no man longer than his "light" and theirs continue to be the same. The Rational Radicals have been the allies of the Anti-corn-law League—perhaps some of them had a hand in organizing it: but though fully sensible of the importance of corn-law repeal, they favoured that movement, hoping it would bring other and greater reforms along with it. From corn-law repeal, they expected more than cheap bread; through it they looked for steadier, less fluctuating markets, and increased employment for the industrious. They neither looked to corn-law repeal as alone sufficient to redress social evils, nor as the most efficient engine for this end. But they saw in it the means of rescuing the landed gentry of England from the false position in which they had placed themselves, and of bringing them into the field as allies in the assault upon all other monopolies, and all legal and administrative abuses. The Rational Radicals approved of the League's watch-word, "Total and immediate repeal." When it was adopted, Conservative statesmen were open opponents, and Whig statesmen false professing friends. Had any other watch-word than the abstract unqualified doctrine been adopted, the League could not have been kept together. But the Rational Radicals were always of opinion that an instalment might be accepted if offered in sincerity by one who had the power to pay it. Much more have they always held that such an instalment, if coupled with concessions of reforms in other branches of administration equally in need of improvement, ought to be accepted. And regarding Sir Robert Peel's measure as introducing political reforms, rendering farther progress inevitable, no less important than the emancipation of commerce, they are not prepared to hazard the obtaining of these other reforms in the hope of obtaining a greater measure of one reform only. They believe that the League (or rather its Manchester leaders,) are in danger of adopting an erroneous strategy from their incapacity to extend their views beyond their one idea. They believe that the Whigs are not altogether disinclined to avail themselves of this mistake in order to thwart a political rival. And seeing in Sir Robert Peel the only man who has the power to carry a measure of reform affecting so many abuses, and seeing the strength of the Aristocratical opposition to which he has bidden defiance, they incline on the present occasion to give him no half-hearted assistance. His task once accomplished, he and they are equally free to pursue the paths which their respective convictions recommend.

And to the Rational Radical, allies are at this moment offering themselves in every quarter. The peace societies will aid him in his efforts to introduce a better understanding among nations. The noble stand made by Calhoun, Webster, and their allies, in Congress, revives his hopes of America. The growing power of the material and industrial interests in Lyons, Havre, Marseilles, and other great manufacturing and commercial centres of French activity, re-assures him in respect to France. Again, even among professional lawyers, the spirit of law reform is making way. The society for improving the law, instituted a-year or two ago by some professional gentlemen in London, under the auspices of Lords Brougham, Denman, and Campbell, have with steady unostentatious labour already contrived to have some important bills, for amending the practice and theory of the law, introduced and passed in Parliament. They are now appealing for assistance and countenance to the general public, and surely to the Rational Radicals they will not appeal in vain. Some of the more comprehensive intellects of the League have of late been laying the foundations of a Free Trade club: with that the Rational Radicals could frankly co-operate. In the department of education, utilitarian principles have already made a ledgment in the Cabinet. The Irish national system, the new Irish colleges, the movement in favour of improved professional education in the Inns of Court, the establishment of a college for civil engineers at Putney—all these are symptomatic of the growing desire to promote elementary and more advanced education, which Rational Radicals ought to encourage and systematize. Even the "honourable house" is becoming accessible to the utilitarian spirit of the age. The inundation of railway business, if it had no other recommendation to counterbalance the mischief it has done, will be entitled to our gratitude for forcing both houses of Parliament to break through their old conventionalities, and look about them for more practical modes of conducting business.

It would be sinful to neglect so many openings for useful practical activity. Never was a time more inviting for men to cast off the trammels of words, and accidental party associations, and dare to think and act for themselves in politics, as in the business of private life. Every man who has adventured upon this independent course, has advanced the great cause and doen

good to his kind. Cobbett, Mill, Hazlitt, mutually bespattered each other, and yet all worked, and worked efficiently to a common end. Let us emulate their independence of thought, and try to rise superior to their personal jealousies and grudges. Let us cast from us the rubbish of faith in party—the small stale evil of jokes at the personal peculiarities and inconsistences of this or that statesman—and concentrate our efforts on the attainment of practical improvements in government; accepting in a frank and kindly spirit, the assistance of all or any when offered in sincerity. This is true Utilitarianism, which is more profoundly impressed with the truly great and beautiful, than small sentimentalists can imagine. In politics the Rational Radical looks to the useful alone, because he has faith in the undying and all-permeating nature of the beautiful. He believes, that if he makes what is useful, God and Nature will in time make it beautiful, and twine human affections around it.

P.S.—At the time when we go to press, it is impossible to say what will be the immediate fate of the ministerial measure or its authors; and the rapid march of events may baffle conjecture, and falsify our conclusions before they can be published. This much is certain: the ministerial measure, in all its integrity *at the least*, will be carried. It was coolly and suspiciously received at first, but with every successive day it has grown more acceptable. The public snuffed at it as a dog does at a piece of meat thrown down to him by a stranger or suspected person; and, like the dog, appears inclined to finish by bolting it greedily. In *the city*, meaning thereby in the money market of London, Peel is strong. The very faults of his character strengthen him with the rich burghers upon 'Change. He is looked upon as a prosaic safe minister: we have heard his measure rapturously applauded by some of these capitalists before they could possibly have mastered its details, who would have exclaimed against the tithe of its innovations as revolutionary and destructive, if proposed by any other statesman of the day. The faith in Peel which animates the 'Change of London, has an influence, greater or less, in all our manufacturing and commercial centres of activity. A few Cobdens may rise superior to this indiscriminating idolatry, but Peel is the man of the great money-making interest. On the other hand, he is the man of the minority among the land-owners and relics of the old borough-mongering party, who see the necessity of conforming to the new state of society. Owing to these circumstances, he is a power in himself. The liberals of all shades, see more or less clearly, that he is engaged in a duel with the old giant of acred-borough-mongering, and that the forces of the combatants are not very unequal. The talk of standing out for higher principles, and falling back upon Peel in the event of a defeat, is mere grimace and affectation. With half-a-dozen it may be earnest: but the mass have made up their minds to close with his offer. The Protectionists feel this, and feel that the game is up with them. The sharpest sting they have yet felt, was on the first night of the talk on Mr. Miles's amendment in the House of Commons, when they were allowed to rise one after another to vent their spleen, no one thinking it worth while to reply to them. Even under this provocation, their tone was querulously despondent and consciously feeble, not robustiously indignant. They uttered their complaints with the bated breath and whispering humbleness of bondsmen. They deprecated personalities — speaking all the time from purely personal motives — from an awkward conviction that they are very assailable. The landed interest will be found as completely paralyzed in its own exclusive house as in that where it has of late years been bearded by a strong and growing minority, now a majority. The Duke of Wellington is doing his work admirably. He invites his malcontents one by one to personal interviews; puts them under a disadvantage by asking them to explain why they oppose a measure which he professes to think admirable; allows them to flounder on from depth to depth in the chaotic inanity of their own minds; and dismisses them labouring under the amazing reflection that they have not been able to advance one valid argument against Peel's reform, and ready, after a few days' uneasy self-worry, to acquiesce in it from utter helplessness.

The measure, we have little doubt, will pass both Houses without any dissolution. And then a general election cannot be far distant. If there are men in the country who entertain clear practical notions of administrative politics, who are moved by ambition to take part in public business, and sufficiently affluent to be able to devote themselves to the pursuit without compromising their independence, at that general election they will have a rare chance of success. If there are constituencies really independent of party, and anxious only for good government, they will be on the watch for such candidates. In choosing men for the next parliament, it is not the pedantic formulæ of political creeds, but practical views of administrative reform, and an earnest determination to spare no exertions to realize them, that ought to be looked to. The first and second Reform Bill Parliaments have pretty well broken up old parties the third may show us the formation of a new one, adapting its practice and professions to the new balance of political power.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1846.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID HUME.*

(*Continued from page* 145 *of our March Number.*)

Hume had now made a decided step in advance. Answers to his "Inquiry" came out, he tells, by "Reverends and Right Reverends, two or three in a year;" and Warburton "railed" his books into celebrity. After spending a considerable time in London, he again rejoined the family circle at Ninewells, which now wanted the charm of his mother's presence. To her Hume had been sincerely attached, and she probably understood the character of her son better than a well-known traditionary Edinburgh anecdote indicates,—one of many vulgar tales which Mr. Burton mercilessly extinguishes by a few decisive words of evidence. It is almost a pity, as some of them are amusingly ridiculous; as this of old Mrs. Hume, who is reported to have said, "Our Davie is a fine, good-natured crater; but uncommonly wake-minded." This affords Mr. Burton an opportunity of vindicating his hero from the charge of being tame in spirit, and phlegmatic in temperament; and it must be confessed, that in matters which nearly touched his master-passion,—his literary reputation, or his prudent regard to the acquisition of the means of an easy, learned life, David could be effectually roused, and occasionally bearish. Yet Mr. Burton says quite enough for his spirit and energy in remarking—

> However much he had tutored himself to stoicism, and had succeeded in conquering the outward demonstrations of strong feelings, it will be seen in various documents quoted in these volumes, and in the incidents narrated, that he was a man of strong impulses, full of blood and nerve, and that, as in a high-mettled horse, his energies were regulated, not extinguished.

Hume was also a very fair joker, and some of his *jeux de mots*, which are here preserved, really tell. After his different military expeditions, and his second residence in France, Hume's vein of pleasantry became more vivacious and polished, and his letters to intimate friends are found not merely witty or pointed, but playful. That he was a truly good-hearted man, and a warm friend who spared no pains or trouble to serve others, is proved by hundreds of beautiful instances. His exertions for Blacklock seem to have emanated from real affection for the man; and he appears to have been as anxious for the success of his friend John Home's "Douglas," and for Wilkie's "Epigoniad, as if each had been his own first-born work. The same frank and cordial good feeling is exemplified in relation to authors of a different class, who came into more immediate collision with him; as Robertson, Lord Kames, and Adam Smith. Many illustrations of this universal kindly feeling appear in his correspondence, and must delight every reader.

A very pleasant and playful letter to a lady announces his brother's marriage, and his own plans of life; and another to Mr. Michael Ramsay, a friend of his boyhood's years, details the domestic schemes of a bachelor of forty. He says—

> "I might perhaps pretend, as well as others, to complain of fortune; but I do not, and should condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. While interest remains as at present, I have £50 a-year, a hundred pounds worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near £100 in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humour, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. After some deliberation, I am resolved to settle in Edinburgh, and hope I shall be able with these revenues to say with Horace—
>
> Est bona librorum et provisae frugis in annum Copia.
>
> Besides other reasons which determine me to this resolution, I would not go too far away from my sister, who thinks she will soon follow me; and in that case we shall probably take up house either in Edinburgh, or the neighbourhood. Our sister-in-law behaves well, and seems very desirous we should both stay. . . . And as she (my sister) can join £30 a-year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer. Dr. Clephane, who has taken up house, is so kind as to offer me a room in it; and two friends in Edinburgh have made me the same offer.

To Mr. Burton, we are next indebted for an account of the Scottish philosopher's domicile, which may amuse southern readers.

We find, from the dating of his letters, that Hume's residence in Edinburgh was for a year or two in "Riddell's

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* "Life and Correspondence of David Hume." From the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other Original Sources. By John Hill Burton, Esq. Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: William Tait.

Land," and that it was afterwards in "Jack's Land." Since the plan of numbering the houses in each street extended to the Scottish capital, these names have no longer been in general use; but I find that the former applied to an edifice in the Lawnmarket, near the head of the West Bow, and that the latter was a tenement in the Canongate, right opposite to a house in which Smollett occasionally resided with his sister. The term "Land" applied to one of those edifices—some of them ten or twelve stories high,—in which the citizens of Edinburgh, pressed upwards as it were by the increase of the population within a narrow circuit of walls, made stair-cases supply the place of streets, and erected perpendicular thoroughfares. A single floor of one of these edifices was, a century ago, sufficient to accommodate the family of a Scottish nobleman; and we may be certain, that a very small "Flat" would suit the economical establishment of Hume.

He shortly made another attempt to obtain a Glasgow professorship: but again without success; so he published his "Political Discourses," which good judges have pronounced the best of all his works, and was quite happy in the *flat*, where he had set up as householder on his own account, with a cat, a maid-servant, and a maiden sister; and from whence he wrote a playful account to his friend Dr. Clephane, of his canvass for the appointment of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, in which, in spite of bigotry, he had succeeded. It shows how things were managed in Edinburgh in those days and probably since. To the same gentleman he afterwards says of his circumstances.

"With frugalily I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more? Independence? I have it in a supreme degree. Honour? that is not altogether wanting. Grace? that will come in time. A wife? that is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books? that *is* one of them; and I have more than I can use.

With these happy and unaffected practical principles of living, it is a little mortifying to find our philosopher, as he became much richer and more famous, displaying at times some small anxiety to be a little more rich.

It was about this time that Hume first seriously engaged with his History, for the composition of which his office of librarian gave him many advantages. On the "History," and the "Political Discourses," Mr. Burton discourses at large in many pages of critical, acute, and discriminating inquiry and dissertation, with which we must not intermeddle. It is enough, that, though belonging by his personal opinions to the popular party, Mr. Burton holds that balance with fairness, which Hume inclined, at some rare times, to the Whig, though much oftener to the Tory side, of debateable points. Of his History, Hume said,

"I have always said, to all my acquaintance, that if the first volume bore a little of a Tory aspect, the second would probably be as grateful to the opposite party. The two first princes of the house of Stuart were certainly more excusable than the two second. The constitution was, in their time, very ambiguous and undetermined; and their parliaments were, in many respects, refractory and obstinate. But Charles the Second knew that he had succeeded to a very limited monarchy. . . . I shall give no farther umbrage to the godly; though I am far from thinking, that my iberties on that head have been the real cause of checking the sale of the first volume.

One epoch in Hume's history, which demands especial notice, is the attempt made by certain over-zealous ministers of the Scottish church, to persecute him for the promulgation of his philosophical and speculative opinions. Upon this Mr. Burton has entered with great ability, and at length proportioned to its importance, as a remarkable feature of the times. And here again occurs one of the numerous places in which we should have liked to let the biographer speak for himself; suffice it, that a hot war of pamphlets was maintained for some time, before the matter was, in 1755, brought before the General Assembly. In the change of times, this attempt at persecution for opinion, and virtual assault on the liberty of the press, by the kirk courts, or their more zealous highflying members, has become very curious. Not only were Hume and Lord Kames attacked, but the printers and publishers of their impugned works were called up for judgment. Hume maintained the most philosophic composure during this furious assault, and even insinuates that actual excommunication could not have affected him very deeply. He was calmly telling Dr. Clephane,

"It gives me great affliction, dear Doctor, when you speak of gouts and old age. Alas! you are going down hill, and I am tumbling fast after you. I have, however, very entire health, notwithstanding my studious sedentary life. I only grow fat more than I could wish. When shall I see you? God knows. I am settled here, have no pretensions, nor hopes, nor desires, to carry me to court the great. I live frugally on a small fortune, which I care not to dissipate by jaunts of pleasure. All these circumstances give me little prospect of seeing London. Were I to change my habitation, I would retire to some provincial town in France to trifle out my old age, near a warm sun in a good climate, a pleasant country, and amidst a sociable people. My stock would then maintain me in some opulence; for I have the satisfaction to tell you, dear Doctor, that on reviewing my affairs, I find that I am worth £1600 sterling, which, at five per cent, makes near 1800 livres a-year—that is, the pay of two French captains.

Hume had now been before the world as an author for twenty years. "We have," says Mr. Burton,

Seen him approach the tribunal of public opinion with the strongest internal assurance of success, and in a form so different from that of his predecessors, as a high reliance on his own powers could alone have prompted. Baffled in the first, and in the second, and in the third attempt, he still persevered; and while the coldness of each reception showed him that his last effort had proved a failure, it never extinguished the fire of literary ardour which he felt burning within him, or quenched the hope, that it would one day blaze forth before the world. It is only towards the termination of this long period of laborious authorship that we find the philosopher's early visions of intellectual greatness beginning to be fulfilled. At the period at which we have now arrived, his name was famous over Europe.

Hume's history of the Stuart dynasty was finished, and he had commenced that of the Tudor sovereigns. On the earlier written, and by far the most important portion of Hume's historical works, Mr. Burton, a man of enlightened and liberal opinions on questions of government, and a member, we believe, of the Episcopalian Church in Scotland, makes the following excellent remarks:

The manner in which he had characterized the different religious bodies, whose conduct he had to describe, gave offence to many readers, and was afterwards matter of regret to himself. The toleration which forbids us to

punish our neighbour on account of his creed, he had fully learned. That still higher toleration, which forbids us to treat our neighbour's religious creed with disrespect, he had not yet acquired. He always speaks of the extreme Independents and Presbyterians as enthusiasts. With this term, not in itself opprobrious, because, though it implies excess, it does not imply the excess of a bad quality, he, on some occasions, associates the word fanaticism, and other expressions having a like sarcastic, or at least slighting tendency. To the Roman Catholic religion he was still less respectful, generally speaking of it as "the Catholic superstition." . . .

In Scotland, the Episcopal Church was at that time barely tolerated; and many an outcry against this toleration, as one of the sins of the time, made its adherents daily fear that their freedom of conscience might be made still more narrow. For the Roman Catholics there was no toleration in the proper acceptation of the term. Had their priesthood mingled in the ordinary society of Edinburgh, and had Hume become acquainted with them as he afterwards was with the clergy of France, he would perhaps have blushed to write as he did, of the creed of learned and accomplished men. In his subsequent editions, he carefully cleansed his History of these offensive expressions; substituting in general the word "creed" or "religion," instead of superstition. . . . . .

In the Church of England, his sympathies were with the insincere.

Hume was inclined to admire the polity of the Church of England, on grounds peculiar to himself. The tendency of his remarks on the wealth and dignity of that establishment, is to hold that heaping riches and honours on a clergy, by occupying their minds in pomps and vanities, diverts a certain portion of the spirit of priestcraft from its natural propensity to subdue or annoy the rest of the community, and is on the whole a judicious investment of a considerable proportion of the wealth and honours which may happen to be at the command of a state. Adam Smith's opinion, on the other hand, was, that the people are best protected against the influence of priestcraft, by allowing no sect to have a superiority over others, and by leaving the clergy of different denominations to expend their zeal in fighting with each other.

To his friend, Elliot of Minto, Hume gives an entertaining description of another friend, Wilkie, the author of "The Epigoniad;" which poem the philosopher admired, on much the same principle that he admired Home's "Douglas," Blacklock's verses, or Blair's "Dissertation on Ossian," or from the same motive; they were the productions of his friends. He says to his correspondent,

"As I cannot but hope that this work will soon become the subject of conversation in London, I shall take this opportunity of supplying you with some anecdotes with regard to the author, besides such as you already know,—of his being a very worthy and a very entertaining man, adorned with all that simplicity of manners, so common to great men, and even with some of that rusticity and negligence which serve to abate that envy to which they are so much exposed.

"You know he is a farmer's son, in the neighbourhood of this town, where there are a great number of pigeon-houses. The farmers are very much infested with the pigeons, and Wilkie's father planted him often as a scarecrow (an office for which he is well qualified) in the midst of his fields of wheat. It was in this situation that he confessed he first conceived the design of his epic poem, and even executed part of it. He carried out his Homer with him, together with a table, and pen and ink, and a great rusty gun. He composed and wrote two or three lines, till a flock of pigeons settled in the field, then rose up, ran towards them, and fired at them; returned again to his former station, and added a rhyme or two more, till he met with a fresh interruption.

"Two or three years ago, Jemmy Russel put a very pleasant trick on an English physician, one Dr. Roebuck, who was travelling in this country. Russel carried him out one day on horseback to see the outlets of the town, and purposely led him by Wilkie's farm. He saw the bard at a small distance, sowing his corn, with a sheet about him; all besmeared with dirt and sweat, with a coat and visage entirely proportioned to his occupation. Russel says to his companion, 'Here is a fellow, a peasant, with whom I have some business: let us call him.' He made a sign, and Wilkie came to them: some questions were asked him with regard to the season, to his farm and husbandry, which he readily answered; but soon took an opportunity of digressing to the Greek poets, and enlarging on that branch of literature. Dr. Roebuck, who had scarce understood his rustic English, or rather his broad Scotch, immediately comprehended him, for his Greek was admirable; and on leaving him, he could not forbear expressing the highest admiration to Russel, that a clown, a rustic, a mere hind, such as he saw this fellow was, should be possessed of so much erudition. 'Is it usual,' says he, 'for your peasants in Scotland to read the Greek poets?'—'O yes,' replies Russel, very coolly, 'we have long winter evenings; and in what can they employ themselves better, than in reading the Greek poets?' Roebuck left the country in a full persuasion that there are at least a dozen farmers in every parish who read Homer, Hesiod, and Sophocles, every winter evening, to their families; and, if ever he writes an account of his travels, it is likely he will not omit so curious a circumstance. Wilkie is now a settled minister at Ratho, within four miles of the town. He possesses about £80 or £90 a-year, which he esteems exorbitant riches. Formerly, when he had only £20, as helper, he said that he could not conceive what article, either of human convenience or pleasure, he was deficient in, nor what any man could mean by desiring more money."

The Dr. Roebuck referred to, is probably the grandfather of Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. who about this time had commenced the great works at Carron. Hume was sorely displeased with the English for not appreciating "The Epigoniad;" and, indeed, upon many occasions he refers to the paltry national jealousies of the English, from which he had personally suffered in more ways than one. About this period, he resided for a time in London, to superintend the printing of the continuation of his History, if we may so call what should chronologically come first; and while he extended his literary and social intimacies, he never forgot to write many kind and amusing letters to his older friends in Scotland. One of these, to Adam Smith, shows us how the "Theory of Moral Sentiments" was received. Every body had admired, and

Charles Townsend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance, that he said to Oswald he would put the Duke of Buccleuch under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this, I called on him twice, with a view of talking with him about the matter, and of convincing him of the propriety of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow: for I could not hope, that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your professorship; but I missed him.

Smith, as is well known, afterwards travelled with the young Duke. Among other persons to whom Hume gave his friend's work, was "Bourke," (Edmund Burke,) with whom he says he is well acquainted.

About this time, John Bull was seized with one of his periodical panics about a French invasion, which tempted "David" to entertain his Scottish

friends with some humorous epistles, more like those of Goldsmith than Swift, which they seem intended to imitate. One piece of intelligence runs—

As to private news, there is little stirring; only Dr. Warburton turned Mahometan, and was circumcised last week.

Mr. Burton has several pages of excellent disquisition on Hume's "Constitutional Theories." The philosopher here shared in the prejudices which his biographer, though himself a lawyer, must allow that many deep thinkers, as well as men of energy in action, have held besides Hume, if prejudices they be. A case in point is, Oliver Cromwell, if not also his late biographer, Mr. Carlyle, who shows equal, or greater impatience, of the petty observance of idle parliamentary etiquettes and unsubstantial forms. Mr. Burton, in concluding his disquisition, makes some remarks which ought to make such philosophers pause.

There was in Hume a want of appreciation of the value of parliamentary forms and privileges, and a corresponding indifference about their violation. He had not sufficiently studied the Journals of the Commons, and did not trace the rise and development of that system of procedure which has protected our own liberties, and afforded a model for the legislative assemblies of all free nations. It was in the Long Parliament, and under the eye of the able men of business who then held the lead, that this noble system was brought to perfection; but the reader whose historical information is derived solely from Hume, knows little of its value. Thus unconscious of the practical importance of the rights and privileges of the English people, he did not sympathize with those who expected alarming consequences from their infringement. He involved those who put the protection of their legal rights to the issue of the sword, in the same contemptuous estimate with the fanatics whom he charged with convulsing the state about religious differences of no essential moment. In either case the event at issue was of so little importance in his estimation, that he had small charity for those who made it a vitally important concern.

Hume's subsequent introduction to the highest society of Paris, and his brilliant success in its literary and fashionable coteries, was, in some measure, owing to the celebrated Madame de Boufflers, the mistress of the Prince of Conti, with whom, while in London at this time he first became acquainted, in consequence of her intense admiration of his History.

Mr. Burton places the intercourse between a *bel esprit*, the mistress of a prince, and the philosopher, upon the true footing; nor need he have laboured the point so hard. In our own more strait-laced times, Byron's mistress, the fair Guiccioli, was quite as well received by some of the English aristocracy as was the Countess de Boufflers, whom her court influence made of far more account than the forlorn Italian lady. Of the vivacious correspondence which this clever Frenchwoman maintained with Hume, it is shrewdly said,

Frequently, when there is a pause, an impassioned letter from her rouses up the philosopher; who starts into a sort of artificial excitement, and, when it is over, sinks into lethargy again. Yet it must be admitted, that Hume acted his part pretty well, and that the fat philosopher was not far behind the vivacious Frenchwoman. But with him it is visibly all acting; and there is a total absence of the playful ease which adorns those letters to his own chosen friends with whom he was in heart and habits at ease.

Of Hume's complimentary, or high-flown vein, the following specimen may, perhaps, be enough. It occurs in a letter to Madame de Boufflers:—

After observing with ingenious courtesy, that a fairy, a sylph, a good genius, who knew his inmost thoughts, must have anticipated him in sending a copy of his History, Hume continues:—"But, madam, what new wonder is this which your letter presents to me? I not only find a lady, who, in the bloom of beauty and height of reputation, can withdraw herself from the pleasures of a gay court, and find leisure to cultivate the sciences; but deigns to support a correspondence with a man of letters in a remote country, and to reward his labours by a suffrage the most agreeable of all others, to a man who has any spark of generous sentiments or taste for true glory."

About this time, the generous feelings of Hume, and, perhaps, his sympathies as a fellow-sufferer, were first awakened for J. J. Rousseau, then persecuted from one kingdom to another, by intolerant priests and despotic governments. Tempted by the mass of curious documents placed at his disposal, Mr. Burton has gone into this affair, which once agitated all literary and civilized Europe, at a length which some may fancy disproportioned to the merits of an old quarrel, though one which, from the parties concerned, and the names implicated, gathers around it more interest than any other thing of the sort on record. But how small do all such squabbles become, even though one's own, in which one has keenly felt, when looked back on after a lapse of years! The only thing permanently felt about this terrific and yet diverting feud is, that Hume, the placid, should have been so enthusiastic about "The Citizen of Geneva" at first, and so very angry at last. But how could a plain, simple-minded, middle-aged, Scottish philosopher be expected to comprehend the caprices, sentimentalities, tantrums, and deliriums of a Jean Jacques? Let Hume's fatal experience warn all philosophers of what they undertake when they try to befriend or patronize crazy geniuses, whether painters, poets, or Rousseaus. Let them, at least, with their eyes open, enter upon the onerous task in the most enlarged and indulgent spirit of charity, looking for no return, save, if not fraud and falsehood, then mistrust, ingratitude, and virulent abuse. We shall leave the history of this memorable affair, untouched, to the reader, except a very brief notice, when Rousseau appears in the natural order of Hume's biography. As in all matters of the kind, though Rousseau was the first and greatest offender, he provoked Hume to retaliation scarcely worthy of so great a man.

By the time of his return from London, enriched by the sale of his works, Hume, the famous and now popular author, the familiar associate not alone of the Scottish gentry and literati, but of much that was illustrious in letters and in rank in the sister country, took a flight far above "Jack's Land," and settled in what was then the most fashionable quarter of Edinburgh, "James's Court." The nobility had, no doubt, their hotels in different parts of the city; their Milton House, and Minto House, and Panmure Lodge, and Leven Lodge; but this grand court, opening off the "Lawnmarket," was the "Moray Place" or "Randolph Crescent" of Hume's age; and a very pleasant extract is offered to us by Mr.

Burton's description of it, and of Edinburgh in the olden time. Of this residence Hume was not a mere renter, but a proprietor—a "laird" of the "land;" having at one time for his tenant, Dr. Blair, and at another Lady Maxwell, if not Boswell himself. It is said:—

Entering a low gateway which pierces the line of lofty houses along the Lawnmarket, one finds one's self in a square court, surrounded by houses, which have now evidently fallen to the lot of humbler inhabitants than those for whom they were erected. These spaces, walled off by the intervening houses from the main street, were in the Scottish metropolis, like the similar edifices of the French nobility, frequently designed with the view of protecting those who dwelt within the gate from the unwelcome intrusion of either legal or illegal force. But it is probable that James's Court scarcely dates back to times so lawless, and that it was built early in the eighteenth century. The plan of a closed court was, perhaps, adopted as a means of enabling a small community to have the civic functions of lighting and cleaning performed more accurately than they were then administered to the inhabitants at large.

Entering one of the doors opposite the main entrance, the stranger is sometimes led by a friend, wishing to afford him an agreeable surprise, down flight after flight of the steps of a stone staircase, and when he imagines he is descending so far into the bowels of the earth, he emerges on the edge of a cheerful crowded thoroughfare, connecting together the Old and New Town; the latter of which lies spread before him, a contrast to the gloom from which he has emerged. When he looks up to the building containing the upright street through which he has descended, he sees that vast pile of tall houses standing at the head of the Mound, which creates astonishment in every visiter of Edinburgh. This vast fabric is built on the declivity of a hill, and thus one entering on the level of the Lawnmarket, is at the height of several stories from the ground on the side next the New Town. In Hume's day, a lake lay not many yards from the base of the building; and the whole space now occupied by the streets and squares of the New Town, was open ground, covered with woodland in those places where it did not consist of agricultural ground or barren heath. A full view of the surrounding country must have been possessed by every floor in this mass of buildings. . . . . Of the first impression made on a stranger, at that period, when entering such a house, a vivid description is given by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering;" and in Counsellor Pleydell's library, with its collection of books and prospect from the window, we have probably an accurate picture of the room in which Hume spent his studious hours when he was in his own house in Edinburgh.

Hume's dwelling was the third storey from the street. The first floor of "a common stair" is now the point of gentility in an Edinburgh as in a London house; then the splendid prospects, the freer air, and the seclusion of the "top-of-the-stair" was preferred; and, we think, with good reason. Hume now announced to his friends his intention of "setting up a chaise;" which magnificent design was probably suspended by the appointment which he received, first as private secretary to the Marquis of Hertford, when that nobleman was appointed ambassador to France on the peace of 1763, and afterwards as secretary to the embassy. Just planted in his new residence, and now in possession of what, with his moderate desires, was a handsome competence, the philosopher was at first reluctant to move; but having yielded, he found every possible reason to be pleased with his new condition, and, among others, was not insensible to the following consideration, which he thus states to Adam Smith:—

"My fortune also receives a great addition during life from this connexion; besides many openings to ambition, were I so simple as to be exposed to temptation from that passion."

But even at Fontainbleau, and caressed by all that was powerful, rich, witty, learned, or beautiful in Paris, he sometimes regretted his easy chair, his books, and fireside in James's Court.

Hume's sudden popularity in France was a particular form of epidemic to which the French are liable—a sort of Parisian mania, which seized all classes, and which seems to have at first surprised, as it afterwards gratified, diverted, and finally bored him. The honours and incense heaped upon him by the Court and the literary coteries, will best be understood by a few paragraphs selected from his own correspondence. To Adam Smith he writes:—

"I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainbleau, and have every where met with the most extraordinary honours, which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marischals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present: I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies. All the courtiers, who stood around when I was introduced to Madame de Pompadour, assured me that she was never heard to say so much to any man; and her brother, to whom she introduced me, —— [Some words obliterated.] But I forget already, that I am to scorn all the civilities of men. However, even Madame Pompadour's civilities were, if possible, exceeded by those of the Duchesse de Choiseul, the wife of the favourite and Prime Minister, and one of the ladies of the most distinguished merit in France. Not contented with the many obliging things she said to me on my first introduction, she sent to call me from the other end of the room, in order to repeat them, and to enter into a short conversation with me: and not contented with that, she sent the Danish ambassador after me, to assure me, that what she said was not from politeness, but that she seriously desired to be in friendship and correspondence with me. There is not a courtier in France, who would not have been transported with joy, to have had the half of these obliging things said to him by either of these great ladies; but what may appear more extraordinary, both of them, as far as I could conjecture, have read with some care all my writings that have been translated into French,—that is, almost all my writings. . . . . The Dauphin, as I am told from all hands, declares himself on every occasion very strongly in my favour; and many people assure me, that I have reason to be proud of his judgment, even were he an individual. I have scarce seen any of the geniuses of Paris, who, I think, have in general great merit, as men of letters. But every body is forward to tell me the high panegyrics I receive from them. . . . . As this is the first letter I write to my friends at home, I have amused myself, (and I hope I have amused you,) by giving you a very abridged account of these transactions. But can I ever forget, that it is the very same species, that would scarce show me common civilities a very few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such applauses at Paris?"

To Professor Ferguson he writes:—

"I really wish often for the plain roughness of the *Poker*,* and particularly the sharpness of Dr. Jardine, to correct and qualify so much lusciousness. However, I meet sometimes with incidents that please me, because they contain no mixture of French complaisance or ex-

* The Poker Club, which had then existed for some time, and was continued for some years after Hume's death. Its name is supposed to have been bestowed on it, on account of its services in stirring the intellectual energies of its members.

aggeration. Yesterday I dined at the Duc de Praslin's, the secretary of state. After we had risen from dinner, I went into a corner to converse with somebody; when I saw enter the room a tall gentleman, a little elderly, with a riband and star, who immediately called out to the Duchesse de Praslin, 'Hé, Madame la Duchesse, que je suis content, j'ai vu Monsieur Hume à la cour aujourd'hui.' Upon inquiry, I was told he was a man of quality, esteemed one of the cleverest and most sensible about the court.

"In two or three days we return to Paris, where I hope to live more at my ease, and shall pass my time with really great men; for there are such at present amongst the literati of France. . . . . Yet I am sensible that I set out too late, and that I am misplaced; and I wish, twice or thrice a-day, for my easy chair and my retreat in James's Court! Never think, dear Ferguson, that as long as you are master of your own fireside and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can make an addition to your enjoyment. . . . . .

"Tell Dr. Blair that I have conversed here twice or thrice with the Duchesse D'Aiguillon, who has been amusing herself with translating passages of Ossian; and I have assured her that the authenticity of those poems is to be proved soon beyond all contradiction."

To Dr. Robertson he says:—

"Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and, still more, every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praise. What happened last week, when I had the honour of being presented to the D——n's children, at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have yet passed through. The Duc de B., the eldest, a boy of ten years old, stepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself in the number, from the pleasure he had received from the reading of many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P., who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me, that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine History. But what is more curious; when I was carried thence to the Count D'A., who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble something which, though he had forgot in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him."

These boys were the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his younger brothers; the juvenile who, in 1764, forgot his courtly lesson, was Count d'Artois, afterwards, at different periods, a forlorn royal exile in Hume's native city.

Noble and gentle Scottish persons in Paris, who had not shown any particular desire, in Edinburgh, to become known to the philosopher and historian, whether of "Jack's Land," or "James's Court," now courted his acquaintance as a passport to the highest French society; but our David was not altogether a "David Simple." Of a Colonel L——, the brother of an Earl L——, introduced to him by a letter from Dr. Blair, he says:—

Your recommendations have great weight with me; but if I am not mistaken, I have often seen Colonel L——'s face in Edinburgh. It is a little late he has bethought himself of being *ambitious*, as you say, of being introduced to my acquaintance. The only favour I can do him, is to advise him, as soon as he has seen Paris, to go to a provincial town where people are less shy of admitting new acquaintance, and are less delicate judges of behaviour. It is almost out of the memory of man, that any British has been here on a footing of familiarity with the good company except my Lord Holderness, who had a good stock of acquaintance to begin with, speaks the language like a native, has very insinuating manners, was presented under the character of an old secretary of state, and spent, as is said, £10,000 this winter, to obtain that object of vanity. Him, indeed, I met every where in the best company: but as to others — lords, earls, marquises, and dukes — they went about to plays, operas, and ——. Nobody minded them; they kept company with one another; and it would have been ridiculous to think of bringing them into French company.

But, after all, he was civil to this anonymous colonel.

Caressed and flattered to excess in Paris, where the taste for literature "had not," he says, "decayed nor depraved, as on the banks of the Thames," Hume dreamed of settling here for life. He was rich enough for it, though his ideas were enlarging, "a coach" being now added to the list of his wants.

Mr. Burton has devoted one of the most attractive chapters of his work to French society; that is, to Parisian society, or the most brilliant "talking" society which the civilized world has ever seen, at its most brilliant period. The most remarkable feature was that intimate connexion, or blending of rank and fashion with literature and science, which seemed to revive the age of Pericles and Aspasia. We are not sure, however, that Mr. Burton should attribute to the solid and venerable qualities of Hume's intellect, that general acceptance in Parisian society, which was, in a great measure, but a temporary rage. Even in our own more refined age, there still exists a vast difference in the principles which regulate social intercourse and equality in the two countries. We are, however, not prepared to admit that all the advantage lies on the side of the nation whose clever journalists obtain titles, and sometimes carry the portfolios of ministers. . . . . .

The idea is not new, that it is our great commercial wealth, and the character of our free institutions, which compel our aristocracy to defend their frontier much more rigidly than was necessary in France during the old *regime*. It is as probable that time, and chance, and the many small causes which are their agents, conspired to produce this remarkable state of society, and that amalgamation of ranks and classes which was, after all, more apparent than real. But, at all events, Mr. Burton accounts for the social phenomena in an ingenious way; and we shall, at some length, give his happily expressed theory of the principle of the society in which his hero moved with very philosophic ease.

In France matters were widely different; there he was warmly and affectionately received into the bosom of a society to which many of the supercilious English aristocracy would have sought for admission in vain. In England no distinct palpable barrier surrounded the distinguished group. The multitude clamorously asserted an equality. In default of other qualities, impudence and perseverance were sometimes sufficient to force admission. In these circumstances, each member of the privileged classes guarded his own portion of the arena as well as he might; and the intruder had to fight battle after battle, and contest every inch of ground he gained.

It seems as if in France the very rigidness with which the select circle was fortified was the reason why those admitted within it were placed so thoroughly at their ease. The aristocracy could open the door, look about them, and invite an individual to enter, without fearing to encounter a general rush for admission. There was much evil of every kind in that circle. We have not to deal here with its inward morality, but its outward form; and it certainly deserves to be remembered as one of the most memorable instances in which, on any large scale, the aristocracy of rank and wealth has met the aristocracy of letters without restraint. The quality of shining in conversation was not to be despised by the greatest in wealth, or the highest in the peerage; and their efforts were measured with those of the first wits of the time. To an aristocracy which could thus amuse itself, it was a great luxury to be surrounded by men of thought and learning. The courtier who could open his salon to the wits and philosophers of Paris, was far more dependant on their presence than they were on the privilege of admission. If a Barthélemi, a Marmontel, a Condillac, saw cause to desert the suppers of D'Holbach, they would be received at those of the Duc de Praslin or de Choiseul, the Prince of Conti, and Madame du Deffand; but how were such departed stars to be replaced?

There is perhaps no more striking type of the character and condition of the Parisian coteries than one of Hume's most intimate friends, Madame Geoffrin. In this country, were an uneducated woman to frame and lead a social party, including the first in rank and in talent of the day, to which no one under royalty was too great not to deem admission a privilege; were she to be absolute in her admissions and exclusions, bold in her sarcasms, free and blunt often to rudeness in her observations and opinions, and severe or kind to all by turns as her own choice or caprice suggested, it would be at once pronounced that the reddest blood and the highest rank could alone produce such an anomaly. A very small number of eminent duchesses have perhaps occupied such a position in this country. Yet Madame Geoffrin, who acted this part to the full among the fastidious aristocracy of France before the revolution, was the daughter of a valet-de-chambre and the widow of a glass manufacturer. The foundation of her influence was her success in making herself the centre of a circle of artists and men of letters. She was much in the confidence of Madame De Tencin, and on that lady's death succeeded in transferring to herself what remained of her distinguished society, dimmed as it was by the departure of Montesquieu and Fontenelle. Madame Geoffrin by activity and energy widened the circle. She never made visits herself; and those who had the privilege of entering her dining-room on her public days, found there assembled D'Alembert, Helvétius, Raynal, Marmontel, Caraccioli, Holbach, Galliani, and the artist Vanloo. During the British embassy, David Hume, the great philosopher from the far North, might there be met; and when all other attempts had perhaps failed, some chance of encountering such an erratic meteor as Rousseau still remained, in attending Madame Geoffrin's Wednesday dinners. Having once, by her signal wit and wisdom, gained her position, no obtrusive rivals from her own deserted class could push near enough to drive her from it. It is not the least admirable feature of this remarkable woman, that far from assuming the subdued and cautious tone of one of her own rank, who must be more wary than a denizen of committing breaches of the social rules of her new cast, a simplicity and freedom seems to have accompanied all her actions and ideas; a courageous adoption of what seemed good to her, in place of what might be fit. . . . . The pleasant retailers of the literary chit-chat of that time, Marmontel, Grimm, Bauchemont, and others, are full of details of Madame Geoffrin; who, if she was not quite as formally approached as Boufflers, or Du Deffand, was as much respected, loved, and feared. The author of the "Contes Moraux," tells us some of the weaknesses of this gifted lady; and, according to his account, she had been actually convicted, living as she was outwardly in the freest society in the world, of a turn for secret devotion! . . . . . Her good heart was after all her noblest quality. She was one of those who held the simple notion, that were it not for the judicious distribution of favours by the rich, the poor, including artisans and producers of all kinds, must necessarily die of starvation. She was thus in the midst of an extensive distribution of charities, actively occupied in the *encouragement* of those who lived by the sweat of their brow; and if she believed that she accomplished much more than she actually did, it was a satisfaction not to be grudged to one who occupied herself with the fortunes of the poor, in the midst of the stony indifference of the French aristocracy of that day. . . . . Perhaps of all these eminent women, while Madame de Boufflers had the greatest amount of elegance and accomplishment, Madame du Deffand had the sharpest and most searching wit. She was the author of that proverbial *bon mot* about St. Denis carrying his head under his arm, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte;* a saying sufficient to make a reputation in France.

Mr. Burton runs through the whole bead-roll of the ladies of this brilliant society, and descants especially upon the fair chiefs of the rival coteries. Hume's most intimate associate in this remarkable society, which included Raynal, Diderot, Helvétius, Holbach, &c. was the mild and amiable D'Alembert, and his most respected friend, the virtuous and sage Turgot, who could hardly be said to be of it, and who already foresaw the revolutionary storm which burst out twenty years later.

Hume, whatever the Rev. Mr. Anderson, his inquisitor in the church courts, had thought of him, was not nearly up to the mark of the French philosophers. It is to his honour that his biographer is able to state,—

> There are many circumstances showing that much as he loved the social ease, combined with learning and wit, for which his Parisian circle was conspicuous, he disliked one prominent feature of that social system — the scornful infidelity, the almost intolerance of any thing like earnest belief, so often exhibited, both in speech and conduct. Sir Samuel Romilly has preserved the following curious statement by Diderot: — "He spoke of his acquaintance with Hume. 'Je vous dirai un trait de lui, mais il vous sera un peu scandaleux peut-être, car vous Anglais vous croyez *un peu* en Dieu; pour nous autres nous n'y croyons guères. Hume dina avec une grande compagnie chez le Baron D'Holbach. Il était assis à côte du Baron; on parla de la religion naturelle: 'Pour les Athées,' disait Hume, 'je ne crois pas qu'il en existe; je n'en ai jamais vu.' 'Vous avez été un peu malheureux,' répondit l'autre: 'vous voici à table avec dix-sept pour la première fois.'"

His condition and prospects at this time, Hume thus describes to his brother:—

> My appointments, as I told you, are £1200 a-year. I have also £300 for my equipage, and three hundred ounces of plate for my table. This is the fair side of the picture. The misfortune is, that General Conway, the ambassador's brother, is secretary of state. The Duke of Grafton, his nephew, is the other secretary. You still say, better and better. Not at all. My Lord Hertford goes for England in a few days, and leaves the burden of the embassy upon me. Still you say, where is the harm of all this? You are come to years of discretion, and can govern yourself. Wait a little, dear brother. Lord Hertford goes lord-lieutenant to Ireland, and there is an end of the ambassador, and probably of the secretary. . . . . I know that Lord Hertford will not go to Ireland unless he be allowed to name the secretary for that kingdom. Perhaps he may think his son, Lord Beauchamp, too young for that office; in

which case I may very probably expect it, and it is an office of between £3000 and £4000 a-year. . . You know the fluctuation of English politics. Perhaps, before you receive this, the whole present system is overturned. Lord Hertford, who, while he remained here, was a man of no party, is involved with his friends.

We must complete our picture of Hume's reception in Paris by a few more traits. It is not surprising that he visited his first friend, Madame de Boufflers, at the seat of her lover, the Prince of Conti; but his influence at court was actually imagined so great that even Madame Helvétius, who should have known better, begged his interest for her friends. It is stated that this lady

desired his good offices to procure an abbaye for her friend and neighbour the Abbé "Macdonalt," of an illustrious Irish family. One lady, seeking ecclesiastical patronage, tells him that the clergy will have more pleasure in doing him a favour than in performing the functions of their office!

Hume has thus recorded in his "own life" the impression left on him by his reception in Paris:—"Those who have not seen the strange effects of modes, will never imagine the reception I met with at Paris, from men and women of all ranks and stations. The more I resiled from their excessive civilities, the more I was loaded with them. There is, however, a real satisfaction in living at Paris; from the great number of sensible, knowing, and polite company with which that city abounds above all places in the universe. I thought once of settling there for life." If he thought that he could have taken up his residence in Paris, and preserved for the remainder of his days the fresh bloom of his reputation, he was undoubtedly mistaken; but, dazzled as he in some measure was, we can see in his correspondence that he estimated the sensation he made pretty nearly at its just value. In the circle of toys, seized and discarded by a giddy fashionable crowd, philosophy will have its turn, as well as poodles, parrots, tulips, monkeys, *cafés*, and black pages. It had been so a century earlier, when the most abstruse works of Des Cartes had been the ornament of every fashionable lady's toilette; and now the wheel had revolved and philosophy was again in vogue.

Our readers may remember Madame de Sevigné often rallying her "dear daughter" in her charming letters, about her devotion to Descartes, and on her intimacy with "the little bodies," the "atoms," of the great philosopher, which her lively mother never could understand.

A stroke from the pencil of Lord Charlemont, and one borrowed from Madame d'Epinay, may complete our picture:—

It is apparent that his conversation to strangers, and particularly to Frenchmen, could be little delightful, and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women: and yet no lady's toilette was complete without Hume's attendance. At the opera his broad unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*. . . . . .

One of the "rages" of the day was the holding of *cafés*, or giving entertainments in private houses, according to the arrangements and etiquette of a public *café*. Among the amusements of the evening were pantomimes, and acted tableaux. In these it was necessary that Hume should take a *rôle*; and as he was always willing to conform to established regulations, we find him seated as a sultan between two obdurate beauties, intending to strike his bosom, but aiming the blows at *le ventre*, and accompanying his acting with characteristic exclamations.

Of a very opposite description to these Parisian dames, was a lady who sometimes wrote to Hume from Edinburgh; and much pleasure would it give us to transcribe her letters, though, peradventure, to the exclusion of some grave matter of philosophy. This was Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest," who then resided in Baird's Court, Castlehill.

The Countess de Boufflers, by the death of her husband, became a free woman; but the Prince of Conti could not contaminate the blood royal by a *mesalliance*, and the Countess was in despair. As a married woman, Hume, adopting the French theory of morals, admits her condition to have been respectable; but, as a widow, she could no longer, with safety to her reputation, continue to live with the prince. Hume preached philosophy to his fair friend, who eagerly sought his counsels; but philosophy had slender consolations for a case of this kind; and the philosopher also felt, at last, that no place suited him so well as Edinburgh. Meanwhile, he came to London, his business with the embassy being brought to a close. And soon afterwards commenced his long and bitter quarrel with Rousseau, who had been his travelling companion to England; while "Therese" was escorted by a man of whom all the world has since heard, though the feat of gallantry thus described by Hume was among Boswell's first characteristic appearances:—

A letter has come to me open from Guy the bookseller, by which I learn that Mademoiselle [Therese, Rousseau's mistress,] sets out post, in company with a friend of mine, a young gentleman, very good-humoured, very agreeable—and very mad! He visited Rousseau in his mountains, who gave him a recommendation to Paoli, the King of Corsica; where this gentleman, whose name is Boswell, went last summer, in search of adventures. He has such a rage for literature, that I dread some event fatal to our friend's honour. You remember the story of Terentia, who was first married to Cicero, then to Sallust, and at last, in her old age, married a young nobleman, who imagined that she must possess some secret which would convey to him eloquence and genius.

During some official changes, at this time, Hume for a short while acted as an under-secretary of state, and proved, as in all the other offices he held, an excellent man of business. Some of his official documents still preserved, "are not more," says Mr. Burton, "distinguished by the clearness and precision of the language, than the neatness of the handwriting." There was, at this time, a revival of the project, to have him made Secretary for Ireland, as he had some time before reckoned upon; but it failed, and his biographer thinks, fortunately for Hume, who—

was but slenderly endowed with either of the qualifications then indispensable to an Irish statesman,—a capacity for hard drinking, and adroitness in bold political intrigues. The exercise of an official function, among a people where one sect of Christians enjoyed all offices, emoluments, and honours, while another, following the national religion, were scarcely allowed to live, must have shocked his sense of political justice; while it may be questioned if he was a sufficiently bold politician to have attempted any reform of this abuse.

There is no question about it. What reform would Secretary Hume have proposed?

Several chapters are filled with Rousseau, before Mr. Burton sums up this mighty matter with tolerable impartiality; and, with knowledge of the subject, descants on some of the peculiarities, we must

not say the absurdities of genius, with tender indulgence, which yet does not overlook the distempered cravings of a morbid vanity. "There are few," he remarks—

who have not, in their journey through life, encountered one or more small Rousseaus, in men of ravenous and insatiable vanity, who, unlike the ordinary good-natured vain men, are perpetually rejecting the incense offered to their appetite, and demanding some new form of worship. In these, as in the chimney-piece models of celebrated statues, may we view the proportions of the great self-tormentor's mind; and when it is found that the peculiarity is generally accompanied with some observable amount of intellectual acquirements, which place the individual a degree above those who surround him, the resemblance is the more complete. Vanity being its source, the shape assumed by his monomania was a dread of conspiracies in all shapes; and he was as sincere a believer in their existence, as any unfortunate inhabitant of bedlam has ever been in the creations of his diseased mind.

To many this episode of Rousseau will prove one of the most attractive portions of the Life of Hume, though others will think that it hardly deserved so much amplification.

Before this business was over, Hume's appointment, from the tottering condition of the ministry, was become precarious, and he was indifferent to place. His income was now £1100 a-year; "he could live on the one-half," he said, and had begun to turn his thoughts to continuing his History.

While in London, he was applied to by Turgot to recommend an English professor for Parma; and he pointed out Robert, afterwards Sir Robert Liston, the well-known diplomatist. Hume thus communicates the disappointment to Sir Gilbert Elliot:—

"Dear Sir Gilbert,—I beg of you to direct the enclosed to poor Liston, who will be disappointed in the scheme for Parma: they will have nothing but a Papist. Sach fools! Let the Pope excommunicate them on the one hand: I will do so on the other. . . . . .

"I continue my parasitical practices; that is, of dining at all the great tables that remain in London. We are likely to be plagued with this King of Denmark; though not so much as formerly with Canute the Great."

It is not difficult to guess how Hume must have viewed the prevailing "Wilkes madness," then at its height. Yet we would hardly expect to find him placing Chatham in the same category with the profligate demagogue. But Toryism, like avarice, is a passion which increases with age. He says to Dr. Blair:—

"This madness about Wilkes excited first indignation, then apprehension; but has gone to such a height that all other sentiments with me are buried in ridicule. . . . . The present extravagance is peculiar to ourselves and quite risible. However, I am afraid my mirth will soon be spoilt, and affairs become quite serious; for I am well assured that Lord Chatham will, after the holidays, creep out from his retreat and appear on the scene.

Depositis novus exuviis nitidusque juventâ,
Volvitur ad solem et linguis micat ore trisulcis.

"I know not if I cite Virgil exactly, but I am sure I apply him right. This villain is to thunder against the violation of the Bill of Rights in not allowing the county of Middlesex the choice of its member! Think of the impudence of that fellow, and his quackery—and his cunning—and his audaciousness: and judge of the influence he will have over such a deluded multitude.

Again we find of Franklin:—

Hume was an early friend of Benjamin Franklin, whom he was instrumental in introducing to his Parisian friends. . . . . "Pray, what strange accounts are these we hear of Franklin's conduct! I am very slow in believing that he has been guilty in the extreme degree that is pretended; though I always knew him to be a very factious man, and faction next to fanaticism is of all passions the most destructive of morality."

Yet in 1775 we find him saying:—

"I am an American in my principles, and wish we would let them alone to govern or misgovern themselves, as they think proper: the affair is of no consequence, or of little consequence to us."

In August, 1769, we find the philosopher restored to his comfortable lodging in James's Court, until a finer house could be erected in the rising New Town; "very opulent," he says in his Life, "(for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a-year) healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation." And all this, and more, was realized. In vain Madame de Boufflers beckoned him to Paris. He walked to his airy windows, enjoyed the magnificent prospect, and said to Adam Smith, twelve miles off on the other side of the broad Forth:—

"Dear Smith,—I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkaldy from my windows: but as I wish also to be within speaking terms of you, I wish we could concert measures for that purpose."

In right of his increased fortune, and Parisian *savoir vivre*, Mr. Hume now assumed a new social position in the gay or convivial society of Edinburgh, then a reflection of that of Paris in the union of literature with sociality; and protesting to Sir Gilbert Elliot that he had never cast one look of regret back to either Paris or London, and never meant again to cross the Tweed, thus playfully described his daily life:—

I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life! I have just now lying on the table before me, a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage, (a charming dish,) and old mutton, and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth, in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncrief: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for as to the giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition; as thinking it will redound very much to my honour. . . . I am sorry to inform you, that all we statesmen in this town condemn loudly the conduct of you statesmen in London, especially in allowing those insolent rascals, the mayor and sheriffs, to escape with impunity.

From this period until the close of his life, in August, 1776, Hume enjoyed what, for a man of his moderate passions and equable mind, must have been nearly uninterrupted happiness; and the chapters devoted to this halcyon interval of six years are among the most delightful in the memoirs. They are lavishly enriched with local traditions and illustrative anecdotes, jokes and *bon*

mots, which no biographer not familiar with Edinburgh, its old usages, and gossiping Parliament House, could either have collected or appreciated, though they are valuable elements in the memoirs of the illustrious Scotsman, whose personal character would be looked for in vain in his works. It is acutely said by Mr. Burton,—

The impression of Hume's character, acquired by one who has sought it in the tenor of his works, and the history of his literary career, is quite different from that which we derive from those who knew him, and were connected with the social circle in which he lived. The former is solitary, self-relying, and unimpressible even to sternness; the latter is good, easy, simple, social, and amenable to the sway of gentle impulses. These two representations are not without a harmony of principle. In all serious matters, in his projects of literary ambition, in the philosophy he taught mankind, in all that was to connect him with posterity and the intellectual destiny of the human race, he was resolute and uncompromising. But the exhibition of his strength was reserved for the arena of his triumphs; and in domestic and social intercourse he put aside his helmet, with its nodding plumes; feeling that the intellectual exhibitions suited for *that* sphere, should spring from whatever Nature had bestowed on him of sweet, and peaceful, and kind,—whatever was fitted to drive rancour or angry emulation from the bosom, and to render life delightful. Hence, to appear in the social circle as an intellectual gladiator, does not appear to have been his wish; he was content if he gave himself and others pleasure.

This view of Hume's social character is corroborated by the statements and reminiscences of many names dear and venerable in Scotland; by Adam Smith, Hume's most confidential intimate and his literary executor; by Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling;" the late Lord Chief-commissioner Adam, and others. But it is from Mr. Burton, who has gathered all these scattered lights into one focus, and made them to bear with the happiest effect upon his subject, that we must draw a few of the smaller personal characteristics of Hume.

All who speak as having been familiarly acquainted with him, concur in describing his manners as kind, simple, and polite. He had, as no one who has read his correspondence can fail to see, a good heart, ever ready to do benevolent acts where occasions for their performance came under his notice; and his exterior appearance and manner corresponded with this part of his character. One occasionally meets with venerable persons who remember having been dandled on Hume's knee, and the number of these reminiscences indicates that he was fond of children.

In one instance, a vivid recollection was preserved of the difficulty, from his fatness, of getting sufficient room on his knee, and the necessity of keeping fast hold of the corner of his laced waistcoat.

The broad Scottish pronunciation, in which, by all accounts, he indulged, was a rather singular habit in one who desired to throw off all marks of provincialism. Yet we are told that in this rude Doric garb he clothed a very pure English colloquial style. We must take this statement with allowances: He never probably in his most finished writings completely divested his style of Scotticisms; and the English he spoke must have been pure only in comparison with the language of his fellow countrymen. But it may be remarked, that provincial broadness of pronunciation in Scotland is far from being incompatible with a very pure and unprovincial style of language. . . . . .

Hume had very clearly two kinds of conversation, one for strangers and the world at large, the other for his chosen friends with whom he was at ease, and who could understand the good humour of that jocularity which a contemporary pronounced to have something in it perfectly infantine.

Apropos to the present national crisis, we must quote one paragraph, isolated and fragmentary as it may seem:—

His triumphs in Political Economy are those which, in the present day, stand forth with the greatest prominence and lustre. In no long time, a hundred years will have elapsed from the day when Hume told the world what the legislature of this country is now declaring, that national exclusiveness in trade was as foolish as it was wicked; that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world; that commercial restrictions deprive the nations of the earth "*of that free communication and exchange, which the author of the world has intended by giving them soils, climates, and geniuses, so different from each other;*" and that, like the free circulation of the blood in living bodies, Free trade is the vital principle by which the nations of the earth are to become united in one harmonious whole.

Hume lived to hail the appearance of "The Wealth of Nations." By that time, a disease under which he had laboured for some years, had made alarming progress, though his decay was slow, gentle, and unattended with much physical suffering. But the world, from different sources, is already more familiar with Hume's last days than with any other part of his history. For the enlarged version drawn from the new materials, we may therefore refer at once to the original work, in which Mr. Burton, as if unwilling to part, lingers fondly on his theme. And, indeed, no portion of the life of Hume is so full of gentle wisdom as the record of these final months. As a last hope, he undertook a journey to Bath; and a letter from thence to Dr. Blair displays not only his habitual equanimity, but all his latter-spring of playful gaiety.

"*Bath*, 13*th May*, 1776.

"My dear Doctor,—You have frequently heard me complain of my physical friends, that they allowed me to die in the midst of them without so much as giving a Greek name to my disorder; a consolation which was the least I had reason to expect from them. Dr. Black, hearing this complaint, told me that I should be satisfied in that particular, and that my disorder was a hemorrhage, a word which it was easy to decompose into αιμα and ρηγνυμι. But Sir John Pringle says, that I have no hemorrhage, but a spincture in the colon, which it will be easy to cure. This disorder, as it both contained two Greek appellations and was remediable, I was much inclined to prefer; when, behold! Dr. Gustard tells me that he sees no symptoms of the former disorder, and as to the latter, he never met with it, and scarcely ever heard of it. He assures me that my case is the most common of all Bath cases, to wit, a bilious complaint, which the waters scarcely ever fail of curing: and he never had a patient of whose recovery he had better hopes."

Hume died in the following August, in his house in Edinburgh, and was buried in a conspicuous spot of the Calton Hill burying-ground, which had been chosen by himself, and over which a monument has been erected to his memory. It is worthy of notice, that within a few yards of Hume's Monument, another has just arisen to the memory of the "Political Martyrs," of 1793-4; Muir, Palmer, Gerald, and Skirving. No word is wanted to point the emphatic moral to be found in these contiguous monumental piles.

The intrinsic merits of this "Life," and the warm interest which must be taken in its ap-

pearance, in Scotland,—though Hume, the philosopher, belongs to all lands,—have made us dwell at some length upon its varied contents; yet we regret to say that a very imperfect idea is, after all, conveyed of a work of a thousand pages, containing so much rare and wholly original matter. Nor can we proceed further in our humble but useful office of literary indicators, than to state that Mr. Burton sums up the "Life," with force and eloquence, in a brief enumeration of Hume's permanent services to mankind;—speaking from the grave of the illustrious Sceptic, in the spirit of that divine Philosophy, the essence of which is Faith, and Love, and all-pervading Charity.

ON CHRISTIANITY, AS AN ORGAN OF POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Forces, which are illimitable in their compass of effect, are often, for the same reason, obscure and untraceable in the steps of their movement. Growth, for instance, animal or vegetable, what eye can arrest its eternal increments? The hour-hand of a watch, who can detect the separate fluxions of its advance? Judging by the past, and the change which is registered between that and the present, we know that it must be awake; judging by the immediate appearances, we should say that it was always asleep. Gravitation, again, that works without holiday for ever, and searches every corner of the universe, what intellect can follow it to its fountains? And yet, shyer than gravitation, less to be counted than the fluxions of sun-dials, stealthier than the growth of a forest, are the footsteps of Christianity amongst the political workings of man. Nothing, that the heart of man values, is so secret; nothing is so potent.

It is *because* Christianity works so secretly, that it works so potently; it is *because* Christianity burrows and hides itself, that it towers above the clouds; and hence partly it is that its working comes to be misapprehended, or even lost out of sight. It is dark to eyes touched with the films of human frailty: but it is "dark with excessive bright."* Hence it has happened sometimes that minds of the highest order have entered into enmity with the Christian faith, have arraigned it as a curse to man, and have fought against it even upon Christian impulses, (impulses of benignity that could not have had a birth except in Christianity.) All comes from the labyrinthine intricacy in which the *social* action of Christianity involves itself to the eye of a contemporary. Simplicity the most absolute is reconcileable with intricacy the most elaborate. The weather—how simple would appear the laws of its oscillations, if we stood at their centre! and yet, because we do *not*, to this hour the weather is a mystery. Human health—how transparent is its economy under ordinary circumstances! abstinence and cleanliness, labour and rest, these simple laws, observed in just proportions, laws that may be engrossed upon a finger nail, are sufficient, on the whole, to maintain the equilibrium of pleasurable existence. Yet, if once that equilibrium is disturbed, where is the science oftentimes deep enough to rectify the unfathomable watch-work? Even the simplicities of planetary motions do not escape distortion: nor is it easy to be convinced that the distortion is in the eye which beholds, not in the object beheld. Let a planet be wheeling with heavenly science, upon arches of divine geometry: suddenly, to us, it shall appear unaccountably retrograde; flying when none pursues; and unweaving its own work. Let this planet in its utmost elongations travel out of sight, and for *us* its course will become incoherent: because *our* sight is feeble, the beautiful curve of the planet shall be dislocated into segments, by a parenthesis of darkness; because our earth is in no true centre, the disorder of parallax shall trouble the laws of light; and, because we ourselves are wandering, the heavens shall seem fickle.

Exactly in the predicament of such a planet is Christianity: its motions are intermingled with other motions; crossed and thwarted, eclipsed and disguised, by counter-motions in man himself, and by disturbances that man cannot overrule. Upon lines that are direct, upon curves that are circuitous, Christianity is advancing for ever; but from our imperfect vision, or from our imperfect opportunities for applying even such a vision, we cannot trace it continuously. We lose it, we regain it; we see it doubtfully, we see it interruptedly; we see it in collision, we see it in combination; in collision with darkness that confounds, in combination with cross lights that perplex. And this in part is irremediable; so that no finite intellect will ever retrace the total curve upon which Christianity has moved, any more than eyes that are incarnate will ever see God.

But part of this difficulty in unweaving the maze, has its source in a misconception of the original machinery by which Christianity moved, and of the initial principle which constituted its differential power. In books, at least, I have observed one capital blunder upon the relations which Christianity bears to Paganism: and out of that one mistake, grows a liability to others, upon the possible relations of Christianity to the total drama of this world. I will endeavour to explain my views. And the reader, who takes any interest in the subject, will not need to fear that the explanation should prove tedious; for the mere want of space, will put me under a coercion to move rapidly

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* "Dark with excessive bright." *Paradise Lost*, Book III.

over the ground: I *cannot* be diffuse; and, as regards quality, he will find in this paper little of what is scattered over the surface of books.

I begin with this question:—What do people mean in a Christian land by the word "*religion?*" My purpose is not to propound any metaphysical problem; I wish only, in the plainest possible sense, to ask, and to have an answer, upon this one point—how much is understood by that obscure term,* "religion," when used by a Christian? Only I am punctilious upon one demand, viz. that the answer shall be comprehensive. We are apt in such cases to answer elliptically, omitting, because silently presuming as understood between us, whatever *seems* obvious. To prevent *that*, we will suppose the question to be proposed by an emissary from some remote planet,—who, knowing as yet absolutely nothing of us and our intellectual differences, must insist, (as *I* insist,) upon absolute precision, so that nothing essential shall be wanting, and nothing shall be redundant.

What then is religion? Decomposed into its elements, as they are found in Christianity, how many *powers* for acting on the heart of man, does, by possibility, this great agency include? According to my own view, four.† I will state them, and number them.

1*st*, A form of worship, a *cultus*.

2*dly*, An idea of God; and (pointing the analysis to Christianity in particular) an idea not purified merely from ancient pollutions, but recast and absolutely born again.

3*dly*, An idea of the relation which man occupies to God: and of this idea also, when Christianity is the religion concerned, it must be said, that it is so entirely remodelled, as in no respect to resemble any element in any other religion. Thus far we are reminded of the poet's expression, "Pure religion *breathing* household laws;" that is, not *teaching* such laws, not formally *prescribing* a new economy of life, so much as *inspiring* it indirectly through a new atmosphere surrounding all objects with new attributes. But there is also in Christianity,

4*thly*, A *doctrinal* part, a part directly and explicitly occupied with *teaching;* and this divides into two great sections, α, A system of ethics so absolutely new as to be untranslateable‡ into either of the classical languages; and, β, A system of mysteries; as, for instance, the mystery of the Trinity, of the Divine Incarnation, of the Atonement, of the Resurrection, and others.

Here are great elements; and now let me ask, how many of these are found in the Heathen religion of Greece and Rome? This is an important question; it being my object to show that no religion *but* the Christian, and precisely through some one or two of its *differential* elements, could have been an organ of political movement.

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* "*That obscure term*:"—*i. e.* not obscure as regards the *use* of the term, or its present value, but as regards its original *genesis*, or what in civil law is called the *deductio*. Under what angle, under what aspect, or relation, to the field which it concerns did the term *religion* originally come forward? The general field, overlooked by religion, is the ground which lies between the spirit of man and the supernatural world. At present, under the humblest conception of religion, the human spirit is supposed to be interested in such a field by the conscience and the nobler affections. But I suspect that originally these great faculties were absolutely excluded from the point of view. Probably the relation between spiritual *terrors* and man's power of propitiation, was the problem to which the word *religion* formed the answer. Religion meant apparently, in the infancies of the various idolatries, that *latreia*, or service of sycophantic fear, by which, as the most approved method of approach, man was able to conciliate the favour, or to buy off the malice of supernatural powers. In all Pagan nations, it is probable that religion would on the whole be a degrading influence; although I see, even for such nations, two cases, at the least, where the uses of a religion would be indispensable; viz. for the sanction of *oaths*, and as a channel for gratitude not pointing to a human object. If so, the answer is easy: religion *was* degrading: but heavier degradations would have arisen from irreligion. The noblest of all idolatrous peoples, viz. the Romans, have left deeply scored in their very use of their word *religio*, their testimony to the degradation wrought by any religion that Paganism could yield. Rarely indeed is this word employed, by a Latin author, in speaking of an individual, without more or less of sneer. Reading that word, in a Latin book, we all try it and ring it, as a petty shopkeeper rings a half-crown, before we venture to receive it as offered in good faith and loyalty. Even the Greeks are nearly in the same ἀσεβεια, when they wish to speak of religiosity in a spirit of serious praise. Some circuitous form, commending the correctness of a man, ὡς τα θεια, *in respect of divine things*, becomes requisite; for all the direct terms, expressing the religious temper, are preoccupied by a taint of scorn. The word ὁσιος, means *pious*,—not as regards the Gods, but as regards the dead; and even ὁσιότης, though not used sneeringly, is a world short of our word "religious." This condition of language we need not wonder at: the language of life must naturally receive, as in a mirror, the realities of life. Difficult it is to maintain a just equipoise in any moral habits, but in none so much as in habits of religious demeanour under a Pagan [that is, a degrading] religion. To be a coward, is base: to be a sycophant, is base: but to be a sycophant in the service of cowardice, is the perfection of baseness: and yet this was the brief analysis of a devotee amongst the ancient Romans. Now, considering that the word *religion* is originally Roman, [probably from the Etruscan,] it seems probable that it presented the idea of religion under some one of its bad aspects. Coleridge must quite have forgotten this Paganism of the word, when he suggested as a plausible idea, that originally it had presented religion under the aspect of a coercion or restraint. Morality having been viewed as the prime restraint or obligation resting upon man, then Coleridge thought that religion might have been viewed as a *religatio*, a reiterated restraint, or secondary obligation. This is ingenious, but it will not do. It is cracked in the ring. Perhaps as many as three objections might be mustered to such a derivation: but the last of the three is conclusive. The ancients never *did* view morality as a mode of obligation: I affirm this peremptorily; and with the more emphasis, because there are great consequences suspended upon that question.

† "*Four*:" there are *six*, in one sense, of religion: viz. 5*thly*, corresponding moral affections; 6*thly*, a suitable life. But this applies to religion as *subjectively possessed* by a man, not to religion as *objectively contemplated*.

‡ "*Untranslateable*." This is not generally perceived. On the contrary, people are ready to say, "Why, so far from it, the very earliest language in which the Gospels appeared, excepting only St. Matthew's, was the Greek." Yes, reader; but *what* Greek? Had not the Greeks been, for a long time, colonizing Syria under princes of Grecian blood,—had not the Greek language (as a *lingua Hellenistica*) become steeped in Hebrew ideas,—no door of communication could have been opened between the new world of Christian feeling, and the old world so deaf to its music. Here, therefore, we may observe two preparations made secretly by Providence for receiving Christianity and clearing the road before it; first, the diffusion of the Greek language through the whole civilised world (ἡ οἰκουμενη) some time before Christ, by which means the Evangelists found wings, as it were, for flying abroad through the kingdoms of the earth; secondly, the Hebraizing of this language, by which means the Evangelists found a new material made plastic and obedient to these new ideas, which they had to build *with*, and which they had to build *upon*.

Most divines who any where glance at this question, are here found in, what seems to me, the deepest of errors. Great theologians are they, and eminent philosophers, who have presumed that (as a matter of course) all religions, however false, are introductory to some scheme of morality, however imperfect. They grant you that the morality is oftentimes unsound; but still, they think that some morality there must have been, or else for what purpose was the religion? This I pronounce error.

All the moral theories of antiquity were utterly disjoined from religion. But this fallacy of a dogmatic or doctrinal part in Paganism is born out of Anachronism. It is the anachronism of unconsciously reflecting back upon the ancient religions of darkness, and as if essential to *all* religions, features that never were suspected as possible, until they had been revealed in Christianity.* Religion, in the eye of a Pagan, had no more relation to morals, than it had to ship-building or trigonometry. But, then, why was religion honoured amongst Pagans? How did it ever arise? What was its object? Object! it *had* no object; if by this you mean ulterior object. Pagan religion arose in no motive, but in an impulse. Pagan religion aimed at no distant prize ahead: it fled from a danger immediately behind. The gods of the Pagans were wicked natures; but they were natures to be feared, and to be propitiated; for they were fierce, and they were moody, and (as regarded man who had no wings) they were powerful. Once accredited as facts, the Pagan gods could not be regarded as other than terrific facts; and thus it was, that in terror, blind terror, as against power in the hands of divine wickedness, arose the ancient religions of Paganism. Because the gods were wicked, man was religious; because Olympus was cruel, earth trembled; because the divine beings were the most lawless of Thugs, the human being became the most abject of sycophants.

Had the religions of Paganism arisen teleologically; that is, with a view to certain purposes, to certain final causes ahead; had they grown out of *forward*-looking views, contemplating, for instance, the furthering of civilization, or contemplating some interests in a world beyond the present, there would probably have arisen, concurrently, a section in all such religions, dedicated to positive instruction. There would have been a *doctrinal* part. There might have been interwoven with the ritual of worship, a system of economics, or a code of civil prudence, or a code of health, or a theory of morals, or even a secret revelation of mysterious relations between man and the Deity: all which existed in Judaism. But, as the case stood, this was impossible. The gods were mere odious facts, like scorpions or rattlesnakes, having no moral aspects whatever; public nuisances; and bearing no relation to man but that of capricious tyrants. First arising upon a basis of terror, these gods never subsequently enlarged that basis; nor sought to enlarge it. All antiquity contains no hint of a possibility that *love* could arise, as by any ray mingling with the sentiments in a human creature towards a Divine one; not even sycophants ever pretended to *love* the gods.

Under this original peculiarity of paganism, there arose two consequences, which I will mark by the Greek letters α and β. The latter I will notice in its order, first calling the reader's attention to the consequence marked α, which is this:—in the full and profoundest sense of the word *believe*, the pagans could not be said to believe in *any* gods: but, in the ordinary sense, they did, and do, and must believe, in *all* gods. As this proposition will startle some readers, and is yet closely involved in the main truth which I am now pressing, viz. the meaning and effect of a simple *cultus*, as distinguished from a high doctrinal religion, let us seek an illustration from our Indian empire. The Christian missionaries from home, when first opening their views to Hindoos, describe themselves as labouring to prove that Christianity is a *true* religion, and as either asserting, or leaving it to be inferred, that, on that assumption, the Hindoo religion is a false one. But the poor Hindoo never dreamed of doubting that the Christian was a true religion; nor will he at all infer, from your religion being true, that his own must be false. Both are true, he thinks: all religions are true; all gods are true gods; and all are *equally* true. Neither can he understand what you mean by a false religion, or how a religion *could* be false; and he is perfectly right. Wherever religions consist only of a worship, as the Hindoo religion does, there can be no competition amongst them as to truth. *That* would be an absurdity, not less nor other than it would be for a Prussian to denounce the Austrian emperor, or an Austrian to denounce the Prussian king, as a false sovereign. False! *How* false? In what sense false? Surely not as non-existing. But at least, (the reader will reply,) if the religions contradict each other, one of them *must* be false. Yes; but *that* is impossible. Two religions cannot contradict each other, where both contain only a *cultus:* they could come into collision only by means of a doctrinal, or directly affirmative part, like those of Christianity and Mahometanism. But this part is what no idolatrous religion ever had, or will have. The reader must not understand me to mean that, merely as a compromise of courtesy, two professors of different idolatries would agree to recognise each other. Not at all. The truth of one does not imply the falsehood of the other. Both are true as *facts:* neither can be false, in any higher sense, because neither makes any pretence to truth doctrinal.

This distinction between a religion having merely a worship, and a religion having also a body of doctrinal truth, is familiar to the Mahometans; and they convey the distinction by a very appropriate expression. Those majestic religions, (as they esteem them,) which rise above the mere pomps and tympanies of ceremonial worship, they denominate "*religions of the book.*" There are, of such

* "*In Christianity.*" Once for all, to save the trouble of continual repetitions, understand Judaism to be commemorated jointly with Christianity; the dark root together with the golden fruitage; whenever the nature of the case does not presume a contradistinction of the one to the other.

religions, three, viz., Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. The first builds upon the Law and the Prophets; or, perhaps, sufficiently upon the Pentateuch; the second upon the Gospel; the last upon the Koran. No other religion can be said to rest upon a book; or to need a book; or even to admit of a book. For we must not be duped by the case where a lawgiver attempts to connect his own human institutes with the venerable sanctions of a national religion, or the case where a learned antiquary unfolds historically the record of a vast mythology. Heaps of such cases, (both law and mythological records,) survive in the Sanscrit, and in other pagan languages. But these are books which build upon the religion, not books upon which the religion is built. If a religion consists only of a ceremonial worship, in that case there can be no opening for a book; because the forms and details publish themselves daily, in the celebration of the worship, and are traditionally preserved, from age to age, without dependence on a book. But, if a religion has a doctrine, this implies a revelation or message from Heaven, which cannot, in any other way, secure the transmission of this message to future generations, than by causing it to be registered in a book. A book, therefore, will be convertible with a doctrinal religion:—no book, no doctrine; and, again, no doctrine, no book.

Upon these principles, we may understand that second consequence (marked β) which has perplexed many men, viz., why it is that the Hindoos, in our own times; but, equally, why it is that the Greek and Roman idolaters of antiquity, never proselytized; no, nor could have viewed such an attempt as rational. Naturally, if a religion is doctrinal, any truth which it possesses, as a secret deposit consigned to its keeping by a revelation, must be equally valid for one man as for another, without regard to race or nation. For a *doctrinal* religion, therefore, to proselytize, is no more than a duty of consistent humanity. You, the professors of that religion, possess the medicinal fountains. You will not diminish your own share by imparting to others. What churlishness, if you should grudge to others a health which does not interfere with your own! Christians, therefore, Mahometans, and Jews originally, in proportion as they were sincere and conscientious, have always invited, or even forced, the unbelieving to their own faith: nothing but accidents of situation, local or political, have disturbed this effort. But, on the other hand, for a mere "*cultus*" to attempt conversions, is nonsense. An ancient Roman could have had no motive for bringing you over to the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus; nor you any motive for going. "Surely, poor man," he would have said, "you have some god of your own, who will be quite as good for *your* countrymen as Jupiter for mine. But, if you have *not*, really I am sorry for your case; and a very odd case it is; but I don't see how it could be improved by talking nonsense. You cannot beneficially, you cannot rationally, worship a tutelary Roman deity, unless in the character of a Roman; and a Roman you may become, legally and politically. Being such, you will participate in all advantages, if any there *are*, of our national religion; and, without needing a process of conversion, either in substance or in form. *Ipso facto*, and without any separate choice of your own, on becoming a Roman citizen, you become a party to the Roman worship." For an idolatrous religion to proselytize, would, therefore, be not only useless but unintelligible.

Now, having explained *that* point, which is a great step towards the final object of my paper, viz., the investigation of the reason why Christianity *is*, which no pagan religion ever *has* been, an organ of political movement, I will go on to review rapidly those four constituents of a religion, as they are realized in Christianity, for the purpose of contrasting them with the false shadows, or even blank negations, of these constituents in pagan idolatries.

First, then, as to the CULTUS, or form of the national worship:—In our Christian ritual I recognise these separate acts; viz. A, an act of Praise; B, an act of Thanksgiving; C, an act of Confession; D, an act of Prayer. In A we commemorate with adoration the *general* perfections of the Deity. There, all of us have an equal interest. In B, we commemorate with thankfulness those special qualities of the Deity, or those special manifestations of them, by which we, the individual worshippers, have recently benefited. In C, by upright confession, we deprecate. In D, we pray, or ask for the things which we need. Now, in the *cultus* of the ancient pagans, B and C (the second act and the third) were wanting altogether. No thanksgiving ever ascended, on his own account, from the lips of an individual; and the state thanksgiving for a triumph of the national armies, was but a mode of ostentatiously publishing the news. As to C, it is scarcely necessary to say that this was wanting, when I mention that penitential feelings were unknown amongst the ancients, and had no name; for *pœnitentia** means *regret*, not *penitence;* and *me pœnitet hujus facti*, means, "I rue this act in its consequences," not "I repent of this act for its moral nature." A and D, the first act and the last, *appear* to be present; but are so most imperfectly. When "God is praised aright," praised by means of such deeds or such attributes as express a divine nature, we recognise one great function of a national worship,—not otherwise. This, however, we must overlook and pardon, as being a fault essential to the religion: the poor creatures did the best they could to praise their god, lying under the curse of gods so thoroughly depraved. But in D, the case is different. Strictly speaking, the ancients never prayed; and it may be doubted whether D approaches so near to what *we* mean by prayer, as even by a mockery. You read of *preces*, of *αρὰι*, &c. and you are desirous to believe that pagan supplications were not *always* corrupt. It is too shocking to sup-

* In Greek, there is a word for repentance, but not until it had been rebaptized into a Christian use. *Metanoia*, however, is not that word: it is grossly to defeat the profound meaning of the New Testament, if John the Baptist is translated, as though summoning the world to *repentance;* it was not *that* to which he summoned them.

pose, in thinking of nations idolatrous yet noble, that never *any* pure act of approach to the heavens took place on the part of man; that *always* the intercourse was corrupt; *always* doubly corrupt; that eternally the god was bought, and the votary was sold. Oh, weariness of man's spirit before that unresting mercenariness in high places, which neither, when his race clamoured for justice, nor when it languished for pity, would listen without hire! How gladly would man turn away from his false rapacious divinities to the godlike human heart, that so often would yield pardon *before* it was asked, and for the thousandth time that would give without a bribe! In strict propriety, as my reader knows, the classical Latin word for a prayer is *votum*; it was a case of contract; of mercantile contract; of that contract which the Roman law expressed by the formula —*Do ut des*. Vainly you came before the altars with empty hands. "But *my* hands are pure." Pure, indeed! would reply the scoffing god, let me see what they contain. It was exactly what you daily read in morning papers, viz.:—that, in order to appear effectually before that Olympus in London, which rains rarities upon us poor abject creatures in the provinces, you must enclose "an order on the Post-Office or a reference." It is true that a man did not always register his *votum*, (the particular offering which he vowed on the condition of receiving what he asked,) at the moment of asking. Ajax, for instance, prays for light in the "Iliad," and he does not then and there give either an order or a reference. But you are much mistaken, if you fancy that even light was to be had *gratis*. It would be "carried to account." Ajax would be "debited" with that "advance."

Yet, when it occurs to a man that, in this *Do ut des*, the general *Do* was either a temple or a sacrifice, naturally it occurs to ask what *was* a sacrifice? I am afraid that the dark murderous nature of the pagan gods is here made apparent. Modern readers, who have had no particular reason for reflecting on the nature and management of a sacrifice, totally misconceive it. They have a vague notion that the slaughtered animal was roasted, served up on the altars as a banquet to the gods; that these gods by some representative ceremony "made believe" to eat it; and that finally, (as dishes that had now become hallowed to divine use,) the several joints were disposed of in some mysterious manner: burned, suppose, or buried under the altars, or committed to the secret keeping of rivers. Nothing of the sort: when a man made a sacrifice, the meaning was, that he gave a dinner. And not only was every sacrifice a dinner party, but every dinner party was a sacrifice. This was strictly so in the good old ferocious times of paganism, as may be seen in the Iliad: it was not said, "Agamemnon has a dinner party to-day," but "Agamemnon sacrifices to Apollo." Even in Rome, to the last days of paganism, it is probable that some slight memorial continued to connect the dinner party [*cœna*] with a divine sacrifice; and thence partly arose the sanctity of the hospitable board; but to the east of the Mediterranean the full ritual of a sacrifice must have been preserved in all banquets, long after it had faded to a form in the less superstitious West. This we may learn from that point of casuistry treated by St. Paul,—whether a Christian might lawfully eat of things offered to idols. The question was most urgent; because a Christian could not accept an invitation to dine with a Grecian fellow-citizen who still adhered to paganism, *without* eating things offered to idols. The whole banquet was dedicated to an idol. If he would not take *that*, he must continue *impransus*. Consequently, the question virtually amounted to this: were the Christians to separate themselves altogether from those whose interests were in so many ways entangled with their own, on the single consideration that these persons were heathens? To refuse their hospitalities, *was* to separate, and with a hostile expression of feeling. That would be to throw hinderances in the way of Christianity: the religion could not spread rapidly under such repulsive prejudices; and dangers, that it became un-Christian to provoke, would thus multiply against the infant faith. This being so, and as the gods were really the only parties invited who got nothing at all of the banquet, it becomes a question of some interest, —what *did* they get? They were merely mocked, if they had no compensatory interest in the dinner! For surely it was an inconceivable mode of honouring Jupiter, that you and I should eat a piece of roast beef, leaving to the god's share only the mockery of a *Barmecide* invitation, assigning him a chair which every body knew that he would never fill, and a plate which might as well have been filled with warm water? Jupiter got *something*, be assured; and what *was* it? This it was, —the luxury of inhaling the groans, the fleeting breath, the palpitations, the agonies, of the dying victim. This was the dark interest which the wretches of Olympus had in human invitations to dinner: and it is too certain, upon comparing facts and dates, that, when left to their own choice, the gods had a preference for *man* as the victim. All things concur to show, that precisely as you ascend above civilisation, which continually increased the limitations upon the gods of Olympus, precisely as you go back to that gloomy state in which their true propensities had power to reveal themselves, was man the genuine victim for *them*, and the dying anguish of man the best "nidor" that ascended from earthly banquets to *their* nostrils. Their stern eyes smiled darkly upon the throbbings of tortured flesh, as in Moloch's ears dwelt like music the sound of infants' wailings.

Secondly, as to the birth of a new idea respecting the nature of God:—It may not have occurred to every reader, but none will perhaps object to it, when once suggested to his consideration, that—as is the god of any nation, such will be that nation. God, however falsely conceived of by man, even though splintered into fragments by Polytheism, or disfigured by the darkest mythologies, is still the greatest of all objects offered to human contemplation. Man, when thrown upon his own delusions, may have raised to himself, or

may have adopted from others, the very falsest of ideals, as the true image and reflexion of what he calls god. In his lowest condition of darkness, terror may be the moulding principle for spiritual conceptions; power, the engrossing attribute which he ascribes to his deity; and this power may be hideously capricious, or associated with vindictive cruelty. It may even happen, that his standard of what is highest in the divinity should be capable of falling greatly below what an enlightened mind would figure to itself as lowest in man. A more shocking monument, indeed, there cannot be than this, of the infinity by which man may descend below his own capacities of grandeur: the gods, in some systems of religion, have been such and so monstrous by excesses of wickedness, as to ensure, if annually one hour of periodical eclipse should have left them at the mercy of man, a general rush from their own worshippers for strangling them as mad dogs. Hypocrisy, the cringing of sycophants, and the credulities of fear, united to conceal this misotheism; but we may be sure that it was widely diffused through the sincerities of the human heart. An intense desire for kicking Jupiter, or for hanging him, if found convenient, must have lurked in the honourable Roman heart, before the sincerity of human nature could have extorted upon the Roman stage a public declaration,—that their supreme gods were capable of enormities which a poor, unpretending human creature [homuncio] would have disdained. Many times the ideal of the divine nature, as adopted by pagan races, fell under the contempt, not only of men superior to the national superstition, but of men partaking in that superstition. Yet, with all those drawbacks, an ideal *was* an ideal. The being set up for adoration as god, *was* such upon the whole to the worshipper; since, if there had been any higher mode of excellence conceivable for *him*, that higher mode would have virtually become his deity. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the nature of the national divinities indicated the qualities which ranked highest in the national estimation; and that being contemplated continually in the spirit of veneration, these qualities must have worked an extensive conformity to their own standard. The mythology sanctioned by the ritual of public worship, the features of moral nature in the gods distributed through that mythology, and sometimes commemorated by gleams in that ritual, domineered over the popular heart, even in those cases where the religion had been a derivative religion, and not originally moulded by impulses breathing from the native disposition. So that, upon the whole, such as were the gods of a nation, such was the nation: given the particular idolatry, it became possible to decipher the character of the idolaters. Where Moloch was worshipped, the people would naturally be found cruel; where the Paphian Venus, it could not be expected that they should escape the taint of a voluptuous effeminacy.

Against this principle, there could have been no room for demur, were it not through that inveterate prejudice besieging the modern mind,—as though all religion, however false, implied some scheme of morals connected with it. However imperfectly discharged, one function even of the pagan priest (it is supposed) must have been—to guide, to counsel, to exhort, as a teacher of morals. And, had *that* been so, the practical precepts, and the moral commentary coming after even the grossest forms of worship, or the most revolting mythological legends, might have operated to neutralize their horrors, or even to allegorize them into better meanings. Lord Bacon, as a trial of skill, has attempted something of that sort in his "Wisdom of the Ancients." But all this is modern refinement, either in the spirit of playful ingenuity or of ignorance. I have said sufficiently that there was no *doctrinal* part in the religion of the pagans. There was a *cultus*, or ceremonial worship: *that* constituted the sum-total of religion, in the idea of a pagan. There was a necessity, for the sake of guarding its traditional usages, and upholding and supporting its pomp, that official persons should preside in this *cultus*: *that* constituted the duty of the priest. Beyond this ritual of public worship, there was nothing at all; nothing to believe, nothing to understand. A set of legendary tales undoubtedly there was, connected with the mythologic history of each separate deity. But in what sense you understood these, or whether you were at all acquainted with them, was a matter of indifference to the priests; since many of these legends were variously related, and some had apparently been propagated in ridicule of the gods, rather than in their honour.

With Christianity a new scene was opened. In this religion the *cultus*, or form of worship, was not even the primary business, far less was it the exclusive business. The worship flowed as a direct consequence from the new idea exposed of the divine nature, and from the new idea of man's relations to this nature. Here were suddenly unmasked great doctrines, truths positive and directly avowed: whereas, in Pagan forms of religion, any notices which then were, or seemed to be, of circumstances surrounding the gods, related only to matters of fact or accident, such as that a particular god was the son or the nephew of some other god; a truth, if it *were* a truth, wholly impertinent to any interest of man.

(*To be continued.*)

SYMPATHY.

TO LOUISA.

"Nec sine te."

THE stricken chord will wake its brother,—
Lute answering lute with skill divine;
Each thrill and tone thrills, tones the other:—
These chords are hearts—thy heart and mine.

LL. D.

ANTONIO PEREZ AND PHILIP THE SECOND.*

The fall of Antonio Perez, the minister and victim of Philip the Second of Spain, is one of the most curious enigmas of the history of the sixteenth century. He was a remarkable man in many ways; and his destiny, which awakened the attention of all Europe, was connected with events more important than the fate of many kings. From the summit of power and trust, he was precipitated, on the pretext of a crime which he had commanded by the orders of the king. Abandoned by his master to the persecution of relentless enemies, he took refuge, from torture and imprisonment, in his native country; which rose into insurrection to rescue him from the tyrrany that pursued him thither, and paid, for its generous efforts, with the loss of its cherished liberties. After escaping from Spain, the exile was welcomed by princes with open arms, and trusted by them with important negotiations; yet without, as it appears, having ever been induced to betray the deeper state secrets of that sovereign, who had so cruelly forsaken and abused him. His serious writings were treasured up by statesmen as aphorisms of consummate political wisdom; the admiration of his familiar letters founded a new school of polite literature in France. And, finally, although his waning years closed in disappointment and neglect, he lived to see the miserable death of his treacherous master, and the downfall of his bitterest enemies. A life altogether singular; strange, even tragical, in its own changes and sufferings, and involved with transactions that give to its principal events an historical interest, which has survived the wonder and sympathy of his contemporaries. The character and policy of that gloomy monarch, whose name became a by-word throughout Europe, were fearfully revealed to mankind in these events; yet so as to render the impression of what was not seen, more fearful than even the startling facts that were discovered. A dim back-ground, of mystery and intrigue, that even the hand of the irritated victim himself seemed too deeply awe-struck to unveil, lay hidden behind the known events, that seemed, themselves, sufficiently unusual and appalling. All the characteristics, indeed, which the hatred and distrust of Europe ascribed to the Spain of Philip II., are impressed on this mysterious history. Some of its most cardinal points have never been thoroughly ascertained; and, even after reading this work by Mignet, who has had access to MSS. denied to previous writers, we must express the conviction that their explanation will for ever remain a matter of conjecture and debate.

Not that Mignet doubts that he has found the key to every thing. From papers now in the possession of the French government, and from others bequeathed to the Royal Library, by Llorente, (the author of the *History of the Inquisition*,) he has obtained, on many disputed points, testimony which he deems conclusive. His version of this remarkable story does not, however, seem to remove all its mysteriousness: and, while thanking him for having thus added to our knowledge of facts, we may hesitate to adopt the whole of his conclusions. His view of the origin of the crime for which Perez was persecuted, is less masterly and profound, we think, than might have been expected from a writer of Mignet's reputation; and stands in disadvantageous contrast with the concise summary of the same question by his German contemporary, Ranke, whose conclusions he seems rather more desirous of discrediting, than always successful in disproving. On one material point, where the two historians are at issue, Mignet having discovered a direct assertion of facts, doubted by Ranke, in papers to which the latter had no access, must be deemed to have so far established his ground; although the evidence is of a suspicious character, and even its admission would not sustain all the historian's deductions,—as we shall see hereafter. The book, however, is one highly interesting; and valuable for details hitherto unknown, which the author has embodied in his narrative, judiciously quoting the original passages in the notes. Style is not Mignet's *forte;* nor has the present work more animation or freshness of language than his former ones. The translation, too, by Mr. Cocks, does not very favourably display the original. In the English version, the numerous passages drawn from Spanish sources, seem to have been merely retranslated from Mignet's translation in the text, instead of being rendered direct; which produces a version generally awkward, and often obscure. The originals, however, are there for those who can read them; and all who love to read may be safely recommended to buy the book; one which, with every deduction, is the most interesting that has appeared for many days. With such a story, indeed, how could it be otherwise? It presents to us the gravest historical problems, the subtlest intrigues, in which the destinies of nations are mingled with the personal adventures of a romance. We shall endeavour to trace, from Mignet and other authors, a brief outline of this story.

The policy of Philip the Second's first years did not display the restless and threatening ambition that rendered odious the latter half of his reign. He had inherited from Charles V. financial embarrassments, that made foreign encroachment difficult; and, with respect to external relations, after the peace of Chateau Cambresis, a pacific course was generally pursued by his cabinet, and maintained as long as the influence of the party, headed by his minister Ruy Gomez de Silva, Prince of Eboli, prevailed. The troubles in the Netherlands gave the first blow to this in-

* Antonio Perez and Philip II. By M. Mignet. Translated by C. Cocks, P. L. Longman. 1846.

fluence. In spite of Philip's violent bigotry, and tyrannical notions, he was far from resolving at once to subdue his Belgian provinces by mere violence. The choice between moderate and stern measures was long debated in the council of Flanders. Ruy Gomez recommended mildness: his rival, the Duke of Alva, the advocate of force, and the head of the rival party in the cabinet, prevailed. The consequences of this triumph, from which may be dated the decline of the more temperate division of Philip's council, are well known. After the Provinces had been drenched in blood, and covered with ruins, for five years, Alva had to withdraw, leaving behind him the insurrection he had provoked, in unbroken force. His successors in the viceroyalty, Requesens and Fuentes, were not more fortunate. The war was as far as ever from being ended; the spirit of the confederates had grown more obstinate by the cruelties inflicted on them, more confident by frequent successes, and by the assistance of foreign powers, eager to wound on this side the hated dominion of Spain. The royal finances were drained. The Spanish troops mutinied for their pay, and committed such frightful excesses, that even the Catholic provinces, hitherto true to Philip, declared against him. In this state of things, it was again resolved, but too late, to attempt a milder course. The appointment to the viceroyalty of Philip's bastard brother, the celebrated Don Juan of Austria, was intended to reconcile the revolted people, and to be the signal for gentler treatment.

Before the transactions of Don Juan in the Netherlands bring him into connexion with Perez, it will be proper to glance at his previous history and disposition. It appears that in his youth he was really an object of love to Philip; — who neglected the advice of his father, to make the youth a churchman, and suffered him to embrace the career of arms, which a lively and ambitious temper made him covet. He was handsome, winning, brave, and extravagantly desirous of glory. In his first proof of arms, he won brilliant triumphs in Africa. The splendid victory of Lepanto, in which he commanded the Christian fleet, raised his reputation to the highest point, and at the same time fanned the flame of his ambition into a blaze. From this moment, a restless desire of sovereignty agitated his mind: — the son of an emperor, he thought, was disgraced by merely commanding the armies of others. Night and day he brooded over projects of raising himself to the state of an independent prince. From the first discovery of this ambitious hope, which was soon betrayed by one so vehement and unwary as Don Juan, the jealous Philip began to regard him with distrust and fear. True to his cautious and insidious policy, however, he avoided openly betraying either; while vigilant to defeat the plans impetuously urged by his brother,—now demanding the sovereignty of his African conquests, now proposing a marriage with Mary Stuart, and the acquisition of England, and intriguing with the pope and with the party of Gomez in Spain to favour his projects. Philip still treated him with simulated affection, and merely interposed effectual difficulties, instead of openly denying his wishes. He was, indeed, sincerely afraid of driving Don Juan to extremity. Knowing his audacious character, his brilliant military and personal qualities, the degree to which he was idolized for these, not by Spaniards only, but throughout Catholic Europe, and the strength of the Castilian party which favoured Don Juan, Philip dreaded the effects of making him an enemy; and felt not too sure of resisting them, were they provoked, even in Spain itself. At an early period of his suspicions, the King had placed in Don Juan's service, as secretary, a creature of his then all-powerful minister Gomez; one Juan de Soto, who might be trusted, it was hoped, as a spy for the King upon his brother, and whose counsels, at the same time, might dissuade him from dangerous and violent courses. To Philip's consternation, however, this emissary was found unfaithful to his charge. At the same time, the brooding ambition of Don Juan, who had remained in Italy, disappointed in all his schemes of aggrandisement, began to assume the character of a mental disease. He grew sullen, and neglected his dress; and in proportion as his successive plans were rejected, he seemed ever meditating others more daring and dangerous. It was apparently not less in order to occupy this feverish mind, than to introduce the trial of gentler measures in Flanders, that Don Juan was made viceroy. He accepted the charge; but chiefly with a view to making it the means to a conquest on which he had now set his heart. The troops collected for the subjugation of the Low Countries, were to be embarked from thence to invade Great Britain. This was the secret of that reluctance to dismiss the Spanish soldiers, the first grievance of the Provinces against the new viceroy,—which embittered their minds, and led to the failure and disaster of his short administration:—so curiously are the causes of political events intertwisted! On this point, as Ranke well observes, the two mortal enemies, Philip and Elizabeth of England, had most singularly, for the time, a common interest; and acted, unconsciously, in concert against Don Juan's plans. Elizabeth excited the Provinces to insist on the removal of the troops by land, fearing lest, if embarked, as Don Juan proposed, they might be turned against England, Philip had no less dread of their embarkation, from hints which had already fallen from his brother of fortifying a port in Biscay, as a point for his expeditions. It was feared that this might be designed for invasions nearer home. It may be conceived what umbrage and suspicion the mere idea of these adventurous projects must have awakened in the breast of one so timorous and reserved as Philip.

He had been terribly startled by one of his brother's recent temerities. All, it was hoped, had been arranged for the departure from Italy for the Netherlands. In place of the suspected Secretary, a new creature of the Prince of Eboli's, Escovedo, had been despatched to attend upon Don Juan; and Philip, while daily expecting to hear of his arrival at Brussels, was alarmed by the news that his brother had landed in Spain, and was on his

way to the court. Arrived there, Don Juan impetuously urged the support of his scheme of an invasion of England, demanding money and military forces. All his thoughts were busied with this scheme; to the business of Flanders he would hardly listen. Money, Philip could little spare, and he dreaded nothing more than putting fresh troops into such reckless hands; still, he was equally cautious not to provoke his brother. With smooth words and promises, Don Juan was appeased for the time,—induced to repair to his government; and before he left Spain, a system of espionage was concerted between his secretary, Escovedo, and Antonio Perez, now one of the king's most trusted ministers; which led to the events more immediately in question here.

This Perez was a natural son of a noble Aragonese, Gonzalo Perez, "who was for a long time Secretary of State to Charles V. and Philip II." "He had been legitimated," says Mignet, "by a diploma of the Emperor, and called to the administration at an early age. . . . Being of a quick understanding, an insinuating character, and a devotedness which knew neither bounds nor scruples; full of expedients, a nervous and elegant writer, and expeditious in business, he had gained the favour of Philip, who had gradually given him almost his entire confidence. . . . Such high favour had intoxicated him." He was luxurious in his habits, voluptuous in his pleasures, and thereby addicted to a profusion which made him unscrupulous in taking presents on every hand, and which afforded his enemies one of the weapons with which they struck him down when his fortunes had fallen. "This event he himself hastened, by serving too well the distrustful passions of Philip, and *perhaps even exciting them beyond measure against two men of his own party, Don Juan and the Secretary Escovedo.*"

Mignet thinks that Perez fanned the suspicions of Philip, and excited them insidiously against Escovedo, from personal motives of hatred and apprehension, of which we shall presently hear. On this point, there are strong grounds for questioning the soundness of the writer. He appears to have taken altogether a very superficial view of the romantic ambition of Don Juan, as well as of the dark, insidious jealousy of Philip; and although, in several places, he quotes from the king's own words proof enough of his alarm and distrust, he would nevertheless make it appear as though he was deceived into the measures *he* took in consequence, by Perez, who was urged, says Mignet, by merely private motives to pursue Escovedo to death. Nothing, we think, is more clearly established by the known history of Philip, than that he was neither the man to be played with in such a matter, nor one whose suspicions *could* be envenomed beyond what he would himself feel, or what he must have known, in a case of this moment. His remorseless and persevering vengeance, attested by many notorious cases, is proof enough on one point; on the other, it is sufficient to say, that all the private despatches of his agents were seen by the monarch himself, whose laborious assiduity in business, and determination that all transactions should pass through his own hands, are matters of history. This was, of all others, a point on which he would not be likely to delegate the management or inspection of any tittle of the intrigue; and the documents now published, show that there was enough in Don Juan's schemes, and in the double-dealing of his agent, Escovedo, to account for the utmost violence of Philip's resolutions, without supposing any extra instigation from Perez.

It was found that Escovedo had become wholly a creature of Don Juan's. While in Madrid, he had attempted to corrupt Perez, who made a show of yielding, but revealed all to the King. By his orders, Perez was to continue the deceit, and the correspondence with Escovedo, after the departure of Don Juan; nay, in order to deceive more completely, Philip allowed the secretary to speak of him in contemptuous terms, and revised the letters with his own hand. Don Juan believed that he had obtained in Perez a sure agent at the Spanish court; and continued to commend to his care new projects and schemes, needless to be detailed here, which passed into Philip's hands, and increased his apprehensions to the utmost. Meanwhile, the affairs in Belgium turning out ill, Don Juan grew more and more impatient; and despatched Escovedo to Madrid, in order to expedite the aid he wanted. This was a further alarm to the king. The pressing demands of this agent, wholly intent on his master's plans, were not easily evaded on the spot: the pretences and excuses with which Philip tried to put off designs that he now feared more than ever to irritate his viceroy by openly opposing, ran great risk of being seen through by the keen-eyed envoy. Every post brought pressing despatches from Don Juan, asking for "*money, money, and the return of Escovedo.*" It was neither safe to suffer Escovedo to depart, with his business unfinished, nor to let him remain, with the hourly chance of his discovering that he had been betrayed to the king: nor could his practices be punished, by attacking him openly as a state offender, for fear of driving Don Juan into some extreme. It was, therefore, resolved by Philip to get rid of him privately, and in a way that should make his death seem accidental. Perez was the agent commanded to execute the deed, which he undertook without hesitation. He had no idea of any higher morality than obedience to his sovereign; and scrupled at nothing which interests of state seemed to demand. There were few ministers, indeed, in that day, who had stricter notions. Nor were churchmen much more scrupulous. The friar Diego de Chaves, Philip's confessor, writes to the following effect, on the very subject of Escovedo's death:—"As I understand the laws, the secular prince, who has power of life and death over his subjects and vassals, as he may deprive them of life, on just cause, and by formal process of judgment; so may he also do this, without any such process, having sufficient evidence to satisfy him that there is cause; since, the more or less of forms, and the mere machinery of justice, are nothing in respect to his laws, which also he can affirm or annul at pleasure. *Nor is it a crime in a vassal* who, *at*

his command, may kill another vassal of his; *since he must suppose that this is ordered on just grounds*, which the law of right assumes to exist in all the acts of the supreme prince." This curious exposition is taken from a letter, addressed by the confessor to Perez, and inserted amongst the documents in his "Relaciones," from which we translate.

The details of the murder are published by Mignet, for the first time, from the MS. containing a report of Perez' trial; at which the facts were revealed by his page, Enriquez, one of those employed to conduct the business. The account is curious in many ways. Of the number of persons asked to take part in the deed, some made difficulties as to the means, or the consequences to themselves; but not one seems to have had any other repugnance to undertake it. At first it was concerted to poison Escovedo, by means of "certain herbs;" which were sent for from Murcia, distilled, and tried upon a cock; which, however, was none the worse for it; so that the "apothecary was paid for his trouble, and sent away." Then "a certain liquid, fit to be given to drink," was poured into Escovedo's wine, at Perez' own house; but this beverage too, produced no effect. Afterwards, a "powder like flour," operated somewhat better; "Secretary Escovedo was very ill, without guessing the reason," but did not die of it. He was, however, made sick enough, by a repetition of the dose, to conceive suspicions of foul play. These fell upon an innocent "female slave of Escovedo's," who had prepared some pottage, into which this second dose was insinuated, by a scullion treacherously introduced by Perez into Escovedo's kitchen; and the unfortunate creature was "hung in the public square at Madrid." But again the secretary recovered; and it was resolved to despatch him by cold steel. The page travelled to his native Aragon, in order to hire the needful assassins, "and get a stiletto with a very thin blade," "a much better weapon than a pistol," says the witness, "for murdering a man." The object of employing strangers was perfectly attained; four determined fellows, "who arrived at Madrid," we read, "the very day that the poor slave was hanged," were procured; and, choosing their time, waylaid Escovedo near the square of San Jacobo, despatched him, and got clear out of Madrid, and away from Spain, with their blood-money, without being discovered. It is curious to see what was the price of a state murder of the first class in those days. "Miguel Bosque had a hundred gold crowns, from a clerk of Perez; Juan de Mesa, a gold chain, fifty doubloons of eight, and a cup of fine silver. The Princess of Eboli," (widow of Ruy Gomez,)—and this, by the bye, is the strongest fact in support of Mignet's views, though he does not expressly dwell upon it,—"gave this same De Mesa a kind of rent-charge on her estates;" and to each of the three others was bought "a brevet of *alferez*, or ensign, in the service of the King, with incomes of twenty gold crowns." None of these well-rewarded miscreants were ever laid hold of. The rumour was spread abroad, that Escovedo had been slain in private revenge—from a cause common enough in those days—"on account of some lady:" but the relations of the victim soon conjectured from whence the blow had fallen, if it were not, indeed, conveyed to them by Perez' enemies in the cabinet; and the widow and children of Escovedo loudly accused Perez of the act, and demanded justice for it from the King. With him, public rumour also accused the Princess of Eboli; to whose husband's party Perez had always belonged, and professed the highest obligations. But it was rumoured that a tenderer interest governed his regard for the princess; whom Mignet deems he has now proved to have granted Perez all that the most unreserved passion can give. Still it by no means follows that the rumour of the princess's complicity in the murder, at all rested on any supposition of this kind: the rancour of political party, which immediately took possession of the accident, being quite enough to account for it.

It has been mentioned that the dominant faction in Philip's cabinet had received its first blow on the defeat of the Prince of Eboli on the Netherlands question. The consequences of the step then taken, rendered it all but impossible for the King to pursue the policy originally traced by that party much longer. His revolted subjects were receiving aid on all hands from foreign powers: it was necessary, if he would crush the revolt, to assail and embarrass these powers, and so disable them from assisting the rebels. This would sufficiently explain the origin of a system of interference, which soon took a more ambitious range, under the hands of the new cabinet party, and before long filled all Europe with dread and hatred of Philip. The politic address of Gomez, however, continued to preserve him a show of influence, although the substance was fast waning. He died in office: but his death was the signal of ruin to his party. A new set of men, the bitter enemies of those to whom Perez belonged, came by degrees into power. Granvella was called from his retirement in Rome; Matteo Vasquez, and Idiaquez, appointed somewhat later, became the secretaries. The first endeavour of these men was to ruin their predecessors, and above all Perez; whose vanity, insolence, and caustic wit, may have embittered the odium with which all of his defeated faction were regarded by the victorious one. The fact of this hatred being notorious, its cause is one of the uncertainties of this curious history. Ranke thinks he has a glimpse of the clue; and that the new men were a representation of that class of nobility attached to the independence of the *fueros* of Castile, whom Charles had quelled in the war of the *Comuneros;* Perez, and his friends, belonging to those who, on the contrary, adhered to Charles, in his successful conflict with these liberties. If this were really so, and there are ingenious reasons to be given for the conjecture, another strange feature of this history would be developed. It would then appear, that the very men whose hatred to Perez and his friends sprang from their alliance with the destroyer of Castilian privileges, were directly instrumental, by driving him to take refuge from their persecution in the

privileges of Aragon, in abolishing the liberties of that kingdom!

From the period of the first complaint against Perez, for the murder of Escovedo, the unaccountable conduct of its real author, the King, began, and was continued for years. The reasons for the fluctuating tortuous behaviour of Philip,—at first all promises of protection, and testimonies of confidence, while secretly permitting, if not encouraging his enemies to proceed; then assuming a sudden severity, in which even the innocent wife was made to suffer; again, staying the persecution, and sending the Bishop of Toledo to *compel the heir of Escovedo to accept a composition*; but always refusing Perez his urgent demand of a trial, (which must have ended in his acquittal, no positive proof being to be had,) until at length the secretary was fully delivered over to his enemies; the resolute caution of Perez, not to implicate the King, in spite of verbal and insidious permissions to reveal all, in self-defence, followed by orders, most curiously transmitted, *from the King*, to state all he knew; the abandonment by Philip of his servant, at length, first to an inquisition, in which his official conduct was accused, and his whole property confiscated; and then to a trial for the murder of Escovedo, in which even torture was applied to force confession;—this whole mass of inconsistency, intrigue, and wickedness, on the one hand, and resolute suffering and caution on the other, is, and must always remain, in many points, an impenetrable riddle. The details we cannot enumerate here; they must be read in due order to comprehend them at all. Mignet thinks he has solved the enigma, and gives the explanation thus:—

The Princess of Eboli, now widow of Ruy Gomez, was generally supposed, though never certainly known, to be the mistress of Philip. Rumour has also, as we have said, imputed to her an undue attachment to Perez. This Ranke thinks improbable: first, because Perez was married to a lady, Doña Juana Coëllo, whom he seems to have tenderly loved, at the very time when the intercourse with the other must have been at its height; and who gave him throughout the strongest proofs of attachment, untroubled by the least sign of jealousy,—which a noble lady in that jealous country could hardly have failed to show, if not against him, at least against the rival, had she believed in any thing of the kind: secondly, Ranke doubts, because the Princess was no longer young; and, however beautiful in her girlhood, could hardly have preserved her charms at thirty-eight years of age, having been married since sixteen. She is also described by contemporaries as *tuerta*, which Ranke translates "*blind of one eye;*" while Mignet will only have it "*a squint!*" The Spanish word, indeed, stands for both these defects, so that this point must be left to the reader's choice. But Mignet considers that these mere presumptions of Ranke's are destroyed by the direct testimony which he has found in the original documents reporting the trial of Perez in Madrid. In this he is accused, by more than one witness, of a suspicious intercourse with the Princess; and another, although only from hearsay, of his brother, "a squire of Perez," directly states, that Escovedo had detected, in the most unequivocal manner, their improper intimacy, had threatened to report it to the king, and was thereupon braved by the Princess in language which Mignet has not thought it becoming to translate. This would be conclusive, had there been no motive for suspecting the witnesses of being suborned to charge Perez with an offence likely to enrage the king; or, had the king himself had no reason, when Escovedo's case had begun to be noised over Europe, for making the murder appear a private act of Perez' revenge. Seeing the unscrupulous falsehood and treachery that prevailed throughout the whole business, the ease with which nearly any one could be hired to do or say any thing that was wanted from him; and the fact that the prosecution was not that of Escovedo's proper family, who had long since suspended *their* pursuit, at the instigation of the King, and had publicly exonerated Perez; but conducted, in the name of a distant relation of the deceased, by Perez' bitterest political enemies, Matteo and Rodrigo Vasquez, with Granvella and Idiaguez in league behind to destroy him: bearing these circumstances in mind, we cannot agree with Mignet in regarding the evidence as of positive weight. There is a ground for doubting the accusation, which Ranke has not urged, that seems to us to deserve noting. Throughout the memoir, which Perez wrote in vindication of himself, after his escape, he has taken no pains whatever to notice *this* charge, which he must have heard, and can hardly have thought serious, or he would not have thus passed over it,—especially as, in other cases, he has not scrupled rather to pride himself on the favour of distinguished ladies. The matter, we think, must still remain in doubt. At all events, admitting the criminal affection, there is no adequate reason for making it, as Mignet does, the real cause of Escovedo's death.

He is of opinion that Don Juan's projects were not of themselves sufficient to have alarmed the King; that Escovedo's practices were misrepresented by Perez, for the purpose of bringing down vengeance on one who held the secret of his love to the Princess; that some time after the murder —which was ordered by the King, indeed, but under false impressions—the real history of the case was discovered to Philip; that his resentment, hereupon, was two-fold, as well against the rival that had dared to seduce his own mistress, as against the counsellor who had deceived him by pretending reasons of state for the act of a personal revenge; and that the severity with which Perez was prosecuted, after some years had passed over in delays, and the King's implacable revenge, which pursued him ever after, are to be explained in this way only.

We have not space to examine this curious matter in detail, but shall content ourselves with the remark, that Mignet's explanation, plausible as it seems at first, will not solve half the difficulties of the case,—which will occur to the reader sufficiently in the very work before us. The general progress of the business may be described in a

few words, thus. At first the King seemed to take no part in the affair, corresponded with Perez on the old footing, and assured him of support, yet never took any effectual means, which were certainly in his power, to stop the prosecution, which was alternately suspended and revived, throughout a series of years, with growing severity, *as the enemies of Perez grew in power at court.* At first he was placed in merely nominal custody; afterwards his arrest was ordered, and the utmost pains taken *to secure his papers;* which he was at length induced to give up to the King, having already, however, with his usual wariness, secreted such originals as were essential to prove the King's authority, with many others containing state secrets, to the possession of which he continually makes allusion, although to the end of his life he never revealed them. That he *had* such papers is evident from the anxiety of the King to force them from him, and from the change of treatment which took place as soon as Philip supposed he had secured all the documentary proofs that Perez could have used. The trial, which had hitherto lingered on various pretexts, was now urged forward with the utmost bitterness by his enemy, Rodrigo Vasquez, who presided as judge. The king, meanwhile, repeatedly sent to Perez, ordering him "to confess all he knew;" but he would not fall into the snare. He saw that it was intended to make him confess that he had committed the murder, alleging the King's authority; that the King, supposing the proofs of this authority destroyed, would then have denied it, and delivered Perez to execution, for the double crime of killing the secretary, and maligning the monarch. To produce the proofs that were still at Perez' command, would have been dangerous while he was in the power of the court; so that he resolved either to remain silent, or to deny all knowledge of the act, which he knew could not be judicially proved.

During the weary time that he had hitherto been kept in suspense, wasting himself in vain solicitations to the King, either to render him royal justice, or to expedite his trial, the noble wife of Perez, Doña Juana de Coëllo, was unremitting in her efforts to obtain some mitigation of this unworthy treatment, the injustice of which amazed even those who best knew the temper of the king. To destroy his servant on the ground of an act authorized by himself, seemed monstrous to all who were in the secret; and some of them interceded, but in vain. The king promised graciously, but did nothing. In the *Relaciones* there is described a scene between the wife, rendered desperate at last by these evasions and delays, and the royal confessor, Diego de Chaves, (the casuist in lawful killing,) which a writer of more sensibility than Mignet would on no account have omitted.

"All appeals to the justice of the King, repeated millions of times," says Perez, in his vehement way, "were in vain: weary of being amused with promises broken, and appointments never kept, she attempted, as a last resource, to appeal to his conscience, through Fray Diego. Him she pursued to the nunnery of *San Domingo el Real*, t (which some of her relations, as well as some of his, belonged; and, coming up to him at the grand altar, assailed him with demands for justice. At length," says Perez, "as he persisted in seeming not to hear her, (as if she had been speaking to the deaf,) she turned to God—present on that altar—who ever hears; and, calling on him to be witness and judge, implored justice at his hands from the wrong and deceit committed on us, and also for justice on the confessor himself. The friar for a while remained dumb and full of amazement, without any colour of life in his face; then, starting up, called loudly for the servants of Doña Juana, saying, 'Sirs, sirs, hither! Call me the lady prioress, and the sisters of Doña Juana, and my cousins, too.' Whereupon all hastened to the grating of the choir, with many other of the nuns; and when they were seated, said the confessor very earnestly: 'Madam the prioress, this lady, Doña Juana, has violently urged my soul and my conscience; and, calling on God to judge her, has prayed him for justice to her wrongs, and upon me: nor do I dread what she says or does so much as what she may not say or do; but what more could *I* have done? I have said to the King that he is bound in conscience, in the last degree, to despatch the affair of Señor Antonio Perez, without an hour's delay, and to restore to this lady her husband; and in the next final confession I will make him so resolve: what more, madam, can I do?' Hereupon, Doña Juana drew near, and answered, 'Yea, sir, more you *could* do: refuse to absolve him if he do not fulfil this resolution, and then retire to your cell, where you would be nearer to Heaven than in your court place. In the confessional *you* are the supreme judge, the King the accused, and I the injured person, like the widow in St. Luke. What though he may wear a crown on his head? in *that* place you are greater than he. This is the language in which you should read the litany to him!' The confessor made no reply, but sate like one who had lost his senses; so mortally," continues Perez, "does truth wound!"

A more affecting interview, which also is passed over by Mignet, is described, between Perez' eldest daughter, Gregoria, then under twenty, and his bitter persecutor, the President Rodrigo Vasquez, who had, as we have seen, the charge of the trial. Day by day had this young lady besieged him with petitions; which, like the mother's, were evaded and put off with false excuses and falser promises, until she saw that all these were mere attempts to deceive; and, with a spirit like her father's, she resolved to speak to him once more in the following manner. Taking with her all her little brothers and sisters, and accompanied by a lady, her aunt, she went to the house of Vasquez.

They were received and seated in due order, but were not all placed, for the young lady held the infants clinging closely about her—a mother of these bereaved children before her time. Then she addressed Vasquez as follows:—

"Sir, you have promised me now one thing, now another; first this to-day, and next that to-morrow, without the day ever coming, and the morrow being always to come," (*repeating his words and pledges that he had broken.*) "Seeing, therefore, how your worship martyrs this humble person of mine, as though it were a great victory and glory to deceive a young maiden, I cannot but think that all proceeds from an eager thirst for our blood, which some say is a refreshing draught for the aged. Now, that our parents and we may not suffer lingering pain, while thus drained to death at your leisure, by drops at a time, I have brought you, at once, the whole of this innocent blood. We are come to offer ourselves up. Drink it down at once, worshipful sir! and gorge yourself full, although you should thus lose the pleasure of destroying us leisurely. Here we are; make an end of us, once for all!"

No wonder if the wicked judge was conscience-stricken by the sight of the helpless children, and

by the fiery reproaches of those fair lips, —knowing his guilt in forging the persecution,— "*starting up and striding confusedly to and fro in the chamber, from corner to corner, and round and round in it, with his body writhen, and his arms twining about,*" — beseeching the accuser to be hushed,—*begging that her aunt would bid her say no more!*" But she did not leave him without more of these bitter words, which we may believe were like bread cast on the waters; and although they did not deter him from pursuing his victim farther, they must have "lain heavy on his soul" when his own day of calamity came, and disgrace and contempt fell upon him in old age—a sight which Perez and his children were spared to behold; let us not say, although Spaniards love revenge, to enjoy!

The trial was at last formally opened. Perez, continuing resolute in denial, was subjected by this merciless Vasquez to the extremity of torture; a cruelty which quite astounded all the court, as it was a privilege of nobles to be exempt from this mode of examination; and it appeared the more monstrous, as inflicted on a minister who was now generally believed to have been a mere agent of the King in this murder. The case was openly alluded to in the pulpit, and commented upon in terms of horror wherever Perez was known, as a tyrannical and extreme violation of justice. In the agony of his sufferings, the desired confession was wrenched from him; but he added, that the act was the monarch's. The object of his prosecutors was now obtained; they had at last an excuse for condemning him to death. Perez saw there was now no farther hope but in flight. Mangled and weak as he was; fevered as much by resentment at his late indignity, as by its painful infliction, he succeeded in evading from his prison, and hastened to seek refuge in his native Aragon.

In the *Relaçiones*, Perez speaks mysteriously of the manner of his escape, which, he says, was supposed at the time to have been performed by enchantment; nor was it afterwards known, until the discovery of these documents, which Mignet has made use of. It was his faithful wife, then far gone in pregnancy, who supplied him the means.

The malady of Perez gaining ground, or seeming to increase, Doña Juana Coëllo requested they would permit her and her children to assist him, that he might not die in the prison without succour. At first she met with a refusal; but as she did not cease in her entreaties, she was finally permitted to remain with her husband in the beginning of April. It was then that Perez adroitly planned his means of escape. He seemed more than ever worn out by suffering; but about nine o'clock on the evening of Ash Wednesday, having put on a dress and cloak belonging to his wife, he passed, thus disguised, through the guards, and escaped from his prison. One of his friends was waiting for him without; and somewhat farther on was the ensign, Gil de Mesa, with horses ready to transport him to Aragon. Scarcely had they stepped out into the street, when they met some of the patrols going their rounds. Without being disconcerted, the friend stopped and spoke with them, while Perez himself remained silently, and with seeming respect, behind, like a servant. Having escaped this danger, Perez soon joined Gil de Mesa, mounted on horseback with him, and, followed by a Genoese, one Juan Francisco Mayorini, rode post for thirty Spanish leagues, without stopping; and at length set foot in Aragon, where he was to find the succour of impartial justice, among a people whose privileges had made them extremely independent, and whose independence had left them proud and brave.

No sooner had he crossed the frontier, than he addressed Philip in a submissive letter, begging him now to put a stop to the persecution, appealing to his knowledge of the real state of the case, and promising to continue faithful to his sovereign, if he might be permitted to hide his head somewhere in peace. We may here again remark, that one of the most wonderful things in this history, is the respectful and measured language which Perez never ceased to use when speaking directly of the King. Awe or loyalty towards his person seems to have followed him throughout, and more than half sealed his lips, even amidst the bitterest persecutions. Yet he knew Philip too well to hope for pardon, after having once baffled the monarch's anger. He also lived to be aware, that all that could be tried against his life was sure to be practised, in spite of all his reserve. He had every motive to revenge; he loved it, and for years could have assailed Philip with impunity, nay, have gained reward for his attacks; yet he ever spared *him*, in his most irritated moments; and while denouncing his other enemies, as to the King, contented himself with averring, "*that he could say more, if he would.*" Was this a national or a personal singularity?

The escape of Perez "filled every one in Madrid with delight." But his innocent family were made to bear the rebound of Philip's disappointment. "He caused his wife and all his children to be arrested and cast into prison." The youngest was a mere child; the mother was delivered of another soon after her seizure. Here, until the death of the King, these tender sufferers remained. "In relating this iniquitous and cruel act, Perez uses language of the most bitter and poignant irony;" as well he might, without yet finding words strong enough to do it justice.

At the time when Perez took refuge in Aragon, that kingdom was still in enjoyment of its privileges, which made it more independent than any other monarchy then existing. It claimed in some respects, indeed, a freedom that would now be deemed excessive.

The constitution of Aragon, and the singularly independent form which justice had preserved in that kingdom, are well known. Having enjoyed great freedom under their national princes, the Aragonese had watched, with still more attentive solicitude, over the maintenance of their ancient privileges, since they had been placed, towards the beginning of this century, under the dominion of the kings of Castile. The latter assumed the title of kings of Aragon, only after having solemnly sworn to observe the *fueros* (privileges) of the kingdom. The violation of these, on the part of the King, was distinctly held to authorize the revolt of his subjects, who then uttered their cry, *Contra fuero!* and that cry, says the historian Herera, made the very stones of Arragon rise in mutiny: the consequence of which might be even the deposition of the sovereign. Accordingly, that imperious and famous speech, which the chief justice (*mayor justicia*) of Arragon, in the name of his countrymen, addressed to the King, after the latter had taken

the oath, was not a mere formula:—"*We who are worth as much as you, and who have more power than you, make you our King, on condition that you will respect our privileges: if not, not!*"

Hitherto, Philip had not dared to infringe these privileges; the most valuable of which concerned the administration of justice.

There were, as in the other states of the Spanish monarchy, royal and ecclesiastical judges; [and Mignet might have added—the Inquisition, too, had at this time been already forced upon the kingdom; although it had not yet dared to use its power with the usual severity.] But these particular justices were placed under the high superintendence and supreme authority of the *Justicia Mayor*, or chief justice, chosen from the second class of the nobility, and charged to protect the people and support their rights. Every inhabitant of Aragon might appeal to him. As soon as the powers of the other tribunals were thus suspended, the *Justicia Mayor* caused the execution of their sentences to be postponed, revised them, with the aid of his five deputies, annulled them, if found contrary to the privileges of the kingdom, and relieved the prisoner from the condemnation pronounced against him. His proceedings were public, his manner of examination excluded torture, and every use of violence; his prison was known by the noble name of *Manifestation*, or *Liberty*, and his authority was the object of an immemorial, not to say impassioned respect. The King certainly appointed the *Justicia Mayor*, but he could not displace that great defender of the Aragonese constitution, *who had the right to take up arms against the King himself, if he endangered the constitution.*

Into the hands of this magistrate, Perez threw himself for protection, as soon as he could reach Saragossa. Philip had already sent a *fiscal* after him, with orders to take him before the *audience* of a royal tribunal. Don Manuel Zapata came up with him at Calatayud, with orders to secure him, dead or alive. Perez was lost, if he fell into this emissary's power. His companion, De Mesa, hastened to Saragossa to claim the privilege of the *Manifestation*. The people of Calatayud rose, in the name of their liberties, and protected Perez in the monastery in which he had taken sanctuary, till the agent of the *Justicia* arrived to conduct him to Saragossa. Here Philip brought a formal accusation against Perez, for having *caused Escovedo to be killed*, falsely pretending orders from the King; *for betraying the King, by divulging secrets of state;* and, lastly, *for escaping from prison*. Meanwhile, he was condemned at Madrid, on the trial which he had undergone there, to be hung, headed, and have his property confiscated. In Saragossa there was resident a certain Marquis of Almenara, who had been sent thither by Philip, to pave the way for the destruction of the Aragonese liberties. These, indeed, although still in appearance unbroken, were destined to give way as soon as they were forcibly attacked, owing to the decay of spirit in those who ought to have defended them. The *Justicia Mayor* himself was no longer true to his noble station. He yielded quietly to the audacious pretensions of Almenara, who claimed to prosecute Perez, on the King's pleas, before the Aragonese tribunal. Many chief grandees of the province were already gained over, or intimidated, by Philip; the second class of nobility were divided and irresolute, some utterly unfaithful; the people alone preserved the old zeal and courage, in defence of their national privileges.

Before the trial began, Perez once more attempted to pacify the King, and had sent to Madrid an ecclesiastic, charged to inform him that the proofs of justification, which were supposed to have been seized, were still forthcoming, and must be produced in evidence, if the prosecution was continued. Once more, however, Perez besought that he might not be forced upon these revelations. The conduct of the King was characteristic: he gave the priest two or three audiences, carefully read over, and marked the copies of the documents laid before him, and appeared to be pleased with the alternative given him. "But Philip," says Mignet, "always seemed most gentle when about to stab." The sentence, already quoted, was published immediately after these interviews, and the proceedings at Saragossa were ordered to continue.

Hereupon Perez, reduced to extremity, published his famous "Memorial," "substantiating his defence by the original letters of the King and his confessor, which he produced before the judges of Aragon." The President "sent the King, at his request, a summary of the trial; adding that, in his opinion, Perez would be acquitted on every count." Philip at once abandoned this prosecution.

But it was only to seize more irresistibly, as he thought, upon his victim. "The king had the right in Aragon of prosecuting, by judgment of *inquiry*, such of his officers as had badly served him, without their being able to invoke the privilege of the *fuero*." This kind of process the Marquis of Almenara now brought, in the King's name, against Perez; accusing him of corruption, and demanding his person from the *Justicia*, for trial on this charge. Perez, however, easily proved that this exception from the *fuero* only applied to offences committed by officers of the king *in Aragon;* objected that he had already been tried on this charge in Madrid; and lastly, "he showed original letters of the King's, *justifying him on this point*. He now demanded his liberty;" and Philip saw his victim on the point of escaping him.

In this strait, he had recourse to the Inquisition, always a devoted instrument of the royal will, in Spain. It was easy to prefer a charge of heresy before such a tribunal. The inquisitor examined a few suborned witnesses, and, after some pretences of forms, having decided that Perez was liable to be tried for this crime, summoned the lieutenant of the *Justicia*, to deliver their prisoner up to the Holy Office. The *Justicia Mayor*, who was secretly acting in concert with Almenara, decided to obey. Perez was surrendered to the familiars, in order to be conducted to the *Aljaferia*, where the Inquisition was installed; and now seemed, at last, to be irretrievably ruined. But he had a friend in the Holy Office itself, who sent him warning in time to acquaint his friends, before he was carried off. Three of the most resolute of these presented themselves at the prison, just as Perez was being brought out.

A crowd was assembled; the populace, informed of what was designed, were roused to fury by the news of such a breach of the liberties of the *Manifestacion*; and, as the *Justicia* refused to revoke his order, the well-known cry of *Contra fuero!* was raised throughout the city. The tocsin sounded, and the insurrection at once became general. The people demanded the liberty of Perez. The Marquis of Almenara, known to be the author of the design against him, was besieged in his own house, dragged out, and massacred. The prisoners, who had meanwhile been carried to the *Aljaferia*, were impetuously demanded. The prison itself was attacked; and, when on the point of being stormed, the Inquisitors gave way,—releasing Perez, without, however, renouncing the prosecution; only consenting to let him remain, for the present, in the prison of the kingdom; whither, accordingly, he was conducted. The people accompanied him, with demonstrations of joy and triumph; and, "as soon as Perez had been replaced under the guard of the *Justicia Mayor*, the insurrection was appeased."

But not soon was appeased the anger which the news of the achievement excited in Madrid. This was the last act of Aragonese freedom. Philip resolved to satisfy, at once, his vengeance and his love of dominion, by a signal example. Replying with smooth words to the Aragonese deputies, sent to apologize for the tumult, he secretly assembled an army, under the command of Vargas, to invade the kingdom. At the first news of its approach, the Aragonese nobility showed some intention of resisting this violation of one of their chief *fueros*. They gathered forces to resist Vargas; and a messenger of the *Justicia* notified to him, before crossing the frontier, a sentence of death, according to the usages of the country, if he should infringe its rights, by trespassing upon its soil. But the national forces were weak and dispirited; nearly all the leaders took to flight on the advance of Philip's army; the people lost courage, abandoned by their chiefs; and Vargas, all but unopposed, entered the capital of the province. Perez had already escaped from it, prescient of the coming evil. After many hardships and wanderings, which we cannot stay to relate, he succeeded in crossing the frontier, and sought refuge in Béarn, where he was warmly received by the sister of Henry the Fourth. To the last moment he clung to his native country; and left it, at length, with the utmost reluctance.

The friends who had espoused his cause, meanwhile, were fearfully expiating their devotion. Vargas, at first, was instructed to profess the utmost moderation, and great regard for the constitution, which he pretended the King had only sent him to protect from the shock of the recent disorders. But no sooner were all the posts of the kingdom secured, than a special commissioner arrived from Madrid, and a terrible vengeance and slaughter took place. From the *Justicia Mayor*, through all the ranks of the nobility, in defiance of law, justice, or privilege, down to the humblest citizens, all who had taken part in the disturbances, or approved of its results, fell under the axe, or perished on the gibbet. The *fueros* of Aragon were annulled, and the old free constitution of the kingdom for ever drowned in its blood. Such was the fate of this unfortunate country; and it is the most tragical circumstance, in this strange history of crime and sorrow, that so many noble and generous men should have been doomed to suffer thus for the defence of one who, although accused contrary to privilege, was not himself innocent of guilt. It was the fortune of Perez to create, in falling, a revolution, in which the liberties of his country were destroyed; and yet to escape from the wreck with life, at the cost of hundreds of lives far worthier than his own.

We cannot pursue the record of his wanderings, after this great escape, from court to court; how he was, for a while, alternately received with open arms by Henry IV., and employed, in negotiations, by Elizabeth; how many emissaries of Philip tried, but failed, to assassinate him; and how, in the sequel, his intriguing spirit, restless ambition, and extravagance, brought him into distress and neglect. He survived Philip; lived to hear of his wife's release from prison, and to enjoy the company of his children in France; but in vain applied for restoration and pardon to Philip the Third. It was only after his death, which took place in Paris, that the family of Perez succeeded in getting the sentences against him annulled, and his attainder reversed.

The details of this part of his eventful life, are given very minutely by Mignet, and will be read with interest. Not only was Perez courted by princes whom Philip's intrigues threatened, as the depository of Spanish secrets, and the best possible interpreter of the policy they feared; but he was regarded by statesmen of no common rank, as a consummate master in the general science of courts, and the management of parties. Our own sagacious Bacon is known to have sought his conversation in matters of state policy. The aphorisms scattered through his letters and memorials were quoted as oracles; and his book on the science of government, composed for the use of the Duke of Lerma, was long reputed a mine of practical wisdom. Nor will a modern judgment see much cause to think less highly of the subtlety and knowledge of a part of mankind, which his remarks—set off by a style lively, though affected—display. But the value of such treatises ceased, in a great measure, with the era of pure despotisms; and the experience of the author, like Machiavelli's, was too much conversant with the darker side of human passions and devices, to render its fruits permanently inviting. His works are now known to scholars only.

Of these works Mignet gives the scantiest possible notice; and, what is singular, entirely overlooks the vast influence which the familiar writings of Perez exercised for a time on the *belles lettres* of France. It was the admiration excited by his Letters, and the desire to imitate them, that founded that artificial and affected school of writers, once supreme in Paris, of which Balzac and Voiture were the chief ornaments, and which had its academy in the famous Hotel de Rambouillet.

Their *ancetti* and ingenious euphuisms were, as M. Puibusque has shown,* mere attempts to naturalize the *agudezas* so much prized in the letters of Perez; which were long regarded as the perfection of elegant and courtly writing. It is strange, we repeat, that Mignet should have passed over this notable phase of Perez' ascendant in France, which the curious students of its literature, as well foreign as native, have not failed to observe. In this, as in some other respects, since ignorance of the facts cannot be supposed on Mignet's part, he may be thought to have confined himself too strictly to the purely historical events of his theme, which would have gained richness and interest by a more liberal use of the affecting incidents and picturesque illustrations that abound in this remarkable era. There is a kind of stoical coldness in our author, which deprives his narrative of the charm that more genial minds, like those of his contemporaries, De Baruate or Thierry, can throw over periods of history more remote from our sympathies, and far less fertile than the sixteenth century, in records which come home to the "business and bosoms" of modern readers.

Nevertheless, his book we shall strongly advise every one to read. It might have been more liberally composed; it is far from being happily translated; yet the intrinsic interest of the subject, the conciseness and rapidity of the narrative, and the new information, which Mignet has been both fortunate enough to collect and most judicious in quoting largely, make the treatise a valuable and acceptable addition to our literature. Our importations from France rarely bring any "*Mysteries*" half so authentic as those which this book contains. It opens one of the most dark and serious chapters of history; it has the marvels and variety of a fiction. It will be a welcome study for the historical inquirer, and a detainer for less industrious readers, which no one will easily escape from "until the tale is told." V.

THE ENGLISH MAIDEN.

THERE'S magic in the very name,
It sounds so sweet and clear,
Like the bright green woods at morning,
In the spring time of the year.

The English maiden's loveliness
Is varied as her clime;
And nature gives her talismans
To suit each changing time.

Her smile adds sweetness to the hour
That was full sweet before;
Her sympathizing tear can bid
Pale sorrow weep no more.

But 'tis not in the sunny tress,
Or in the soft blue eyes,
Or snowy brow, or dimpled cheek,
That the maiden's beauty lies.

'Tis in the pure, calm, gentle look,
The simple, earnest voice,
Whose varied tones, like silver bells,
Make every heart rejoice;

In the winning air of sweetness,
And dignity combined,
The echo of the loving heart
And of the thinking mind;

In the guileless play of feeling,
On the open, candid face,
Where the blush, the smile, the tear-drop,
Adds each its nameless grace;

Like the opal's changeful brightness,
Which o'er the surface plays,
Revealing still new loveliness,
And varying as we gaze.

In her sweet, *truthful* look and tone,
Still lies her deepest power:
Her pure transparency of heart,
This is her richest dower.

If such the "English maiden,"
So pure, so sweet, so fair,
Where is the English maiden,
In pity, tell me, where?

I sought her "'mid the glitt'ring throng:"
But there, poor Fashion's fool,
She stoop'd to smile, to move, to speak,
To feel, to think, *by rule;*

A sweet, but soulless portraiture,
Engraved by Folly's art,
And stereotyped at Fashion's press,
To cheat the longing heart.

The tyrant Custom's fiat there
Deposed each artless grace,
And raised a cold monotony
To fill the vacant place.

Oh, for a natural welcome,
A genuine crystal tear,
A smile, a look, unlike the crowd,
How precious, and how dear!

Then I left the giddy circle,
In humbler scenes to roam,
And I sought the English maiden
Within a cottage home.

But even there could Vanity
Its subtle influence shed,
Till Fashion's songs alone were sung,
And Fashion's books were read.

And hearts, where love was beating,
Were taught to beat no more;
And the pure bright fount of feeling
Was chill'd and frozen o'er.

So the poison-tree grows ever,
And its deadly shadow falls
As dark on cottage homes and bowers
As on courts and lordly halls.

But there *are* hearts where hopefulness
For better days abides;
Who blush to see their country thus,
A *nation of outsides.*

Then rise, a little holy band,
Mad Folly's chain to break!
Arise, for your own happiness,
Arise, for England's sake!

Be ruled by sense and feeling's laws,—
Be natural—be true—
And the sweet maiden I have sung,
Shall be the type of you.

A. W. B.

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* In his prize essay, "On the Influence of the Spanish on French Literature," crowned by the Academie Française, 1842.

JENNY BASKET; AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

(*Continued from page* 168 *of our March Number.*)

CHAPTER XII.

The astounded party being joined by their royal leader, scrambled down the rugged declivity, that they might survey the work of destruction, and contemplate at leisure the terrible retribution which had overtaken the Iroquois. So repulsive and heart-sickening was the spectacle, that the invalid and his kind nurse hastily turned their eyes from it, and made their way back to the cave. Not so the foresters: mangled as were the remains of the vanquished warriors, their scalp-tufts were sought among the confused ruins; and the king of the Oneidas and his squire might be seen stringing these bloody trophies to their buck-skin belts. Shenandoah and Cudjoe descended the pass, till they came near to the spot where Johnstone and Robert Brown, while on their ascent, had left the bark canoes, when their attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a human figure, clad in an Indian blanket, arising and standing erect in the canoe. Full of the superstitions of the native tribes, the foresters doubted not that this erect figure was the supernal genius of the Iroquois, come to bewail the havoc which had been made of his people. They, therefore, covering their eyes with their hands, prostrated themselves on the bare rocks. Their monotonous voices in the meantime chiming together, and mingling with the hoarse brawl of the cataract, were uttering strange orisons and mystic charms, which were supposed to have power to expel supernatural intruders. Mr. Asbury and Charles Stirling gazed in wonder on the figure, and were silent; while the servants exchanged mysterious looks of fearful meaning, until old Nanny's face was white as a sheet.

As the ceremony of exorcism became more engrossing to the foresters, their voices arose above the noise of the waterfall, and fell on the ear of the apparition. It moved, it started, it ran and plunged down the pass toward the river! No sooner had Cudjoe's eyes detected this movement, than rising he exclaimed,

"'Tis Butler! He's got the life of forty wild cats in him; and even the loosened mountain falling on his back *caint* kill him."

Shenandoah at the same breath arose from his prostration, and both foresters were instantly in swift pursuit of the flying Butler.

The reader will remember, that when the second described rock was thundering down the pass, just behind the two escaping warriors, one of them suddenly disappeared from the view of the beholders, who thought him ground to powder beneath the falling mass. That warrior was Colonel Butler, who with a heroic chief had ascended in advance of their comrades, and getting under the jutty which formed the cave, the first of the rolling rocks had bounded over their heads; and though the second mass had overwhelmed Butler's companion, he himself was saved by springing from the centre of the pass into the canoe which had there been left.

It seems that Butler, though as powerful in intellect as he was in muscular strength, had for a moment become bewildered by the overwhelming catastrophe which had befallen his companions. When he was first beheld standing erect in the canoe, his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his senses seemed to have forsaken him. But now the excited foresters were seen leaping and plunging near the foot of the pass, with the eagerness of hounds on the scent, in hot pursuit of Butler; who, having arrived at the landing-place, was hurriedly endeavouring to unfasten the batteau, and thus escape down the river. The ill-directed efforts which he made with nervous hands, to untie the bark ropes which held the boat to the shore, detained him until Cudjoe's tomahawk whizzing by his head, and shaving off one ear, admonished him that instant flight, without boat, across the river, was his only chance of escape. Quitting the boat, therefore, Butler plunged into the water, and was shortly followed by Shenandoah's squire, of whose dexterity in the liquid element he had lately had satisfactory demonstration. Butler's having the start, and the squire's being somewhat wind-blown by the violence of his pursuit, gave the former the only chance for his life; for now the gleaming blade of Cudjoe's knife sparkled on the face of the stream, as he buffeted the current, and gained upon his intended victim. Fearful was the conflict; the one making desperate struggles for life, while the other, flushed with anticipated revenge, dashed aside the waters of the Mohawk. As they neared the southern shore, and Cudjoe's right arm was about to direct the fatal blade toward the struggling victim, the latter touched the gravelly bottom beneath him, and gave a desperate leap toward the shore. This saved his vital parts from contact with the steel; which lighting on one of the lower limbs of the Colonel, inflicted a deep flesh-wound, that besmeared the leaves with blood, as he leaped on shore, and plunged into the depths of the forest.

"The brute has 'scaped me *arter* all;" exclaimed Cudjoe, on landing; "though, if the *native* element had been one rod wider, he'd been feeding fishes to-night, any how; but on land he's got longer legs *nor* I; and though the blood spirts from one of them on the bushes where he goes, so that I could track him to Utica, who knows but the *varmint* might fall in with a dozen vipers of his tribe, who by this time are coming up the river from their burning *actrabition*? Howsomever, *sich* a wild cat sha'nt always live in these *here* forests, if Shenandoah and I have our lives and rifles spared to us."

The disappointed Cudjoe again betook himself

to the water, and soon joined the party standing upon the other shore. Shenandoah had already picked up the severed ear of the fugitive, and was stringing it to his leathern belt, beside his disfigured scalps, by means of a thorn needle, and thread of buck's sinews.

"A poor *cqnsarn* for a *trophery*;" cried Cudjoe, "though, howsomever, we must *presarve* it for good luck. It's a sign, you see, that the next piece of skin we shall peel off the *varmint* will be covered with the hair of his head."

On the party's returning to the cave, they found Johnstone in a calm sleep, being watched over by a guardian angel, whose waking dreams did not exclude the patient from their cognizance, whatever place the affectionate nurse might at that moment occupy in the quiet dreams of the patient.

From the point where the party now was, to the palace of Shenandoah, or Oneida Castle, was about fifty miles. The Mohawk was to be navigated for about thirty miles, to the point now known as Utica; where, after concealing their crafts, they were to pursue an Indian trail, across the forest, in a south-west direction, to the castle. But there was danger in leaving the stronghold which they now occupied, and pursuing their course up the river. The reader may remember that several batteaux had gone down the Hudson, to the landing-place opposite the Mountain-house, manned with armed warriors, under command of Butler, in order to take part in the burning and massacre above noted; and that Butler, with a part of these warriors, had left their work of destruction unfinished, that they might pursue the canoes of the foresters up the river. It was supposed that very shortly the remaining warriors would be on their return, and would probably overtake our flying party before they reached their destination, should they now resume their journey. Hence it was ordered by the guides, that all should remain quiet in the cave, until the danger should be past.

The exciting scenes of the previous day had rendered abstinence to the inmates of the cave an involuntary virtue: they having had no food since they fed on the slaughtered moose. The portions of that animal which they had brought with them, though sufficiently savoury for a savage appetite, were quite too stale to go down with the whites: hence the guides were obliged to resort to those resources which ever prove abundant whilst a forest is around a woodsman, and a stream of water before him. In a wide-spread forest, such as the Oneida Indians occupied at the time of which we write, the natives were never at a loss for a plenteous meal. The bark canoes and fishing-spears, which had been secured on land, were now removed to the river, just below the falls, where Mr. Asbury and Lieutenant Stirling, seated upon a rock beside the stream, enjoyed a rare treat, in witnessing the dexterity of the foresters in capturing salmon-trout. Indians enjoy this exercise. It is one of their most dexterous amusements. Their method is to fling the spear at the darting fish when in full motion. Like the sportsman who scorns to take the bird other than on the wing, so the expert native fisher never disgraces his spear by throwing it at a stationary fish. The Europeans were surprised and delighted to witness the lank form of the forest monarch swinging and depending over his tiny bark,—now over this side, and now over that; while the frail thing which bore him was rocking and trembling on the agitated waters below the cataract. They saw too, ever and anon, the long, slender shaft, wielded by the chief, drawn backward, and then thrust forward out of his hands, doing its execution on a darting trout, some twenty feet distant from the canoe. This amusement had been so engrossing, as well to the foresters as to the spectators, that the sun had long since passed the meridian, and was now declining in the west; of which, when Shenandoah took note, he seemed to wake up to some anticipated event, and directing the eyes of his squire to the same glorious descending orb, then significantly pointing down the river, both foresters immediately quitted their sport, landing a fine parcel of the finny tribe safely on shore.

The spectators now became witnesses of a movement in their leaders, which they could not divine. The foresters lashed the canoes together with a strong bark rope, not laterally, but end to end, leaving a space between them. At the centre of the rope which united the barks, another rope was fastened, and a huge stone was made fast to the other end of the rope. This stone was placed in the centre of one of the canoes, while Shenandoah stepped on board the other, at the same time giving certain directions to Cudjoe in his native dialect. On the chief's pushing off from shore, his squire strung the fishes on strips of elm bark, placing them on his shoulders, and, beckoning the spectators to follow him, he led the way up the dangerous pass.

Delivering the fish over to the servants to be dressed for dinner, Cudjoe collected all the blankets, buffalo skins, garments, and rugs of every kind which he could find in the cave, when taking his departure. The Europeans, wearied with their toils, reposed themselves in the cave while dinner was providing. As they were thus watching the roasting process, and talking over the stirring events of the previous day, and the fearful perils which they had escaped, a wild yell from without started them to their feet, and drew them to the mouth of the cave. Casting their eyes down the pass towards the river, some ten frightful figures, in Indian costume, met their view, standing upon the jutting rocks; among which the unique frame of Cudjoe was palpably discernible. Johnstone, who by this time had woken up, and was much refreshed, scrutinized the figures for a moment, like one who knew Indian habits, and the crafty wiles of his forest companions, then, bursting from the party at the cave's mouth, he made down the pass toward Cudjoe. Another wild whoop, as from many voices, came echoing up the valley from the river, where, floating in full view, three batteaux, having twenty Iroquois warriors on board, met the eyes of the alarmed party. Brilliant paints, just laid on, striped their bronzed heads and faces with black and red. Eagle feathers,

newly adjusted, nodded in their casques. The setting sun poured its yellow radiance on the sparkling brooches, silver bands, bright wampum beads, and fluttering ribands, which bedizened the Indians, and which were worn in profusion on this occasion, as a triumphal display in celebration of their recent massacres. As yet, they had discovered nothing of the escaping party, or seen any thing unusual around "Little Falls." The shout above noted was what is common among the tribes, when they heave in sight of some well known or remarkable point. Here a landing was to be made; the boats were to be drawn out from the water, and carried by hand around the falls, before progress could be made in the journey. "Little Falls" was, therefore, a point where wigwams were frequently struck up, fires lighted, provisions cooked, and Indian comforts enjoyed, sometimes for a day or two together; and hence it was that the said echoing shout was sent up, as this noted landing-place came in view. The echoes around this broken spot were again made vocal by what, to the ears of the Europeans, was more wild and unique than any thing they had ever heard. The Iroquois war-song floated on the breeze, and sent its strange and almost unearthly variations and screechings up the glen; while the warriors, standing up in their boats, were throwing their bodies and limbs into fantastic and menacing forms, brandishing their gleaming tomahawks around their heads, and enacting, in mimic show, those barbarous deeds in which they had recently been engaged. Of a sudden, the gesticulations ceased, the war-song was hushed; while the eyes of every warrior were fixed on some object at the foot of the falls. By the next moment, the attention of our party was directed toward the same point, by a loud plunge made in the water in the direction of the canoes. They looked, and, lo! both bark canoes were pitched up on end, filling with water, and fast sinking in the mid-current of the Mohawk, while Shenandoah, having leaped out of his canoe, as he rolled the big stone into the centre of the stream, was now seen making toward the shore. As the chieftain neared the bank, a volley was directed toward him by the Iroquois; but the distance was too great for even Indian rifles. The moment Shenandoah reached the shore, he set up a wild whoop of exultation and defiance, succeeded by a loud call to Cudjoe, pronounced in the Indian tongue. Cudjoe and Johnstone immediately repaired to the mouth of the cave, urging the whole party to go with them down the pass, and take their positions among the figures there standing. But it required much explanation and entreaty before the terrors of the party could be so allayed, as that they could be persuaded the strangers would not harm them. On the figures being approached, they were discovered to be only images of savage warriors, ingeniously got up by Cudjoe, by his fastening stakes in the crevices of the rocks, springing hoops, made of twigs and bushes, around them, and so hanging on the blankets, buffalo-skins, &c. which he had taken from the cave, as to present what appeared a platoon of Indians, holding rifles in their hands. "Don't be *afeard* of these dead *crutters*," said Cudjoe, as he led the party up to them. "Mix yourselves up with them, holding these sticks in your right hand by the centre, with the back-end trailed down toward the ground, jist as how Indians carry their rifles, and keep moving round among the *himages*, frequently passing before 'em, or the cunning *varmints* will find out the joke as well as you." At the same time delivering to each European, not omitting old Nanny, a piece of wood, not unlike, in shape and size, to an Indian rifle. By this time, Shenandoah came up and joined the party; himself, Cudjoe, and Johnstone, engrossing the only real rifles which they could command. An angle in the stream, and an interposing clump of bushes, had prevented the Iroquois from following, with their eyes, the course pursued by Shenandoah, as he ascended up the pass. As the warriors landed, fastening their batteaux to the shore, they cast a searching eye around the falls; but knowing nothing of the cave, or that the rocky height was any where accessible, they had not as yet discovered our formidable band standing upon the niches of the rock. Forming themselves into single file, the Iroquois came to the spot where wigwams were wont to be reared, and fires lighted, by the passing tribes. It was the spot where their late companions had spent their last night. Their steps became cautious, and not a word escaped their lips. The half-consumed brands of the last night's fire lay at their feet; broken provisions were strewed around; but what aroused their suspicion and surprise was, that a camp kettle, certain bear-skins, and other cumbrous articles, which they recognised as belonging to their tribe, still lay there before the brands; the same having been left when the vanquished party left their encampment, and attempted to ascend to the cave. The warriors stood around these ominous indications in deep concern. Soon a scrutinizing chief fixed his eyes on a huge rock which lay upon the bank of the river, near where they stood. It was no other than the first described rock which thundered down the pass. He perceived, by the path it had ploughed through the surface of the green bank, that it had lately descended from the mountain. Another look, and clotted blood, scattered brains, and Indian hair, were discovered on the rock. The whole band drew up around this fearful revelation of disaster, fixing their astonished gaze on it; but they stood in death-like silence.

The next moment, and the air was rent with the wild melancholy howlings of the death-whoop, which being prolonged by the echoes, and repeated by the bereft savages, sounded to the ears of the Europeans like the dismal wailings of the lost. The Iroquois threw down their tomahawks, tore out the eagle feathers from their casques, scattering them on the ground; and, falling upon their faces, they besmeared themselves with the dust and ashes which lay around the camp. At this juncture, the three foresters, responding to a signal given by Shenandoah, sent up a fearful yell in unison, well known as the war-whoop of the Oneidas, and which was instantly recognised

by the prostrate savages, while the simultaneous report of the three rifles, pointed down towards the mourners, brought them instantly to their feet. A single glance towards the dangerous pass revealed, to the terrified Iroquois, a formidable band of armed Oneidas occupying the frightful cliffs. It required but one fearful look; and every howling Iroquois was leaping towards the landing-place; and without stopping to untie their boats, they plunged into the river, below the falls, swam to the southern shore, and fled into the forest in the same direction taken by Butler.

CHAPTER XIII.

"If you
Look for a good speech now, you undo me."
SHAKSPERE.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The flight of the Iroquois, the loss of their boats, the panic into which they had been thrown by Cudjoe's *himages*, and their toilsome journey through the wilderness, without *trails* to guide them, or rifles to provide for or defend them, had been an unmixed evil to them, had not the salvation of Butler attended the disaster.

That strange being of adventure, and more than savage cruelty, afterwards gave the following account of what befel him, from the time he lost his ear to his arrival in Canada. The wound inflicted by Cudjoe's knife had been attended with no danger, had it been at once closed up by a surgeon's needle, and covered by an adhesive plaster. Under that treatment of flesh wounds, so much approved of in modern practice, undoubtedly healing by first intention had been the happy result. But Butler's veins had been opened by Dr. Cudjoe's knife at a time when the blood of the former was boiling with agitation and excitement; and it is not likely that his tearing through the underwood, and running for his life, proved very beneficial to the deep wound. After running for two miles, at the top of his speed, expecting every moment to feel the iron hand of Cudjoe on his shoulder, he fainted, from loss of blood. The flying Iroquois landing at the same point where their wounded leader had reached the shore, soon discovered his blood-bespattered trail; and, without knowing to whom or to what it might conduct them, guided by Indian instinct, they followed after it, till they came to the prostrate and insensible body of their white chief. They soon stanched the blood, bound up the wound, and prepared a rude litter for his removal. For two hundred miles the wounded leader was borne on the shoulders of his faithful followers; the whole party enduring fatigues and hunger, and encountering perils, arising from deceitful morasses, entangling swamps, and wild beasts, which would have utterly destroyed men familiar only with civilized life.

Setting down the litter on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, the warriors hewed out rude canoes, from some fallen trees, with their tomahawks, which they had retained fastened in their belts, at the time Cudjoe frightened them away. With these canoes the party navigated the lake; effecting a safe landing at Kingston, then the headquarters of that portion of the British army stationed in Canada.

Butler also reported, that his band informed him, that while they were paying the solemn obsequies over the crushed remains of their comrades, at the foot of the dangerous pass, their rifles being laid aside during that sacred rite, all at once a mixed army, composed of Oneida warriors and Yankee rebels, sprang up from the clefts of the rock, which would have overwhelmed them, had they not taken to instant flight across the river, unencumbered by their rifles.

The party at the cave, witnessing the panic of the Iroquois, felt relieved from present apprehension. Leaving the men of straw, set up by Cudjoe, to guard the dangerous pass through the night, save that certain bear-skins and buffalo robes were borrowed from their backs, whereon to repose, the weary travellers betook themselves to rest, after they had well supped on the delicious salmon-trout, captured by the foresters, and dressed by old Nanny. For greater caution the foresters had collected the whole number of rifles left by their foe, borne them to the cave, looked that they were well charged and primed, and so placed them, near the mouth of the cave, that they could be put to instant use in case of surprise. Besides this, as a substitute for an alarm bell, the old chief placed certain strips of bark across the narrowest point of the pass, connecting these with another strip, extending to the cave, and this latter to the trigger of a rifle, placed at the cave's mouth, in manner of a spring-gun; so that any disturbance of the interposing strips would let off an alarm gun, and arouse the party. With these precautions, all slept in conscious security; the foresters taking their position near the mouth of the cave.

Three days and nights were thus spent in this strong-hold of the crags, by which time Johnstone, having pretty well recovered, the men removed two of the most valuable of the batteaux left to them by their foes, to the level above the falls; where, on the morning of the fourth day, all went on board, not omitting to take with them the tiny bark canoes, which had so well served them up the rivers, and which were raised from their watery bed, where they lay hid, by Cudjoe's diving and cutting the rope which held them to the stone. Their navigation to Utica, the concealment of their boats there, and their journey on the trail to Oneida Castle, furnishing nothing unusual to savage adventure, claim no especial record; hence we leave the party to pursue that journey alone, while we give a rude drawing of the last named strong-hold.

Oneida Castle received that English name from Dominie Kirkland, the first missionary sent out from Europe to evangelize these western tribes.

He was a Scotsman by birth and education; deriving his orthodoxy from the Calvinistic establishment of Scotia, but no doubt imbibing his evangelical zeal, and devotion of soul, body, and interest to the gospel, from the Holy Spirit which inspired the apostles. This palace of Shenandoah's was known among the Indians as "*Nahu ta-*

Oneidah, sha tee;" signifying the safe retreat and delightful home of the Oneidas. A little north of the castle, but in full view of it, stretches out that sparkling sheet of water known as Oneida Lake. To the east, the luxuriant landscape slopes off, in gentle and most lovely undulations, for twenty-two miles, to the banks of the Mohawk. From the south, murmuring along the vale, comes the sheet of liquid crystal which supplies the lake, and is called Oneida Creek. The bold and grand high lands of the west, clothed with the sublime and solemn forests, whose successive growths have recorded the passing epochs of time from creation's birth, present an imposing outline, and seem to form a natural boundary to the progress of man in that direction. This boundary has long since been passed; and millions of human beings now fill up the space between it and the Rocky Mountains.

The stronghold was established on a bluff, or high bank of the stream above described. From the foot of this bluff, the country all round, up stream and down, east and west, to the boundary of the hills, was enchanting. Before the plough of the white man had ever turned up its fertile soil, the vale, formed by the stream, presented a natural meadow, clothed with the richest verdure, skirted by native forest oaks, and interspersed by the wild plum-tree and apple-tree, on whose tops wreathed the grape-vines, loaded with delicious fruit. Wild flowers sprinkled the landscape with delectable beauty, and filled the atmosphere with their breathing odours. Such was the sylvan home of the king of the Oneidas.

The bluff, consisting of several acres, was of an oval form, and surrounded by several rows of stockade. The outer row commenced in the *fosse*, at the foot of the slope; then, as the rows were repeated, ascending the bank, and pointed at the top, the whole presented the appearance of successive rows of baluster-work, ascending from the pit of an amphitheatre to the distant wall. These upright timbers were round logs of red cedar, ten inches in diameter, and twelve feet in length. The lasting nature of the wood ensured its durability for generations; the position of the rows made them proof against small arms; and the sharpened points prevented scaling.

Within the circle of these rows, a compact village had been built; and in the centre stood the castle, which was considered impregnable. It was composed of logs and stones, the walls being six feet in thickness. The stockade was unbroken; and, so far as a stranger, or even a scrutinizing enemy could discover, there was no avenue of approach. Indian history does not present an instance where art had been so largely displayed to render home secure against invasion.

For the right understanding of subsequent pages, it is necessary here to reveal what was kept as a profound secret among the Oneidas for generations, viz., the way into this fort.

On the bank of the stream, without the stockade, and opposite the highest point of the bluff, a ledge of rocks had been formed; and a small and irregular aperture, scarcely discernible, communicates with a natural cave, lying under the bluff. From the extremity of this cave, a flight of steps had been cut through the superincumbent rock, conducting to a point within the enclosure; but the utmost of Indian skill had been exerted at this *terminus*, to prevent surprise, and frustrate the efforts of besiegers in making entry. Oneida Castle was resorted to only in time of war, and for personal protection. In times of peace, clumps of Indian villages, which were scattered in every direction over the lovely landscape above described, were occupied by the nation; which might be considered as the most favoured, the most happy, and most illustrious of the Six Nations, the Senecas excepted.

At the time of which we write, Christianity had made but little progress among the tribe. Shenandoah, the chief, with a few others, had been baptized into the Christian faith; though the reader has already perceived that even the king "saw but through a glass darkly;" while by far the greater portion of his subjects still adhered to their ancient mythology. A large portion of their warriors had gone off to the west, and taken up arms against the colonists. Some of these, however, had returned disheartened at the prospects of the royal cause. It was conceived, by the nation generally, that the Great Spirit had become angry with them, and had delivered them over to the buffetings of some evil genius; hence their divided councils; hence their wives had been made temporary widows, and their children orphans, by their husbands and fathers abandoning them, and uniting with the foe. It was concluded by the nation, that it was expedient to dedicate a day at least to exorcism, for the expulsion of the evil spirit, and to regain the countenance and favour of *Nanwanew*, the Great Spirit, whom they had offended. Shenandoah being absent, and a baptized Christian withal, his people, very considerately, selected this occasion for the rite, that the chief might not fall under the rebuke of Dominie Kirkland, who was also absent at the time, for suffering what the missionary might condemn as a pagan profanation. Our escaped party happened to arrive at the castle in the forenoon of the day fixed on for this important ceremony. After the nation had hailed the return of their venerated chief and their favourite Cudjoe, and had obtained Shenandoah's acquiescence in the intended celebration, they proceeded as follows. Two white dogs, without spot or blemish, were led, in leather thongs, to the door of the council-house, and, being fastened there, strong withes were girded around their necks, by which they were strangled to death. Strange and unearthly figures were then drawn upon them by black, scarlet, vermilion, and violet paints. Eagle feathers were stuck in their ears and nostrils, and gaudy trinkets and ribands were hung around their necks, covering their breasts. Thus bedizened, the dogs were elevated on poles, twenty feet from the ground; the poles having been stripped of their bark, and stained, in irregular spots, by the dogs' blood. These poles, standing in the centre of the open area, elevating the victims, the whole tribe, including Cudjoe, formed

a circle around the offering; the men on the east side, and the women on the west. Nine selected propitiators now stepped forward from the ring, and formed a smaller ring immediately around the poles, Cudjoe being one of this select number. These were highly painted, and ornamented by feathers, wampum, and various gaudy trinkets; each one carrying a long ear of Indian corn in his right hand. As the *tum-drums* struck up their rude music, accompanied by the monotonous grunting of sundry select vocalists, the inner circle commenced the wizard dance around the sacrifice. At first their motions were staid and slow; but, as the enthusiasm of Indian devotion grew upon them, their evolutions became strangely wild, quick, and mysteriously involved; while their ferocious countenances exhibited demoniac contortions.

When this part of the ceremony was completed, it was understood that the sins of the whole nation had thereby become transfused into these mediators, who were to go through another magical process, by which these sins were to pass into one of their number, as sole mediator, and from him to the white dogs, which were thus to become the final scape-goats of the concentrated wickedness of the whole tribe. To this end the illustrious nine for a moment retired into the council-house; soon, however, re-appearing, clothed with skins of various wild animals, with the hair outward; their faces covered with the most ludicrous masks, composed of white birch bark, and stained in a comical manner, and their hands concealed by tortoise-shells drawn over them. These monsters rushed out of the council-house in horrid confusion, setting up frightful yells, and imitating wild demons. They seized the firebrands, burning before the wigwams, and collecting them together, placed them while blazing on the earthen altar, which had been raised three feet from the surface, directly under the swinging dogs. By pulling certain strings extending up the poles, and connecting with the dogs, they lowered these sacrificial offerings to a proper roasting distance, directly over the fires which they had kindled. The fire blazing up and igniting the combustible ornaments of the dogs, throwing a lurid glare over the group, the mediators hurled the remaining firebrands around the camp, and scattered the ashes from before the wigwams, all around the circle; covering the people with sparks, and dust, and smoke.

Cudjoe having been previously selected as the intermediate scapegoat between the people and the dogs, the mediators brought him forth before the sinful assembly, more strangely and horrifically attired than any other, and presented him as now embodying in his unique person their accumulated sins.

Cudjoe, though but a half-breed, and deformed as we have said, was a universal favourite among the natives. Instead of regarding it a reproach for him to become their sin-bearer, they intended this distinction as a special mark of their esteem. The squire stood forth in all his monstrosity, just in front of the altar. All that bear-skins, porcupine quills, false-faces, rattlesnake-skins, tortoise-claws, and white horse-tails, could do to disfigure him, had been accomplished. Our civilized conceptions of infernal sprites fall vastly short of what Shenandoah's squire now appeared, as all eyes were fastened on him, to witness how he would rid the nation of the evils which oppressed them.

Cudjoe *untortoised* one hand, thrust it into a capacious pouch which hung by his side, and drew out a round handful of dry cut tobacco and Seneca grass, mixed in equal proportions. This huge bag supplied the place of the golden censer, and pot of incense known in the tabernacle and temple worship. It contained the incense for the sacrifice. Cudjoe as high priest now danced, or rather jumped, and galloped with a limping gait around the burning pile; scattering the ingredients from his wallet into the flame, and up upon the roasting sacrifice. The incense ascended in blue smoke, fumigating the scorching victims, and thus transfusing the evil spirit into them, while the odour of the burning weeds filled the whole atmosphere within the enclosure; by which means each worshipper became a partaker of the sacrifice, through his nose. As this fumigating process was brought to its most exciting pitch, Cudjoe's body writhed indescribably, in his thus shaking off such a load of sins upon the dogs: the people in sympathy with the mediator, and entering deeply into the spirit of the mystic rite, followed every motion with their eyes, and moved in unison with the squire; when all at once, Cudjoe's voice, in token of triumphant transfusion, poured forth like a cataract in wild song; which being joined in by the whole multitude, and prolonged by the echoes, seemed to shake the place where they were assembled. Mr. Asbury could stand it no longer. He had been agonized in spirit for more than an hour. He flew to Shenandoah, the *Christian* king, who, as chiefs are wont on such occasions, sat in a huge wicker chair, on the east side of the altar within the ring. "Oh!" cried Mr. Asbury, "thou convert of the cross." But he looked again at the aged chief, whose head had fallen back over his chair, his hands clasped upon his bosom, his eyes glazed, his lips parted. Death had stamped his pallid lineaments on the venerable features of the king of the Oneidas!

It was reported by one who stood beside the chief during the sacrifice, that at its commencement he breathed out certain mixed orisons, in which the names of Nauwanew and Jesus were strangely blended. At length, as the ceremony became engrossing, his eyes swam in tears, as he lowly chanted some touching legends of the Oneidas. But when his squire so admirably enacted the propitiatory incantation, so sacred to Indian eyes and Indian hearts, the chief sobbed aloud; the muscles of his face worked and twitched in sympathy with deep and ineffable feeling; his eyes rolled upwards; his frame became convulsed, and was relaxed only as his struggling spirit burst its earthly prison-house, and returned to God who gave it.

The remains of this venerated chief now repose on a green slope, spread out to the risin

sun, in front of Hamilton College, in Oneida county.

In compliance with his own request, made while in life, the body of the chief lies beside his Christian pastor, Mr. Kirkland; and the name of Shenandoah is the only one among aboriginal Americans which has been handed down to posterity on monumental marble. While the Scottish missionary, Shenandoah's spiritual guide, has but a simple slab to mark his resting-place, and record his name and age, the chief himself is honoured with a monument composed of white marble, on whose polished tablets are recorded his patriotism, his prowess, his enlarged philanthropy, and his conversion to the Christian faith; though it omits to tell that he died under the rapt visions of Indian devotion.

CHAPTER XIV.

> "As I stood here below, methought his eyes
> Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
> Horns whelk'd, and waved like the enridged sea;
> It was some fiend."
>
> SHAKSPERE.

When intelligence of the Indian massacres had reached the American army, then lying at Tappan, Washington despatched a competent force, to arrest the progress of the savages, and frighten them back into the forest. At the particular request of Lord Stirling, he was constituted commander of the corps; though officers better skilled in Indian warfare accompanied the expedition, to ensure its safety and success. Passing the smouldering ruins of corn-stacks and cottages, on the vale of the Hudson, and the appalling evidences of Indian barbarity there displayed in the mangled corpses of women and children, his lordship could not suppress fearful forebodings of the destruction of his own children at the Mountain-house. On arriving at that dismal spot, and witnessing his late habitation now in ashes, while all around was silence and desolation, the father's heart sank within him. He felt himself a lonely and aged man, stripped of his fortune, of his children, and of his hopes. Like the trunk of that blighted mountain-oak, whose branches had been reft by the lightning's blast, and roots dried up by the scorching winds, so stood the heart-broken peer beside those embers, which he supposed were the crumbling remains of all he held dear on earth. He stood but for a moment; for, his shattered constitution yielding to the sudden gush of intense feeling, he swooned upon the spot, and was conveyed on a rude litter, a helpless invalid, back to the American camp. The posse of riflemen pressed their way in pursuit, up the Hudson and Mohawk as far as "Little Falls." On coming to that wild spot, they were sadly perplexed by the indications of savage exploits remaining there, from which they were unable to draw any satisfactory conclusions.

There were several batteaux fastened to the shore, and the rude furniture of an Indian camp lay scattered upon the ground; but to whom they belonged, or where their owners had fled, nothing remained to tell. Convinced, however, that the savages had retreated into the wilderness above this cataract, the force gave over pursuit, pitching their tents, and occupying that position for several days.

Early one morning, as their leader was inspecting the crags of the dangerous pass, or rather was viewing them at a distance through his telescope, a strange moving animal fell within the compass of his vision, which excited his curiosity and surprise. "That beast," said the leader, "has the coat of a bear, but his form and his motions are more like the ape. Can it be that the orang-outang inhabits this wild spot?" The eyes of the whole troop were turned in that direction, where, near the mouth of the cave, a black moving lump was palpably visible to the naked eye. Conjecture was awake to penetrate the mystery; but it remained unsolved. To approach the spot where the black thing hung on the mountain crag, had not entered the imagination of the most adventurous as being possible; for the almost perpendicular cliffs appeared inaccessible. The most practised rifleman of the corps were called out to try their skill on that distant and elevated mark; but the moment the tubes were raised and pointed at the object, the black spot disappeared. This was repeated once and again, until the leader, who was still busy with his glass, declared that nothing short of human intelligence and the skill of a forester, could so adroitly expose himself, by turns, and then elude his riflemen, as did the object of their gaze. Orders were now given to suspend firing, but to make diligent search for some yet undiscovered and sequestered pass up to the pinnacle. The first discovery made by the men was the huge rock lying upon the shore, and still bespattered with blood, which had dried on it. From this they were led to trace its path, as it ploughed down the rocky pass, where the crushed ruins of human forms still lay exposed to the sun and the dews, and were fed upon by the raven, the vulture, and mountain eagle, which for days previous had been seen wheeling in the air over the spot, and lighting down upon the cliffs. As these revolting spectacles met their eyes, the men felt as though they were approaching the place of skulls, where some huge creature revelled in the blood of human victims; and they trembled at the superstitious thought, that the black monster which had appeared to them, and mocked their gunnery, was nothing less than the jackal-caterer of some enormous ogre, who was the presiding genius of the frightful place. As they arrived at the narrow defile before described, while leaning forward, and clinging to the rocks, a hoarse, sepulchral voice, coming from above, saluted their ears. "Hould on, lads; stop where you are, and tell me what you want. Shenandoah and I manage these rocks, or I and Shenandoah's spirit; for they have put sods over his body fifty miles from here, in Oneida; but his spirit told me, on the night I slept on them sods, that he would meet me here where we last baffled the Iroquois."

On casting their eyes upwards, the men perceived that the black monster had ascended to the extreme pinnacle above the cave, and, as his hands

were extended beyond his bear-skin covering, and placed upon the shelving rocks, they discovered that he was a human being, if, indeed, a frame so deformed, a countenance so sinister, and a voice so unearthly, could belong to humanity. The men, fearing to advance, opened a parley.—"Who are you, appearing in such frightful form, and inhabiting the wild crags of this solitary mountain?"

"I am Cudjoe, the right-hand man of Shenandoah, though none but his spirit is with me now! But that's not your *consarn*,—who are you? tell quick, or I'll lay you with them there *varmints* which the vultures feed on."

The men hesitated not to explain that they were Washington's continental troops, out on a scout to rid the country of the bloody Iroquois, who had just been ravaging the country. No sooner was the squire convinced of the truth of this announcement, than, hastening down from the pinnacle, he threw himself before them, in all the passionate rhapsody of a maniac,—now hurriedly recounting the triumphs of Shenandoah, now suddenly checking himself, and saying,—"But his spirit alone is left:" then, bursting into a flood of tears, in all the childishness of irrepressible grief, he would call on the name of Shenandoah, as if he would evoke the chieftain from the clefts of the rocks. In short, the troops perceived that the being before them was a maniac, probably made so by some recent and terrible calamity which had befallen him. They endeavoured to persuade him to leave the spot, and accompany them down the river; but it was in vain. They left him after obtaining from him some dark allusions respecting the safety of the rescued party, who were now in Oneida Castle.

The reader must now go back with us to that stronghold, in order to glean a few particulars explanatory of what has just been recorded. At the close of the ceremony, in which Cudjoe had enacted so conspicuous a part, and when he had uncased and unveiled himself, he learned, for the first time, that the king, his master, had surrendered his lease of life to the King of Terrors. The squire stood and gazed, in speechless wonder, on that commanding brow, rendered more venerable by death, as if unconscious of the presence of any other being. His thoughts seemed abstracted, his eyes fixed. No sigh heaved his bosom, no tear suffused his indurated cheek, or exclamation of grief parted his compressed lips. But as he stood, and gazed, and wondered, and looked the very image of distraction, it was well remarked by Mr. Asbury, "that the fountain of grief in Cudjoe's soul was too deep for its streams to appear on the surface." For forty years this eccentric forester had attended at the side of the chief in all his excursive wanderings. Shenandoah, to him, was like the orb of day to a revolving planet: he was his centre, his all. For this light, therefore, to be put out, and so suddenly, seemed to be extinguishing the very being of the satellite.

After the remains of the king had been deposited, in a sitting posture, where they now repose, which was done on the next day after his decease, and after he had been furnished with his bow and arrows for future use, a pot of honey, and a quantity of scorched maize, to provision him on his way to the celestial hunting grounds, Cudjoe, for the first time, broke silence. The squire now approached the grave, seized the cold hand of his master, and, with a hysteric laugh, wished him good luck, and a speedy return. In the gray of the morning following, the warriors who guarded the sacred spot until palings should be erected around it, beheld the squire, who had clung to the grave all night, removing the sods that he might come at his beloved master. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Yes, spirit of the mighty! I'll meet you where we last triumphed together over the bloody Iroquois."

At this he arose, and plunged into the wilderness, in the direction of Little Falls. From this moment, Cudjoe became an altered, and still more eccentric man. He wandered from place to place, over all that immense region where he had previously been with Shenandoah,—now suddenly appearing at this place, and then at another, hundreds of miles distant. He slept in caves, under shelving rocks, and in hollow trunks of trees; sometimes clothed in skins of wild beasts, but in summer time almost denuded. Wherever he was, he indulged the strange vagary that he was constantly communing with Shenandoah's spirit, and was following his directions in his wanderings.

On the death of Shenandoah, no lineal successor to his throne remained; and the flower of Oneida's tribe being now absent, engaged in war against the colonists, the few remaining warriors elected Cudjoe and Johnstone as a joint regency to govern the tribe, until the voice of the nation could be concentrated on a successor. This choice was dictated by the preference which had been shown by the late chief towards the two individuals selected. But inasmuch as Cudjoe had thus strangely absented himself, the young white chief was urged by the tribe to exercise the functions of the regency alone. After the ceremony of induction, the way-worn travellers were left for several days to recruit themselves, after having passed through so many exciting vicissitudes. But the time of separation was at hand. About a week after the party had become inmates of the castle, on a mellow evening of that delightful Indian summer, a half-breed runner appeared on the lawn without the fort, indicating, by his gestures, a desire to be admitted. He was not of the Oneida nation, and but imperfectly understood their language. The caution of the new regent decided against admitting him into the castle by the subterranean pass-way above described, fearing he might be a spy sent by some hostile tribe. After signs and entreaties had been exhausted in vain by the runner to obtain admittance, he ran to an adjoining forest, soon reappearing with a long pole. On the end of this, he fastened a paper, which appeared like a large letter or packet, and, as he reared up the pole exhibiting the paper on the top, he cried out, in an audible voice, "Washington! Washington!" All eyes were turned toward the paper; but it was too distant for the spectators to decipher the superscription. Lieu-

tenant Stirling applied a pocket telescope to his eye, which he had about his person; and the moment he brought the object within vision, he hurriedly, and with much trepidation, announced,—"It is indeed the autograph of Washington: that bold hand once seen, as I have seen it, can never be mistaken."

Johnstone now ascended to the top of the castle, and in a loud voice, in the Oneida dialect, and repeated in the English, not knowing which the runner might best understand, commanded him to blind his eyes with his belt, muffle his face in his blanket, lie down upon the ground, face downward, and not uncover himself until one should be at his side. The command was obeyed; and Johnstone, leaving the castle by the secret pass, came up to the scout and ordered him to arise. The packet received from the hand of the runner had this address, written in a large, bold hand,—"JENNY BASKET, WESTWARD." Johnstone, observing the superscription, placed the packet in his bosom, and proceeded to blindfold the runner. In this plight, he led him by the hand east, west, north, south, and in a zigzag manner, and at length passed him through the rocky aperture, up the steps to the centre of the enclosure, before he removed the bandage from his eyes. Night fast approaching, the young chief ordered the runner to make himself easy for the night, and he should be despatched with an answer in the morning. Simple as was the direction on the envelope of the packet, it was the cause of no small annoyance to the proud and sensitive mind of the white chief. During the few days of rest which the whole party had enjoyed in the castle, a partial explanation had taken place, by which Johnstone fancied he saw that, in his contemplated union with the heroic Jenny Basket, he was not about to sustain any diminution of his patrician honour. Though he had resolved to wed the Caledonian lass who had saved his life from Butler's tomahawk, and who had revived his sinking heart in the hour of sickness, whatever might be her rank, this eccentric forester was not wholly divested of family pride. "But this letter, superscribed '*Jenny Basket,*' and in the handwriting of Washington, too, who must know the rank of his correspondent," said Johnstone to himself, "leaves my lovely maid but with a plebeian name. Then perish titles, if it must be so!" he quickly added: "better to win nobility of soul, though obscured beneath a rustic garb, than to be allied to rank and title without a soul or heart."

Our heroine, on receiving the letter, fixed her eyes on the well known autograph, as if in doubt whether prudence would allow her to open it before the present company. Silence for some moments ensued. With nervous and agitated hands she broke the seal, tore off the envelope, and read aloud as follows:—

"*To the Honourable Lady S——.*

"MY DEAR LADY.—Certain intimations have reached me, inspiring the hope that yourself, and others who it was feared had perished at the Mountain-house, are still alive. If this shall reach you, feel assured that it will be safe for yourself and friends to return with the bearer hereof. Picquets are established up the Mohawk as far as Little Falls. General Sullivan writes me to say, that the hostile savages have fallen back beyond the Genesee. His lordship, your father, is still an invalid; though I have reason to think, that, could he be relieved from his present cruel suspense, could he feel assured of the safety of his children, he would soon be convalescent. To allay suspicion, you will see that I have superscribed 'Jenny Basket,' as usual. I have the honour to be, your ladyship's obliged and humble servant, G. W."

"P.S.—The enclosed large packet, was committed to my hands by Sir Henry Clinton, through a flag of truce. It is said that the baronet to whom it is directed has abandoned civilized life, and now takes his fortune with the native tribes. Should you hear of such a personage, perhaps you may find means, through our ally, Shenandoah, the Oneida chief, to get it to the proper hands; if not, please return it by the bearer, or bring it with you."

While this letter was being read, the delightful emotions, which sent an electric thrill through the whole frame of Johnstone, became palpable, and beyond concealment. He would have clasped Lady Stirling to his bosom; but when the postscript of the letter came to be read, new emotions seemed to seize him, and his eyes were fixed intently on the packet. The reader closed the postscript, turning the packet in her hand. On one side was a large seal of black wax: an ancient and honourable crest, with armorial bearings, which extended far into antiquity, was displayed upon it. On the other side, in a courtly female hand, appeared this superscription, "SIR WILLIAM JOHNSTONE, BARONET, &c. &c. WESTERN NORTH AMERICA." Johnstone sprang forward, seized the letter, and the hands which held it, holding them between his own, while he pressed the writing passionately to his lips, exclaiming, "My mother! my mother!"

Sir William Johnstone was the son of the Earl of S. The earl had been twice married, and Sir William was the only child of the second wife. More ardent affection never subsisted between mother and son than did between them. The earl, on the contrary, was morose, severe, and pertinacious; and the least transgression against parental law, was with him an unpardonable offence. Without consulting his son upon the subject, and merely to subserve the ends of family aggrandizement, the earl had contracted him in marriage, at the early age of eighteen years, with the daughter of the Marquis of W. The lady was some four years the elder, and without personal or mental attractions. The parents were well pleased with the intended match, and strove to promote it; the young lady was nothing loath; but the very thought of the union was disgusting to the intended bridegroom. During all the persecution which followed his refusal to wed his father's choice, the mother befriended her son. From her own pin-money she bought him a commission; and the first the earl knew of the matter was, that his son William was off with the army in Hol-

land, where the young soldier speedily distinguished himself. His majesty King George III. was more considerate of the young officer's promotion than was his own father, rewarding his chivalrous gallantry by bestowing a baronetcy on him. Being brevetted major, and his regiment being ordered to Canada, to take part in the American struggle, he sailed from Hamburgh without visiting the home of his childhood, or receiving the blessing of the countess, his mother. An affair of honour occurring between him and the colonel of another regiment, Sir William came off with a broken arm, which occasioned his obtaining leave of absence, and finally led to the resignation of his regimental rank, to avoid more unpleasant consequences. His first resolution was to pass through the revolted colonies, and when he should recover from his wounds, to join the English forces at Boston, under command of General Gage. But his journey proving injurious to his wound, he had well-nigh lost his life in the wilderness, and, but for the timely aid of Shenandoah and Cudjoe, who found him languishing and faint beside a spring of water, in the Onandago country, he had died there, and his body had been devoured by beasts of prey.

These generous foresters, being out on a hunting excursion, and finding the young officer thus in extremity, acted the part of the good Samaritan towards him; binding up his wound, placing him on a litter, and conveying him through the forest, by easy stages, to Oneida castle. For the restoration of their young protegée, no Indian skill in the curative art was left unessayed, no kind attentions, consistent with rude habits, were left unbestowed. In short, such were the generosity and kindness of this simple-hearted people toward the baronet, that he was won over to love Indian habits, and, in the excess of his gratitude and eccentricity, he vowed to abandon the heartless forms of conventional society, and betake himself to Indian life. He at once became the chosen companion of the King of the Oneidas, accompanied him and Cudjoe in all their wanderings, readily acquired a knowledge of their language, and, although he was but a learner as yet in Indian arts, a residence of more than two years among them had made him a favourite with all the surrounding tribes. This relation with the Indians, however, had shut him out from correspondence with Europe, and was maintained at great expense to his filial feelings. Hence, when he beheld the well-known family crest on that black seal, he feared that his mother was no more. But when the packet was so turned in the hands of his dear Jane as to display the well-remembered autograph of that fond mother, the warm gushings of his heart overpowered him. The letter brought intelligence of the death of the Earl of S. But although the rash will of the inexorable nobleman, executed on the son's refusal to comply with his wishes, remaining unaltered, disinherited this chivalrous son, a note at the bottom of the letter, in the handwriting of his elder brother, assured Sir William of a competent fortune should he return to England.

The whole letter of the parent breathed the deep feelings of her heart, wherein the formal pride of nobility was forgotten in the gushing affections of the mother. As Miss Stirling, under a sense of wounded feelings and family pride, had read the letter of Washington aloud, by which her rank was vindicated, Sir William scorned to be less generous, and read the letter of his illustrious parent to the present company. The joy and congratulations occasioned by this unexpected eclaircissement, prolonged the conversation to a late hour; and the interest taken in the subject had so beguiled the time, that no one thought it late, until old Nanny, stealing into the room, and whispering in the ear of her mistress that the chickens were getting cold, aroused the newly inducted chief to conduct his guests to the supper room.

Next morning brought the hour of separation. The distressing anxiety of Lord Stirling was to be relieved; Lieutenant Stirling was anxious to rejoin his regiment, and wipe off his partial disgrace, by heroic deeds on the battle-field; Mr. Asbury longed to be lifting the ensign of the cross, and displaying its broad banners from Nova Scotia to the Floridas; Lady Jane still had a pledge to redeem with the illustrious Washington. But, in opposition to some of these plans, Sir William Johnstone was most anxious to consummate a compact which had been written by the finger of love on two young hearts, and which he had faith to believe was ratified and recorded in heaven. The waking dreams of the young chief, during that night, were thus told out to Lady Jane, when they met under the eastern verandah of the castle, just as the subdued rays of a rising Indian summer's sun were gilding the seat where they were sitting. "My love, the obstacle to our immediate union, which you interposed while at the cave of Little Falls, is now removed. It was natural and reasonable that you should wish to know somewhat of my family, before you consented to become mine for life. On leaving England, I made a solemn vow never to reveal my parentage or rank, until, in humble guise, I had won a heart worth my possessing. I hate the conventional usages of my native land, where marriage is made a matter of bargain and sale, to subserve some object of aggrandizement; and where the budding affections of many a young heart are crushed and withered by parental cupidity. My honourable father had attempted to sacrifice me at that shrine. Peace to his ashes! Death brings forgiveness; and the grave obliterates his offence. This unhappy affair fixed a strong repugnance in my mind against politic marriages, and gave birth to my vow. The letter of my dearest mother absolves me from that vow, and, I hope, satisfies my lovely Jane as to my family; but, dearest, I have another vow. The wealth of my brother, though vast, with his new titles and honours as young Earl of S., would have no influence with me, to tear me from this simple people, and bring me again in contact with the vanity and vices of an old state. I love the charms of nature, and I love her children,—I love my dearest Jane; but I can offer her none of the luxuries of wealth; none of the gilded trappings

which glitter around the mansions of nobility in the father-land. I may be called Sir William Johnstone in the splendid hall of my ancestors; and the tears of a countess may be daily shed at my absence; and I am known here but as a companion of Indian warriors, and a humble imitator of the virtues of Shenandoah. But, dearest, Mr. Asbury is about to leave us. Marriage celebrated by him, though he be out of orders, will be effectual in this wilderness, and between hearts that acknowledge a stronger cement than is supplied by an ecclesiastical ceremony." At this juncture the lovers were joined by Lieutenant Stirling and Mr. Asbury, they not being aware that private matters were in discussion. "Have you any objections, Sir William Johnstone," said Lady Jane, "that the conversation which we had begun should be concluded before our friends here present?" The two gentlemen apologized, and both arose to retire. "Stop, my good friends," added Lady Jane,—"Stop," cried Sir William, as both declared their willingness that the present friends should hear all they had to say. Sir William resumed,—"I have been urging my dear lady here to grace your departure (addressing the gentlemen) with a wedding; and while you avail yourselves of the safety and protection guaranteed by the commander-in-chief, that she renounce her schemes of ambition, and become the wife of a humble Indian chief. Say, good friends, shall we be favoured by your counsel in this emergency?"

Lieutenant Stirling was more than delighted with the proposal, and hesitated not to urge his sister to consent to the arrangement, feeling that this blending of the English rose with the Scottish thistle would be a prop to the declining house of Stirling; and knowing, moreover, that the affections of his sister for the young baronet were deep and sincere; while he, possessing a sterling character for truth, sincerity, magnanimity, and every generous virtue, was well worthy the hand of his heroic sister.

Mr. Asbury, with great solemnity, observed, that the parties had been too frank to conceal what, from the first, he had observed, that their hearts were indissolubly united; and he had no doubt their marriage would redound to their own happiness and the glory of God. Wheresoever he should wander up and down the earth, his prayers should ascend the heavenly hill on their behalf, beseeching the Almighty to follow, with his blessing, what his minister might be called to perform in his name, here, in this howling wilderness.

All eyes were turned on Lady Jane, in anxious expectation of a favourable answer. The young lady had taken from her bosom the letter of General Washington; and, holding it open in her hand, in a calm, determined, though slightly tremulous manner, she made the following reply:—

"The war which has been harassing these oppressed colonies for more than five years, is not yet at an end. So long as I am addressed as 'Jenny Basket,' in this handwriting, (turning up the bold autograph of General Washington,) so long is my highest duty, on this side heaven, due to him who has won my allegiance, and has a right to claim my poor services in behalf of this bleeding country. I think Sir William Johnstone was apprised of this when we were in the cave together at Little Falls. My duty to the saviour of his country then formed an obstacle to our union, and it remains unchanged. But that my motives for postponement may not be misunderstood, I here frankly acknowledge, before these witnesses, that my affections are bestowed on the one who now solicits my hand. All objections against his family are now removed. His chosen mode of life forms no obstacle in my mind; nay, rather, it meets my romantic taste. I seek no gilded trappings, nor empty titles, nor imposing display of elevated rank, but deem the simple offerings of the heart,—the heart of him I love, more dear than a royal diadem! Were my present inclinations to be consulted, I might yield to the entreaty of my friends; and I should feel no misgivings as to the validity of a marriage celebrated by the reverend gentleman present, and within the walls of Oneida Castle. But my mind is otherwise fixed; and, in obedience to this letter, I hope, in a few days, to receive the blessing of the commander-in-chief, and to be folded in the arms of my father." Thus saying, Lady Jane arose and left the verandah, to adjust her scanty wardrobe preparatory to her journey.

The parting which took place an hour afterwards, was a severe trial to the white regent. The face of every European was turned from him. Shenandoah was no longer his stay and his guide. Even the eccentric Cudjoe had gone from him; and he was left alone in his chieftainship, to govern his rude kingdom as he might.

Before separating, Lady Jane spent half-an-hour with her young chief in privacy; and on her coming out from that parting interview, she was noticed concealing a fine miniature likeness of the Baronet in her bosom. It was encased in a gold locket, and encircled by a row of diamonds. Also a splendid diamond ring, which had not been seen before by her friends, now sparkled on her finger; and on the ring was richly embossed the family crest of the Earl of S——. How it was possible for Sir William to carry these costly jewels about his person for years, during his wanderings with the Indians, formed a wonder in the minds of all who beheld them. But the Baronet had done no such thing. In the letter which he had received from his mother, and read to his friends, was enclosed another letter, containing these choice articles, accompanied by this memorandum. "The likeness here sent is a copy of the original which you bestowed on me at our last parting, and which I wear upon my bosom. The ring you will recognise as an heir-loom, which I now draw from my finger. Wear them in memory of me, until you find one as dear to yourself as life; and, when you bestow them on her, tell her they are the tokens and memorials of your fond mother, the Countess of S——."

In a few minutes after the separation of the betrothed, the whole party, including the servants, were following the half-breed runner, in Indian file, on the trail towards Utica; while the newly

installed chief was marshalling his red warriors, and inspecting their arms within the castle.

Not many weeks after this separation, and Mr. Asbury was proclaiming the gospel at Savannah, in Georgia, some fifteen hundred miles from Oneida Castle, as the memoirs of his life duly record; Lieutenant Stirling was with his regiment, which had been transferred to York-town, and attached to the southern division of the British army, under command of Lord Cornwallis; the servants, Brown and Nanny, were nursing Lord Stirling at Newburgh, where he was fast recovering; and Jenny Basket, with her painted wares on her arm, was again seen vending them on the battery at New York. Many of her former customers, with whom she was a favourite, were delighted to see her, wondering why she had been so long absent, and rejoiced that the disasters of war had still spared her.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

THE TYRANT'S TOMB.

BY A MANUFACTURER.

It was a well-known doctrine of the ancient Egyptians, that the soul after death passed through the forms of various animals for a period of three thousand years, at the end of which time it resumed its original habitation. As, however, their ideas of a resurrection went no further than the re-animation of the body, *if existing*, it became a point of supreme importance that it should be preserved during this interval, as well from the decay of nature, as from the many accidents to which its helpless condition exposed it. As a protection against the former, that wonderful people had recourse to their ingenious and skilful method of embalming their dead; and as a defence against the latter, those gigantic structures were erected, many of which still remain after the lapse of far more than three thousand years. It was under a deep impression of this belief that the tyrant Cheops, bitterly detested by his oppressed subjects, built the stupendous pile known as the great Pyramid, within whose innermost recesses, intrenched, as the surveys of science inform us, no less with marvellous cunning than surpassing strength, he hoped to frustrate the vengeance of his enraged subjects. After its completion, however, either distrusting its security, or having all along intended it merely as a cloak to his real intentions, he gave private instructions to have his body laid in a secret place, around which the waters of the Nile were introduced; and where, for aught we know, he may be reposing to this day. The pyramid, which he originally intended for his sepulchre, is thought to have been forced soon after the death of its founder, and, at all events, was opened at an early period by one of the Caliphs, in search of the treasures it was supposed to contain.

Nor less a fortress than a tomb—and built
More firmly far than towers, a nation's guard;
Look on the tyrant's grave—and see how hard
It is for man to shield him from his guilt!
Vain builder! when the blood that thou hast spilt,
Cries from the earth to God—with crafty skill—
With giant strength—protect thee as thou wilt,
The hand of vengeance shall pursue thee still!
And yet is somewhat almost of sublime,
In this thy bitter struggle to inherit,
With deadly odds against thee—ruthless time,
And man's revenge—the life thou didst not merit;
Alone within thy gloomy hold—no room
For one tried friend—'tis the true tyrant's tomb!

Tyrant! thou hast but made it over sure:
The day will come when vainly thou shalt call,
And curse the skill that built it too secure,
On this o'erhanging human rock to fall!
And thou hast forged a weapon wherewithal
The hand of man may smite thee. Avarice
Of later times, that deems no richer prize
Within the shelter of this mighty wall
Can be secured, than its own idol, gold,
Hath burst upon thy slumbers. Science, too,
The stone from this thy sepulchre hath roll'd,
And strives, with all her potent arts can do,
To take thee captive in thy last strong hold,
And thus to this great riddle find the clue.—

Yet stay! for he who rear'd this fortress-tomb,
To shield him in his years of helplessness,
Hath found beneath its giant shade, no room,
Nor sleeps within its stern and strong recess.—
Is this vast pile then neither more nor less
Than a grand juggle! a stupendous cheat!
A tyrant's master-piece of craftiness!
To make the tide of vengeance vainly beat
On this unyielding rock, and, baffled, foam
With idle rage, while he sleeps all the while
Within a humbler but a safer home,
Protected by the waves of friendly Nile,
Like him who to the raging beast of prey
His garment throws, and steals unseen away?

Well! be it thou hast cheated man—what then?
Awake! for thy three thousand years are past,
Thy long-forgotten shape resume at last—
And rise triumphant from this dreary den!
Rise! to be great among the sons of men.
See! how they look with wondering awe upon
Thy very tomb! Rise! visit once again
Thy glorious nation—nay—for that—sleep on!
True though it be that death's decisive day
Ends every struggle—finishes all strife—
Dispels all home—yet is there still a way
To vanquish this last enemy—and life
A life of bliss eternal to provide—
But, ah! 'tis not the way which thou hast tried!

A GREEK WAR SONG.

The footsteps of freedom are red,
And bloody and deep on the field;
The eagle's plume waves on her head,
The lion's mane flows on her shield.
Her banner, defiance to slaves,
Dark vengeance her long rusted spear,
She points to Thermopylæ's graves;
And in sounds that their tenants might hear,
She cries to the Greek, Let your battle-note be,—
The triumph! the triumph! or fall of the Free!

From the slumber of ages awake,
Arouse from the torpor of death!
The shackles of tyranny break,
To the flame give the scimitar's sheath!
At morning and night let my breath
On the breeze of your mountains be borne,
And twined in an undying wreath
Let my name by your warriors be worn!
Throughout all their ranks let the battle-note be,—
The triumph! the triumph! or fall of the Free!

Defeat and disaster may come;
Let danger your energy raise,
For clouds may o'ershadow the sun,
That's destined at noontide to blaze.
Then hasten and on to the fray,
The Turk and the Argive are met;
Oh let not posterity say,
Your hand could its cunning forget;—
On hill and on vale let your battle-note be,—
The triumph! the triumph! or fall of the Free!

J. A.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND JUSTIFICATION OF JOHANNES RONGE.*

After looking into most of the pamphlets and tracts, which have appeared in this country, upon that religious-political movement in Germany, of which John Ronge is, if not the leader, an animating spirit, we are still at a loss to know how it is regarded by the most active and prominent portion of the religious world of Britain. At first the new German Reformation appeared to be hailed among us with joyful surprise; but latterly doubts have been cast upon both its objects and instruments. John Ronge and his coadjutors, in their "Calls," "Addresses," and appeals, seem to have overstepped the prescribed line of demarcation. They denounce other priestly abuses and tyrannies, besides those of Rome, and would carry forward a Catholic into a Protestant reformation. We now, therefore, in this country, begin to hear the movement described as mainly "political," and some pains are even taken to beget suspicion of its real character, and to stir up prejudice against the "Reformed Catholics," who contend for emancipation from all sorts of spiritual domination, whether lay or clerical. The new Reformers would, in short, so far as we comprehend what is still very imperfectly understood in England, like our Quakers and some Independent congregations, place all religious power in the hands of the people.

Before Ronge took his stand on Reformation principles, a love of religious freedom had arisen in Germany. To combat this rising spirit, and retain the people in spiritual trammels, the Roman Catholic clergy were roused into preternatural activity, and, in an evil hour for the Catholic Church, the Bishop of Treves was, in the middle of the nineteenth century, so far left to himself as to exhibit the famous "Holy Coat of Treves." It was visited by a million, or a million and a half, of deluded devotees, who, on making the proper gifts, received absolution and indulgences, while many miracles were, at the same time, worked on the maimed and diseased, by the precious vestment. This was too much for the patience of an earnest and zealous young man like Ronge, whose mind had already revolted against the spiritual despotism to which he had been subjected. He proclaimed the impudent imposture, renounced all connexion with the Church of Rome, and called upon his countrymen to follow his example, and to throw off, not alone the yoke of the Pope, but of the Bishops and the State. The newspapers have, from month to month, shown the spirit in which this "Call" was responded to in Prussia, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Baden, and other places, until the excitement had kindled so high, and spread so far, that the authorities took alarm as to where all this was to end; and some of them endeavoured to stop the movement, as dangerous to social order and existing institutions, which they had at first winked at or approved. Before giving a sketch of the Autobiography of Ronge, we shall quote a few passages from his "Call to a New Reformation," as the best mode that we can adopt of displaying the bold opinions of the new reformer:—

> Only a few months ago, a dense cloud of darkness overshadowed our minds, which became ever deeper and deeper. It appeared as if the mental attainments of the preceding century were destined to be buried in the tomb of the nineteenth; as if the civilization of Europe should sink under the load of religious hypocrisy and barbarism, the offspring of Jesuitry and Pietism; as if the spirit of Christianity itself should be extinguished by the heathenism and priestcraft of Rome. Many who were capable of casting a look into the future became dispirited, and gave themselves up to lamentation; yet those who viewed history as a record, not of accidental occurrences, but of the grand acts of Providence in human affairs; who had penetrated deeply into the drift of the hierarchies of the land, and appreciated correctly the power of the German public mind, never, even in this their midnight gloom, lost courage or yielded to despair. They perceived that the fabric of Romish tyranny, founded on falsehood and hypocrisy, would, sooner or later, be shattered to pieces by the Christian spirit of the age. And the event has justified their anticipations. In point of fact, as the pretensions of Rome, and the insolence of Jesuitism, exceeded all bounds, and as a portion of the pietistical-Protestant clergy vied with Jesuitism itself in hierarchical encroachments, recommending and striving to introduce auricular confession, family *espionage*, and other abuses, the deeply oppressed Christian soul of man wakened with wrathful energy; the spirit of the age burst its degrading fetters, and tore to shreds the veil of hypocritical sanctity which covered the bald heads of the modern sinful Pharisees. . . . . Wider and wider, and with stormy power, the excitement spread abroad, "Save us!" cried thousands of voices; "We thank thee, God, that we have lived to see this day!" exclaimed gray-headed men, who, animated by the purest patriotism, had, in the years 1813 and 1814, risked their lives in the trenches and in the field for freedom.
>
> Rome and her slaves lost no time in bringing this holy enthusiasm under suspicion as dangerous to the state, as socialistic, and so forth: they betook themselves to their old sin against the Holy Ghost, to bringing *mind* under suspicion; *they suspected and continued to suspect the Spirit of God in man, and to brand that Spirit as criminal*; they calumniated the patriotism and love of freedom of the German nation, as high treason. For a brief space, the movement was misunderstood, partly because at first the enthusiasm appeared too general and strong, partly because from differences in the reports of the events at Schneidemühl and Breslau, the victory of the nineteenth century seemed still undecided. But when the union of the congregations took place; when it was clearly perceived that the nineteenth century would no longer quarrel (hadern) about this or that article of belief; that the new age cast from it all hatred founded on differences of faith, and that now, at least, the kingdom of Christian love was about to begin; when, above all, the shout of welcome arose from the greater portion of the Protestant population—then awoke not only the priestly spirit of Rome, but also that of corrupt Pietismus. Few ventured to attack our cause itself; for it is so clear and simple, that every child may understand it. They sought for terms with which to calumniate it, and bring it under suspicion:—*modern heathenism*, want of positive articles of faith, want of scientific foundation—these are the taunts with which they seek to put down the new Reformation.

* The German Reformer. Translated from the fifth edition, by John Lord, A.M. London: Chapman, Brothers.

After denouncing the frauds, hypocrisy, and mystical dogmas of Popery, Ronge proceeds :—

With you, fear takes the place of love in the Gospel! Only believe firmly in the devil! This personage is of great importance to you. And what do you call science? Is it your incomprehensible dogmas, with which, like dolls, you have been taught to play from your earliest infancy? The highest science is truly this — to understand our time; and the most powerful logic is that which, from historical premises, draws practical conclusions to advance the well-being and dignity of humanity, the salvation and happiness of our father-land!

But is it only the priests of Rome who utter these accusations? No. There are clergymen called Protestant, who scruple not to take open part with Rome, because (as some of them have candidly avowed) their worldly interests are endangered. A traitorous priesthood every where sells Christ for silver and gold; but this Protestant hierarchy and priesthood is far more despicable than that of Rome, because its guilt is double. Oh! would the world believe it, if conviction were not forced on it by facts, that so called Protestant preachers and religious instructors more willingly give the hand of fellowship to jesuitism and popery than come out of their corrupt limbo of affected sanctity and of hierarchical conceit — that German men and fathers prefer surrendering their names and their children to hierarchy (Rome) and Cossack barbarism (Russia,) rather than exchange their tithes and official fees for an honourable maintenance! But the true spirit of Protestantism neither can nor will forgive such conduct. Already has it pronounced a strict and righteous judgment upon many of these pietistical abettors of jesuitism and priestcraft, and the others will not escape. Wo to you who mock and scorn the spirit of true Christianity! Your tongues shall become dumb, and your hands shall become paralyzed! See how the flame flashes brighter and brighter in the really Protestant church! Wo to you who dare to arrest the wheel of the world's history: it will crush us to atoms.

We transcribe a passage from another of Ronge's addresses, in which he denounces auricular confession, money-fines, the celibacy of the priests, and indulgences. It runs thus :—

The Romish Bishops have introduced the wicked and usurious trade which is driven in the stipends for masses. Only a few of my fellow-believers will know of the disgraceful traffic which makes me shudder at the bottom of my soul when I think of it. Is it not a disgraceful traffic, when priests take from wives and mothers, whose pale face hunger is gnawing, money for a mass!—bread pinched from the hungry children! Oh, I find no words for such wickedness! And further, my fellow citizens, how name you this traffic, when one priest gives to another priest masses to perform for sevenpence, for which he has received one shilling and sixpence, or two shillings! This trade, this treachery, is carried on at this very hour to a dreadful extent.

Whatever may be thought of this style of declamation, it is based on truth, and therefore well adapted to the popular mind.

The jealousy with which the German governments soon came to view the spontaneous and simultaneous outburst of enthusiasm among the people, to whom the letter of Ronge denouncing the imposture of the Holy Coat acted as fire to gunpowder, gives countenance to the notion, that the new movement had political bearings, though it was not more political than every such movement for freedom of opinion must necessarily be. It is not possible to disjoin the desire of freedom from ecclesiastical or spiritual domination from the love of political liberty. We have no means of estimating the number of reformed congregations, or of protesting individuals now existing in the different German states; but they must be far too numerous and too earnest, to sanction the idea that this movement is but a temporary ebullition of enthusiasm, soon to pass away. However it may all settle down, the upheaving has been too violent and far-spread to permit the belief that the elements of change had not been long gathering, and secretly fermenting in the best portion of the mind of Germany, and that Ronge and the "Holy Coat" were but an accidental and premature mode of its expression. Ronge is, therefore, rather to be regarded as the pioneer of a new Protestant movement, which may yet reach much farther than Germany, than as its leader and directing spirit. It would even be rash to say what form it may assume; but, in the meanwhile, as an effort at emancipation from all kinds of spiritual despotism, every true Protestant, every Protestant in spirit, as well as in name, is bound to wish it success. Before the new edifice is reared, the foundations must be prepared, by pulling down and clearing away the rubbish which impedes the work, and Ronge is well adapted to such labour.

In this country, there seems to be as great a variety of opinions respecting Ronge himself, as about his designs. All must admit him to be a bold, high-minded, and fearless thinker, though doubts or fears have arisen about his orthodoxy: some fancy that he and his friends do not go far enough in denouncing every separate petty tag and rag of the old Lady of Babylon; while others, or indeed the very same persons, consider him latitudinarian in his religious views. All that, at this stage, can be truly affirmed is, that having cast off many points of an out-worn creed, John Ronge and his friends have not yet thoroughly concocted a substitute for it. Renouncing the dogmatism of the Church of Rome, they have not yet embodied, in a specific creed, a dogmatism of their own.

But laying aside what may be the consequences of his bold revolt, the autobiography of a man like John Ronge must be full of interest. We have read nothing like it since perusing the account of the early life and mental struggles of Blanco White. Ronge is a native of Silesia. He thus introduces himself :—

I was born on the 16th of November, 1813, at Bischofswalde, a village in the Neisse department, near the Suden mountains. I am the third child of my parents, who owned a small farm in Bischofswalde. Beside myself, there were also ten others, of whom two died young. We were, at an early age, put to labour; and, while my eldest brother assisted my father in the field, I, as the second son, tended his small flock of sheep. And this was my chief occupation from six to twelve years of age, during the spring, summer, and autumn. In winter, I was also employed in other necessary work. My father was earnest, fearless, of a sound mind, and without superstition. He died in March, 1842. My mother devoted herself wholly to the family, and died, October, 1831.

I received the first rudiments of education at the village school. Instruction was confined, in the upper classes, to reading, writing, arithmetic, sacred history, and committing the church catechism to memory. It was not until the last year at school, that geography and Silesian history were taught. In my solitary life, as a shepherd (for I learned sacred history and the catechism in the fields, beside the flock,) I often thought on serious subjects, — on *time* and *eternity*; and thoughts on these, at times, filled me with sadness.

One of my teachers persuaded my father to send me to the gymnasium, which he would not have done, on account of his large family, had it not been for the teacher's persuasions.

Ronge went to the gymnasium of Neisse, in 1827, and remained for nine years; but displayed a much stronger passion for German history and national literature, than for classical learning. He proceeds—

With feelings of intense delight, I entered the University of Breslau. I felt, and I knew that I was free; nor did I abuse my time and liberty by idleness and dissipation. Intimate with a circle of noble young men, we zealously endeavoured both to cultivate the mind and strengthen the body. For a profession, I made choice of theology, because, feeling an inclination for teaching and instructing, I thought the ecclesiastical profession peculiarly adapted to me. Though I then despised the forms and formulæ with which it was encumbered, I did not know, as I do now, the system of compulsion and hypocrisy which is maintained by the Roman hierarchy. Many of my friends, fearing that my spiritual liberty would be endangered, endeavoured to dissuade me from choosing the ecclesiastical profession. But I flattered myself that I had sufficient strength to encounter the dangers, and successfully to pursue my labours. The assistance which my father rendered me, united with a small stipend, was sufficient for my support, and he left me free to choose my profession. But, as I saw that my father was oppressed by the cares of his large family, and as I did not wish to take any thing from the small patrimony of my brothers and sisters, I deemed it my duty, as soon as possible, to make myself independent. And this, I blush not to say, was the worldly reason which induced me to become a catholic priest. And how many priests are there, I would ask, who have not been influenced by similar reasons? . . . .

In December, 1839, I entered the Seminary. Then commenced my bitterest days and my severest conflicts. The confidence which I had thus far felt for my spiritual teachers was destroyed when I saw them in close proximity, and when I perceived how religion was perverted in order to oppress and subjugate the people. Yea, when I saw what a frightful web of hypocrisy *Rome* sought to entangle them in from the cradle to the grave,—when I saw how the holiest things were treated with scorn, and all dignity of mind suppressed, I was *filled* with the deepest amazement and indignation. I felt myself, for the first time, galled with disgraceful fetters, and also perceived the sufferings of my companions, which were the more bitter, inasmuch as they dared not tell the causes of their sorrow. The Roman hierarchy knows very well how to bind all Christians *of* the Catholic faith with bonds which they cannot break;—*it* knows more wonderfully than Moses did, how to bring water from the dry rock—even money *from* an impoverished people. But its greatest art is seen in the highest perfection in the education of the inferior clergy. It has bound them so securely with spiritual and worldly ties, that it is next to impossible to escape from them. The great workshop where these fetters are now forged is the theological seminary. *Here* the young man receives indelibly the stamp of bondage. Here is he, who would devote himself to the elevation of the people, trained to consecrated idleness. *Here* is his spirit, excited by fears and religious ordinances, forced to a blind obedience. Here is his mind trained to hypocrisy, and his heart to a cold selfishness. *In* short, here is the whole man, body and soul, degraded to the condition of a slave, and a tool, without the power of will. The spiritual torments of these victims are dreadful. . . . . Oh! all my fibres tremble when I think on the insults we endured, and on the disgraceful treatment we received; and I only wish that my pen was a flaming torch, which could illuminate that dark and deep abyss, in which, even amid songs of praise, all the better feelings were suppressed, and the mind itself subdued. . . . .

MY FIRST DAYS IN THE SEMINARY.

On the very first day after I entered the seminary, I perceived on the countenances of most of my companions, according to their peculiar condition, perplexity, fear, and profound melancholy, which, at best, were only relieved by a sort of desponding resignation. Six of my companions occupied with me the same cell, and, in the first evening, not a single word was spoken by one of them. All six were so miserable, or so disturbed, that no noise escaped them as they sunk to sleep. Forty young men, in the vigour and strength of their days, glided about like so many mutes. In gloomy silence each gazed upon the other, and the friend scrutinized the face of his friend as if he would look into his heart. They sought that heroism which at once sacrifices the happiness of youth, liberty, all worldly hopes and desires, in order, as we were taught, the better to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-creatures; as if one could elevate mankind to independence and dignity while he himself was without the same. But what alarmed and sickened me the most was, the spiritual torpor which universally prevailed; produced, on the one hand, by oppression; and, on the other, by dejectedness. The young man of twenty-four had relinquished, for ever, the world, and had severed the dearest ties which bound him to society.

The interior, the domestic arrangements, and the sickening tedium, the idleness, and hypocrisy of the Seminary, where five hours of the twenty-four were daily consumed in reciting Latin prayers, "always the same," are vigorously portrayed; and Ronge conjures the German mothers to remember the matrons who, in ancient times, destroyed their children rather than see them the slaves of conquering Rome, and to rescue their sons from the more degrading slavery now imposed by the Bishop of Rome. A visit to his family restored the spirits of the young candidate, though the sense of the spiritual thraldom under which he was placed, and which, as a youth set apart to the holy office, he was destined to impose upon others, rankled in his mind.

From the joy of his sisters' welcome, he tells—

I was awakened by a humiliating exhibition of the force of superstition. An old man known to me from childhood paid me a visit. When I reached forth my hand for the cordial and friendly shake, the old man would have kissed it! But shall old age thus bend to youth! Shall I, who, by my profession, am only a servant, become the instrument of humiliation to my fellow-creatures! Oh, Rome! you mingle poison with your holy oil! You would subvert the dignity of man. People gazed at me strangely and slyly, as if I had become a superhuman being. And why! By the ordinance of the Pope! Oh, no: surely my connexion with Rome made me no superior being, but rather a hypocrite and a slave. At last the time came for my ordination, and, with many ceremonies and a heavy heart, I was led into the church, decked out as a victim for sacrifice. Reflections on my father, and on my brothers and sisters, the prejudices of the Catholic world, which, for the most part, believes in the eternity of the Roman servitude, (called church,) depressed my spirits.

Ronge went to Grottkau as a teacher, and also as a preacher or chaplain, but resolved to speak the truth—to be no hypocrite. He continues:—

It was in the school, chiefly, that I was most at home, and the most successful. This seemed to me like a holy garden in which the mind of youth was developed, where their thoughts flashed forth like beautiful lightnings, and where the purest atmosphere was breathed. I always loved children; and in the school, too, I was free from the espionage which existed when I preached, and which always depressed my spirits and crippled my words. I was free from the humiliating

feelings which the confessional chair excited, when I was worshipped as an idol, and made a judge of the thoughts and consciences of my fellow-men. When oppressed by the yoke of the hierarchy, I fled to the school, and this retreat uniformly invigorated me. Little did those children know what good they did me. As far as in my power, I laboured against superstition and Phariseeism, in the pulpit, and in the confessional chair, as well as in the school. Still the results were small, in consequence of the systematic and constant opposition which the hierarchy makes to all spiritual progress among the people.

Ronge's motives for finally revolting against the spiritual despotism of the Pope, are given, in the autobiography, at a length which precludes our transcribing any part of them. In the first place, his mind revolted at its degrading subjugation, and from the mummeries, as he now felt them, which he was daily compelled to practise in keeping alive superstition among the people. He, in the second place, opposed the domination of Rome, because it was opposed to the instruction of the people; and, thirdly, because it teaches a religion which is hostile to the happiness of mankind, and opposed to the fundamental principles of Christianity; because it has introduced customs and abuses at war with the spiritual and temporal elevation of the people; and because it seeks to sustain the dominion of a privileged priesthood. Other causes, almost as cogent, are stated. Ronge was called in question, by his spiritual superiors, for some of his opinions, and this in a manner which he considered inconsistent even with the laws and usual customs of the Romish Church; and he wrote a spirited reply. On this and other grounds of attack he thus defends himself.

It has been urged against me that, although it was all true which I had written, still I had no right to make the truth known! But let those trembling slaves of authority, who insult the truth, know, that I have not only the right so to do, but also that duty compels me. I wrote that article with the feelings of a German who indignantly beheld the encroachments of the Roman hierarchy; who beheld German teachers of the people lending themselves as tools to extend, more and more audaciously, this ecclesiastical tyranny, when they ought to be leading their nation to liberty and independence, without which virtue is scarcely possible. I wrote that article as a teacher of the people whose duty it is to call things by their right names, although injustice may be committed on the very steps of the altar, and of that pontifical throne which has been venerated for one thousand years.

His principal persecutor was Dr. Ritter, who, at this time, administered the affairs of the bishopric of Silesia, and carried matters with a high hand among the inferior clergy. When Ronge first conceived the idea of reforming the Catholic Church, he imagined that this was to be most successfully attempted by the assembling of synods, in which the laity should have a voice and a part; and, with this view, he, in the autumn of 1843, published a pamphlet, in which he also described the abuses of the Roman Church, and the conduct of Dr. Ritter and his satellites. To this bold measure he was farther provoked by "the violence and extravagances which the jesuitical party" were displaying throughout Germany, and especially in Silesia. He states,

Dr. Ritter continued to play the part of Providence in the bishopric, and to send rain on the just and on the unjust. The inferior clergy, who, when opposed to the higher, have few or no rights, were treated with despotic cruelty. At that time, one was reminded of the days of feudal barbarity. In some places, as in Brieg, affairs came actually to violence. But Dr. Ritter had willing tools, and they fulfilled his orders. He, in addition to other usurpations, interdicted marriages between Catholics and Protestants. He commanded the old Silesian ritual to be observed, which had originated in the time of persecution for witchcraft. In the seminary, he ordered the students always to appear in a clerical dress among their fellow-citizens. Fanaticism gradually was kindled among the younger chaplains, and the old curates saw themselves surpassed at once in piety. Numerous rosary and breviary unions were instituted. Mr. Schneeweiss was encouraged to import rosaries from Bavaria, and to perform the most sensual services of an abominable Jesuitism. The people were heavily taxed, to enrich, as it was reported, the Jesuits of Bavaria. The gymnasiasts were compelled to become members of these unions, which were extended in every direction. Collections were every where made for convents and nunneries. Dr. Ritter wanted nothing but the episcopal mitre. In this desire, however, he was disappointed: Mr. Knauer, a mild and humane priest, was elected. But he was accused, in consequence of the intrigues of the hierarchical party at Rome, of incapacity, and hence his consecration was delayed for more than a year, during which time disturbances increased in the bishopric.

The ferment is not unlike, in character, though differing in degree, that caused of late, in some districts of England, by the fantastic tricks of some of the Puseyite parochial clergy. Ronge was immediately called to account by Dr. Ritter; called to account, he alleges, for "speaking the truth."

He who but a short time before gave me the injunction to declare the truth, without fear of man, and which as a priest I was bound to declare, presumed to call me to account for the same! Is religion a thing to be thus mocked and played with? Should I not tell the truth? And did I not declare it when I said that the thirty years' war in Germany, and the revolutions of France and Spain, were caused by the intrigues and corruption of the Roman priesthood?—and shall I not be permitted to write what I know to be true, and what is related in every schoolboy's manual? I also said, that the calumnies and dissensions of the candidates for the bishopric were the probable reasons why the Pope delayed the confirmation of Mr. Knauer.

Ronge was not disposed to submit tamely, and yet the interest of his orphan brothers and sisters, who depended upon him, inclined him to be prudent; though, when compromise was found incompatible with truth and honour, he braved the worst that poverty and privation could threaten or inflict. It must be remembered that Ronge was still a young man, and one who had lived more in schools and colleges, and small communities, than in enlightened mixed society. Nay, there is even room to doubt if his fiery zeal for truth was not, at first, alloyed by something like violence or wrong-headedness. It was not needful for an apostle of truth that the cut of his beard and of his coat should give occasion of offence; though the charge might be only seized as a pretext that, from his garb, no one would take Ronge for a Catholic priest. However all this might be, (and we think that Ronge, in the affair of vestments, mistook the reverse of wrong for right,) Dr. Ritter found no fewer than seventy chaplains in Silesia, who publicly begged of him to remove the bold young man with the long hair and short coat and uncanoni-

cal stock, from his office; and Ronge was dismissed accordingly, and the fact notified to the whole Silesian clergy. The citizens of Grottkau took a very different view from that of their clergy; and Ronge is proud to tell that

On the very day that my suspension was publicly known, I received, without solicitation, a testimonial respecting the way I had discharged my sacred office, and it was signed wholly by Catholics. This declaration, and my defence, I sent without delay to the Vicariat's office. After the testimonial was sent, still more citizens were anxious to subscribe, and regretted that their testimony could not be added.

This testimony is highly honourable to Ronge in every respect, and it is subscribed by the leading citizens of the town.

He was not the man quietly to submit to the arbitrary sentence of the vicarial court. He defended himself; and also inserted an account of the whole proceedings in a newspaper before he left Grottkau. On this occasion he states:—

Although I had refused a comfortable independence, which the office of a Catholic priest secures, and did not know how long I should be a wanderer, yet the feeling, at last, of freedom from the yoke of Rome, which I had worn for three years, was indescribable. Trusting to the justice of my cause, and to the power of youth, it seemed to me that I had come from a dark and frightful dungeon to the beautiful light of heaven. A new courage animated me. A new and beautiful world bloomed before me. Now I would work and live as a free teacher of the people, and a true priest of the German nation. . . . . .

Nothing galled me more bitterly, and filled me with more sadness, than the mortification which my brothers and sisters had to suffer from the many bad reports respecting me. Being simple country people, brought up in Catholicism, young and inexperienced, they could not appreciate the reasons which induced me to relinquish my situation. And although they had unbounded faith in me, this faith was weakened, when they saw themselves disappointed of their just claims to future support. They entreated me, repeatedly, to re-enter upon the duties of my office, because they suffered so much by calumniation. These things caused me my bitterest hours.

Ronge might have continued, for a time, to exercise his functions as a priest; but then, he remarks:—

With what countenance could I have stood before my fellow-citizens, and have spoken to them of the dignity of man, when I myself was a coward and a slave, and frightened about a morsel of bread which was allotted to me by the Roman priest, and when I allowed my religious convictions to be trodden under foot? The resolution became firm in me,—to die a hungry death rather than dishonour myself, and do injury to the rights of my fellow-citizens and companions in office. But to leave no way untried which might confirm my rights and privileges, I wrote to the vicarial office that I would appeal, on this subject, to the new bishop.

Knauer, the new bishop, who had succeeded to that dignity in spite of the intrigues of Dr. Ritter to obtain the mitre for himself, seems to have been a mild and benevolent old man; and it raises our estimate of Ronge, that he can discriminate between this venerable prelate and such men as Dr. Ritter. He states,

I found Bishop Knauer, when I told him my grievances, quite different from the rest of the Catholic clergy. He received me as an old man who knew how to gain the confidence of youth. There was no trace of that mingled humility and pride, hauteur and condescension, which characterise most of his brother prelates. When I related my affairs to him, he answered, "that he was acquainted with them all, and that they were settled; that all I had to do was to entreat Dr. Ritter to recall the suspension." I replied that, being of a vehement temper, I was, under present circumstances, but little fit to negotiate with Dr. Ritter. Then he offered himself to speak with that gentleman, and asked me if I was the author of the article. I replied in the affirmative. "Why, then," continued he, "have you exposed yourself to the prosecution of your antagonist?" "Because," said I, "it was my duty to express the general demands of the citizens, and of the inferior clergy, and because no other clergyman seemed to be fitted for the task." After this, he was silent, but objected to my acceptance of the offered tutorship, because, he said, he wanted me in the diocese. He then ordered me to appear again in the afternoon.

When, at the appointed time, I again waited on the bishop, he appeared somewhat perplexed and reserved, in consequence, as it appeared, of his conversation with Dr. Ritter, who had spoken in a disparaging way respecting me, and pretended that I had been summoned and had not appeared. Now this is false. A condemnation is not a summons. I did not show that Dr. Ritter had reported a falsehood. But Bishop Knauer, a man of eighty years of age, found it inconvenient to have dissensions with the clergy of the chapter, and thus excused himself—"that he was not yet fully installed in office, and could not therefore act as a competent judge"—(it was the day before his consecration.) I made no other reply than in the expression of my countenance, and retired, and went to my new place of destination, where I taught the children of the officers of the place.

This was a large mining village in Upper Silesia; and here, after a season of great depression, Ronge recovered his spirits in the zealous discharge of his duties, and remained in quiet until the affair of the "Holy Coat." His famous letter to the Bishop of Treves on the "Holy Coat," which was written in October 1844, for ever ended all hope of his future connexion with the Roman Catholic Church. He says of this letter, which he feared no one would publish, "From the moment that I saw my article in print, I felt that the spring of light and liberty had commenced in my father-land." As many of our readers must already have seen this celebrated letter, which was extensively published in the English newspapers at the time, we shall not quote it in full. Ronge had no faith in the relic; but he comes to the true point when he says,—that its worship, the many thousands of deluded devotees who crowded to Treves to swell the gains of the priests who exhibited it, and the moral evils and physical inconveniences and hardships attending all such pilgrimages, make it, as to the results, of little consequence whether the coat in question was spurious or genuine. This letter, addressed to Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, is certainly neither conceived in the meekest spirit nor expressed in the mildest terms; but little respect was due to those capable of perpetrating the pious fraud exposed; and the animated, if declamatory, epistle fully answered the writer's purpose. One passage runs thus:—

In the name of Christianity, in the name of the German nation, I conjure you to put a stop to this abominable exhibition, and withdraw the coat in question from the public gaze, that it may give no further reproach. Do you not know,—as bishop, you must know,—that the founder of the Christian religion left to his disciples and followers, not his *coat*, but his *spirit*? His coat, Bishop Arnoldi, belongs to his executioners. Do you not know,—as bishop, you must know,—that

Christ taught that God is a spirit, and they who worship *Him*, must worship Him in *spirit* and in *truth*? . . . Do you not know,—as bishop, you must know,—that it was not till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that the vigorous and healthy spirit of the Germans was humbled to the worship of images, introduced by the crusades, when the high spiritual idea of the Godhead was obscured by the introduction of Eastern fables? You see, Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves,—you know better than I can express to you, the effects which the idolatrous reverence for relics brought upon us, namely, the spiritual and external bondage of Germany; and yet you scruple not to expose your relics for public veneration!

In the concluding sentence, the clergy are thus conjured:—

Show yourselves to be the true disciples of Him who offered up all for the truth, light, and liberty. Show that *you* have not inherited his *coat*, but his *spirit*.

On the appearance of this inflammatory letter, which produced the effect of fire set to a vast collection of combustibles, prepared and ready to ignite, the Bishop of Breslau called upon Ronge to state whether or not he had written it. He instantly replied that the letter was "no forgery," and that he was prepared to drag to light iniquity, though concealed behind altars for a thousand years. He had only done his duty in expressing the indignation which so many of the German people felt at this exhibition of the "Holy Coat." What, he asks,

would have been said, if the inferior clergy or other Christians had sought to gain fifty thousand thalers by that exhibition? Have the Apostles—has Christ—encouraged such things by their example? Christ fed, and not extorted money from, the hungry multitude who came to him; and was moved with indignation when he told them in the temple that his house was for prayer, and not for merchandise.

I have spoken the truth, and, therefore, shall not recant. I have the firm conviction that the sublime author of our religion numbers me among his disciples, and I live in the belief that my fellow-citizens and Christians will not exclude me from their communion. Millions of men have read and received my statements with joy, because they believed they came from an honest heart. On this account I have obtained the love of the millions. I am not deceived in this love, which will not be withdrawn in consequence of your reproach or persecution.

Ronge was, as matter of course, "degraded, and excommunicated;" and ordered to return to the bishop the documents which he had received at his ordination.

The Autobiography of Ronge concludes with an animated call upon all Christian nations to rouse themselves, and unite to "break the yoke of dogmas;" to "break the sway of hypocritical priests."

The affair of the "Holy Coat" was the signal of revolt. A considerable number of churches, in different places, followed their pastors, and declared themselves of the Reformed Catholic Church. Among the most eminent of the protesting or dissenting pastors was Czerski, pastor of the church at Schneidemühl. Most of these churches have put forth Confessions, differing, in small points, from each other; but all agreeing in throwing off the supremacy of the Pope; declaring that the church has no head except Jesus Christ; and denouncing the worst errors of Romanism, its hierarchy, the mediation of saints, auricular confession, the celibacy of the clergy, celebrating mass in a language which the people do not understand, &c. &c. Some of the Confessions of Faith are bolder, and go much farther, abjuring all kinds of spiritual domination. And the "Call" of Ronge, it will be seen, even from the detached passages that we have quoted above, couples Jesuitism with Pietism, and contends for the utmost freedom of religious opinion.

Into what form these new German churches may ultimately settle down, or what articles of faith they may adopt, it is not yet easy to conjecture. If we are to judge by the opinions promulgated by Ronge, it must be something different not only from Romanism and Rationalism, but from Protestantism, as it now exists in several forms in Germany.

By those who have lately seen him in Germany, Johannes Ronge, (pronounced Rrongé,) is described as a handsome man, with a fine clear voice, piercing eyes, and flowing locks of black hair, which his votaries, at their banquets, sometimes crown with flowers. This may appear sufficiently puerile to us, who, instead of banquets, and toasts, and flowing cups, are accustomed to see our large religious social assemblages, of both sexes, meeting at substantial public breakfasts and *soirees*. But Germany has its own usages, and the main fact is, the enthusiastic reception which greets Ronge in all the cities which he is permitted to visit,—the crowds that gather to hear his animated if somewhat declamatory sermons, and the uneasiness of the governments who order him off from their territory as a disturber of the public peace. But, persecuted in one city, he flees to another, and thus that excitement is kept up to which petty persecution only furnishes fresh fuel.

We may add, that Ronge, as an individual, seems already half forgotten in the tumultuary heavings of which he has been an exciting cause. It remains to be seen whether he is a man made to be forgotten, or to have the movement, which he has originated, taken wholly out of his hands.

SONNET.

ON READING TALFOURD'S "ION."

As one who, sailing on the shining sea
That bears the Cyclades upon its breast
Like floating swans, and, in its wild unrest,
Bathes Athos in a perpetual baptistery
Of spray and billow—so I float along,
Steep'd in delight, on the charm'd tide of song.
But Athos casts its shadow o'er the wave,*
As sinks the westering sun; and darkly falls
Over the bark its giant gloom, and thralls
The mariner's heart:—so sudden and so grave
The change that passes o'er me. In the strain
Are under-tones of wo,—deep, broken-hearted,
Darkening the soul;—so be it—in my brain
Sadness and Song were never long disparted.

LL.D., T.C.D.

* Athos is reported to throw its shadow as far as Lemnos, some sixty or eighty miles across the Egean.

NOTES ON GILFILLAN'S "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(*Continued from page 29 of our January number.*)

JOHN KEATS.

MR. GILFILLAN introduces this section with a discussion upon the constitutional peculiarities ascribed to men of genius; such as nervousness of temperament, idleness, vanity, irritability, and other disagreeable tendencies ending in *ty* or in *ness;* one of the *ties* being "poverty;" which disease is at least not amongst those morbidly cherished by the patients. All that can be asked from the most penitent man of genius is, that he should humbly confess his own besetting infirmities, and endeavour to hate them: and, as respects this one infirmity at least, I never heard of any man (however eccentric in genius) who did otherwise. But what special relation has such a preface to Keats? His whole article occupies twelve pages; and six of these are allotted to this preliminary discussion, which perhaps equally concerns every other man in the household of literature. Mr. Gilfillan seems to have been acting here on celebrated precedents. The "*Omnes homines qui sese student præstare cæteris animalibus*" has long been "smoked" by a wicked posterity as an old hack of Sallust's, fitted on with paste and scissors to the Catilinarian conspiracy. Cicero candidly admits that he kept in his writing-desk an assortment of movable prefaces, beautifully fitted (by means of avoiding all questions but "the general question") for parading, *en grand costume*, before any conceivable book. And Coleridge, in his early days, used the image of a man's "sleeping under a manchineel tree," alternately with the case of Alexander's killing his friend Clitus, as resources for illustration which Providence had bountifully made inexhaustible in their applications. No emergency could by possibility arise to puzzle the poet, or the orator, but one of these similes (please Heaven!) should be made to meet it. So long as the manchineel continued to blister with poisonous dews those who confided in its shelter, so long as Niebuhr should kindly forbear to prove that Alexander of Macedon was a hoax, and his friend Clitus a myth, so long was Samuel Taylor Coleridge fixed and obdurate in his determination that one or other of these images should come upon duty whenever, as a youthful writer, he found himself on the brink of insolvency.

But it is less the generality of this preface, or even its disproportion, which fixes the eye, than the questionableness of its particular statements. In that part which reviews the *idleness* of authors, Horace is given up as too notoriously indolent: the thing, it seems, is past denying: but "not so Lucretius." Indeed! and how shall this be brought to proof? Perhaps the reader has heard of that barbarian prince, who sent to Europe for a large map of the world accompanied by the best of English razors: and the clever use which he made of his importation was, that, first cutting out with exquisite accuracy the whole ring-fence of his own dominions, and then doing the same office, with the same equity, (barbarous or barber-ous,) for the dominions of a hostile neighbour, next he proceeded to weigh off the rival segments against each other in a pair of gold scales; after which, of course, he arrived at a satisfactory algebraic equation between himself and his enemy. Now, upon this principle of comparison, if we should take any *common* edition (as the *Delphin* or the *Variorum*) of Horace and Lucretius, strictly shaving away all notes, prefaces, editorial absurdities, &c. all "flotsom" and "jetsom" that may have gathered like barnacles about the two weather-beaten hulks; in that case we should have the two old files undressed, and *in puris naturalibus*: they would be prepared for being weighed; and, going to the nearest grocer's, we might then settle the point at once, as to which of the two had been the idler man. I back Horace for *my* part; and it is my private opinion that, in the case of a quarto edition, the grocer would have to throw at least a two ounce weight into the scale of Lucretius, before he could be made to draw against the other. Yet, after all, this would only be a collation of quantity against quantity; whilst, upon a second collation of quality against quality, (I do not mean quality as regards the final merit of the composition, but quality as regards the difficulties in the process of composition,) the difference in amount of labour would appear to be as between the weaving of a blanket and the weaving of an exquisite cambric. The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace in his lyric compositions, the elaborate delicacy of workmanship in his thoughts and in his style, argue a scale of labour that, as against any equal number of lines in Lucretius, would measure itself by months against days. There are single odes in Horace that must have cost him a six weeks' seclusion from the wickedness of Rome. Do I then question the extraordinary power of Lucretius? On the contrary, I admire him as the first of demoniacs; the frenzy of an earth-born or a hell-born inspiration; divinity of stormy music sweeping round us in eddies, in order to prove that for us there could be nothing divine; the grandeur of a prophet's voice rising in angry gusts, by way of convincing us that prophets were swindlers; oracular scorn of oracles; frantic efforts, such as might seem reasonable in one who was scaling the heavens, for the purpose of degrading all things, making man to be the most abject of necessities as regarded his causes, to be the blindest of accidents as regarded his expectations; these fierce antinomies expose a mode of insanity, but of an

* "A Gallery of Literary Portraits." By George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait.

insanity affecting a sublime intellect.* One would suppose him partially mad by the savagery of his headlong manner. And most people who read Lucretius at all, are aware of the traditional story current in Rome, that he did actually write in a delirious state; not under any figurative disturbance of brain, but under a real physical disturbance caused by philtres administered to him without his own knowledge. But this kind of supernatural *afflatus* did not deliver into words and metre by lingering oscillations, and through processes of self-correction: it threw itself forward, and precipitated its own utterance, with the hurrying and bounding of a cataract. It was an *æstrum*, a rapture, the bounding of a mœnad, by which the muse of Lucretius lived and moved. So much is known by the impression about him current amongst his contemporaries: so much is evident in the characteristic manner of his poem, if all anecdotes had perished. And upon the whole, let the proportions of power between Horace and Lucretius be what they may, the proportions of labour are absolutely incommensurable: in Horace the labour was *directly* as the power, in Lucretius *inversely* as the power. Whatsoever in Horace was best—had been obtained by *most* labour; whatsoever in Lucretius was best—by *least*. In Horace, the exquisite skill co-operated with the exquisite nature; in Lucretius, the powerful nature disdained the skill, which, indeed, would not have been applicable to *his* theme, or to *his* treatment of it, and triumphed by means of mere precipitation, of volume, and of headlong fury.

Another paradox of Mr. Gilfillan's, under this head, is, that he classes Dr. Johnson as indolent; and it is the more startling, because he does not utter it as a careless opinion upon which he might have been thrown by inconsideration, but as a concession extorted from him reluctantly: he had sought to evade it, but could not. Now, that Dr. Johnson had a morbid predisposition to decline labour from his scrofulous habit of body,† is probable. The question for us, however, is, not what nature prompted him to do, but what he did. If he had an extra difficulty to fight with in attempting to labour, the more was his merit in the known result, that he *did* fight with that difficulty, and that he conquered it. This is undeniable. And the attempt to deny it presents itself in a comic shape, when one imagines some ancient shelf in a library, that has groaned for nearly a century under the weight of the doctor's works, demanding, "How say you? Is this Sam Johnson, whose Dictionary alone is a load for a camel, one of those authors whom you call idle? Then Heaven preserve us poor oppressed book-shelves from such as you will consider active." George III. in a compliment as happily turned as if it had proceeded from Louis XIV. expressed his opinion upon this question of the doctor's industry by saying, that he also should join in thinking Johnson too voluminous a contributor to literature, were it not for the extraordinary merit of his contributions. Now it would be an odd way of turning the royal praise into a reproach, if we should say; "Sam, had you been a pretty good writer, we, your countrymen, should have held you to be also an industrious writer: but, because you are a *very* good writer, therefore we pronounce you a lazy vagabond."

Upon other points in this discussion there is some room to differ from Mr. Gilfillan. For instance, with respect to the question of the comparative happiness enjoyed by men of genius, it is not necessary to argue, nor does it seem possible to prove, even in the case of any one individual poet, that, on the whole, he was either more happy or less happy than the average mass of his fellow men: far less could this be argued as to the whole class of poets. What seems *really* open to proof, is, that men of genius have a larger *capacity* of happiness, which capacity, both from within and from without, may be defeated in ten thousand ways. This seems involved in the very word *genius*. For, after all the pretended and hollow attempts to distinguish genius from talent, I shall continue to think (what heretofore I have explained) that no distinction in the case is tenable for a moment but

* There is one peculiarity about Lucretius, which even in the absence of all anecdotes to that effect, would have led an observing reader to suspect some unsoundness in his brain. It is this, and it lies in his manner. In all poetic enthusiasm, however grand and sweeping may be its compass, so long as it is healthy and natural, there is a principle of self-restoration in the opposite direction: there is a counter state of repose, a compensatory state, as in the tides of the sea, which tends continually to re-establish the equipoise. The lull is no less intense than the fury of commotion. But in Lucretius there is no lull. Nor would there *seem* to be any, were it not for two accidents: 1st, the occasional pause in his raving tone enforced by the interruption of an episode; 2dly, the restraints (or at least the suspensions) imposed upon him by the difficulties of *argument conducted in verse*. To dispute metrically, is as embarrassing as to run or dance when knee-deep in sand. Else, and apart from these counteractions, the motion of the style is not only stormy, but self-kindling and continually accelerated.

† "*Habit of body:*" but much more from mismanagement of his body. Dr. Johnson tampered with medical studies, and fancied himself learned enough to prescribe for his female correspondents. The affectionateness with which he sometimes did this, is interesting; but his ignorance of the subject is not the less apparent. In his own case he had the merit of one heroic self-conquest; he weaned himself from wine, having once become convinced that it was injurious. But he never brought himself to take regular exercise. He ate too much at all times of his life. And in another point, he betrayed a thoughtlessness, which (though really common as laughter) is yet extravagantly childish. Every body knows that Dr. Johnson was all his life reproaching himself with lying too long in bed. Always he was sinning, (for he thought it a sin;) always he was repenting; always he was vainly endeavouring to reform. But why vainly? Cannot a resolute man in six weeks bring himself to rise at *any* hour of the twenty-four? Certainly he can; but not without appropriate means. Now the Doctor rose about eleven A.M. This, he fancied, was shocking; he was determined to rise at eight, or at seven. Very well; why not? But will it be credited that the one sole change occurring to the Doctor's mind, was to take a flying leap backwards from eleven to eight, without any corresponding leap at the other terminus of his sleep. To rise at eight instead of eleven, presupposes that a man goes off to bed at twelve instead of three. Yet this recondite truth, never to his dying day dawned on Dr. Johnson's mind. The conscientious man continued to offend; continued to repent; continued to pave a disagreeable place with good intentions, and daily resolutions of amendment; but at length died full of years, without having once seen the sun rise, except in some Homeric description, written [as Mr. Fynes Clifton makes it probable,] thirty centuries before. The fact of the sun's rising at all, the Doctor adopted as a point of faith, and by no means of personal knowledge, from an insinuation to that effect in the most ancient of Greek books.

this: viz. that genius is that mode of intellectual power which moves in alliance with the *genial* nature, i. e. with the capacities of pleasure and pain; whereas talent has no vestige of such an alliance, and is perfectly independent of all human sensibilities. Consequently, genius is a voice or breathing that represents the *total* nature of man; whilst, on the contrary, talent represents only a single function of that nature. Genius is the language which interprets the synthesis of the human spirit with the human intellect, each acting through the other; whilst talent speaks only from the insulated intellect. And hence also it is that, besides its relation to suffering and enjoyment, genius always implies a deeper relation to virtue and vice: whereas talent has no shadow of a relation to *moral* qualities, any more than it has to vital sensibilities. A man of the highest talent is often obtuse and below the ordinary standard of men in his feelings; but no man of genius can unyoke himself from the society of moral perceptions that are brighter, and sensibilities that are more tremulous, than those of men in general.

As to the examples * by which Mr. Gilfillan supports his prevailing views, they will be construed by any ten thousand men in ten thousand separate modes. The objections are so endless, that it would be abusing the reader's time to urge them; especially as every man of the ten thousand will be wrong, and will also be right, in all varieties of proportion. Two only it may be useful to notice as examples, involving some degree of error, viz. Addison and Homer. As to the first, the error, if an error, is one of fact only. Lord Byron had said of Addison, that he "died drunk." This seems to Mr. Gilfillan a "horriblé statement;" for which he supposes that no authority can exist but "a rumour circulated by an inveterate gossip," meaning Horace Walpole. But gossips usually go upon some foundation, broad or narrow; and, until the rumour had been authentically put down, Mr. Gilfillan should not have pronounced it a "malignant calumny." Me this story caused to laugh exceedingly; not at Addison, whose fine genius extorts pity and tenderness towards his infirmities; but at the characteristic misanthropy of Lord Byron, who chuckles as he would do over a glass of nectar, on this opportunity for confronting the old solemn legend about Addison's sending for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to witness the peaceful death of a Christian, with so rich a story as this, that he, the said Christian, "died drunk." Supposing that he *did*, the mere physical fact of inebriation, in a stage of debility where so small an excess of stimulating liquor (though given medicinally) sometimes causes such an appearance, would not infer the moral blame of drunkenness; and if such a thing were ever said by any person *present* at the bed-side, I should feel next to certain that it was said in that spirit of exaggeration to which most men are tempted by circumstances unusually fitted to impress a startling picturesqueness upon the statement. But, without insisting on Lord Byron's way of putting the case, I believe it is generally understood that, latterly, Addison gave way to habits of intemperance. He suffered, not only from his wife's dissatisfied temper, but also (and probably much more) from *ennui*. He did not walk one mile a-day, and he ought to have walked ten. Dyspepsy was, no doubt, the true ground of his unhappiness: and he had nothing to hope for. To remedy these evils, I have always understood that every day (and especially towards night) he drank too much of that French liquor, which, calling itself *water of life*, nine times in ten proves the water of death. He lived latterly at Kensington, viz. in Holland House, the well-known residence of the late Lord Holland; and the tradition attached to the gallery in that house, is, that duly as the sun drew near to setting, on two tables, one at each end of the long *ambulachrum*, the right honourable Joseph placed, or caused to be placed, two tumblers of brandy, somewhat diluted with water; and those, the said vessels, then and there did alternately to the lips of him, the aforesaid Joseph, diligently apply, walking to and fro during the process of exhaustion, and dividing his attentions between the two poles, arctic and antarctic, of his evening *diaulos*, with the impartiality to be expected from a member of the Privy Council. How often the two "blessed bears," northern and southern, were replenished, entered into no *affidavit* that ever reached *me*. But so much I have always understood, that in the gallery of Holland House, the ex-secretary of state caught a decided hiccup, which never afterwards subsided. In all this there would have been little to shock people, had it not been for the sycophancy which ascribed to Addison a religious reputation such as he neither merited nor wished to claim. But one penal reaction of mendacious adulation, for him who is weak enough to accept it, must ever be, to impose restraints upon his own conduct, which otherwise he would have been free to decline. How lightly would Sir Roger de Coverley have thought of a little sotting in any honest gentleman of right politics! And Addison would not, in that age, and as to that point, have carried his scrupulosity higher than his own Sir Roger. But such knaves as he who had complimented Addison with the praise of having written "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot," whereas, in fact, Addison started in life by

* One of these examples is equivocal, in a way that Mr. Gilfillan is apparently not aware of. He cites Tickell, "whose very name" [he says,] "savours of laughter," as being, "in fact, a very happy fellow." In the first place, Tickell would have been likely to "square" at Mr. Gilfillan for that liberty taken with his name; or might even, in Falstaff's language, have tried to "tickle his catastrophe." It is a ticklish thing to lark with honest men's names. But, secondly, *which* Tickell? For there are two at the least in the field of English literature: and if one of them was "very happy," the chances are, according to D. Bernoulli and De Moivre, that the other was particularly miserable. The first Tickell, who may be described as Addison's Tickell, never tickled any thing, that I know of, except Addison's vanity. But Tickell the second, who came into working order about fifty years later, was really a very pleasant fellow. In the time of Burke he diverted the whole nation by his poem of "*Anticipation*," in which he anticipated and dramatically rehearsed the course of a whole Parliamentary debate, (on the king's speech,) which did not take place till a week or two afterwards. Such a mimicry was easy enough: but *that* did not prevent its fidelity and characteristic truth from delighting the political world.

publishing a translation of Petronius Arbiter, had painfully coerced his free agency. This knave, I very much fear, was Tickell the first; and the result of his knavery was, to win for Addison a disagreeable sanctimonious reputation that was, 1st, founded in lies; 2d, that painfully limited Addison's free agency; and, 3dly, that prepared insults to his memory, since it pointed a censorious eye upon those things viewed as the acts of a demure pretender to piety, which would else have passed without notice as the most venial of frailties in a layman.

Something I had to say also upon Homer, who mingles amongst the examples cited by Mr. Gilfillan, of apparent happiness connected with genius. But, for want of room,* I forbear to go further, than to lodge my protest against imputing to Homer as any personal merit, what belongs altogether to the stage of society in which he lived. "They," says Mr. Gilfillan, speaking of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," "are the healthiest of works. There are in them no sullenness, no querulous complaint, not one personal allusion." No; but how *could* there have been? Subjective poetry had not an existence in those days. Not only the powers for introverting the eye upon the *spectator*, as himself, the *spectaculum*, were then undeveloped and inconceivable, but the sympathies did not exist to which such an innovation could have appealed. Besides, and partly from the same cause, even as objects, the human feelings and affections were too broadly and grossly distinguished, had not reached even the infancy of that stage in which the passions begin their processes of intermodification, nor *could* have reached it, from the simplicity of social life, as well as from the barbarism of the Greek religion. The author of the "Iliad," or even of the "Odyssey," (though doubtless a product of a later period,) could not have been "unhealthy," or "sullen," or "querulous," from any cause, except *psora*, or *elephantiasis*, or scarcity of beef, or similar afflictions with which it is quite impossible to inoculate poetry. The metrical romances of the middle ages have the same shivering character of starvation, as to the inner life of man; and, if *that* constitutes a meritorious distinction, no man ought to be excused for wanting what it is so easy to obtain by simple neglect of culture. On the same principle, a cannibal, if truculently indiscriminate in his horrid diet, might win sentimental praises for his temperance; others were picking and choosing, miserable epicures! but he, the saint upon earth, cared not what he ate; any joint satisfied *his* moderate desires; shoulder of man, leg of child; any thing, in fact, that was nearest at hand, so long as it was good, wholesome human flesh; and the more plainly dressed the better.

But these topics, so various and so fruitful, I touch only because they are introduced, amongst many others, by Mr. Gilfillan. Separately viewed, some of these would be more attractive than any merely personal interest connected with Keats. His biography, stripped of its false colouring, offers little to win attention: for he was not the victim of any systematic malignity, as has been represented. He met, as I have understood, with ununusual kindness from his liberal publishers, Messrs Taylor and Hessey. He met with unusual severity from a cynical reviewer, the late Mr. Gifford, then editor of *The Quarterly Review*. The story ran, that this article of Mr. G.'s had killed Keats; upon which, with natural astonishment, Lord Byron thus commented, in the 11th canto of Don Juan:—

> John Keats who was kill'd off by one critique,
> Just as he really promised something great,
> If not intelligible,—without Greek,
> Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
> Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
> Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate:
> 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuff'd out by an Article.

Strange, indeed!—and the friends, who honour Keats's memory, should not lend themselves to a story so degrading. He died, I believe, of pulmonary consumption; and would have died of it, probably, under any circumstances of prosperity as a poet. Doubtless, in a condition of languishing decay, slight causes of irritation act powerfully. But it is hardly conceivable that one ebullition of splenetic bad feeling, in a case so proverbially open to revision as the pretensions of a poet, could have overthrown any masculine life, unless where that life had already been *irrecoverably* undermined by sickness. As a man, and viewed in relation to social objects, Keats was nothing. It was as mere an affectation when he talked with apparent zeal of liberty, or human rights, or human prospects, as is the hollow enthusiasm which many people profess for music, or most poets for external nature. For these things Keats fancied that he cared; but in reality he cared not at all. Upon them, or any of their aspects, he had thought too little, and too indeterminately, to feel for them as personal concerns. Whereas Shelley, from his earliest days, was mastered and shaken by the great moving realities of life, as a prophet is by the burden of wrath or of promise which he has been commissioned to reveal. Had there been no such thing as literature, Keats would have dwindled into a cipher. Shelley, in the same event, would hardly have lost one plume from his crest. It is in relation to literature, and to the boundless questions as to the true and the false arising out of literature and poetry, that Keats challenges a fluctuating interest; sometimes an interest of strong disgust, sometimes of deep admiration.

* For the same reason, I refrain from noticing the pretensions of Savage. Mr. Gilfillan gives us to understand, that no from want of room, but of time, he does not (which else he *could*) prove him to be the man he pretended to be. For my own part, I believe Savage to have been the vilest of swindlers; and in these days, under the surveillance of an active police, he would have lost the chance which he earned of being hanged, by having long previously been transported to the Plantations. How can Mr. Gilfillan allow himself, in a case of this nature, to speak of "universal impression" (if it had really existed) as any separate ground of credibility for Savage's tale? When the public have no access at all to sound means of judging, what matters it in which direction their "impression" lies, or how many thousands swell the belief, for which not one of all these thousands has any thing like a reason to offer?

There is not, I believe, a case on record throughout European literature, where feelings so repulsive of each other have centred in the same individual. The very midsummer madness of affectation, of false vapoury sentiment, and of fantastic effeminacy, seemed to me combined in Keats's *Endymion*, when I first saw it near the close of 1821. The Italian poet Marino had been reputed the greatest master of gossamery affectation in Europe. But *his* conceits showed the palest of rosy blushes by the side of Keats's bloody crimson. Naturally, I was discouraged from looking further. But about a week later, by pure accident, my eye fell upon his *Hyperion*. The first feeling was that of incredulity that the two poems could, under change of circumstances or lapse of time, have emanated from the same mind. The *Endymion* displays absolutely the most shocking revolt against good sense and just feeling that all literature does now, or ever *can*, furnish. The *Hyperion*, as Mr. Gilfillan truly says, "is the greatest of poetical torsos." The first belongs essentially to the vilest collections of wax-work filigree, or gilt gingerbread. The other presents the majesty, the austere beauty, and the simplicity of Grecian temples enriched with Grecian sculpture.

We have in this country a word, viz. the word *Folly*, which has a technical appropriation to the case of fantastic buildings. Any building is called "a folly," * which mimics purposes incapable of being realized, and makes a promise to the eye which it cannot keep to the experience. The most impressive illustration of this idea, which modern times have seen, was, undoubtedly, the ice-palace of the Empress Elizabeth—†

"That most magnificent and mighty freak,"

which, about eighty years ago, was called up from the depths of winter by

"The imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ."

Winter and the Czarina were, in this architecture, fellow-labourers. She, by her servants, furnished the blocks of ice, hewed them, dressed them, laid them: winter furnished the cement, by freezing them together. The palace has long melted back into water; and the poet who described it best, viz. Cowper, is not much read in this age, except by the religious. It will, therefore, be a sort of resurrection for both the palace and the poet, if I cite his description of this gorgeous folly. It is a passage in which Cowper assumes so much of a Miltonic tone, that, of the two, it is better to have read his lasting description, than to have seen, with bodily eyes, the fleeting reality. The poet is apostrophizing the Empress Elizabeth.

——— No forest fell,
When *thou* wouldst build: no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
. . . . . .
Silently as a dream the fabric rose:
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumin'd every side; a watery light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new-risen: ———
. . . . . .
——— Nor wanted aught within
That royal residence might well befit
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none,
Where all was vitreous: but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What *seem'd* at least commodious seat) were there;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.

The poet concludes by viewing the whole as an unintentional stroke of satire by the Czarina,

——— On her own estate,
On human grandeur, and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious: to the foot
Treacherous and false,—it smiled, and it was cold.

Looking at this imperial plaything of ice in the month of March, and recollecting that in May all its crystal arcades would be weeping away into vernal brooks, one would have been disposed to mourn over a beauty so frail, and to marvel at a frailty so elaborate. Yet still there was some proportion observed: the saloons were limited in number, though *not* limited in splendour. It was a *petit Trianon*. But what if, like Versailles, this glittering bauble, to which all the science of Europe could not have secured a passport into June, had contained six thousand separate rooms? A "folly" on so gigantic a scale would have moved every man to indignation. For all that could be had, the beauty to the eye, and the gratification to the fancy, in seeing water tortured into every form of solidity, resulted from two or three suites of rooms, as fully as from a thousand.

Now, such a folly, as *would* have been the Czarina's, if executed upon the scale of Versailles,

* "*A folly.*" We English limit the application of this term to buildings: but the idea might as fitly be illustrated in other objects. For instance, the famous galley presented to one of the Ptolemies, which offered the luxurious accommodations of capital cities, but required a little army of four thousand men to row it, whilst its draught of water was too great to allow of its often approaching the shore; this was "a folly" in our English sense. So again was the Macedonian phalanx: the Roman legion could form upon *any* ground: it was a true working tool. But the phalanx was too fine and showy for use. It required for its manœuvring a sort of opera stage, or a select bowling-green, such as few fields of battle offered.

† I had written "the Empress *Catherine;*" but, on second thoughts, it occurred to me that the "mighty freak" was, in fact, due to the Empress Elizabeth. There is, however, a freak connected with ice, not quite so "mighty," but quite as autocratic, and even more feminine in its caprice, which belongs exclusively to the Empress Catherine. A lady had engaged the affections of some young nobleman, who was regarded favourably by the imperial eye. No pretext offered itself for interdicting the marriage; but, by way of freezing it a little at the outset, the Czarina coupled with her permission this condition — that the wedding night should be passed by the young couple on a mattress of *her* gift. The mattress turned out to be a block of ice, elegantly cut, by the court upholsterer, into the likeness of a well-stuffed Parisian mattress. One pities the poor bride, whilst it is difficult to avoid laughing in the midst of one's sympathy. But it is to be hoped that no *ukase* was issued against spreading seven Turkey carpets, by way of under blankets, over this amiable nuptial present. Amongst others who have noticed the story, is Captain Colville Frankland, of the navy.

or of the new palace at St. Petersburg, *was* the Endymion: a gigantic edifice (for its tortuous enigmas of thought multiplied every line of the four thousand into fifty) reared upon a basis slighter and less apprehensible than moonshine. As reasonably, and as hopefully in regard to human sympathies, might a man undertake an epic poem upon the loves of two butterflies. The modes of existence in the two parties to the love-fable of the Endymion, their relations to each other and to us, their prospects finally, and the obstacles to the *instant* realization of these prospects, — all these things are more vague and incomprehensible than the reveries of an oyster. Still the unhappy subject, and its unhappy expansion, must be laid to the account of childish years and childish inexperience. But there is another fault in Keats, of the first magnitude, which youth does not palliate, which youth even aggravates. This lies in the most shocking abuse of his mother-tongue. If there is one thing in this world that, next after the flag of his country and its spotless honour, should be holy in the eyes of a young poet,—it is the *language* of his country. He should spend the third part of his life in studying this language, and cultivating its total resources. He should be willing to pluck out his right eye, or to circumnavigate the globe, if by such a sacrifice, if by such an exertion, he could attain to greater purity, precision, compass, or idiomatic energy of diction. This if he were even a Kalmuck Tartar, who by the way *has* the good feeling and patriotism to pride himself upon his beastly language.* But Keats was an Englishman; Keats had the honour to speak the language of Chaucer, Shakspere, Bacon, Milton, Newton. The more awful was the obligation of his allegiance. And yet upon this mother tongue, upon this English language, has Keats trampled as with the hoofs of a buffalo. With its syntax, with its prosody, with its idiom, he has played such fantastic tricks as could enter only into the heart of a barbarian, and for which only the anarchy of Chaos could furnish a forgiving audience. Verily it required the *Hyperion* to weigh against the deep treason of these unparalleled offences.

A NEW VERSION OF THE ODE BEGINNING, "THE ISLES OF GREECE," &c.

WRITTEN AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, 1844.

THE Newstead Lake! the Newstead Lake!
Which Byron boated on when young;
Where first the burning strains did wake
He afterwards so nobly sung;—
And many pilgrims wend their way
To thee, and the old ruin gray!

The placid Lake looks on the trees;
The trees are mirror'd on its breast;
Nought breaks the silence but the breeze,
Or wild bird screaming o'er its nest;
Its banks are fringed with laurel bushes,
Through which a tiny streamlet gushes.

The Cockney and the Lake-school muse,
Are shelved for some syncretic theme;
And only railways can infuse
Some fire to raise the laureate's steam,
Who, with a sonnet, doth appear,
Like Christmas, only once a-year.

A king sate on Great Britain's throne,
Who reign'd o'er once a goodly throng
Of poets; but that king is gone,
And with him all the sons of song;
For, when our Royal *Vic.* held sway,
We counted them,—and where are they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My Byron? On thy precious dust
The hand of scorn is pointed now,
Thy statue in some corner thrust,
And deem'd unworthy of a place
Beside the Poets' Corner race.

We blush! we blush! Strike other strains,
Fill high the cup with *Adam's* wine;
Let maudlin poets rack their brains,
To praise the offspring of the vine.
Hark! rising nobly in the van,
Now answers each bold temp'rance man.

Fill high the cup with Adam's wine!
We will not think of Drury Lane,
Nor Covent Garden's fate divine,
By foreigners and Leaguers ta'en.
Oh for the days of Kemble! when
The actors were our countrymen.

The tyrant with the humpback'd mien,
The drama's best and greatest friend,—
That tyrant was the elder Kean.
Oh that the present hour would lend
Another actor of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

We have the country dance as yet,
But cotillons and jigs are gone;
Of the two shuffles, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
We have the concerts Jullien gave,
And polkas, waltzes, many a stave.

Fill high the bowl with Adam's wine!
On Sligo's rock and Kerry's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the temp'rance mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
That Father Mathew names his own.

We fear for freedom when the Pats
Have got their darling cry *Repale*;—
They'll quarrel like Kilkenny cats,
From Connemara to Kinsale:
We tremble for their good King Dan —
A sceptreless, heart-broken man.

Place me on Tara's lonely hill,
And, looking with prophetic squint
O'er fertile valleys, laugh my fill,
At Ireland's tribute, and the rint;
A land of dupes would ne'er be mine—
Dash down that cup of Adam's wine!

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* Bergmann, the German traveller, in his account of his long rambles and residence amongst the Kalmucks, makes us acquainted with the delirious vanity which possesses these demi-savages. Their notion is, that excellence of every kind, perfection in the least things as in the greatest, is briefly expressed by calling it *Kalmuckish*. Accordingly, their hideous language, and their vast national poem, [doubtless equally hideous,] they hold to be the immediate gifts of inspiration: and for this I honour them, as each generation learns both from the lips of their mothers. This great poem, by the way, measures (if I remember) seventeen English miles in length; but the most learned man amongst them, in fact a monster of erudition, never read farther than the eighth mile-stone. What he could repeat by heart was little more than a mile and a half; and, indeed, *that* was found too much for the choleric part of his audience. Even the Kalmuck face, which to us foolish Europeans looks so unnecessarily flat and ogre-like, these honest Tartars have ascertained to be the pure classical model of human beauty,—which, in fact, it *is*, upon the principle of those people who hold that the chief use of a face is—to frighten one's enemy.

SCOTTISH ENTAILS.

An upholsterer gets an order to fit up, in a first-rate style, the mansion-house of a young gentleman who has just succeeded to his paternal estate. The order is large; but that is a commendable quality, for the estate is large, too,—and, contemplating its broad woodlands and fruitful meadows, the mahogany heart of the upholsterer grows glad within him, and he says of his long bill, "It is as good as the bank." He awards it, in his secret thoughts, that compliment which the Americans consider the greatest of all, and which they express by saying of any thing, that "It is actually equal to cash." Alas, unthinking upholsterer! year after year passes by, and the bill is unpaid. Every twelvemonth it is becoming nominally more valuable, but in its real nature more precarious and questionable. Its owner hears some incomprehensible statement, that the dashing young laird is no more owner of his fine estate, than the captain is owner of the man-of-war he commands. He is informed that some one, who was real owner of that estate a hundred and fifty years ago, being armed with that despotism which the legislature cannot of itself use, but which it can bestow on individuals, had fixed that, thereafter, to all eternity, no one should be owner of that land; that it should be excluded from commerce and from human control; and that a certain series of persons, genealogically expected to come into existence, should successively have the privilege of enjoying its fruits, so long as they lived. The upholsterer is told, that if he had made himself acquainted with the practice of the feudal law, and had devoted himself to the study of a certain record preserved in Edinburgh, called the Register of Tailzies, he would have found out how the matter lay; and that, not having adopted these very obvious precautions, he must take the consequences, and content himself with such a percentage on his debt, as the numbers of his fellow-sufferers may limit his proportion of the accessible funds to.

Such is the working of the law of Entail; yet this is not the only type of its pernicious influence. There is a troop of younger sons. Their father is a large landed proprietor; but the estate is tied up, and he cannot apportion it among them. The eldest must draw the whole annual income; and the greatness of the estate he enjoys, renders it all the more necessary that his younger brothers should be suitably provided for as gentlemen. To bring up the cadets to some secondary drudging profession, when the eldest is so splendidly provided for, would be a scandalous instance of inequality and partiality. What, then, can be done with them, but give them some means of pillaging the country? The offices they are to receive must be so much the more gentlemanly, because their brother has so fine an estate.

Is it not a wonderful instance of human patience under wrong, that such a thing has been endured in a country where so much power of self-redress lies in the hands of the sufferers? Yes, *they* have borne it all with exemplary patience and forbearance. The unembodied public at large—the people who buy and sell, and are not united as a particular "interest"—are the most patient, meek, long-enduring society in Christendom. Corporations or interests would not touch the loads they bear, with the little finger. But an *interest* is becoming embarked in the matter,—no less an interest than that all-powerful and all-dignified, though so lately cheated one, "The Landed." A meeting of Scottish gentlemen connected with entailed estates has been held, and it is understood that some measures are to be taken with a view to an alteration of the Entail law.

Remembering that we had once spoken on this subject, but not recollecting precisely to what effect, we turn up *Tait's Magazine* for May 1833, and there amid some remarks on the Entail bills brought in by Mr. Kennedy, we find the following words, which certainly deserve to hold their place among political propheayings:—"*When the Corn Laws are abolished, the landlords will be the most clamorous for the abolition of all restriction. One abuse is shouldered upon another, and they all tumble when the lowermost falls.*" And so, now that landed proprietors are not to levy a tax on the people, and the agriculturist is to get the value of what he brings into the market, along with all the rest of the world—now that he is, to use the expressive term of Lord Francis Egerton, a mere manufacturer of grain, the lairds see that their raw material must be released from the glittering bondage with which the pride and folly of their ancestors have enthralled it. And surely no instance of national pride and folly is so intense and preposterous as this same Scottish Entail system. Our posterity will no more give credit to the full extent of its practical absurdities, than they will believe in the devotion to animal magnetism and homœopathy, or any other leading aberrations of our age. The absurdities of genealogy and heraldry are comparatively speaking innocent playthings. At the very worst, they bring upon their victims surcharges for omission to return armorial bearings in tax schedules, or befool Bristol merchants with imaginary pedigrees invented by ingenious Chattertons. Vain and paltry as are the propensities involved in these matters, thus trifling are the toys with which they teach their foolish votaries to play. The passion and the indulgence are worthy counterparts. But in this law of Entail, the vainest of the coxcombries that prompts a Chinese dignitary to aspire after a peacock's feather or a silk button, is allowed to interfere with the most solid interests of the country, and the administration of justice between man and man. MacGubbin is lord over fifty acres of arable land and meadow in the parish of Tailzie. MacGubbin being possessed of the desire of immortality, decrees that the said fifty acres shall never be divided, shall never be sold, shall never

be seized by the creditors of the holder, shall never be distributed by the holder among his children; but that they shall through everlasting time be in the possession of the person who is the representative, according to a certain line of descent, of some person or other of his choice, no matter whom. In one thing only can the despotic will of MacGubbin be counteracted. He may decree that the heirs-male of A or B, to the end of time, shall possess his acres, but he cannot assure a succession of such heirs-male. In all other matters, his decree is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The succession of the Crown has been changed — the septennial act has passed — the old ecclesiastical courts of Scotland have been abolished — the constitutional character of the House of Commons has been revolutionized by the Reform act — the municipal corporations have been popularized — the Corn Laws have been made and unmade — all these things have been done since MacGubbin passed his decree, making law for the future fate of his fifty acres,—and it remains firm, unmoved, and immovable!

In reality, this system has no friends. No one ever ventured to speak in its favour as people have spoken in favour of the corn-laws, or the Irish church establishment. In the correspondence of the Scottish and English lawyers, in the middle of the eighteenth century, it is condemned without reservation. "As to your land rights," says Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, writing to Lord Kaimes, "I should be for beginning with abolishing the strict tailzies, at least *in futuro;* which not only differ from the genius of the English law, that abhors perpetuities, but are manifestly prejudicial to the national interest of Scotland, which is now rising in trade, and will, I hope, greatly increase in it. The taking so much of the lands *extra commercium*, is inconsistent with a commercial country." In the same manner Lord Mansfield treated the institution as something which no man, not the victim of childish prejudices, could defend. Talking of himself and the Duke of Argyle, he said, "We agreed that an abolition of Entails ought not to be forced upon the country, contrary to their own inclinations; but to make the yoke gall the more, that no relief should be given by parliament to make them easier. I insisted for an exception as to a general bill to give a power of leasing, as a matter of infinite consequence to the whole community. When the country wishes to break Entails, the parliament will most readily come into it; but I doubt the general sense of the land proprietors continues still in favour of them." *

All men are naturally despots, and would lay down rules for the guidance of all posterity, if all posterity could be compelled to obey them. The essence of just legislation is, that the community at large should be armed against this interfering spirit in individuals, and should treat their manifestations of it as waste paper. The principles on which all property and justice are founded, permit a man who has made or has honestly acquired property to decide who shall be the next possessor after he himself ceases to enjoy it. The right to dispose of that which he possesses is so dear to every man, and it is so essential an element of free action, that without it mankind would lose their chief inducement to energy and enterprise, and life would lose one of its greatest charms. But we counteract the benefit if we carry it farther, and enable the citizen to fix those marks that are to individualize the owners of his soil for centuries after he is dead. Such free enjoyment of property is like the American's freedom to wallop his own nigger, the free privilege of doing mischief. We stand almost, if not quite alone, throughout Europe in this matter. The French jurists and economists of last century denounced the system with a unanimous voice; and, not abiding the sweep of the revolution, it was virtually abolished in 1747, by a restrictive measure passed under the auspices of that noble reformer of the law, the Chancellor D'Aguessau. In England, the struggle between the aristocracy in parliament, and the stubborn common lawyers of Westminster Hall, fighting for their beloved principle, — that the law abhors perpetuities,—has been long and bitter. The real loves and hatreds of your common lawyer are measured by the Platonic loves and hatreds of the law; and with unflagging ardour, he has fought the battles of his mistress, century after century. The war against entails would make an amusing history. Before the intervention of statute, they were only so much soiled parchment, for the law "abhorreth perpetuities." Then, however, came the *statute de donis*, which required the courts to give effect to the will and intention of the donor. It was not quite consistent with the functions of a judge to refuse to give effect to an act of Parliament; and Westminster Hall was nearly, but not quite, at its wit's end, to keep alive the beloved common law's horror of perpetuities. The matter was accomplished by one of those "fictions" which we unimaginative people in Scotland find it so difficult to comprehend the philosophy of, and the "Common Recovery" was invented. This was, virtually, a collusive action at law, in which the person who, if it had been a *real* attempt by some stranger to get possession of the estate, would have defended it, allowed it to be carried off by not supporting his title. Being thus freed of the fetters of the Entail, and held by a new and free title, the decision of a court, the property and possession might thereafter be settled as the accomplices to the transaction might arrange. Lest in this unprofessional way of stating the matter we should be guilty of irreverence to the sovereign lady Common Law, we shall give the reader an account of it in the words of the Real Property commissioners, who say,—

"A common recovery is a judgment in a fictitious suit, in the nature of a real action, brought by the demandant against the tenant of the freehold, who vouches some person to warrant the lands, and judgment is given for the demandant to

* Tytler's Life of Kaimes, i. 213.

recover them against the tenant, in consequence of the person vouched, or the person last vouched, if there should be more than one vouchee making default to the title to the lands, which title he is supposed to have warranted. In a recovery, the regular process of a real action is pursued throughout, and no compromise takes place as in a fine.

"The principal use of a recovery is to enable a tenant in tail to bar, not only his estate tail, but also all remainders, conditions, collateral limitations, and charges, not prior to the estate tail, and to acquire or pass a fee simple, or an estate commensurate with the estate of the settler."

At length Westminster Hall got tired of this mummery, and the act 3 & 4 Wil. IV. c. 74, was passed for abolishing fines or recoveries, and enabling people to "dock" entails, as it is elegantly called, by an ordinary conveyance enrolled.

Even in Scotland, the law showed some disposition to have a quarrel with perpetuities. When entails were made with clauses in the most distinct manner limiting the succession of any estate to a definite series of heirs, if any one of them did, notwithstanding, treat it as his own, the law would not interfere. It said, true, the entailer directed so and so in his settlement, but the heir in possession has changed this destination,—the proprietor is entitled to change his predecessor's deed of settlement as freely as his own. A clause was next invented called the "irritant clause," by which the person contravening the limitations of the entail was to forfeit the right to the property. Still the law would not interfere. It was true that he was declared to have forfeited the title, but who was entitled to take it? It was not like an estate held by a false title, which must be given over to the person with the true title. Still perpetuities seemed to suffer under the hatred of the law of Scotland. At length an ingenious man invented a "resolutive clause," as it was termed, by which the right forfeited by one person devolved on another, in the case of a contravention. Here the breach of the entail not only put an end to one man's title, but created a title in another. Poor Scottish Law now shook her head and gave up the battle. The sons of Zeruiah were too strong for her. Still, however, a sort of guerilla warfare is kept up against entails. They are not swept off in platoons, but they are picked down in considerable numbers at single shots. Law says, that entails or Tailzies as they are scientifically called, are to be interpreted *strictissimi juris*, which means, that the will and intention of parties is to go for nothing: that words are to be interpreted in one strict sense, and that any flaw, however slight, is to be held a fatal canker in an entail. This has held out occasional flattering visions to poor relations—it has been a "full security of waking bliss" to lawyers.

We hope that on the present occasion the country will take up the matter, and cry out for the sweeping of the whole offensive system out of our law. From 1833 to 1836 a series of measures was brought in for modifying the law, which beyond doubt, if they had passed, would have left much opportunity for legal jugglery. The Judges of the Court of Session were desired to report to Parliament on these measures, and they did so at considerable length and with much candour.* Eight words of this Report are enough for our present purpose: it says, with reference to the bill, "Its provisions may be evaded in various ways," and then the ways are pointed out. From this Report, the public may take safely the hint of not being contented with a modification of the law. It ends with reasons against any extensive change; the most cogent of which is, that much land would be thrown into the market. Such is always the style and character of the objections to the removal of a nuisance; people of weak nerves are warned not to meddle with it, because stirring it makes it the more offensive.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Narratives of Remarkable Criminal Trials. Translated from the German of Anselm Ritter von Feuerbach, by Lady Duff Gordon. Octavo, pp. 368. London: John Murray.

Let all those who love to "sup full of horrors," come hither, and be satiated. A magistrate, who was for many years the president of the Central Criminal Court of a populous province of Bavaria seems to have been smitten with a passion for penetrating into the blackest recesses of human hearts, and for divining or conjecturing the hidden springs of their depraved action. With the minute fidelity of a penny-a-liner, he traces the revolting history of the worst of criminals from the cradle to the scaffold. What is perhaps more extraordinary, an English lady has chosen to give this curious compilation an improved English dress; in which guise one is, by a strange sort of fascination, constrained to peruse its horrible or loathsome details. Any Englishman, qualified like the President Feuerbach, or even an inferior person, might, no doubt, from the file of *The Times* newspaper, for the last thirty years, produce a book as wonderful, and not less horrible; but, meanwhile, no one has yet thought of such an achievement, and there are, besides, principles in the criminal law of Bavaria and other German States, where the tortures formerly applied to the limbs, are now reserved for the mind of the criminal, that force long, frequent, circumstantial confessions, which, though mixed up with much falsehood, yet lay bare in a singular way the mysteries of iniquity, and enable the reader to trace, one by one, the steps of the downward career from venial error to vice and the most diabolical crime.

Lady Duff Gordon has, we make no question, performed a most useful office in cutting short the labours of President Feuerbach by full two-thirds. Of the fourteen cases recorded in the volume, the greater number are

* Commons' Papers, 1835, No. 163.

brutal and atrocious murders committed for the most sordid and paltry objects of gain, by beings so utterly depraved, that "the common damned" must disclaim community of nature with them. But a few of the cases possess a deep tragic interest. "The Kleinschrot family, or *the Parricides of the Black Mill*," is of this kind, and suggests the necessity of some change in social institutions, which may give a whole innocent family, a wife with her grown up sons and daughters, protection against the cruelty and vices of the detestable father, whose conduct tempts, and goes far to extenuate their guilt in his assassination. Another remarkable case is that of Francis Riembauer, a priest, termed *the Tartuffe of real life*. The real history of Riembauer embodies a more severe attack upon the religion of which he was a minister, than volumes written to expose the principles and practices of the Jesuits. He is described as a man of superior abilities and great learning, who in different places performed the functions of a parish priest with much honour to himself.

From the commencement of his ecclesiastical career, he was so remarkable for his talents and virtues as to be held up as a model to other priests. His stately figure and handsome face, his persuasive eloquence and insinuating manners, gained him general good will. He performed his clerical duties with punctuality, dignity, and grace, and his outward demeanour was decorum itself. His leisure hours—at least until his removal to Pirkwang, where the purchase of a small property involved him in agricultural pursuits—were passed in reading and study. And when those priests to whom he was attached as chaplain, expressed their admiration of his zeal for learning, he replied that this was the proper calling of the clergy, who ought not to concern themselves with worldly affairs. His preaching was distinguished for fire and unction, and out of church, as well as in it, he declaimed against the corruptions of the world: his soft words and gentle manners seemed those of a saint living in communion with God, and in charity with his neighbour. He always walked out of church smiling, with his head on one side, his eyes half closed and fixed upon the ground, and his hands folded.

Riembauer was, however, even thus early suspected, both by some of his brethren and of his penitents, and also by some prudent fathers and husbands, who, though highly honoured by the visits of so holy a man, took good care to keep their wives and daughters out of his way. His life was most licentious, and the most profligate libertine must have yielded to this hypocrite in the powers, as in the opportunities, which he had of seduction.

In order to quiet the conscience and secure the fidelity of those concubines with whom he intended to live for any length of time, Riembauer used to perform the marriage service over them, uniting in his own person the characters of priest and bridegroom. Catherine Frauenknecht asserted that, hidden behind Riembauer's bed, she witnessed the strange espousals of her sister Magdalena; that Riembauer repeated all the usual prayers and exhortations, and placed a gold wedding-ring on her sister's finger. Anna Weninger said that the same thing took place at her union with him, but was not sure whether the priestly bridegroom performed the ceremony clad in his stole and with burning candles, or not. He himself denied having thus profaned his sacred functions, but confessed that he had instructed his mistresses in the duties of the married state, and then given and received a formal promise. He was very earnest in persuading his female penitents that they might safely permit themselves certain sins with the saints of the Lord. . . . .

Without having read Molière, Riembauer thoroughly understood not only how to sin in secret, and to appear before the world as a saint, but also how to keep an amicable account with heaven for sins already committed, or to be committed hereafter.

These errors and frailties were not his sins, but the sins of celibacy; and casuistry furnished him with arguments to prove that in procreating illegitimate children he was instrumental in extending the kingdom of God; that, therefore, this conduct, far from being reprehensible, was praiseworthy, and agreeable in the sight of Heaven. "I considered," these are his words, "1st, That reason tells us that it cannot be unlawful to beget a child; for to call into existence an immortal and rational being is a good deed. It is thus that a man becomes in a peculiar manner the image of God, with whom he co-operates in the creation of a human being, as is said by Saint Clement of Alexandria; 2d, That it cannot be contrary to God's ordinances, for thus it is that the number of the elect is increased; 3d, Neither is it against the decrees of the Church, if the child be educated in the Christian faith; 4th, Nor against the interests of the State, provided this member of it receive moral and civil instruction, so as to become a good citizen and faithful subject, and provided the mother of the child be not forsaken. I frequently considered all these arguments, which were supported by the history of the church, and by my own experience. My conscience was thus made easy under these errors of celibacy."

For his own sake, Riembauer endeavoured to keep the women he debauched quiet, by providing for them and their children; and the failure of this, in one instance, led to the horrible murder of which he was convicted a good many years after its perpetration. He was living at a farm, of which he had defrauded the owners, with a daughter of the family as his mistress, when a girl named Anna Eichstädter, by whom he had had a child, came to implore that he would keep his promise of taking her home as his housekeeper, and dismiss his present mistress. He took her up stairs to his chamber, deliberately cut her throat, and afterwards buried the body in a kind of closet or out-house below. From infatuation and cupidity, he kept the murdered girl's umbrella and some other articles; but, besides this, the most complete proof brought home the crime to him, in spite of his attempts to implicate innocent persons. His ingenious casuistry and the subtlety of his pleadings may remind the English reader of the defence of Eugene Aram. At length he made a clean breast, or as much of the truth was dragged out of him as can ever be obtained on this side of Time. He said—

His motive to the crime was the dread lest Anna Eichstädter should unmask him before the world, rob him of his honour and good name, and ruin his prospect of preferment. Anna declared, said Riembauer, "when I met her at Ratisbon, that she would not part from me. I represented to her most strongly that it was impossible for me to take her, but all in vain. My position, my reputation, every thing that was sacred and dear to me, would be endangered by her coming to Lauterbach. I thought within myself, 'What is to be done should she come!' and I suddenly remembered the maxim laid down by Father Benedict Stattler in his *Ethica Christiana*, according to which it is lawful to deprive another of life, when honour and reputation cannot be otherwise maintained; for honour is of higher value than life, and the law of necessity holds good against those who attack our honour, as much as against robbers. I thought over this maxim, which Professor St—— used formerly to explain to us young ecclesiastics in his lectures; and finding that it exactly applied to my own predicament, I took it as my *dictamen practicum*. My honour, thought I, will be lost, should this wicked woman come to Lauterbach and carry her threat into execution. I shall be suspended by the consistory, my property will be forfeited, and my name will become a reproach and a byword throughout the diocese. Although I had considered this maxim of Stattler's for

some time past, and applied it to my own position, still it was but an idea, and I had not yet formed any plan for putting it in practice."

He goes on to tell, that when he had got the girl up into his room, he went down stairs under pretence of procuring some beer for her, and brought up a bread-knife and his razor. The unhappy girl, he asserted, at this moment—

reiterated her demands with great violence and many threats of denouncing him to justice and before the consistory, and of publishing his true character every where. At this critical moment Father Stattler's maxim again recurred to his mind, and he seized the bread-knife and stabbed Eichstädter with it on the right side of her throat; but finding the knife too blunt, he dropped it, and she endeavoured to defend herself. He then held her by the throat, gave her a heavy blow on the back of her head, thrust his fingers into her mouth, and tried to choke her, exhorting her in the meantime, to repentance and confession, as she must die. She replied by earnestly entreating him to spare her life. "Then," said he, "I took the razor out of my pocket, embraced her from behind, and with my right hand put the blade to her throat, while with my left I forced it into her windpipe. I instantly perceived by her sobs that I had made a deep incision, and I dropped the razor. She remained standing for three or four minutes, during which I said to her, 'Mariandel, I pray to God and to you for pardon: you would have it so. Pray to God for forgiveness of your sins, and I will give you absolution.' I accordingly gave it her, as it was *in casu necessitatis*. She then tottered, as if her knees were failing under her; and I took her under the arms, and let her down gently; *for a few minutes longer I gave her religious consolation as she lay on the floor*, until she began to kick and struggle, and presently breathed her last."

There is something horribly burlesque in the idea of the murderer, his hands reeking with her blood, giving absolution to his victim, which carries more powerful refutation of certain doctrines as to the offices of the priest, held by Romanists and contended for by Puseyites, than volumes of argument. Something, too, is laid bare, more than equivocal, in that system of spiritual training which led this wretched man to cling to the refuge of lies which he found, or pretended to find, in the books and the authorities which he said were guiding his judgment.

Sometimes he would quote the doctrine that all means are justified by the end; and would prove that his purpose being noble, his action could not be criminal. "I had no object but that of preventing the many evils and sins arising from public scandal, and of upholding the honour of the clergy and the reverence due to my sacred calling. Had I not stood in such high consideration with the people, I might more readily have submitted to the disgrace. But I foresaw that the discovery of my crime would bring with it a train of evils; that many men would henceforth think all sins permitted; some would cease to believe in God, others would no longer hold any thing sacred."

Thus this foul murder was committed by a priest for "the glory of God;" and, in concluding his confession, though prevaricating and lying as long as possible, he said, "I have nothing further to tell about this sad story, save my silent grief and sorrow, and that *I have applied frequent masses for the soul of Anna Eichstädter*,"—for the soul of her to whom he had administered Absolution in her dying agony! This man was not executed,—that might have brought a stigma on the priesthood,—but he was condemned to severe imprisonment in a fortress for life. If such be the fearful religious delusions of a man of great intellect and erudition like Riembauer, need we be surprised at the following trait of another criminal, a turner of Augsburg—the scene of many of the crimes recorded,—who murdered a poor char-woman, in whose house he lodged, in the hope of obtaining some trifle of money which she was supposed to possess.

Among other things found upon him was a tattered pocket-book, containing a remarkable document printed in the form of a patent at Cologne, and adorned with the effigies of a number of saints: it purported to be a letter written from heaven by Jesus Christ himself, and brought down to earth by the archangel Michael, granting full absolution for all sins and crimes, however horrible; in short, a patent well worthy to be worn by robbers, thieves, and murderers.

This sort of incidental information about the habits of life, and actual manners of the people of Bavaria, imparts interest to the dark and repulsive catalogue of crimes contained in this volume. The guilt of the man who held the patent of St. Michael, was corroborated by one of those remarkable circumstances which confirm the saying that "murder will not hide." While cutting up the body of the murdered woman to throw it into a hole in the ceiling of a loft of her house, a brass ring which he wore on his little finger, had been rubbed off, and it lodged in the bend of the elbow of the corpse. There the "Tell-tale ring" was found when the body was discovered and examined. When this ring, with several other articles, was shown to the murderer, he, little guessing where it had been found, at once claimed it as a ring which he had long worn, and had accidentally lost, he knew not how, some weeks before. The example of this murderer, who had been a deserter and a thief, "affords," says the worthy Feuerbach, "a proof that there exists in the heart of Europe, human beings as deficient in moral and intellectual culture as the savages of New Zealand." The savages of New Zealand are libelled by comparison with his heroes. To conclude we cannot say that we regard this as a healthy work; but it is not without instruction, and possesses only too great interest of the horrible kind we have described.

The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia. From the German. Two volumes. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

This work, though not of particular interest to the general run of English readers, fills up a gap in German Church History, and brings before us the names and the sufferings of many persecuted for conscience' sake, of whom, in this country, nothing is known, or but little. To those who, from their profession, ought to be intimately conversant with Ecclesiastical History, and especially with every movement of the Protestant Reformation over all Europe, the work must be of importance, as one of many subsidiary to their regular studies and inquiries. Some of the incidents and characters are as full of romantic and pathetic interest as any thing recorded in the annals of English or Scottish religious persecution and martyrdom. The work offers many interesting passages for extract, but none more touching than the account of the sufferings of the "Evangelicals" after the fatal battle of White Hill,—the Bothwell-Bridge of Bohemia.

Before we speak of the formal anti-reformation through the instrumentality of the Jesuits and Lichtenstein's dragoons, we shall first take a view of the case of the subdued Protestants. Ferdinand himself desired to act leniently, since experience had taught him that the application of severe measures in matters of r[illegible] did not produce the desired effect; and, after the

fair promises of pardon were held out, especially at Inglau, by Tiefenbach, to those who should lay down their arms and surrender themselves. And it is true that three months passed without inquisition, or any attempt at punishment; excepting that the boldness of some few officers and their soldiers overstepped the usual bounds. Besides the scenes of bloodshed, cruelty and insult of all kinds, already mentioned, which the soldiers were permitted to perpetrate, soon after the capture of Prague, we have particularly to remark, that the evangelical clergy were tormented wherever they fell into their hands, and that their hatred to the Elector Palatine was exhibited in every possible way. Thus, for example, in 1622, a citizen of Prague, named John Libertanus, had his house filled with soldiers, and was obliged to pay five hundred dollars penalty, merely for naming his new-born son "Frederic." The portraitures of the unfortunate king were broken and trampled upon; whoever had any was maltreated; no one was even to think of him. . . . . .

Three months passed, during which every pulse beat either with revenge or fear. But at length the evening of the mournful 20th of February, 1621, arrived, when the late directors and defenders, all formerly men of importance, and most of them venerable for age, were suddenly seized by order of the governor Lichtenstein, and thrown into prison. There they continued in great anxiety. March and April passed, and no one was able to learn any thing of their fate. In the month of May, they were visited by some commissaries, whose appearance was the more painful to the prisoners, because they discovered in them former brethren of the faith, who had lately apostatized. These made many inquiries, and proposed several questions to them. But as they believed they had been guilty of no crime, and thought they had a good cause, none prayed for mercy. Their spirit had not yet been broken. . . . .

The prisoners consisted of fifty men, remarkably distinguished for their love of religion, prudence, and firmness of mind, who had spent the period of their youth in the arts, in arms, or upon foreign travel, and their subsequent years in attending to the affairs of church and state; they acquainted the careless with their danger, encouraged the considerate, sought unity, and continually gave counsel for the general good; in a word, they were the ornament of their country, and the defence and support of the nation. . . . . .

In May, they proceeded to examine those who were imprisoned. The judges and inquisitors, with some of the nobility, importuned the culprits with visits, and a thousand frivolous questions, in order to elicit from them something which had never happened. It was on one of these occasions that Count Schlik, impatient at his wearisome examination, opened his vest, and making bare his breast, exclaimed: "Tear this body in pieces, and examine its inmost parts, and ye shall find nothing but what we have already declared in the apologies. Love of liberty and religion alone have constrained us to draw the sword. But as God has permitted the Emperor's sword to conquer, and to be put in your hands, may His will be done!" Budowa and Otto Losz spoke to the same effect; assuring them that though the cause of the states had not been brought to a successful issue, it had nevertheless not become worse.

We pass the trials and sentences, to see the manner in which these martyrs bore their final sufferings.

It was announced to the condemned that their execution should take place on the 21st of June; that every one might look to his own soul, and have either a Jesuit, a capuchin monk, or a clergyman of the Augsburg confession, to prepare them for death. But no one was to expect a clergyman of the "Bohemian brethren." Such an one was on no account to be admitted. This affected about half the number of the condemned, and was very painful to them; and was done, either from the old hatred against that party, or in order to delude the Elector of Saxony and the Lutherans into a belief that the Emperor was less hostile to their religion.

Large numbers of the Jesuits and Capuchins now presented themselves, and, uncalled for, greatly harassed the condemned by their dissimulating attempts to make them embrace their religion, under the pretence that their lives might yet be spared. But as they remained immovable, these priests called heaven and earth to witness, that they were clear of the eternal damnation of those who so obstinately rejected the grace of God. . . . . .

On the Sunday, those confined in the town-hall had a very remarkable communion. M. Werbenius was with them holding religious conversation, when the inspector came in and reminded them that it was meal-time. They looked at each other, and assured him they desired no earthly food. Nevertheless, their bodies required some refreshment, and arrangements were accordingly made. One laid the cloth, another the plates, a third brought water to wash, a fourth said grace, and a fifth observed, that this was their last meal upon earth, and the next morning they should partake of the supper with Christ in heaven. This being misconstrued by the Romish prefect of the town-hall, when he went out to his people, he ironically exclaimed: "They think that Christ keeps cooks for them in heaven!" When this was repeated, Veit Jaksch, a clergyman, observed, "that Jesus, too, had a troublesome spectator at his supper, Judas Iscariot." In the meantime it was announced, that the barons and noblemen were being conveyed from the castle to the town-hall, where the stage of blood had been erected. In order to receive them, they ran to the windows, and singing the forty-fourth Psalm, saluted them aloud. But the people sighed and wept.

The whole night was spent in religious hymns, prayer pious conversation, and mutual consolation. They exhorted one another to firmness, to overcome the world with courage, and to give their posterity an example of faithfulness. Having sung the eighty-sixth Psalm, John Kutnauer repeated the last verse, "Show me a token for good." They indeed desired that God might, on the next day, give them some wonderful token in their favour; but Werbenius exhorted them to be satisfied with having so much to sweeten their death. On Sunday, Lippach from the pulpit exhorted the people to pray for the unfortunate prisoners. All wept. In the afternoon service, Jessenius, Rüppel, and Hauenschild, requested the forgiveness of all if they had ever offended any.

Towards the dawn of the morning they washed themselves, and changed their clothes, as though they were going to a wedding, and so well arranged their knightly dresses, even to the frills, that there was nothing left to be done upon the scaffold in this respect. But Kutnauer still continued to pray God that he would show a sign to attest their innocence; and it tended to their consolation when they perceived, through the windows of the prison, a splendid rainbow, at which all the people gazed with amazement. . . . . .

The first that died was Joachim Andreas Schlik, Count of Passau and Ellbogen, chief-justice under Frederick; he was also administrator of Upper Lusatia, and had been chosen one of the directors. He was now fifty years old; descended from an ancient and illustrious family; spirited, virtuous, and heroic, he was also modest, pious, active, and peaceful. After the conquest by Ferdinand, he first fled to his relatives in Friedland, and thence to Saxony, where, having been discovered, the Elector thought it his duty to deliver him up, although in his youth Schlik had done him great services, and had even afterwards proposed him for the crown of Bohemia. After the sentence of death (especially when he had been informed that he was to be quartered, and his limbs exposed at a cross-road,) his discourse manifested great firmness of mind. When the clock struck five, and the discharge of the gun from the castle was heard, Schlik said (as Harant informed the clergyman Honezchlumsky,) "That is the signal, I must go first. But thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me!" At the same time the imperial officers entered and announced that the hour of execution had arrived, and that they should hold themselves ready when they should be called. Then came the city officers and called Schlik; who, unbound, dressed in black silk,

and with a prayer book in his hand, was led by four German clergymen. As he descended the stairs, there stood two German Jesuits, one of whom, P. Sedetius, said, "My lord count, consider well." But he immediately replied: "Leave me alone!" When he had reached the scaffold, and beheld the sun, he said: "Sun of righteousness, Jesus Christ, grant that I may come to thy light through the shadow of death." He then walked to and fro, pensively, but with so much dignity and firmness that even the judges could not refrain from tears. After having prayed, and stripped himself, with the assistance of his page, he knelt down upon a black cloth, spread out for the purpose, and received the deadly stroke of the sword. Then his right hand was cut off, which was put upon a lance, and his head upon another, to be set up on the bridge-tower. His body, without being touched by the executioner, was carried from the stage by six men in black masks, as was also done with the others who were put to death by the sword. After each execution a new cloth was spread, so that no one could see the blood of him who had preceded. . . . .

The next who was led forth for execution was the eloquent Baron Wenzel Budowecz of Budowa. He is described as "a man of matchless talents, distinguished for his learning, and famous as an author, likewise of a burning zeal and a venerable age. He had been one of the counsellors under the Emperor Rudolph, and among the defenders under Matthias; one of the directors with the states, and president of the court of appeals under Frederic. He was an ornament of his country, and a shining light in the church; more a father than the lord of his subjects; in a word, a chief, dear both to God and to men."

Such are the acts done in the name of religion!

Trade and Travel in the Far East; or, Recollections of Twenty-one Years passed in Java, Singapore, Australia, and China. By G. F. Davidson. London: Madden & Malcolm.

Some twenty years since, Mr. Davidson, "a youngster full of life and spirits," went, apparently with commercial objects, to Batavia, then, he tells us, "a joyous place, the whole town alive and bustling with a set of active merchants, from all parts of the world, and every body thriving." Our author, who lived for several years in Batavia, describes the climate as by no means so insalubrious as it has been represented, if the city is avoided during the night, temperance rigidly practised, and common precautions taken. There are beautiful shaded drives round the city, and its market is richly supplied with choice fruit. In those days, the Dutch and English held aloof from each other, and may do so still; but a young man naturally found his way into delightful parties among the few Dutch families, enlivened by the presence of ten or a dozen charming Dutch girls, whose charms are, alas! of very brief duration:—

Charming and beautiful they certainly are while young; but, ere they reach thirty, a marvellous change comes over their appearance: the fair-haired, blue-eyed, laughing romp of eighteen has, in that short period of ten or twelve years, become transformed into a stout and rather elderly-looking matron, as unlike an English woman of the same age as one can well fancy. When I look back on those gay and pleasant parties, and think how few of the individuals who composed them are now alive, the reflection makes me sad. What a different class its English inhabitants of the present day are from those of 1823—1826! . . . The causes of this change are obvious: it arises from the different class of people that now come out from Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, compared with the British merchant of former times, and from the total deficiency of the most common civility, on the part of our countrymen, towards the many highly respectable, agreeable, and intelligent Dutch families that form the society of the place. It is with pain I write this; but, as a citizen of the world, who has seen a good deal of life, in recording my sentiments on these matters, I cannot avoid telling the plain truth as it struck me from personal observation.

Mr. Davidson rambled so long and wide, and has laid up such a store and variety of interesting reminiscences, that, unable to go every where, we are at a loss whither to follow him. Samarang, and other places in Java, are recommended by comparative novelty; and the same thing applies to Singapore, and the different places in China which Mr. Davidson visited. At Djockdocarta in Java, he saw the ruins of a harem belonging to the ancient Sultans, which was said to have been surrounded by a moat filled with alligators; the only entrance being a subterranean passage under the canal. The canal and passage were, in 1824, found in good order, though the alligators had, of course, disappeared. At this village, one of the present Sultan's elephants attempted to revenge the teasing of one of Mr. Davidson's rash friends, by giving him first a "wicked look," and then aiming a cocoa-nut at his head, which luckily missed him, but literally smashed a post on which it struck. The following blood-curdling event occurred at Samarang to an English officer, who kept a tame leopard:—

This animal had its liberty, and used to run all over the house after its master. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right-hand, and the hookah-snake in his left, when he felt a slight pain in the left hand, and, on attempting to raise it, was checked by a low angry growl from his pet leopard: on looking down, he saw the animal had been licking the back of his hand, and had by degrees drawn a little blood. The leopard would not suffer the removal of the hand, but continued licking it with great apparent relish, which did not much please his master; who, with great presence of mind, without attempting again to disturb the pet in his proceeding, called to his servant to bring him a pistol, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot.

Tea is now successfully cultivated in Java. Mr. Davidson thus cuts up the Upas tree by the roots:—

Such a tree certainly exists on the island; but the tales that are told of its poisoning the air for hundreds of yards round, so that birds dare not approach it, that vegetation is destroyed beneath its branches, and that man cannot come near it with impunity, are perfectly ridiculous. To prove their absurdity, a friend of mine climbed up a upas-tree, and passed two hours in its branches, where he took his lunch and smoked a cigar. The tree, however, does contain poison, and the natives extract the sap, with which they rub their spear and *kriss* blades: wounds inflicted with blades thus anointed, are mortal. Such I believe to be the origin of the many fabulous stories that have passed from hand to hand, and from generation to generation, about the upas-tree of Java.

Singapore, from what it is, if not from what it is likely to become, is an interesting place; but it has undergone considerable change since Mr. Davidson visited it in 1826, and again in 1842; and he is acquainted with its change, and with the commercial prospects of this beautiful settlement, and its motley population, which consists of individuals of every European and Eastern nation, besides Jews, who are of no nation, and Americans, who now claim a whole quarter of the globe for themselves. The Eastern tribes occupy each a quarter of its own; but Europeans, Americans, and Armenians, mix together; and business-hours, and money transactions, confound, for a part of every day,

all national distinctions. Each class has its distinctive place of worship,—the most splendid being the Chinese pagoda. National characteristics are maintained even here. It is said :—

A portion of the Chinese are the descendants of those who settled at Malacca two hundred years ago: they have never been to China, and speak Malay much more fluently than they do their own language. Numbers of them keep their families at Malacca, having superstitious objections to a final removal far from the graves of their ancestors. The real Chinese emigrant looks on Singapore only as a temporary home, and invariably remits something every year, according to his means, to his aged parents, wife, or sisters. He usually consoles himself for his absence from his wife, by taking to himself another of the country he resides in: the offspring of this second marriage is always properly cared for on the father's return to China, where he probably takes the eldest boy to be educated.

The Chinese junks bring annually to this part of the world, from six to eight thousand emigrants, ninety-nine-hundredths of whom land without a sixpence in the world beyond the clothes they stand in. The consequence of this is, that those who cannot succeed in obtaining immediate employment, take to thieving, from necessity. . . . . .

Ship-loads of these men have been sent to the Mauritius, where they have given general satisfaction; and no better class of emigrants could be found for the West Indies. A tight curb on a China-man will make him do a great deal of work: at the same time, he has spirit enough to resist real ill treatment. All the mechanics and house-builders, and many boatmen and fishermen of Singapore, are Chinese.

Of the other inhabitants, the most numerous are the Malabarees, who are principally employed as shopkeepers, and are as knowing in the art of bargain-driving, as any tradesman of London or Paris. They generally go here under the denomination of "*Klings*," an appellation synonymous, in the Singapore vocabulary, with "scamp," to which I have no inclination to dispute their title. The boats employed to carry cargoes to and from the shipping in the harbour, are almost all manned by these *Klings;* and excellent boatmen they are. When pulling off a heavily-laden boat, they cheer their labour by a song, led, in general, by the steersman, the crew joining in chorus. They are a willing, hard-working race, though rather given to shut their eyes to the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

These boatmen have been suspected of conniving with the Malay pirates; but Mr. Davidson acquits them.

Mr. Davidson appears to consider total abstinence almost as dangerous in hot climates as intemperance. Three of the clergymen appointed to the English chapel at Singapore, died in succession, and all young, of diseased liver, and, as he thinks, from "too strict adherence to tee-totalism." A liberal allowance of wine, in warm climates, he believes to be absolutely necessary. Health, and other circumstances, led Mr. Davidson to reside for three years (from 1836) in New South Wales, whence he returned to India in improved health. After this, he paid a second visit to China; and he gives a very full description of Macao, and of Hong Kong, where he resided for a year. Of this rising and important settlement, he says—

Since the ratification of Sir Henry Pottinger's treaty, and the confirmation of the cession of the island as part and parcel of the dominions of Queen Victoria, many wealthy Chinese merchants have been making arrangements for the establishment of branch-houses here; and more than one of them had, previously to my departure last March, chartered British ships, and despatched them to the northern ports, loaded with British goods. As a *dépôt* for goods intended for the Chinese market, I conceive the situation of Hong Kong to be unrivalled, and, in this point of view, of great importance. On the arrival of a ship from London, Liverpool, or Glasgow, with a general cargo of British goods, the consignees unload them, and send the ship home again with tea or such other produce as they may have ready for her, storing and holding the goods in readiness for any opening that may present itself: such portion of them as may be suited for markets in the immediate vicinity, are either sold on the spot, or sent to Canton, while the rest is shipped off in fast-sailing vessels, kept for the purpose of making sure of their voyage against the monsoon, to Amoy, Chusan, and other ports to the northward.

. . . . . .

A decisive proof of the eligibility of Hong Kong as a place of trade, and of its importance in the eyes of the Chinese themselves, is afforded by the immense sums paid by some of them for ground on which to build *Hongs*, where they can deposit their goods with safety, beyond the reach of their grasping mandarins. This advantage to a China-man is something so new, and so far beyond any thing he ever dreamed of enjoying, that I conceive the benefits likely to accrue from it to Hong Kong to be incalculable.

Goods stored in Canton or Macao, the property of a China-man, were never safe in the event of their owner getting into trouble with the Chinese authorities; and, if the property of foreigners, they could not be ensured against fire; the risk arising from the universal carelessness of the Chinese, and the consequent very frequent occurrence of extensive conflagrations, being considered too great by the underwriters. Both these difficulties are completely obviated in Hong Kong; and every substantially built house and warehouse, together with the property in them, were ensured against fire, previously to my quitting the island. One China-man had, in March last, completed buildings for the storage of property collected from the different ports on the coast, on which upwards of forty thousand dollars had been laid out; and, what is more, they were already well filled.

As a convenient and safe *dépôt* for opium, (a trade, in my opinion, quite as legitimate and honourable as that in brandy, gin, and other spirits,) Hong Kong is admirably situated.

Mr. Davidson takes a British opium merchant's view of this subject, and backs it with this bit of moral and political philosophy :—

China is decidedly an over-populated country. Opium-smoking checks the increase, and thereby does good; a view of the question not altogether unworthy of attention. Checking the increase of population in this way is, at all events, better than adopting the plan of drowning female infants; not an uncommon one in China.

Mr. Davidson fancies it not unlikely that we may teach the Chinese to fight us, if not ultimately to beat us. He imputes the mortality among the troops at Hong Kong more to unwholesome provisions, and the want of proper nourishment for convalescents, than to the climate. His remarks on this head are worth the attention of those who are bound for Hong Kong. In one conclusion many will join with him :—

Hong Kong is a free port, and, in my opinion, ought never to be otherwise than free. Let its harbour be a refuge for the shipping of all nations, and its stores will then be filled with their goods. I would not encumber the commerce of this island with one single dollar of charges: no port charges ought for a moment to be thought of; and, as for import and export duties, the most moderate charges of this kind would ruin the place. What brought Singapore forward so rapidly, was, the entire freedom of its trade. If Hong Kong is but treated in the same way, its progress will be, if possible, still more rapid than that of its sister settlement.

A revenue more than sufficient to remunerate Government for the annual expenses of Hong Kong, may be raised on the spot, without hampering its commerce, by

taxing the retail opium trade, the retail spirit trade, carriages and horses, licensed gambling-houses, rents from public markets, ground-rent on building and other lots, and an assessment on rents, say of five per cent.

In the description of Canton, we find this faint dawn of the future emancipation of female feet. Here, as in the pinched waists of Europe, the victims are themselves the bigots to the pernicious custom :—

Their walk resembles that of a timid boy upon ice; it is necessarily slow; and, indeed, some of them require the aid of a staff in one hand, while they lean with the other on the shoulder of a female attendant. The smaller the eyes and feet of a Chinese beauty, the more she is admired. I once asked a respectable China-man, what he thought of this custom of cramping their daughters' feet: his reply was, "Very bad custom." On my inquiring farther, whether he had any daughters, and whether their feet were treated in the same way, he answered in the affirmative, but asserted, that they had been subjected to the cruel ordeal by their mother, against his will. He added, that, in a China-man's house, where there were young girls, no peace could be had, night or day, for their cries, which lasted till they were six years old. He gave us a reason for the mother's insisting on her daughters' submitting to this long course of pain and suffering:—"Suppose *he* no small foot, no man wantjee make *he* number one wife." A respectable China-man, it appears, always chooses a small-footed woman for his principal wife, while for number two, three, and four, he contents himself with ladies whose feet are as nature made them, and who are consequently more able to make themselves useful in household matters.

We may assure Mr. Davidson, that his countrymen, the merchants, need no encouragement from him to increase, much less to quadruple their shipments to China. Their error rarely lies on the side of timidity; though a trade thrown open with three hundred millions of civilized people, does hold out a glorious prospect. "Trade and Travels," winds up with some valuable suggestions for establishing settlements on the north-western and western coasts of Borneo. The recent discovery of veins of coal, of excellent quality for the purposes of steam navigation on the banks of the river of Borneo Proper, might render such settlements of very great importance to the China trade. Mr. Davidson lays out on paper, and establishes such a settlement, under the superintendence of Mr. Brooke, very plausibly. But not only this scheme, but the whole of the reminiscences of these wanderings, which were written on the homeward voyage, and under great disadvantages, will be read with pleasure, and many of the suggestive hints relative to commercial objects may be found profitable. The Borneo settlement has, however, now been presented to the world by Mr. Brooke himself, in a work which both relates what has been accomplished, and suggests what ought to be attempted in an affair of considerable moment to British commerce.

Sketches from Scripture History. By the late William Scott, Esq. Small 8vo. Blackwood & Sons.

We have been greatly pleased, and we hope edified, by the perusal of this little book. It is the production of a pious and earnest layman, of cultivated intellect, and hence comes home to other laymen without the suspicion of professional bias, or of being merely the work of a clergyman labouring in his regular vocation. This is a character which ought, and which does give such performances increased influence. The sketches, of which merely a selection is here published, were originally addressed by Mr. Scott, in a series of letters, to an intimate friend, and were not intended for publication. Mr. Scott's friends, however, have imagined that the selection may be acceptable to his fellow-citizens; and they have, as we think, concluded rightly. The sketches will be acceptable, and useful also in no mean degree, or we are greatly mistaken. They commence with a view of the promises and prophecies concerning the Saviour, which are traced throughout all the books of the Old Testament Scriptures. The history is continued in a narrative of the birth of our Lord, and of his early history, and proceeds through the course of his life, until his work on earth was finished. Each separate book of the New Testament is described and characterized. There is an exceedingly beautiful section upon the Lord's Prayer; perhaps indeed the finest thing in the volume; but while so many periodical works are at present devoted solely to publications of a religious character, it might be presumed out of place for us to dwell upon such topics. The obligation, and fit observance of the Christian Sabbath, is ground more open; and here we shall venture to quote some of Mr. Scott's rational, and sensible, and truly Christian sentiments, upon a subject, which, as at present viewed by persons of extreme opinions on both sides, certainly tends more to wrangling and idle disputation, than to "godly edifying." The article on the Sabbath, sets out thus,—

The Sabbath was made for man. It is an institution accommodated in mercy to his nature and his wants. Its observance is no doubt sanctioned by a divine command, but the command is not an arbitrary one; it is founded on the most substantial and salutary reasons, and is conducive in the highest degree to the welfare and happiness of our species. . . . . .

The Scribes and Pharisees, following the strict letter of the commandment, thought that they obeyed it by abstaining from labour on the Sabbath, and by strictly refraining from doing upon that day any work whatever, good or bad. Our Saviour sufficiently exposed this error, when he told them, that the "Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath:"—when he asked them the question, to which they could return no answer, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil, to save life, or to destroy it?"—when he showed by his own example, the true mode of hallowing the Sabbath—by works of charity and mercy. . . Notwithstanding this lesson, and others which will be afterwards noticed, there are still among us many excellent persons who seem more inclined than is reasonable, to the narrow, rigid, literal, and, as it may be called, Judaical observance of the Sabbath, which was followed by the Scribes and Pharisees of old. They generally admit as allowable exceptions, acts of necessity and mercy; but there are acts which do not fall strictly within either of these categories, which we have the authority and example of the Saviour himself for declaring to be perfectly lawful and innocent, and no infringement of the rest of the Sabbath. There are some so strict as to object to the smallest recreation on that day, particularly to that so conducive to health, of enjoying fresh air, and exercise in the fields. We may say as to this, that every thing depends upon the spirit in which this recreation is indulged in. No one will dispute that to be engaged in idly strolling about the fields, and indulging in foolish and unprofitable discourse, is a profanation of the Lord's day, and ought by all means to be discouraged and repressed;—but, on the other hand, there can, it is conceived, be no harm, but the contrary, after the duties of public and private devotion have been properly and carefully attended to—in going forth in a calm and cheerful frame of mind, to enjoy the beauties of nature, and to inhale the fresh breezes of heaven. I can conceive nothing more innocent, or indeed praise-worthy, than a family in this frame of mind, accompanying their parents in a Sunday evening walk, the latter pointing out to them, from time

to time, some natural phenomenon not previously observed, explaining its causes or its effects, and leading them from thence to admire the wisdom, the power, and the beneficence, of the Great Author of all.

In addition to the above, it may be mentioned that, to many in the labouring and middle classes of society, particularly those "in populous cities pent," this is the only day on which they have any opportunity of relaxation; that, on the other days of the week, their time is entirely occupied, and their strength wasted by severe toil, or close unremitting confinement, many of them in ill-aired and unwholesome apartments; and that, but for the interval of the Sabbath, many would have no means or opportunity of ever seeing or enjoying the green verdure of the fields, or the blessed light of Heaven. Would we have the cruelty to deprive them of this? to confine them all the Sabbath to their narrow lanes, and low-roofed, dark, and stifling houses? Surely this cannot be the will of the Almighty in ordaining the Sabbath. The Sabbath was intended to promote the ease, the comfort, and the happiness of man. It was intended to be, and it ought to be, a delight — and not a punishment.

If these arguments are not considered sufficient—may it not be allowed to adduce the example of our Lord and his disciples, who, we are told, "walked through the fields of corn on the Sabbath day." No reason is assigned for their being so employed; nor is there any ever supposed to be necessary. It is mentioned simply, as indeed it was, as a perfectly lawful and innocent act, on the Sabbath no less than as on any other day of the week; and what was done by them, may surely now be done, without offence, by their followers.

It is with no desire whatever of justifying idleness and folly, that I am led to make these remarks; but to point out what I conceive to be the error of some most excellent and worthy persons, who not only themselves practise, but also wish to impose upon the community, an over rigid and Judaical observance of the Lord's day. The outward act signifies nothing; every thing depends upon the disposition of the mind. One may spend the day entirely at home, and indulge in the grossest vice, or in the most unhallowed imaginations. Another may walk out into the fields, and store his mind with the most beautiful images of nature, or raise his thoughts to Heaven in the most sublime contemplations. It is evident, from many parts of his history, that much of our Saviour's time was passed with his disciples in the open fields; and it may be mentioned, for the benefit of those who are fond of out-door exercise, how he improved such opportunities of social converse, and drew moral reflections from every object that met his view. Pointing at the flowers with which the earth is covered in spring, he told his followers to "Behold the lilies of the field," and added, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He pointed to the birds of the air and said, "Consider the ravens — they neither sow nor reap, but your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And on the evening of that day when he had eaten his last repast with his disciples, as passing through the vineyards that surrounded Jerusalem, he began that beautiful discourse, "I am the true vine." He who like Him, is prepared to turn every thing to profit, — to draw a useful lesson from every object, and, whatever he does, to do all to the glory of God, will find—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Another purpose to which, among the labouring classes, the Sabbath is often made subservient to enjoyment, is its enabling them to meet with their friends, and to be happy for a short time in the society of those from whom they are separated during the week. Those who would debar them from this gratification, have not sufficiently considered, or at any rate do not fully understand, what is meant by the saying—"I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842, *and to Oregon and North California, in the years* 1843-44. By Brevet-Captain J. C. Fremont, of the Topographical Engineers; with a Map and Illustrations. London: Wiley & Putnam.

It has been the policy of the American government, for the last forty years, to send out, every now and then, an expedition to explore, or take a look, of some remote and desert territory, and report; the better to establish the claim which it may, on some future day, set up to the sovereignty of it, and the right to annex it to the United States. Our perverse brother Jonathan is, to confess the truth, trying our patience somewhat too far of late; and it would, on our part, were it but for his own sake, be a capital blunder to carry forbearance with his absurdities to the length which sometimes makes an arrogant blockhead mistake true magnanimity for timidity, or want of spirit. But this remark has no immediate connexion with Captain Fremont's exploratory expedition, though it was undertaken by order of the government of the United States, to whom the narrative, and the accompanying maps, were given in. In style and matter, the work closely resembles the narrative of the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, with some likeness to part of the Indian adventures of Catlin. It is, merely as a narrative of travel, exceedingly interesting, and entirely free from any thing of the swagger and assumption of vulgar Yankeeism. Indeed, it contains no matter of offence whatever. We regret that we cannot go at any length into the narrative; but assure our readers of a high treat in accompanying those robust, high-spirited, and manly young Americans, in their daring enterprizes and wild ventures. We select a few sentences, as specimens of the style.

EMIGRANTS TO THE OREGON TERRITORY.

A party of emigrants to the Columbia river, under the charge of Dr. White, an agent of the government in Oregon territory, were about three weeks in advance of us. They consisted of men, women, and children. There were sixty-four men, and sixteen or seventeen families. They had a considerable number of cattle, and were transporting their household furniture in large heavy wagons. I understood that there had been much sickness among them, and that they had lost several children. . . . . .

Here passes the road to Oregon; and the broad smooth highway, where the numerous heavy wagons of the emigrants had entirely beaten and crushed the artemisia, was a happy exchange to our poor animals for the sharp rocks and tough shrubs among which they had been toiling so long; and we moved up the valley rapidly and pleasantly.

In this way, a considerable population from the States is pushing its gradual way towards the Pacific. For that is the ultimate boundary. About a fortnight afterwards, another party of emigrants was overtaken, near Brady's Island:—

We passed near an encampment of Oregon emigrants, where they appeared to have reposed several days. A variety of household articles were scattered about, and they had probably disburdened themselves here of many things not absolutely necessary.

The party had by this time seen immense herds of buffaloes, and had enjoyed excellent sport; and soon afterwards they encountered straggling parties of Indians, and also native villages and lodges. The narrative is often exceedingly animated and picturesque. The adventures in exploring the river Platte, and many others, will afford admirable extracts to those who select, at Christmas-tide, entertaining reading for boys.——Late

in August, the following entry is made in Captain Fremont's Journal,—the party being now about half-way between the Mississippi and the Pacific, or on the dividing ridge, where they still found the tide of emigration steadily, if slowly, rolling on :—

Entering here the valley of Green river—the great Colorado of the West—and inclining very much to the southward along the streams which form the Sandy river, the road led for several days over dry and level uninteresting plains, to which a low, scrubby growth of artemisia gave a uniform dull grayish colour; and on the evening of the 15th, we encamped in the Mexican territory, on the left bank of Green river, sixty-nine miles from the South Pass, in longitude 110° 05′ 05″, and latitude 41° 53′ 54″, distant 1031 miles from the mouth of the Kansas. This is the emigrant road to Oregon; which bears much to the southward, to avoid the mountains about the western heads of Green river —the *Rio Verde* of the Spaniards. . . . . .

August 18.—We passed on the road, this morning, the grave of one of the emigrants, being the second we had seen since falling into their trail, and halted to noon on the river, a short distance above. . . . . .

Coal made its appearance occasionally in the hills during the afternoon, and was displayed in rabbit burrows in a kind of gap, through which we passed over some high hills; and we descended to make our encampment on the same stream, where we found but very poor grass. In the evening, a fine cow, with her calf, which had strayed off from some emigrant party, were found several miles from the road, and brought into camp; and as she gave an abundance of milk, we enjoyed to-night an excellent cup of coffee. We travelled to-day twenty-eight miles, and, as has been usual since crossing the Green river, the road has been very dusty, and the weather smoky and oppressively hot. . . . . .

We continued our road down the river, and at night encamped with a family of emigrants—two men, women, and several children—who appeared to be bringing up the rear of the great caravan. I was struck with the fine appearance of their cattle, some six or eight yoke of oxen, which really looked as well as if they had been all the summer at work on some good farm. It was strange to see one small family travelling along through such a country, so remote from civilization. Some nine years since, such a security might have been a fatal one; but since their disastrous defeats in the country a little north, the Blackfeet have ceased to visit these waters. Indians, however, are very uncertain in their localities; and the friendly feelings, also, of those now inhabiting it may be changed. . . . . .

Crossing, in the afternoon, the point of a narrow spur, we descended into a beautiful bottom, formed by a lateral valley, which presented a picture of home beauty that went directly to our hearts. The edge of the wood for several miles along the river was dotted with the white covers of emigrant wagons, collected in groups at different camps, where the smokes were rising lazily from the fires, around which the women were occupied in preparing the evening meal, and the children playing in the grass; and herds of cattle, grazing about in the bottom, had an air of quiet security and civilized comfort that made a rare sight for the traveller in such a remote wilderness.

In common with all the emigration, they had been reposing for several days in this delightful valley, in order to recruit their animals on its luxuriant pasturage, after their long journey, and prepare them for the hard travel along the comparatively sterile banks of the Upper Columbia. At the lower end of this extensive bottom, the river passes through an open chasm, where there were high vertical rocks to the water's edge, and the road here turns up a broad valley to the right. It was already near sunset; but, hoping to reach the river again before night, we continued our march along the valley, finding the road tolerably good, until we arrived at a point where it crosses the ridge by an ascent of a mile in length, which was so very steep and difficult for the gun and carriage, that we did not reach the summit until dark.

It was absolutely necessary to descend into the valley for water and grass; and we were obliged to grope our way in the darkness down a very steep, bad mountain, reaching the river at about ten o'clock. It was late before our animals were gathered into camp—several of those which were very weak being necessarily left to pass the night on the ridge; and we sat down again to a midnight supper. The road, in the morning, presented an animated appearance. We found that we had encamped near a large party of emigrants; and a few miles below another party was already in motion.

It would be easy to multiply interesting extracts from this narrative; but we must be content with pointing it out to persons curious in this exciting sort of reading.

Impressions and Observations of a Young Person, during a Residence in Paris. Third edition. Paris: Galignani.

This small volume consists of detached sentences, or short paragraphs, extracted from the diary of a girl of sixteen; who, though of English parentage, passed her earliest years in Paris and different parts of France; and was, till past childhood, a stranger to her own country. With England, when she did see it, she was charmed. Her impressions and observations indicate, however, that she is not insensible to those points, especially in the economy or philosophy of daily life, in which the French excel the English. A few of the paragraphs will give a clear idea of the work, about which there is nothing juvenile save the years and fresh-mindedness of the writer.

Pews.—Until I visited England, I had never seen church-pews. Their exclusiveness, and the variety of colours with which they are lined, has a strange effect after foreign churches, where every person, in whatever station of life, enters and takes a chair indiscriminately; the rich and the poor, the high and the low, are all considered equal before our Heavenly Father.

Fetes.—The French are so fond of *fêtes*, that they have one for the dead, *fête des morts*; and even one for the Deity, *fête Dieu*.

Dress.—At theatres and other public places in France, except at the Italian Opera, which is usually resorted to, previously to balls and other *réunions*, young ladies are seldom seen *décolletées*; the exposure of the neck and shoulders is not considered good taste; when the dress is low, the neck is usually covered by a scarf or collar. Children, too, are generally more warmly clad here than in England; the French attributing the cause and prevalence of consumptive complaints to the want of sufficient clothing in childhood. . . .

French ladies, although plainly dressed, have so much good taste, that their apparel is always elegant and sits well. English *Marchandes de modes* and *Couturières* are apt to overload with ornament, or, as the French so well express it, *chargent*; they will not understand that a really well made dress rather loses than gains by their favourite "trimmings," and with them there is no end to the feathers, flowers, and ribbons.

The French, on the contrary, seek to combine the greatest elegance with the greatest possible simplicity; every thing must be rich and good, but never overloaded.

Villages.—"Oft in those pleasant villages of France" reads very prettily in poetry, but I have never had the good fortune to see one. There are no pretty cottages overrun with wild flowers, no village green with its pond, its ducks, and chubby little children, so prettily described by Miss Mitford; no bowling-green road running through it; the whole has an air of *malaise*.

A Hint.—Many parasols and purses are forgotten in public carriages; this has probably given rise to a very

good practice adopted in Paris for their restoration. The coachman, on your entering, gives a card with the number of his carriage, thus enabling you to reclaim any forgotten articles at the office where the coach is known.

The Windows of English houses have one advantage over those in France; they can be opened without disturbing any thing placed before them, and without risk of tearing the curtains. The quantity of air required, can be admitted into the room, whilst at least half of the French window must be opened for this purpose. The French window has, however, an appearance of greater freedom in summer, which is the reason probably for its being adopted in English country houses, and at watering places.

Artists form a very numerous and distinct class in Paris; they wear a peculiar dress *en Raphael*, and affect a sort of contempt for the more useful, but, as they consider, less refined pursuits of commerce.

Design.—The French excel in handsome patterns; however coarse the material, the *dessin* is sure to be bold and striking. There appears no profession in England answering to the *dessinateur* who traces patterns; a French lady in London, wishing to embroider a handkerchief, asked me to take her to a *dessinateur*, but, upon inquiry, I was unable to find one.

The want of fountains in London appears strange; the French are very fond of them; Paris abounds in them; and the *Place de la Concorde* owes its chief beauty to them. They give the capital an air of coolness and gaiety, particularly in summer. The French excel in out-door ornaments.

Fogs.—A Parisian fog is vapoury, and looks like the ghost of a London one; it does not give the same melancholy appearance to the town.

Dew.—One of the delights of the country in England is the refreshing dew. English persons are generally quite afraid of walking at night on account of the dampness: to me it is delightful. The climate of France is so dry, that dew is nearly unknown. The evenings of summer are not relieved by any damp, and are often more oppressive than during the day.

To the effect of dew may possibly be attributed the *fraîcheur*, as the French call it, of the English complexion, that beautiful union of red and white, so much more pleasing than the dead white admired in the Parisian cheek. A French lady, Madame de G——, née Princesse de B——, has been heard to say, that whenever there was a *brouillard*, she either walked in the open air, or put her head out of the window, in the hope of catching some English *fraîcheur*.

A stranger in London is struck with the number of provision shops. In Paris, those for dress and ornaments are most numerous; the public markets may partly account for this; for the sight is not here so frequently offended by raw meat hung out for sale at the butchers' shops. In the *boutiques de charcuterie* it is reflected by handsome mirrors; the shops are generally ornamented with flowers, and at one season of the year, the *charcuterie* is dressed out like twelfth-cakes.

Shopkeepers.—The English shopkeepers appear in an unfavourable light after the French; their civility amounts to servility; they thank you so much for nothing, and offer so many things which you do not want, that to enter a shop in London becomes disagreeable.

Nursemaids.—It has often surprised me never to have seen noticed by an older observer, or an abler pen, the vast difference between French and English nursery-maids, and *bonnes d'enfans*. In England, it is not uncommon to see young children left to the care of girls from fifteen to seventeen, the most thoughtless age in life; to whom, to trust one's property would be considered almost madness; whilst the most precious of all treasures, young children, are freely confided to them: indeed it would seem that girls disqualified by youth and inexperience for any other service, are best suited for this. A woman who would not dare to offer you her daughter as a cook, house, or laundry-maid, will freely do so for a place in the nursery. In France, there is no sight more agreeable than the respectable, matronly-looking *bonnes d'enfans*, who are seen in the costumes of their province, attending their young charges either in the Tuileries garden, at Paris, or in the shade of the *promenade publique* which generally surrounds every French country town.

In quitting France I should miss three things: shoes, stays, and chocolate bonbons.

Inns.—French inns, although less clean and comfortable, appear to me to have this superiority over those in England: in France, the rooms are generally *en suite*, so that one is more at home; in England, with a sitting-room on one floor, bed-rooms are frequently given on another; and besides the annoyance of being continually on the staircase or in the corridor, mistakes might arise, unless the exact numbers and position of the rooms are recollected. I have seldom met with the same good bed at an English inn, which is always found in the most indifferent hotel in France.

Devotion.—Many a servant or peasant, in going to market, many an artisan in going to his daily work, enters a church, and remains there in some corner unobserved; this must arise from piety of the heart; nobody perhaps thinks better of them for doing it, nor would think worse of them if they did not. The cold stone replaces the cushioned *prie-Dieu* among the poor, nor appears too hard to those who enter the church to pray unobserved.

. . . . . The ceremony of the *Première Communion*, or confirmation, is very pretty in France, particularly among girls. They are dressed in white with long veils, which give them a very pleasing and modest appearance. Eleven is the usual age for confirmation; but if a little girl is diligent, and well conducted, and is capable of passing the general examination before that age, she is confirmed, and held up as an example to her young friends and schoolfellows. She wears on the day of the ceremony a wreath of white roses as a distinctive emblem of her diligence, purity, and innocence.

Enough of this clever little book, which we introduce both as a companion to ladies going to France, and also for the indirect lessons which it conveys on the great art of "*How to Observe.*"

NEW POEMS.

A Tale of the Plague, The Old Jackdaw, and other Poems. By Pelham Knott. With frontispiece, vignette, &c. Glasgow: M'Leod.

We have here a young poet, who displays considerable power of picturesque presentation. If he acknowledge any school, it must be that of Tennyson, of which he is a hopeful pupil, and a very great improvement upon the hackneyed disciples of Byron. Besides the principal piece, "The Tale of the Plague," there is much to admire in "The Old Jackdaw," "The Tale of Love and Glory," and other of the poems. "Dissipation," a poem in a different style, has a pathetic moral.

Lays of St. Mungo; or, the Minstrelsy of the West. With Biographical and Historical Notices. Edited by James Lemon. First and second series. Glasgow: Smith & Watson.

We wish some one would publish the poetical statistics of St. Mungo's, and let us know, within a few dozens, more or less, how many "rhyming billies" that locality furnishes. To us there seems no end to them; and their quality is even more remarkable than their number. The Editor of this selection is himself the author of

many copies of sweet and natural verses, and has taste to guide him in selecting from those of his friends and contemporaries. His biographical notes, describing those bards unknown to all but local fame, are not the least valuable portion of his "Minstrelsy." Many pages could be filled with the "short and simple annals" of those not mute though unknown poets. One of the most interesting of these records is the account of Walter Watson, a hand-loom weaver and old soldier, who is, it seems, the author of the most famous of curling songs, and also of a song which has been highly popular in Scotland for forty years—

We've aye been provided for,
And sae will we yet.

These, and other pieces, were the productions of his early life, as, after the wars, the rearing of a family of nearly a dozen put the muses to rout, as the ladies of Helicon did little or nothing in helping him to keep his numerous household "right an' tight, thack and rape." He has lost six sons; and the remainder of his family are married, and have probably enough to do with families of their own; so that he and his "Maggie," the subject of one of his best songs, are left alone, the wife labouring under a hopeless malady, and the husband with increasing years and decaying sight, much less able to ply the shuttle, the only means of his independence. We would have all generous and jolly curlers, and convivial singers, when they sit down with their "cronies," remember Walter Watson, who, though he bade

"The win' tak the cares of the warld on its back,"

appears to have been encumbered himself by a goodly share of them.

Shelley's Minor Poems. A New Edition. London: Moxon.

This is another of Mr. Moxon's cheap, neat reprints of copyright works, poetical and dramatic. Need we tell how many rare gems and germs are contained in this small tome?

Knight's Copyright Miscellanies; The Oregon Territory. By the Rev. C. G. Nicolay.

This compilation, will be read with interest in the present state of our relations with the United States. The author seems to have consulted all the recent books of travel, and has given a complete description of the territory lying between the Mississippi and Missouri, and the Pacific.

Illustrations of the Wisdom and Benevolence of the Deity, as manifested in Nature. By Henry Edwards, LL.D. D.D. Small 4to. London: Reeve, Brothers.

We may describe this small tome as a miniature Bridgewater Treatise, not limited to one subject, but touching on many, and rendering science the entertaining minister of instruction.

Protection to Home Industry, some cases of its advantages considered; the Substance of two Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin, &c. By Isaac Butt, Esq. LL.D. Dublin: Hodges & Smith.

Far be it from us to enter upon the field of Political Economy three or four times within the same month; but we must quote one sentence from Mr. Butt, on "The Rights of Labour," rights we fear not very well understood any where, but greatly mistaken in Ireland. "I believe," says the lecturer, "that social system to be the best, that country to be the most prosperous—I care not whether you call it the most wealthy or not—in which this right is the most fully recognised." This gives a clew to at least the spirit of the Lectures.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books: The Wigwam and the Cabin. Second Series.

We have already described these American and Indian tales, as possessing very considerable merit, and even originality. The second series fully bears out the opinion which we formed of the first.

Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c. Two volumes post octavo. London: John Russell Smith.

This is a work of a miscellaneous character, though there is, if not unity, congruity in all its parts. It a good deal resembles the writings of the elder D'Israeli, though the topics are more limited. Many of the papers have already appeared in Magazines and Reviews, which accounts for their want of intimate connexion and systematic arrangement. Those in the first division of the work relate to the literature and history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and the second division consists of essays on fairy mythology and superstitions, popular or proverbial sayings, &c. Again we have things so little connected, as an essay or critique on the Scottish poet Dunbar, another on Grimm's German Mythology, and a third on the scholastic philosophy of Abelard. More generally popular sections of the work, are the histories of "Fulke Fitz-Warine," of "Eustace the Monk," and the adventures of "Hereward the Saxon," the English Wallace, in a small way, though many of Hereward's adventures must be fabulous.

A dissertation on the Robin Hood ballads, with illustrative extracts from them, forms another attractive section of Mr. Wright's work. We can, however, hardly thank him for making Robin out a mythic personage like the Homer of some theorists. Robin Hood has no doubt figured in many characters, but we shall not for this easily let go our one true Robin, the brave outlaw of Sherwood Forest.

To those who are fond of the study of early literature, and of the legendary and oral lore of antiquity, and of all kinds of fanciful superstitions, these volumes offer a rich treat.

The Three Grand Exhibitions of Man's Enmity to God. By David Thom, of Bold Street Chapel, Liverpool. 8vo. pp. 558. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Liverpool: Philip.

An expert theologian alone could successfully attempt to analyze this treatise; and we almost despair of being able to characterize it in an intelligible way, from want, we frankly confess, of a perfect comprehension of its doctrines. Yet the general purport of the treatise is less difficult to be understood. The author himself describes his work, as "one of a series of treatises subservient to what has been for years the leading and favourite object of my life, to bring under the notice of the Church, upon true and scriptural principles, *the freedom, the certainty, and the universality of the love borne by God to man.*" . . . "I want to show that as there are three grand progressive developments or manifestations of the enmity of human nature, so also

there are three grand progressive developments or manifestations of the divine nature."

"The enmity or opposition of man was shown first in Adam's violation of 'the law of prohibition;' secondly, in man's disobeying the law of command, or the law of faith; and thirdly, in considering and representing God as now a lawgiver, or imposer of conditions, and acting accordingly, in opposition to his own revealed testimony, that he is now issuing no laws whatever, but is freely bestowing heavenly blessings and life everlasting upon the guilty, (Rom. vi. 23; Heb. viii. 8; Titus, iii. 4, 7.) Rather in maintaining that salvation will be bestowed *conditionally*, in opposition to God declaring as a matter of fact, that he hath bestowed it upon the whole human family *unconditionally*."

Such, borrowed from himself, is all the clue that we can afford to give to the doctrines propounded by Mr. Thom.

A Residence in the Marquesas; or, a Peep at Polynesian Life. By Herman Melville. Part I.

This narrative of an American sailor, who deserted from his ship, and was for some time kept as a kind of state prisoner in the Marquesas, forms one of the works of *Murray's Home and Colonial Library*. The adventures are very entertaining; so much so, indeed, as to beget a flitting notion that they may sometimes be a little embellished. The style is evidently touched up, or, as masons say, "pointed" by some literary artist, which also confirms the notion that the story may have been a little coloured. But the appearance of Part II., may explain whatever at present looks mysterious in the highly amusing and interesting Part I.

Fisher's Gallery of Scripture Engravings, Historical and Landscape; with Descriptions Historical, Geographical, and Critical. By John Kitto, D.D. Parts I. II. III.

From their rich storehouse of Plates, new, or "in stock," the Messrs. Fisher are furnishing forth a Pictorial work, which few can better elucidate, by Biblical annotations of varied character, than Dr. Kitto. The Plates are from the masterpieces of the best ancient and modern painters. In the first Part, we have a Rembrandt, a Guercino, and a Madonna of Raffaelle, with Christ and the infant St. John, an exquisite plate.

The Englishwoman's Library. Small octavo. Fisher & Sons.

The first publication of this new series is Mrs. Ellis's "Women of England," certainly a popular choice. The work is exceedingly neat in appearance, and is moderate in price.

Fisher's France Illustrated. Vol. I. Drawings by Thomas Allom, Esq., descriptions by the Rev. J. N. Wright, M.A.

On the appearance of the first three Parts, we described this new illustrated work. The principal plates of the subsequent Parts are architectural, and the descriptions consequently of cities, cathedrals, churches, palaces, and public buildings, together with whatever is most curious in the histories and traditions connected with them. Taken together, the plates and descriptions form an interesting work.

The Planetary and Stellar Universe. A Series of Lectures. By Robert James Mann. With numerous illustrative engravings. Small octavo. Pp. 205. London: Reeve, Brothers.

This volume contains the substance of a series of popular lectures on Celestial Phenomena, which were delivered to a small circle of intelligent friends, and which may serve as an introduction to the works of Sir John Herschel and Professor Nichol of Glasgow. The lectures are stuffed full of excellent matter; and the style is clear and animated. We should not err far, if we called the work an able condensation of the facts and doctrines so clearly expounded by Herschel, and of the glowing and poetical pictures of the wonders of the visible heavens portrayed by Nichol.

A Manual of Natural Philosophy; with Recapitulatory Questions on each Chapter, and a Dictionary of Philosophical Terms. By John L. Comstock, M.D. and Richard D. Hoblyn, A.M. Oxon. With one steel-plate, and 281 woodcuts. Pp. 477. London: Adam Scott.

This is a republication of a popular treatise, composed by Dr. Comstock of Hartford, in the United States, which the English editor has enlarged and improved in various ways. For example, by an entirely new chapter on Heat, and a section on the Steam-Engine; so that the work now forms an elementary book of science, clear and comprehensive in its original form, and greatly increased in utility to young students, both by valuable additions and improved arrangement.

Burns' Fireside Library.—To this series of translated works, principally from the German, a translation of a popular Italian historical romance, *Marco Visconti*, has been added, in two volumes; and, what will more interest English readers, a translation of Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, by Mr. Henry Thompson, the first that has appeared of this splendid drama or dramatic poem. "The Maid of Orleans" may not be so well adapted to English tastes as "Wallenstein" or "William Tell;" but English taste requires enlargement of its boundaries, and nothing is so likely to effect this desirable end, as the diffusion of works impregnated with high genius, though that may take forms and be developed in a way to which Englishmen have not been accustomed.

Map of the Field of Culloden, and enlarged Plan of the Order of Battle. By J. Gowie; engraved by W. Forrester.—The centenary of the Battle of Culloden, which was fought on the 16th April, 1746, is fast approaching; and here comes a plan of the fight, with a map of the battle-ground, and a good deal of the surrounding country, and copious explanatory references. This folded map, which is very distinct, neatly coloured, and done up in boards, will form not only a useful guide to tourists surveying the battle-field, but a relic of that memorable fight, much more interesting than the suspicious bullets which the country people sell to strangers, and not much more costly.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

Political Economy has triumphed. It has achieved a victory peculiar to itself, and not, we fear, within the reach of any of the merely political principles, however sound, for which our party — the party of freedom — struggles. In questions of government, religious polity, and others, where man compels his brother man to conform to his opinions and come under his rule, the converts are few, the warfare of debate is continuous, and we seek rather to educate a new race of thinkers, than to bring over our opponents by showing them the truth. But this, political economy has done, by the sheer force of sound deduction from facts; and who shall henceforth say that it is a mockery of science and a play on words! We derive from this the great lesson, that pecuniary injustice between class and class, as between man and man, will not stand examination. An autocrat tells his people that he can rule them better and cheaper than they can govern themselves. An aristocracy tell us that they are a barrier to protect us from our own headlong follies and wild theories. A priesthood tell us that they are right in their religion, and we are wrong, and therefore they must be allied to the state and be made part of the constitution of the country. We argue these matters, and publish the truth year after year, century after century. At one time the exclusive spirit prevails and conquers, — at another, the democratic has its turn. But all victories are gained by the political strength of the victorious party, not by convincing the enemy that they are wrong. This is a species of victory which, we have said, is peculiar to political economy. That we are able to govern ourselves better than the aristocracy can govern us, we plead in vain, — they choose to think otherwise, and to keep their power so long as they can. But when we show distinctly that we are paying them money to which they are not entitled, the matter assumes an aspect which neither self-sufficient wisdom nor ingenious sophistry can meet. They tell us at first that the money they get from the people they spend among them again: that it is better to sell a hundred pounds worth of goods to buyers at home, than two hundred pounds worth to buyers abroad. All these fallacies are quickly dispersed by the light of sound reasoning, and the matter is exposed in its bare and simple shape — money taken from one class for the benefit of others. And here, all praise to the natural sense of pecuniary justice between man; when stripped thus naked, the system cannot stand any longer before the eyes of the public; and those that tried to find filmy clothing for it are ashamed of their idol, and will tolerate it no longer. For the same reasons which have made the progress of conversion to free trade so remarkable, we anticipate not from the lords any such opposition as they showed to the Reform Bill. That was a struggle for power, not for money. The difference is as great as that between domineering over a man and cheating him. The former may be respectable, and is sometimes even lawful; the latter, however mischievous, cannot be other than despicable. No: the proud peerage of Britain will never submit to the humiliation of being the only pillars to support a system of pecuniary iniquity, believing it to be — how false a belief! — for their own profit.

We venture to predict, that there are landed gentlemen, now alive and grumbling, who will live to bless the day that started them on the race of agricultural competition and improvement. It cannot be doubted that the country has vast resources yet to be opened up by energy and science; and they will be opened in the face of the widening market, produced by a cheerful, energetic, affluent manufacturing population. Let the English agriculturist look to us in Scotland, and reflect on the position in which we would have stood at this day, had there been no legislative union, and had a Scottish parliament *protected* us from the produce of the rich wheat lands of England. If a Scottish farmer had endeavoured to introduce his enlightened and economical husbandry among our neighbours of the south, the utter stolid obstinacy with which he was encountered, if he escaped violence, would soon have driven him sickened from the hopeless task. But a mighty instrument is now stirring up the clods, and opening up the inner fruitfulness of the no longer hardened earth. It is not the interference of strangers, but the science derived from self-interest and competition, that will now act; and these impulses will create an intense desire to rival the skill of the Scotsman, in those minds that previously offered a stupid opposition to the suggestions of his skill.

How incalculable are sometimes the blessings of any event that calls out the latent energies of our nature, and directs us to use those faculties for the enlargement of the fruits of human skill, which the Deity has implanted in us! How little we at any time know the wonders that are to spring forth from the genius of man! Among those who, in the great fire of London, stood shivering on the banks of the Thames, or collected together the wreck of their worldly goods, how many imagined that the fall of the great old Gothic Tower was but to make way for a nobler fane! that the burning of so many dwellings was the removal of pestilence and misery; and that more substantial and airy dwellings, penetrated by wider, healthier streets, would immediately rise out of the wide-spread ruins! We have, on the present occasion, the impulse without the mischief. The agriculturist loses nothing just now: nature gives him his old monopoly for the present year, and he may have it next year, and during that which follows. But he knows that there is a rival coming into the field, to compete with him for the additional food for which the rising enterprise and increasing population of the country will make a market; and the agriculturist is not the manly, energetic son of British toil which he professes to be, if he do not manfully give battle to his new rival, and struggle hard for victory. The increase of our population (how often has it been told!) averages three hundred and fifty or sixty thousand in the year,—the increase of births over deaths; not the absolute number of births. Here we have a thousand new mouths to feed every day, and the British agriculturist is the nearest at hand, — can there be any doubt that he will find sufficient occupation for his industry and capital! Kohl tells us that the agriculture of this country is as far behind that of China, as our manufactures are before theirs. The Chinese use nails without heads; they make their Nankin fabrics with the

original weaver's beam; they turn their mills by manual labour. If this, then, as compared with our manufacturing enterprise, be the type of our agricultural state, what changes must we not expect to see, ere the farmer take rank with the cotton-spinner, who sends ten thousand miles over the seas for his materials; brings them here, and makes them into cloth; and sends the fabric back to be worn by the cultivator of the cotton ground, who buys it because it is cheaper than the produce of his native looms?

The great curse under which our agriculture has heretofore laboured, is the want of that organisation, and rapid circulation of ideas, by which one mind influences others, and improvements are suggested, considered, and put in execution, with promptness and decision. The agricultural mind of England is a sluggish cloddy mass. To excite it to energy and activity would have seemed utterly hopeless, without some such disturbance of all its elements, as we are now about to experience. The manufacturer looks around among his neighbours to mark every improvement that can save a farthing per cent on his outlay—he looks abroad over all the earth to find out any nation that will give him a farthing more than its neighbour for his completed fabric. The agriculturist has his eyes buried in the sod he treads. He leaves inventions and markets to other people. He desires statesmen, who know that world of which he is so ignorant, to protect him, in God's name, a poor peasant, and let him till the earth, as his father and grandfather did before him; using the same plough with wheels and four horses, thrashing with his hands or a windmill, and expecting that thirty millions of people will require no more food in the present century, than fifteen in the last. Would it not be a sight worthy of pleasing contemplation by a well regulated Christian mind, were we to see agriculture and trade forgetting that they are distinct and hostile interests, and joining in that friendly competition, in which either rival feels the good fortune of the other to be a common benefit and blessing? The manufacturing artisan has no treachery to avenge, no lost privileges to lament. The fictitious "protection" which was given him, on the false and foolish supposition that it would bribe him to a support of the general principle of monopoly, he has resigned without a murmur, with a smile of mingled contempt and good humour. He throws himself with the capital of his industry and ability on the wide market of the world, content to draw his share, according to his merits, in the general distribution of the bounties of Providence. Let the agriculturist, who is now in the same position, watch his motions, and draw lessons of wisdom. To these enlightened sons of manufacturing toil, a bright day is now opening through the darkness which of late overshadowed their prospects. It seemed as if ignorance and selfishness had combined by the protraction of a legislative blunder, to stop the free circulation of the life-blood of their energies. An anxious dreary depressing prospect it must have been to those who knew and felt the danger. But if there be any faith in the best drawn inferences from the symptoms of the political atmosphere, it is now passed, and the stage is widened for that matchless union of enterprise, patience, and skill, that have made this island the workshop and store-house of the world, and making it so, are giving it the world's peaceful and beneficent mastery. There is not a finer illustration of the scientific genius and the organising capacity of man, than our manufacturing system affords.

To produce the cheap fabrics which we distribute over the earth, there is in constant progress an organized co-operation of large bodies of men, and an application of individual energy to the production of general results, which the military operations of Napoleon have not equalled or even approached; and all is the doing of individual unaided energy, by good fortune exempt from the destructive interference of legislation. At the time when the constabulary force commission were collecting their evidence, they came in contact with some clever mechanics, who had formed the notion that the capitalist and his profits might be dispensed with, and that the manufactures of the country might be conducted by the operatives themselves, through the management of committees. The arrangement would have had precisely the defects of Parliamentary committees, and boards of trade for the management of the manufacturers' profits and the labourers' wages, and the fixing of the relations of each to the other according to the wisdom of these managers. A dialogue in which one of these artisans bears a part, is so clear a revelation of those peculiarities which have been the life-blood of our manufacturing supremacy, that, for the benefit of the poor agriculturists, that they may see what intelligence, energy, and order, have accomplished in the rival department of productive industry, we here quote it—

Q. "Supposing all difficulties as to the capital overcome, a proper building erected, proper machinery obtained, and all contentions as to which of the co-operatives should take the best and which the most irksome labour, settled, and proper subordination obtained, there still comes the business of buying the raw material; and next, that of selling the manufactured product; a business requiring, as you will admit, much skill promptly applied, to guard against failure, or bankruptcy. How would you that a committee should transact such business in the market?"

A. "For that business it might undoubtedly be expedient that they should choose some skilful and trustworthy person."

Q. "Who having large capital, or the success of the undertaking in his hands, and being open to the temptations of embezzlement, or to large bribes on the betrayal of his trust, you would perhaps think it right should be well-paid, to diminish those temptations?"

A. "Certainly, I see no objection to that; he ought to be well-paid."

Q. "That being so, what would you, an operative capitalist say, be willing to give to such a person for the management of your £100, productively to obtain a return of weekly wages for your subsistence, for obtaining and superintending the fitting machinery, selecting and buying skilfully the raw commodity, and selling the manufactured produce, without any labour or care on your part?"

A. "I have never considered the subject in that point of view, and can hardly say; but I think £4 or £5 a-year would not be unreasonable; for my own part, I should not object to that."

"It may surprise you, and it is well that you and the respectable mechanics engaged in this branch of manufacture should know, that the service spoken of is all rendered to them for one-half; now, indeed, when trade is depressed, for less than one-fourth of the sum, which you, and perhaps they, would deem a fair remuneration: That the £100 capital is furnished; the building erected, the machinery of the most efficient kind is supplied, and raw commodity purchased, the labour in working it up directed; the markets vigilantly attended, and the sales of the manufactured produce faithfully made at the best price, without any care or thought on their parts; and that the manager or capitalist who is provided for you does all this, and is well satisfied with a remuneration of 40s. or 50s. per annum for each individual whom he serves whilst serving himself."

The talk about "the peculiar burdens on land," has been of great service to all parties. It has shown that the monster burden, and the archetype of all the others, is the indolence of the agricultural mind. Gradually we are getting out others in detail. A Mr. Gower tells the North Walsham Farmers' Club, that in every hundred acres of land, there are ten in fences; and that the space thus occupied might be reduced to one-half, or from ten to five per cent. But how much of the land is occupied by roads, and how much of it is useless for want of proper roads and bridges? and how much of the whole mismanagement of our internal transit is owing to the selfishness of our landed proprietors, each using his influence as a trustee, or otherwise, for the benefit of himself and to the prejudice of his neighbour; and thus all co-operating to make the vast local taxa-

tion of the country as little beneficial as it can be made to the public, and as great a burden as possible, both on the landed, and every other interest! This grumbling about peculiar burdens, is turning the eyes of the public to the subject of local taxation. They are beginning to ask who pay these taxes! by whose authority are they levied! and to what good purpose are they applied! In 1843, the poor law commissioners made a report on local taxation in England and Wales. They only opened up the general character of this object of inquiry, and showed how important in a pecuniary and economic point of view it might become; preparing the public for more full inquiries, which we believe are even now in progress. In that report, after certain local taxes applicable solely to England and Wales, and exceeding on the whole eight millions in amount, are enumerated, the reporters proceed to say:—

"If to the above amount were added the sums applied by local authorities to local purposes, but raised under a system of taxation, different from that which is adverted to in this report, such as the turnpike tolls, the various navigation, and port, and harbour dues, and the fees paid in the local administration of justice, and in the performance by various local officers of administrative duties, the sums annually disposed of by local authorities in England and Wales would appear much more considerable, and certainly could not be much short of twelve millions of pounds sterling. If, again, to this were added the amounts raised and disposed of in a similar manner in Scotland and Ireland, the amount would undoubtedly exceed that at the disposal of some of the more important states of Europe, for all the purposes both of general and local government. When it is remembered that the whole of the current expenditure of the government of this empire, for all the disbursements incidental to the legislation by parliament, and by the queen in council, for all the costs of all the departments of the home and colonial administrative government, of the whole of the judicial and executive, expenses of our superior courts of law and equity, of the army and navy, and of the diplomatic service of the country at home and abroad, does not (omitting, of course, the interest and repayment of the public debt,) exceed twenty-one millions, it will be readily admitted that these funds, of which the administration is left to local bodies, do by their great amount, and the consequent extent of good or evil which may be effected by their application, justify as careful an examination of the modes in which they are imposed, levied, and employed, as is habitually extended to that portion of our public taxes, which is annually brought under the consideration of parliament.

Did the reader ever see collected together the local acts of one session of parliament?—We will venture to say, that those of the last session are as large a mass as that whole collection of the statute law of the realm, which Bacon thought was growing too great for any one man's comprehension. The greater portion of these acts authorize the levying of local taxes, and constitute small parliaments, in the shape of trustees, commissioners, and others, with powers of voting supplies, which they have a rare art in drawing out of the pockets of their neighbours. On the one hand, the expense of procuring these acts is a prodigious burden to the country; and on the other, they occupy to a great extent, that legislative time, which ought to be bestowed on the general business of the community. With small bodies acting independently of the public control, swayed by local prejudices and self-interest, and unable to afford sufficient remuneration for the proper scientific superintendence of their public works, the levyers and distributors of our local taxes, we can readily believe, have accomplished the problem of employing the largest amount of the public money, to the smallest possible purpose. Let us suppose the revenue of the customs collected and expended by several hundreds of local boards, deputed with the power of allocating the duties on all articles of import, of collecting the money, of expending it in the branches of the public service in each district, and of accounting for the receipt and expenditure—to themselves; we would then have the department of our revenue managed just as well as our local taxation for purposes of internal transit.

It was at one time rumoured that government, looking on the expenditure connected with turnpike and other public roads, as "peculiar burdens upon land," intended to afford the landlords relief, by throwing a great portion of this expense on the consolidated fund. Government has thought more wisely of the matter. Roads through agricultural districts, are just the same burden on the proprietors, that drains and fences are. They are part of that investment of capital which makes the land valuable. If the public pay for the one class of benefits, it should, for the sake of mere uniformity, pay for the other also. But it seems that the government are inclined to do the landlords the invaluable favour of organizing them to act in union for their common good, and terminating, or at least modifying the present system, by which every little knot of justices of peace, or road trustees, are trying what benefit they can do to themselves, by injuring their neighbours. In 1835, a select committee reported on the administration of the high roads in Scotland. It is a general opinion, that, from the greater extent of the districts, putting larger clusters of roads under the management of each body of trustees, our system is superior to the English. Let us, then, present our readers with a picture of it, drawn by a no less artist than J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. M.P. in his evidence before the committee.

Q. "Are you aware of any circumstance connected with the assessment, either as respects individuals, or the mode in which it is collected, that you think objectionable?"

A. "There is a great objection to pay the high statute-labour rate on the part of the farmers; and, too often, there is a very bad return to the farmer, from the irregular and defective management of the roads. It has struck me frequently that much mischief has arisen from each road being managed under different sets of managers, by the proprietors of the estates, or their factors, who may be careless or ignorant in the management of roads. It has constantly occurred to me, that if the roads could be brought under a more general management, they might be repaired more economically, and in a more efficient manner. In my own parish, the gentlemen are so sensible of that, that the whole of the statute roads are placed under the charge of one person, who manages them for a small salary, he being also the surveyor of the turnpike roads in the neighbourhood; and under his management, much more work has been performed with the same amount of money."

Q. "Are the roads in a better state?"

A. "Yes. I also know in the parish of New Monkland, in the county of Lanark, the roads, which were formerly in a bad state, have been placed under a general management, and have been very considerably improved in consequence of it."

Q. "In that case have they an overseer?"

A. "They have, I think, an overseer, whom they appoint from year to year."

Q. "For a district?"

A. "He is overseer, I believe, for the whole parish; I am not certain whether he is not for the two parishes of Old and New Monkland, but it is a considerable district of which he is overseer; and under that general management the roads have been considerably improved."

Mr. Chalmers. "Is there a power under the act, for the trustees to appoint an overseer for their district?"

A. "In Dumbartonshire such a power is given."

Q. "A power is given to the trustees?"

A. "Yes; and it was under that power that we appointed an overseer.

Sir William Rae. "Is it left to the parish?"

A. "Yes."

Mr. Chalmers. "Are the districts divided under the act, or by the trustees?"

A. "I am afraid to say any thing with regard to that. The general remark I wished to make was, if the districts could be made of sufficient size to enable them to pay a

fair and reasonable salary to a well skilled overseer, they would have the services of an intelligent man; and the result would be less outlay and more work done."

Chairman. "This is not the case in Dumbartonshire?"

A. "No."

Q. "Are the committee to understand that the money assessment is allocated parochially?"

A. "It is allocated parochially."

Mr. Chalmers. "To certain parties in each parish?"

A. "Yes; and that is one of the great practical objections to the present working of the statute labour act. The gentlemen of a parish meet together once a-year, and there is a general scramble amongst them, each endeavouring to get as much money as he can for his own road, for his own estate, or for his own neighbourhood; and, therefore, paying more attention to his individual interest, as a landed proprietor, than to the parish. Thus it often happens that the most influential proprietor will get a sum of money allocated to a road which is of very little consequence to the parish; and a road which is really of consequence, will be left neglected, because there is less influence used in reference to it."

Q. "Are the roads classified?"

A. "They are in fact classified, according to the interest of the landed proprietor, who may get more or less for his own road."

Sir William Rae. "Do you think the best plan would be, for one scientific person to take care of a number of different parishes?"

A. "Yes."

This report is the vehicle of very grievous complaints, not certainly to the effect that the support of the high roads in Scotland is a special burden on land, but to the effect that it is a special burden on industry for the sake of land; and that an old slavish law which required all the working people to contribute six days' labour annually to these roads, is still in force, the labour being taken not in kind but in its pecuniary value. This harsh law created riots of some serious moment, in Ross-shire, and during the last session of parliament it was somewhat modified. We believe, however, it is still the case that the burden of supporting these roads is unequal, and that the inequality is in favour of the landlord.

Hajji Baba, when he heard that Britain was a land of liberty, believed it till he came to a toll-bar. He stated that he was the guest of royalty; that he was one of the suite of his Excellency the Persian Ambassador, protected by the *comitas gentium* from all exactions. It was all in vain,—the obdurate pikeman's answer was still, "I'll trouble you for a shilling." When Hajji spoke of the King, the pikeman mentioned the name of "Trustees." It was clear to the astonished Persian that Trustees was somebody still greater than the King; so he lifted up the eyes of astonishment, and folding the arms of resignation on the bosom of patience, concluded that liberty was a thing utterly unknown among mankind.

How scornfully we talk of the old feudal bondage of France, which prohibited the serf from crossing the boundaries of his feudal lord's domains without a warrant! How eloquently we declaim against passports! Yet our toll system is, in a great measure, little better than an old feudal restriction laid by petty district tyrants on the free motions of a community. On the great high roads, we quarrel not with it in this sense. It may be a clumsy tax; but it is a levy of money applied for public purposes, and not a mere district nuisance. But in the quantity of small turnpikes which intersect the country, it is nothing but a mischievous interruption of free motion, by the levying of a tax, of which not, perhaps, a third is applied to any good purpose. In returns to Parliament of the rents of toll-bars in Scotland, it appears that a large proportion of them are let at sums under £100 a-year; many of them at less than £10. When a toll-bar is let for, say £1000, the collector is probably content with £100, on an average, of annual profit and wages of labour,—no large remuneration for risk and anxiety, and for being on the watch day and night, to collect his shillings. In this case, the collection of the tax is ten per cent. But will the lessee, who pays £50, be content with so much again for his watchful and unceasing attention? And what proportion must he who pays over £10, £20, or £30 to the public, receive from travellers as the reward for collecting this annual pittance? But it is not only in the great difference between the sum levied and that expended on the service of the roads, that the public suffer. The subdivision of trusts all over the country has fostered a mob of little managing committees, each trying how far it can benefit its own peculiar interests, to the injury of those of its neighbours, and of the public at large. In a small book, called "A Plan for Abolishing Turnpike Tolls and Statute Labour," by William Pagan, writer, Cupar, we find a collection of curious information relating to the effects of this system, gathered chiefly from the writer's personal experience. We conclude with the following quotations:—

"The flourishing manufacturing town of Dunfermline desires very much to have free intercourse with the 'lang toun' of Kirkcaldy. That, however, will not do; because the twelve short miles which separate them are obstructed by three tolls. For the same reason there is no regular conveyance on the road betwixt Cupar and Newburgh—eleven miles and two tolls; Cupar and St. Andrews—nine miles, two tolls; Cupar and Elie—thirteen miles, three tolls; Cupar and Largo—nine miles, two tolls; Cupar and Leven—ten miles, two tolls. These, but for the excessive tolls, would all soon become better acquainted with each other. So would all towns, which, through the blighting toll-bar system, are practically shut against each other. . . . . With respect to Cupar, the county town of Fife, where very little arithmetic is required to reckon no fewer than thirteen toll-bars within a circuit of three miles from the market cross. Of these, indeed, so many as seven may be said to be within cry of the market cross, and of the seven so many as five are under separate Trusts; so that every one who has occasion to pass through these five bars, though within the same half-hour, must submit to five separate exactions of toll. An individual with a cart-load of wares, which he is anxious to submit to the inhabitants of the town, enters Cupar from the south—pays there; makes his way along the Bonnygate to Carslogie toll—pays there; crosses to the next public road on the north, and turning towards Cupar, finds himself at the Arnott's Comb toll—pays there; having a fancy to try the good people of Kilmaron Castle, which is just at his elbow, he passes Balgarvie toll—pays there; and being disposed to flee from such impositions, as he thinks them, he turns his face towards the populous and thriving village of Ceres; but on leaving Cupar, is caught again at the Ceres branch of the South toll, and pays there. The honest man no doubt wonders at these five toll taxations, but is counselled to stay his wrath, as altogether unavailing, because each and all of the five exactions are quite legal, and fully sanctioned by the acts of Parliament. And he is counselled correctly. The Cupar South bar, first mentioned, is under the Fife Turnpike Act, Cupar district Trust; the Carslogie bar, managed well, as it should be by the Road Trustees of the four counties of Fife, Kinross, Clackmannan, and Perth, is under the Kinross-shire, &c. Road Act by schedule A, annexed to which (p. 70) it is declared that toll is to be demanded and levied at that bar, though within six miles of any other gates; Arnott's Comb bar, Balgarvie bar, and Cupar Ceres bar, again, are all under the Fife Act, Cupar district, which has a schedule B (p. 32) appointing tolls to be demanded and levied at each of these three gates, although within six miles of each other, or of any other gates. Hence the five successive exactions of toll." B.

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MAY, 1846.

THE TARIFF AND THE OREGON.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

Washington, February 29, 1846.

SIR,—In the present disturbed state of the relations betwixt Great Britain and the United States, on the foolish Oregon question, nothing can be more salutary or providential than the progress which the public mind in both countries is now making towards sound views of Political Economy. If the Tariffs of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Walker, respectively, be adopted by the legislatures of the two countries, as I have every reason to believe they will be on their own merits, war becomes almost an impossibility, — the strife of arms gives way to that of arts and peaceful industry, — the rifle and the sword are discarded for the ploughshare and the loom. The quality of Free Trade, like that of mercy, is not strained. It is twice blessed. It blesses those who give, and those who take. It has a tendency even to increase the circle of its attraction; and, without insisting upon reciprocity as a condition, it makes reciprocity inevitable. To open the ports of Great Britain to the food of the world, is not merely to adjust the balance of domestic interests, and to relieve our manufacturing industry and capital from the tribute which they now pay to the lords of the soil. Such a step will operate, not merely upon the individuals of a single nation, but upon all the nations of the world considered as individuals. It will place their relations upon an enduring basis, and oppose to the impulses of national jealousy and passion the invincible barrier of palpable and direct interest.

How near at hand this millennium may be, as far as Great Britain is concerned, it is impossible for me, who indite these pages at a distance of three thousand miles, with accuracy to foretel. But while I fully participate in the astonishment with which, from all accounts, Sir Robert Peel's comprehensive scheme has been received by my countrymen at home, my satisfaction is all the greater, because, independent of its intrinsic merits, I trust it is destined to have a most beneficial influence upon the political relations of two kindred and commercial nations. It certainly ought to have — I believe it will have — such an influence; but I believe and tremble, for reasons which shall be shortly alleged, and which no small personal experience of the state of public feeling throughout the United States induces me, though with great diffidence, to offer.

Before these remarks appear in print, the news of the twice-rejected offer to submit the Oregon question to arbitration will have reached your readers, and may have produced, I fear, an irritating effect upon the public mind of Britain. Much as I love peace, profoundly as I feel the trivial character of the dispute, I am not disposed to expect, scarcely to desire, that it should be otherwise. During the whole course of this question, all the forbearance has been upon our side, all the frenzy and passion on the other. From the 4th of December up to the present time, the Oregon question has been brought before one or the other House of Congress nearly every day, and has been argued, with few exceptions, in a spirit to which the experience of civilized senates affords no parallel. No single constituency has, to my knowledge, repudiated, in the slightest degree, the sentiments of their representative; on the contrary, every indication of public sentiment has gone to indorse the most ultra pretensions. Meetings have been held throughout the country, especially in the west, at which the cry has ever been, "The whole of Oregon, or none!" Some of the State Legislatures have taken up the matter on their own account, and have handled it with about the same degree of wisdom and moderation which has been displayed in the Washington Wittenagemote. Nor has the reception of the news by *The Cambria* materially lowered the tone of the "dogs of war" in Congress. During the present week, Mr. Dickenson, senator from the comparatively civilized and populous state of New York, the breath of whose nostrils is British commerce, has found no difficulty in reconciling the interests of his state with the advocacy of claims which he knows can never be peacefully conceded. Yesterday, Messrs Breese, Cass, Hannegan, and Allen, from Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, respectively, enlisted their small talents once more in this unhappy crusade against the peace of the world. Yet, if I were called upon to name the States most likely to be benefited by Sir Robert Peel's measure, I should select the four which have intrusted their interests to these infatuated persons. They are precisely the States for whose immense surplus of maize,

salt provisions, and other agricultural produce, our markets are about to be opened, to the advantage of all parties concerned. *Quæ tanta insania, cives?* What strange madness is this which weaves, at such a juncture, the spells of horrid war!

Looking to the immense territorial resources of the United States, as at present constituted, the inadequacy of their population for the purposes of agriculture, and even of civilization, the intrinsic worthlessness of the Oregon territory, the distance and dangers of the way, the lion in the path, the unsuitableness of Republican institutions for wars of aggression and conquest,—no words can be too strong to express the surprise with which the world has seen the American people throw themselves into an agitation so chimerical and so fruitless. I find it stated in a book which professes to be a guide to emigrants to this land of promise, that "the distance from Independence on the extreme western border of Missouri to Oregon city on the banks of the Columbia, is upwards of two thousand miles, and may be accomplished, by moderate travelling, in about eighteen or twenty weeks." The greater portion of the route is over an arid desert, infested by bands of savages; without water, and therefore without grass, over which equipped expeditions of scientific explorers with difficulty find their way. But when the goal is attained, nothing is attained except lands incomparably inferior to those which the deluded emigrants have left behind. The truth is, that nobody in possession of his senses and of the facts, leaves the United States for Oregon, except those to whom the restraints of even semi-civilization are irksome, who find even the star-spangled banner too austere a symbol for their taste, and who desire to plant a flag of more licentious freedom for themselves on the banks of the Pacific. It was only the other day that I inquired of a citizen of Missouri, whether, within his knowledge, any men of respectability or capital had emigrated to Oregon. His reply was, "Certainly not; none but *loafers* * go there." That a few families of indigent squatters, the scum and refuse of the backwoods population, prompted by the instinct of the savage, whom they resemble in every thing but his virtues, should desire to prowl unquestioned over the wilderness, is natural, and, as far as they are concerned, pardonable enough; but that a nation claiming to be commercial and civilized, should, in the cause of such men, its most worthless citizens, run the risk of war, put in jeopardy its dearest interests, proclaim sentiments against which the common sense of Christendom revolts, and which must be put down by force if necessary, is a backward step in the progress of civilization, which the United States ought to have been the last people in the world to take.

But the United States are not now as they were in their palmy days, when the price of liberty had just been dearly paid, and its value was still duly appreciated. The names of Washington the Incorruptible, of Jefferson, of Hamilton, of Jay, still linger, it is true, in the "mouth honour" of the *progressing* republic: but their precepts and example are alike discarded, and their virtues altogether out of date. The plague of demagogues is upon the land, the compromises of the constitution are trampled under foot, the tyranny of the numerical majority is complete,—from the President downwards, the whole patronage of the government is in the hands of petty managers and pot-house politicians, who, in secret conclave, determine beforehand their guilty measures, and their contemptible tools. The system lately introduced, of electing the executive by *caucus*, or preliminary convention, unknown to the constitution, is the *fons et origo malorum* which at present oppress the American republic. The trading politicians and managers of the two great parties, meet together respectively, elect their puppets, and agree upon the war cries by which they shall be bolstered up. I need scarcely say that their choice seldom falls upon the noblest and most accomplished heads, and that much tinsel and stage effect is in requisition to set forth the idols which they call upon the people to worship. The parties are then summoned to send delegates to some certain place, on a certain day, nominally to decide upon the candidate who, at the time and place appointed by law, is to poll the strength of the party. The pretext is to avoid divisions; the effect is to give to the needy tribe of office-seekers and demagogues the control of the popular vote. Meanwhile the mass of intelligent and respectable citizens, who have kept aloof from these abnormal combinations, find the tide of popular opinion setting strongly in a particular direction, and are themselves imperceptibly borne along with it. For when the decree has once gone forth from headquarters, every art is resorted to to preserve the discipline of Whig or Democratic ranks, as the case may be. Citizens are conjured not to risk the defeat of their party and their principles by opposing the election of such a candidate put in nomination by a majority of the sovereign people, assembled at such and such a convention. A hireling press works up the Shibboleth of faction into some semblance of reason or expediency; and before the common sense of the country has time to come to the rescue, the day of trial arrives, the tool of the demagogues is mounted to power by the votes of men who have nothing in common with him except the party designation which he bears; his patrons are summoned from every city and village, to enjoy the spoils of office; and a legacy of preposterous policy, hatched in the excitement of election contests, is bequeathed to the country, and half carried out before its fatal tendency becomes clearly discernible.

The epidemic of territorial aggrandizement, which is now sweeping over the United States, originated in this wise. Texas and Oregon, those fatal twins, first saw the light at the caucus meeting of the democratic party, commonly called the Baltimore Convention, held in the spring of 1844 to secure the election of Mr. Polk. The demagogues judged rightly of the character of the

* *Loafer* is an American word to express an *idler*, a *mauvais sujet*, a "loose fish."

American populace when they touched the strings of conquest and of war. Masses of men, who are at once well-fed and have nothing to lose, will always throw up their caps for him who blows the loudest bugle. It was further rightly judged that Texas and Oregon would mutually sustain each other. By the annexation of the former, the sectional interests of the south and south-west obtain a preponderating influence in the federal councils; which stimulates the ambition of the north and north-west to acquire fresh territory for themselves, above the line of slavery. To adjust the domestic balance of power, this reckless people seem prepared to sacrifice the peace of the world and the interests of their country. On the same principle, the invasion of Mexico on the south may shortly be made the pretext for the invasion of Canada on the north.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

There is no telling where this lust of empire will end, unless it receive a timely check, in this its first stage, by the return of the people to their senses, or by a decisive interposition on the part of the great powers of Christendom.

Mr. Polk is already reaping the bitter fruits of the electioneering policy through which he rose to power. It is his degrading, but self-imposed function, to make his country and his cabinet contemptible in the eyes of all rational men. He has to continue a negotiation, in which he professes that there is nothing to concede; he has to provoke war, without venturing to prepare for it; to assume an attitude of swagger and defiance, without a shot in his locker, or a banner in his camp; and to rely with modest confidence upon the contempt which his policy inspires, for final extrication from the difficulties of his position. I trust he will not succeed in drawing too largely upon the forbearance of his magnanimous adversary, and that an interruption of the peaceful relations of the world will not be added to the bankruptcy of his own honour, and that of his country.

Meantime, though I am assured, as well by my own personal observation, as by the course pursued by her public men, that a warlike and ambitious spirit pervades the greater portion of the American Republic, I willingly admit that the plague is not universal, and that men are to be found, in more than one section of the Union, who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of the popular will. That the zeal of these better men has not as yet been equal to their own convictions of the emergency of the case, is deeply to be regretted. But the tyranny of public opinion in this country, paralyzes the boldest hearts, and moral courage is a virtue nearly extinct in all the relations, public or private, of American life. I find, however, a majority of the delegation of the Southern Atlantic States, under the able guidance of Mr. Calhoun, prepared to adjust the Oregon dispute upon any reasonable terms, and if the worst come to the worst, to resist a warlike crisis at almost any hazard. Their reasons, I think, will appear quite conclusive to your readers. In the first place, the ends of this section of the country have been gained by the annexation of Texas, and, independently of the fear of war, they are by no means anxious to increase the territory of the Northern or non-slaveholding States. Secondly, the effects of war will be most disastrous to them, in consequence of their maritime position, and the certainty of a servile insurrection in such a contingency. Thirdly, they are dependent upon the British market for the sale of their great staple, cotton. Fourthly, they are anxious that the question of the Oregon should be at once amicably disposed of, in order that the new Tariff may be brought before Congress, and that no excuse may exist for high duties in the prospect of military and naval appropriations. There are, I believe, not more than one or two delegates from this section, who are prepared to endure extreme measures. With the exception of this compact and intelligent minority, the conduct of the popular, or democratic party, whose strength lies chiefly in the South and West, has been most unsatisfactory, notwithstanding their professed adherence to the doctrines of Free Trade. As a body, the Whigs, much to their credit, have been found upon the side of peace, notwithstanding the temptation to prop up their falling Tariff by the military expenditures which the prospect, or even the rumours of war might render necessary. I am willing to give them credit for the best motives, and can only regret that they have not bestirred themselves more manfully in so good a cause. Two of their leading men, Messrs. Webster and Winthrop, both from Massachusetts, the principal manufacturing State of the Union, the former, cautiously and indirectly, the latter directly and manfully, have preached peace and moderation to their respective Chambers. In an earlier stage of the controversy, the abolitionist section of this party, maddened by their defeat upon the Texas question, gave utterance to sentiments which all real philanthropists must deplore. The rights of Great Britain in Oregon, are not to be invaded with impunity, because the domestic balance of the American confederacy has been deranged by the addition of slave territory in the South. The speeches of Mr. Adams and Mr. Giddings, to this effect, cannot be read without disgust; but the former has the excuse of extreme age, and the latter is a professional philanthropist, and like most of his trade, a man of one idea. I cannot believe that any considerable number of the friends of the slave in the United States, are prepared to make Great Britain the scape-goat of the sins of their southern brethren. And although, in the unfortunate event of a war, the British flag will undoubtedly become the symbol of emancipation, Britons are not prepared to do evil that good may come, or to believe, or to desire, that the *euthanasia* of the domestic institution is to be brought about in a fratricidal contest betwixt the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon blood.

I have delayed writing this article to the last moment, in order that no new turn of circumstances might embarrass my views of the position of affairs in this extraordinary country. I shall now therefore confine myself to a brief state-

ment of what appears to be the real state of the case, with reference to the two great questions of the Oregon and the Tariff. I apprehend, then, that if the British Cabinet still preserves its equanimity, the strength of the hurricane is spent on this side of the water. The members in both Houses who have performed their duties to their constituents, by the delivery of such addresses as have put their own and their country's valour in the clearest light, will probably think it unnecessary to add to the weight of their arguments by their votes, and will discover that of the two horns of the pregnant dilemma, "the whole of Oregon or none," the one is not feasible, and the other not desirable. If I am rightly informed, notwithstanding the "brave words" which have been uttered, there are not more than seven patriots in the Senate, and ten in the House of Representatives, who intend to gibbet themselves upon the former alternative. With one or two exceptions, these persons are from the West, the quarter from which the wise men did not come. I am tolerably confident, that in a very short time a resolution will pass the Senate recommending the Executive to adjust the matter *peacefully* and by *compromise*. This being the case, the settlement of the details of the arrangement, will not, I think, present any features of remarkable difficulty.

The Oregon difficulty being fairly out of the way, the question of the Tariff will occupy the attention of Congress, and occasion a long and lively debate. As a general rule, the Democratic party, who are in a majority in both Houses, will vote for it, and the Whigs against it; but it will encounter most opposition in the House of Representatives, owing to the greater comparative weight in that body of the State of Pennsylvania, which is at once for Democracy and for Protection. It is of course difficult to speculate upon the course of a popular assembly, especially one which is so much under the influence of party manœuvres as the Congress of the United States. But I think I express the sentiments of the most intelligent men of both parties here, when I predict, that it will become a law without material modifications. The principal efforts of the Protectionists will probably be directed to raise the duties upon coal and iron above the 30 per cent. scale proposed by Mr. Walker; to continue upon many articles the principle of specific duties and minimum, so dear to the monopolist mind; and to take tea and coffee out of the list of free imports. The exemption of these latter articles is not defensible as a part of a revenue Tariff, such as Mr. Walker's professes to be, and indeed is with this exception.

Mr. Polk's views on the subject of Free Trade are reported to be perfectly orthodox; and he doubtless regrets that, by his committal for party purposes on the Oregon question, he has postponed, and even put in jeopardy, a measure so fraught with benefit to his country. If the storm should happily pass away, and his administration be signalized by a commercial reciprocity betwixt two kindred nations, he may thank his good fortune, rather than his good management, that his name will go down to future ages in connexion with a great blessing instead of a great crime.

BELL'S LIFE OF CANNING.*

The deep and almost universal regret felt for the premature loss of Canning, though it may in part be ascribed to the liberal views of policy which distinguished the last years of his public life, was, we think, not a little honourable to the naturally generous sentiments of the British people, who had something both to forgive and forget in the past history of the most brilliant of modern political adventurers. This appellation is applied with no purpose of disparagement, but solely as the only term which may properly describe the early position, and lucky star of a friendless young man, who, among ten thousand blanks, drew the great prize; and who rose into eminence as much from a combination of fortunate accidents, as by the native force of his character and vigour of his intellect. How Canning made the first great step remains a mystery, which Mr. Bell has not satisfactorily cleared up. The solution may probably be simple: Mr. Pitt, in a pressing emergency, was sorely in want of aides-de-camp in the House of Commons, and of subordinates and useful auxiliaries in the government; and here, ready at his beck, was a young man of brilliant talents, and of great future promise,—not the worse for being crimped from the enemy's ranks; and who, called into public life by himself, and unfettered by either party or family connexions, might be moulded to his purposes, and relied upon in every exigency, as a loyal, and perhaps an unscrupulous adherent. The career of Canning went far to justify the sagacity of Mr. Pitt in his choice of an instrument; though, if the statements of Lady Hester Stanhope are to be received without question, it must be believed that the declining chief became, at last, somewhat jealous of the man whom he had elevated. However all this may be, it is not a little singular that, in this writing and publishing age, no personal memoir of a statesman so remarkable in his fortunes, so distinguished by accomplishments, and latterly so popular with the nation, should have appeared for a quarter of a century after his decease. Many must have been ready and willing for the task; but a great want existed, which, we fear, is not yet supplied,—namely, the want of materials.

The family and friends of Mr. Canning may either think that the time has not yet come for

* "The Life of the Right Hon. George Canning." By Robert Bell, author of "The History of Russia," "Lives of English Poets," &c. &c. Post octavo, pp. 368. Chapman & Hall.

laying his personal history beneficially before the world; or reasons may exist, though they can hardly be good reasons, which make them dislike to recur to his early connexions and adventures. This much is certain,—that though Mr. Bell has turned accessible materials to the best possible account, and spared no pains in research, he has produced little that is at once new and valuable in the biography of Canning. Wishing posterity much good of the treasures in store for it in the private papers and familiar correspondence of Canning, which will come to light one day, we must meanwhile make the best of what we have here obtained.

Mr. Bell possesses one quality which, if not essential, yet, where it is unaffected, ever lends a grace to the biographer—fervent admiration of his hero. To him, Canning is a great statesman, as well as a consummate orator, and a highly accomplished and virtuous man. The mantle of his love is even lapped over the failings of those of Canning's near relatives, to whom the world will be much more niggard of its charity. Not content with tracing his descent to the Cannings of Garvagh, a family of Irish gentry, and also finding for him an English descent from the Cannings of Foxcote, his immediate ancestor, his father, the eldest son and heir of Garvagh, who appears to have been not a little of a scape-grace, is made out to have been an ill-used and unfortunate young gentleman of liberal sentiments, persecuted by a tyrannical father for presuming to differ with him in politics. The facts are, that from some low or indiscreet amour, or other misconduct left in obscurity, the son and heir was cast off, and, with an annuity of £150, came to London, where he studied law, as many gay young Irishmen then studied law, wrote fugitive verses and articles for the miscellanies of the day, of a character which procured him the friendship of Wilkes, and, according to Mr. Bell, a victory over Smollett. The case made out for this gentleman is but lame. After hanging loose on London society for eleven years, he got rid of his debts, by consenting to cut off the entail of the estate, and was soon again as deeply in debt as ever. To mend his condition, he at this time married a young Irish lady, a Miss Costello, very pretty, and as poor as himself. Mr. Canning now became a wine-merchant, and tried different plans to maintain his family, but failed in them all, and died upon the first anniversary of the birth-day of his distinguished son. This was the 11th of April, 1771. His allowance of £150 a-year was immediately stopped, as Mr. Canning's marriage had been a fresh offence to his family. How his young widow and her child were supported after his decease, is unknown. After an interval of some years, Mrs. Canning appeared on the London stage, under the auspices of Garrick, and with the advantage of high patronage; but wanting talent and experience, she failed, and sank into an inferior provincial actress. Nor was this her worst misfortune. In this wandering and exposed condition, the friendless young woman formed a connexion with a drunken and thoroughly profligate actor, named Reddish, who was in the habit of producing different young actresses under the equivocal character of "Mrs. Reddish." Mr. Bell regards the legal claim of Mrs. Canning, to the name of Reddish, as good; and she, at all events, paid the full penalty of connecting herself with this infamous and worthless person, who, after lingering out several years in the Lunatic Asylum of York, died there.

"Mrs. Reddish" was still playing in different provincial theatres. When at Plymouth she captivated a Mr. Hunn, a stage-struck silk-mercer, who failed in business shortly after his marriage; and attempting the stage, failed there too. He, however, obtained some other employment, and died leaving his wife with two daughters and a son. Whatever may have been the imprudences of Mrs. Reddish, or Mrs. Hunn, she must have possessed some good, and many engaging qualities; for under the most trying circumstances, she retained the respect and warm affection of her gifted son. As a child, and a very young boy, he had shared her evil fortunes, when at their lowest ebb; and though early estranged from her care, nothing ever lessened Canning's devoted and heartfelt attachment to his unfortunate mother. Let us look for an instant at the childhood of the future leading boy of Eton, and Prime Minister of England.

The childhood of George Canning was passed under the inauspicious guardianship of Mr. Reddish, whose disorderly habits excluded the possibility of moral or intellectual training. The profligacy of his life communicated its reckless tone to his household, and even the material wants of his family were frequently neglected to feed his excesses elsewhere. Yet amidst these unpropitious circumstances, the talents of the child attracted notice; and Moody, the actor, who had constant opportunities of seeing him, became strongly interested in his behalf. Moody was a blunt, honest man, of rough bearing, but of the kindliest disposition; and foreseeing that the boy's ruin would be the inevitable consequence of the associations by which he was surrounded, he resolved to bring the matter at once under the notice of his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning. The step was a bold one;—for there had been no previous intercourse between the families, although the boy was then seven or eight years old. But it succeeded. Moody drew an indignant picture of the boy's situation; declared that he was on the high-road to the "gallows" (that was the word;) dwelt upon the extraordinary promise he displayed; and warmly predicted, that if proper means were taken for bringing him forward in the world, he would one day become a great man. Mr. Stratford Canning was at first extremely unwilling to interfere; and it was not until the negotiation was taken up by other branches of the family, owing to honest Moody's perseverance, that he ultimately consented to take charge of his nephew, upon condition that the intercourse with his mother's connexions should be strictly abridged.

Having undertaken this responsibility, Mr. Stratford Canning discharged it faithfully.

There are varying accounts of whence the funds came, which supported young Canning at school and the university. His first school was that of Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, on the master of which he afterwards bestowed a prebendal stall in Winchester Cathedral; and by the advice, it is said, of Mr. Fox, he was sent to Eton.

At the house of his uncle, a zealous Whig, George Canning was early introduced to Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and the other leading Whigs, among whom he became a favourite. He was speedily

distinguished at Eton, where he had for contemporaries the Marquis of Wellesley, and the late Earl Grey. They, with others, were also his associates in a kind of debating society, or mimic parliament, where unfledged orators and politicians tried their powers, and imped their wings for higher flights, and where, it is said, "he soon won distinction by the vigour and clearness of his speeches, anticipating, upon the themes of the hour, the larger views of the future statesman." Already the staid, serious, and studious lad, appeared to be forecasting his future career. In the diary of Wilberforce, it is said, "Canning never played at games with the other boys; quite a man; fond of acting; decent and moral." His conduct to his mother all this while, is yet better evidence of his ripe and noble character, and sound heart.

He made it a sacred rule to write to her every week, no matter what might be the pressure of private anxiety or public business. His letters were the charm and solace of her life; she cherished them with proud and tender solicitude, and always carried them about her person to show them exultingly to her friends. In his boyhood, his correspondence treated upon every subject of interest on which his mind was engaged—his studies, his associates, his prospects, his dream of future distinction, nourished in the hope that its realization might enable him, at last, to place his mother in a position of independence. And when he finally reached the height of that dream, he continued to manifest the same earnest and faithful feelings. No engagements of any kind were ever suffered to interrupt his regular weekly letter. . . . .

When Mrs. Hunn was performing at Plymouth, he would sometimes leave his studies at Lincoln's Inn, to comfort her with his presence; and whenever he came it was a Saturnalia! Shortly before her final settlement at Bath, in 1807, she resided at Winchester, where she had some cousins in an inferior walk of life; and when her son—at that time the centre of popular admiration wherever he moved—used to visit her there, it was his delight to walk out in company with these humble friends, and with them to receive his "salutations and greetings in the market-place." One recognises a great man in such behaviour.

It had always been an object of paramount anxiety with him to take his mother off the stage; and the first use he made of the first opportunity that presented itself, was to carry that object into effect.

On retiring with Mr. Pitt, in 1801, from the office of under-secretary of state, Canning was entitled to a pension of £500 a-year, which he requested to have settled on his mother. There have surely been worse acts of public men than this, for which Canning was reviled by party-writers, through half his remaining life.

While Canning was at Eton, and still under seventeen, *The Microcosm*, a small weekly paper, of which a great deal has been said, was projected by him and a few of the more accomplished Etonians, and obtained a degree of celebrity which would, we apprehend, be looked for in vain in these days of *penny* literature,—when every manufacturing town annually produces more good verse and prose, than all the great schools and universities put together. Every subsequent imitation of *The Microcosm*, has failed, though some of them do not fall much short of the original. It was a lucky hit, and Canning, its principal supporter, also gained the largest share of its laurels. He was at this time, and while at Oxford, an ardent Whig, and was confirmed in this political bias, not only by his uncle, but by intercourse with the great Whig leaders.

Canning's university vacations were usually spent at some of their seats, where the sprightly talents of the young and well-conducted Oxonian, and his facility in verse-making, a mighty accomplishment in those days, ensured his social success. This profitable kind of relaxation did not lessen his diligence in study. His persevering industry at all times equalled his sparkling brilliancy. He had early learned the important lesson of relying upon himself, and of exactly measuring and estimating his own position. Canning left Oxford with a high reputation, sustained both by solid acquirements and literary achievements; and went to study at Lincoln's Inn. This step affords Mr. Bell an opportunity of describing the political and social state of the two great parties of the day; that of Fox, and the Prince of Wales, with the Whig Clubs and Devonshire House in the back-ground; and that of Mr. Pitt, with George III., the Court, and the Tory aristocracy, at his back. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant era of party in this country; the period when wit, beauty, rank, and talent, lent their blended fascinations to seduce recruits into the rival camps. Thus Mr. Bell ascribes the accession of the late Earl Grey to the liberal party, not to his own earnest convictions, nor to the love of freedom, but to the influence of the Duchess of Devonshire, who won "this jewel of price" from Pitt and Toryism, to which he was then inclined, to Fox and Liberalism. The real influence of such fair auxiliaries as the Duchess of Devonshire, or of Canning's early patroness, the beautiful Mrs. Crewe, and the syren Mrs. Sheridan, it is not easy to calculate; and it is probably over-rated by Mr. Bell, who takes a wider and more correct view of the excited state of popular feeling, at the momentous crisis of the French Revolution, and just when Canning was launched upon public life. Among those, either inspired by the example of the Republicans of France, or who, through the press or the debating societies, at this period canvassed public affairs and public men, was one—

A student of pale and thoughtful aspect, who brought to the nightly contests unusual fluency and grace of elocution. He, too, along with the rest, had been inspired by the heroic spectacle, had pondered upon its causes, and exulted over its prospects. His head was full of constitutions; for his studies lay amongst the elementary writers, rather than the special pleaders and form-mongers of the law. And after a morning of close reading and severe reflection, he would wend his way in the evening to one of these debating-rooms, and taking up his place unobserved, watch the vicissitudes of the discussion, noting well its effect upon the miscellaneous listeners; then, seizing upon a moment when the argument failed from lack of resources, or ran into sophistry or exaggeration, he would present himself to the meeting. A figure slight, but of elegant proportions; a face poetical in repose, but fluctuating in its expression with every fugitive emotion; a voice low, clear, and rich in modulation; and an air of perfect breeding, prepares his hearers for one who possesses superior powers, and is not unconscious of them. He opens calmly—strips his topic of all extraneous matter—distributes it under separate heads—disposes of objections with a playful humour—rebukes the dangerous excesses of preceding speakers—carries his auditors through a complete

syllogism — establishes the proposition with which he set out — and sits down amidst the acclamations of the little senate. Night after night witnesses similar feats; at length his name gets out; he is talked of, and speculated upon; and people begin to ask questions about the stripling who has so suddenly appeared amongst them, as if he had fallen from the sky.

But he does not confine his range to the debating societies, which he uses as schools of practice, and as places in which the nature of popular assemblies may be profitably observed. He is frequently to be found in the soirées of the Whig notabilities, where the aristocracy of his style is more at home than amongst the crowds of the forum. Here his cultivated intellect and fastidious taste are appreciated by qualified judges; and these refined circles cry up his accomplishments as eagerly as the others have applauded his patriotism. Popularity besets him on both sides. The societies look to him as a man formed expressly for the people; and the first Lord Lansdowne (stranger still!) predicts to Mr. Bentham that this stripling will one day be prime minister of England! He is plainly on the high road to greatness of some kind; but how it is to end, whether he is to be a martyr or a minister, is yet a leap in the dark. The crisis approaches that is to determine the doubt.

What follows is, we apprehend, somewhat apocryphal, but we give it as we find it.

While he is revolving these auguries in his mind, and filling his solitary chamber with phantoms of civic crowns and strawberry-leaves, flitting around his head in tantalizing confusion, a note is hurriedly put into his hand, with marks of secrecy and haste. It is from one of whom he has but a slight personal knowledge, but whose notoriety, if we may not venture to call it fame, is familiar to him. The purport of the note is an intimation that the writer desires a confidential interview on matters of importance, and will breakfast with him on the following morning. The abruptness of the self-invitation, the seriousness of the affair it seems to indicate, and the known character of the correspondent, excite the surprise of the law-student, and he awaits his visiter with more curiosity than he chooses to betray.

A small fresh-coloured man, with intelligent eyes, an obstinate expression of face, and pressing ardour of manner, makes his appearance the next morning at breakfast. The host is collected, as a man should be who holds himself prepared for a revelation. The guest, unreserved and impatient of delay, hastens to unfold his mission. Amongst the speculators who are thrown up to the surface, in great political emergencies, there are generally some who are misled by the grandeur of their conceptions; and who, in the purity and integrity of their own hearts, cannot see the evil or the danger that lies before them. This was a man of that order. He enters into an animated description of the state of the country, traces the inquietude of the people to its source in the corruption and tyranny of the government, declares that they are resolved to endure oppression no longer, that they are already organized for action, that the auspicious time has arrived to put out their strength, and ends by the astounding announcement, that they have selected *him* — this youth who has made such a stir amongst them — as the fittest person to be placed at the head of the movement. Miracle upon miracle! The astonishment of the youth who receives this communication may well suspend his judgment: he requires an interval to collect himself, and decide; and then, dismissing his strange visiter, shuts himself up to think. In that interval he takes a step which commits him for life. It is but a step from Lincoln's Inn to Downing Street. His faith in the people is shaken. He sees in this theory of regeneration nothing but folly and bloodshed. His reason revolts from all participation in it. And the next chamber to which we follow him, is the closet of the Minister, to whom he makes his new confession of faith, and gives in his final adherence.

Reader, the violent little man was William Godwin, the author of the "Political Justice," and the convert was George Canning.

There are many other theories of the remarkable conversion of Mr. Canning, though Mr. Bell adopts this as the most probable among them. The simple truth seems to be, that Pitt needed Mr. Canning, and that Mr. Canning was ready. Sir Richard Worsley kindly accepted the Chiltern Hundreds; and, in 1793, the young and hopeful aspirant took his seat for Newport in the Isle of Wight, and, even in his first session, did his chief good service. Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Jenkinson, and Mr. Huskisson, appeared in Parliament about the same time; and the foundations of those future friendships, rivalries, and animosities were then laid which lasted through life. However Mr. Bell may otherwise fail, he always succeeds in exalting his hero, by comparison with Lord Castlereagh.

The subsequent career of Canning is to be found in his Political History, and in the history of the country and of Parliament, with the exception of such episodes as the appearance of "The Anti-Jacobin," at a time when the division of labour not being so well understood as in these days of Peel, party-writing, whether scurrilous or argumentative, was undertaken by ministers or official persons, and not as now more safely and wisely left to reviewers and journalists. All the "irresistible" wit found in "The Anti-Jacobin," is roundly claimed by Mr. Bell for Canning:—in the eyes of posterity it will seem but a little all. Mr. Canning is also exonerated from the grossness, brutality, and actual falsehood contained in this unique publication, which acquittance it is not quite easy to understand, while he is stated to have not only planned but superintended the work, and to have afterwards expressed regret, not for its malignity and coarseness, but only for "the imperfection of his pieces" in its pages. Let us take the case on the advocate's own showing; and even with that we cannot agree in the verdict.

The poem of "New Morality" is on all hands ascribed to Mr. Canning; and his exclusive title to it appears to admit of little doubt. This satire, as the name implies, is aimed at the false philosophy of the day, but, hitting beyond its proposed mark, as the theme rises, it strikes at the Duke of Bedford, Southey, Coleridge, Godwin, and several other minor celebrities. The passages, which are clear of scornful personalities, are written with that unmistakeable polish which at once declares the authorship; and even where he flings his arrowy contempt upon Thelwall, Williams, and the small fry of democratic agitators, we fancy we can still trace him in the refinement of the points. But it was not in weighty or savage satire that Mr. Canning's strength lay — the tomahawk of right belonged to the author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad."

When "The Anti-Jacobin" was started, the available talent of the Reform party, in and out of Parliament, greatly preponderated over that of its opponents. An engine was wanted that should make up, by the destructiveness of its explosions, for the lack of more numerous resources. That engine was planned by Mr. Canning, who saw the necessity for it clearly. But it required a rougher hand than his to work it—one, too, not likely to wince from mud or bruises. The author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad," was exactly the man — hard, coarse, inexorable, unscrupulous. He brought with him into this paper a thoroughly brutal spirit; the personalities were not merely gross and wanton, but wild, ribald, slaughtering: it was the dissection of the shambles.

Such things had their effect, of course, at the time, and they were written for their effect; but they exhibit such low depravity and baseness—violating so flagrantly all truth, honour, and decency, for mere temporary party objects, that we cannot look upon them now without a shudder. Fox was assailed in this journal as if he were a highwayman. His peaceful retirement at St. Anne's Hill was invaded with vulgar jibes, and unintelligible buffoonery; Coleridge, Lamb, and others were attacked with extravagant personal hostility; and there was not an individual distinguished by respectability of character in the ranks of the Reformers, who was not mercilessly tarred and feathered the moment he ventured into public. Such was literally the "Weekly Anti-Jacobin."

Such was *The Anti-Jacobin*, and Mr. Bell gives all up to deserved contempt and oblivion, save "its ethereal spirit" in the poetical burlesques and *jeux-d'-esprit* of its planner; and foretells that "The Knife-grinder" will last "as long as the language lasts;" because "it ridicules at once the politics and the Sapphics of Southey." This is somewhat strong. What would be said, in our times, of such a travesty of Hood's "Song of the Shirt"—a poem very similar in spirit to that of Southey—although a Canning had written it?

We learn little more of the personal or private history of Mr. Canning; and it would be superfluous to trace his public career. He had not yet, nor for many a day to come, relapsed into liberalism, which was in some measure thrust upon him; but he continued the steady and able supporter of the Pitt government and Pitt policy, held some lucrative appointments, even when his chief was, for a time, laid aside; and, in 1799, married one of the wealthy co-heiresses of the too-famous General Scott.

It is usual for men in public life, — statesmen engaged in serious business, — to give up flirting with the muses, and all efforts at humour save a passing squib which may tell on the House. Not so the clever Etonian, the prize-gainer of Oxford, the contributor to Mrs. Crewe's album, and to the pages of the juvenile "Microcosm" and pungent "Anti-Jacobin." We are told that

Mr. Canning's humour was incessantly exploding in *bon-mots* and repartees. He could talk epigrams. He was so prolific a producer of "good things," that if he had not been pre-eminently distinguished as an orator and statesman, he might have descended to us with a more dazzling social reputation than Buckingham or Waller. The lines on Mr. Whitbread's speech, thrown off like flashes of light, show how rapidly and successfully he could cast his jest into any shape he pleased.

Some rather poor verses are quoted as specimens of Canning's talent for this sort of clever trifling. He was, too, it appears, one of some five score gentlemen who severally have claims to originating *The Quarterly Review;* and "was one of its most distinguished," though certainly not one of its most voluminous contributors. When Foreign Secretary, he would, we are told, sit up till two and three in the morning, polishing the style of his despatches to Chateaubriand, from his sense of the literary eminence of the French minister! Whenever real business has to be transacted, Heaven defend a country from either a long-winded or classical and fastidious Foreign minister; or send him to the Wellington school, to learn how to write short and pithy despatches. Upon one occasion, when his patience was quite worn out by the pettiness or paltry cunning of Dutch diplomacy on a question regarding a relaxation of the tariff, Canning had recourse to a favourite weapon. The anecdote is characteristic. The negotiation had been dragged on from month to month, by M. Falck, and seemed no nearer a close. Canning's patience was fairly worn out, and while

Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, was one day attending at court, a despatch in cypher was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent; but unfortunately Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cypher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed, until he obtained the key; when to his infinite astonishment he deciphered the following despatch from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:—

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content:
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.
Twenty per cent,
Twenty per cent,
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.
GEORGE CANNING.

The minister kept his word. While this singular despatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued to put into effect the intention it announced.

Mr. Bell, who holds liberal opinions himself, makes as good a vindication as the case admits, of the creed which guided Canning for thirty years; or, rather, of his unaccountable tenacity to its vulnerable points.

In 1827, Mr. Canning made use of the following declaration:—

"There are two questions to which I wish to reply. I have been asked, what I intend to do with the question of Parliamentary Reform when it is brought forward. What do I intend to do with it? Why, oppose it, as I have invariably done during the whole of my parliamentary career. What do I intend to do with the Test Act? Oppose it."

These were the incomprehensible points of Mr. Canning's political creed. It seems that he took them up from the beginning as articles of faith, and could never consent to submit them to the test of reason.

He held that reform meant revolution. So did Mr. Pitt—when it suited his purposes. . . .

It is surprising that the barefaced corruption of the old system did not strike Canning as something inconsistent with the spirit and obligations of the Constitution.

He must have seen it; but it might not suit him to confess as much. Upon these weak points of Canning's public character, his biographer makes many excellent observations.

The manly part which Canning acted on the trial of Queen Caroline, and throughout the whole of that unhappy connexion, which raised him in the esteem of generous minds of all parties, is duly commemorated by Mr. Bell. Neither the King, nor yet his subservient tools, could ever forgive the contumacious minister; but Lord Castlereagh was no more, and Canning's services could no longer with safety be dispensed with. There was no other man, of the Tory party, fit to fill office, in whom the nation placed so much confidence. He therefore became minister for foreign affairs, and got rid, for the time, of the odium and embarrass-

ment produced by such domestic questions as Parliamentary Reform and the Test Act. His foreign policy commanded universal approbation. His recognition of the Spanish-American republics shook the Holy Alliance to its crazy foundation, and gave a finishing blow to despotic principles in Europe. We must here indulge in a quotation to which we are moved by various considerations, besides exhibiting Canning in the greatest moment of his public life.

In violation of an existing treaty, and urged onward by apostolical fury, Spain had made a perfidious attempt to overthrow the new constitution of Portugal. She dreaded the close neighbourhood of free institutions; and, sustained by the sinister influence of France, she resolved to make a powerful effort to annihilate them. Intelligence of the imminent peril of our ancient ally reached ministers on the night of the 8th of December, 1826; on the 11th (Sunday intervening) a message from the King was communicated to Parliament; and on the 12th, a discussion ensued, which as long as a trace of English eloquence shall remain amongst the records of the world, will never be forgotten.

Mr. Canning was now at the height of his power, wielding an influence more extended and complete than any Foreign minister in this country had ever enjoyed before. The subject to which he addressed himself in this instance, was one that invoked the grandest attributes of his genius, and derived a peculiar felicity from being developed by a British minister; and, above all, by that minister who had liberated the new world, and crushed the tyrannies of the old. It was not surprising, then, that, bringing to it all the vigour and enthusiasm of his intellect, and that vital beauty of style which was the pervading charm of his great orations, he should have transcended on this occasion all his past efforts, and delivered a speech which not merely carried away the admiration of his hearers, but literally inflamed them into frenzy. The fabulous spells of Orpheus, who made the woods dance reels and sarabands, never achieved so wonderful a piece of sorcery as this speech of Mr. Canning's achieved over the passions, the judgment, the prejudices, and the stolid unbelief of the House of Commons.

After giving a luminous detail of the long-existing connexion between Portugal and England, and the obligations by which we were bound to assist our old ally, Mr. Canning proceeded to state the case. It would be impossible to describe the effect produced by the following little sentence:—

"The precise information, on which alone we could act, arrived only on Friday last. On Saturday the decision of the government was taken—on Sunday we obtained the sanction of his Majesty—on Monday we came down to Parliament—and at this very hour, while I have now the honour of addressing this House—BRITISH TROOPS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO PORTUGAL!"

The House fairly vibrated with emotion at this unexpected statement. It was the concentration in a single instant of the national enthusiasm of a whole age. At every sentence he was interrupted with huzzas! Then, when he spoke of the Portuguese constitution:—

"With respect to the character of that constitution, I do not think it right, at present, to offer any opinion; privately I have my own opinion. But, as an English minister, all I have to say is, may God prosper the attempt made by Portugal to obtain constitutional liberty, and may that nation be as fit to receive and cherish it, as, on other occasions, she is capable of discharging her duties amongst the nations of Europe." . . .

Mr. Canning had now reached the pinnacle of his fame. His ambition had accomplished nearly its highest aims—his genius had overwhelmed all opposition. How little did England anticipate, at this proud moment, that she was so soon to lose her accomplished and patriotic statesman!

The brief remainder of Canning's life was full of event and interest. His foreign policy had exalted him with all that was enlightened and liberal in Britain or in Europe; and the struggle which followed the retirement of Lord Liverpool, the invidious attempt made to baffle and crush him, engaged the warmest sympathies of the whole nation in his behalf. The meanness, ignorance, and duplicity which at this time marked the conduct of many of the Tory party, and in particular, "The King's Friends," is as disgraceful as any thing to be found in the history of Faction. But the *parvenu*, the man who had dared to hold independent opinions about questions upon which "the Duke" and "the Chancellor" entertained adverse prejudices, happily triumphed, through his own inherent strength, backed as it was by public opinion all but universal; for the party opposed to Canning's appointment to the place of First Minister was not numerically greater nor much more weighty, when fairly placed in the scale, than that of those noble individuals now termed "Protectionists." It must have been a proud moment for Canning when, in spite of the formidable combination of peers and boroughmongers, in contempt of their protests and remonstrances, Mr. C. Wynn rose in the House of Commons and moved for a new writ for the borough for which Canning sat, he "having accepted the office of First Commissioner of the Treasury." This was on the 12th of April, 1827; and on the 8th of August he expired, at the age of fifty-seven; his death accelerated, if not in a great measure caused, by the most unremitting and ungenerous party-hostility ever witnessed in England, acting upon a proud and singularly sensitive mind. Deserted in the most ignominious way by the leaders of what had been his own party, he sought and found able auxiliaries among the Whigs; and wanted but a longer term of life to have consolidated a strong and an improved government; though we do not pretend to say that, comparing Mr. Canning with the men who have succeeded him, the cause of rational freedom has by his death lost any thing.

In Cabinet cycles the same state of things often curiously comes round again. But though without the same hearty support from the opposition which Canning received, Sir Robert Peel is in every way too powerful to be so easily assailed or shaken as the earlier victim.

Of Canning's last struggles it is said:—

The *tone* of the opposition throughout the irregular and intemperate discussions which took place at different times on the ministerial changes, plainly betrayed the *animus* which lay at the bottom. Mr. Canning was literally baited in both Houses. The attacks which were made upon him are unparalleled in our parliamentary history for personality; their coarseness, malignity, and venom are all of a personal character. It was not against a system of policy they were directed—nor against special opinions or doctrines; but against Mr. Canning himself. His eminence, his popularity, his talents, made him the prey of envy and detraction; and this was the ground of hostility upon which he was hunted to the death, when official difficulties were thickening round him, and his health was giving way under mental anxiety and physical sufferings. They chose their moment well, and used it remorselessly.

To all the assaults in the Commons, Mr. Canning made instant response. In the Lords, his new Whig allies rendered full and ample justice to his character.

There was only one speech left unanswered — that of Lord Grey.

This was a speech which does little honour to the memory of a Whig noted in his day, but yet a man who often betrayed narrow views and strong prejudices.

In the beginning of July, Parliament was prorogued. The fearful excitement was over; and the Premier, already undermined in health, sank into collapse. On the 20th of July, having accidentally taken cold and suffered from rheumatism, he removed to the Duke of Devonshire's villa for change of air. On the 30th he waited for the last time on the King at Windsor, who could not fail to perceive his condition; and after suffering the most severe pain, he died on the 8th of the following month, in the same chamber where Fox had breathed his last breath. He was buried at the foot of Mr. Pitt's tomb in Westminster Abbey; and whatever may be the permanent estimate which posterity will form of his public character and services, no English minister was ever more profoundly and generally lamented. His death was universally felt as a national calamity, and mourned over as a private sorrow.

We are certainly much indebted to Mr. Bell for his able and compendious Life of Canning, with which the world must be contented till, in the fulness of time, "The Canning Papers" shall emerge into the broad light of *The Row*. His letters of forty years to his mother, who predeceased him only by a few months, and which were returned to the writer on her death, would of themselves form a most interesting collection.

GERMAN TRANSLATIONS OF ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH SONGS.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Chorus.

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent amang the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho', at last, they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares an' warly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest wark she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

GRÜN WÄCHST DIE BINSE, O.

VON M. L. J.

Chor.

Grün wächst die Binse, O;
Grün wächs't die Binse, O;
Mein' allerliebste Stunde war
Die Stunde bei den Mädchen, O.

Der Menscheit Loos ist Schmerz und Gram,
Schnell flieht das Menschenleben, O;
Und was gelegen ist daran,
Wenn's gäben keine Mädchen, O.
Grün wächst, &c.

Des Goldes mag der Mammons Knecht
Sich immer wohl erfreuen, O;
Das hält er fest, ein falscher Traum
Mit freudenvollem Scheinen, O.
Grün wächst, &c.

Die stille Abendstunde mir.
Im Arm schläft meine Liebe, O;
Zum Teufel! Mammons Knecht mit dir,
Und Menschensorge trübe, O.
Grün wächst, &c.

Ihr Frommen, diess sie brummen an,
Sie sind nur dumme Esel, O;
Der Weis'ste, den die Welt gesehen,
Gern blickte er die Mädel, O.
Grün wächst, &c.

Es nennt die alte Frau Natur
Ihr schönstes Werk die Mädchen, O;
Die Lehrlinghand den Mann erschuf,
Die Meisterhand das Weibchen, O.
Grün wächst, &c.

LATINE REDDITUM.

Virescunt junci frondibus!
Virescunt junci frondibus!
Oh! quioquid dulce viximus,
Oh! viximus puellulis.

Heu! multas curas hominûm!
Heu! tædium ac inertium!
Est in offensu vitaque,
Absentibus puellulis.
Virescunt junci, &c.

Ex auro avarus congerat
Quæ nitent sibi munera —
Heu! splendens umbra decipit
Par somnio sollicito.
Virescunt junci, &c.

Meos tenens in græmio
Amores, O nox candida!
Dives, Deo tardipedi!
Quis me vivit felicior?
Virescunt junci, &c.

Doctis te questu carpere
Lubet, O rem ridiculam!
Priscorum disertissimus,
Amavit ille perditè.
Virescunt junci, &c.

Jurat naturæ genius
Primâ cum manu conditos
Viros, extremâ fœminam,
Illâ quid majus nascitur?
Virescunt junci, &c.

LIED EINES SCHOTTISCH-GALLISCHEN BARDEN IM JAHRE 1745.

VON WALTER SCOTT.—BY THE LAST COUNT PUROSTALL.

Nacht ruht auf den Bergen, es dunkelt die Flur,
Doch dunkeler noch denn die Nacht der Natur
Ist der Schlummer der Guten, er düstert das Land,
Er tödtet den Muth und erlähmet die Hand.

Es liegen bestaubet der Schild und das Schwert,
Der blutlose Säbel liegt rostend am Herd,
Und zeiget sich je auf dem Berg' ein Gewehr,
So drohet es nur dem Gevögel umher.

Und singet die Thaten der Väter der Sang,
So lasset uns kämpfend begleiten den Klang!
Bis dahin verstumme ein jeglicher Ton,
Der noch uns erinnert des Ruhms, der entflohn.

Doch die dunkelen Stunden der Nacht sind entflohn,
Der Morgen erhellet die Berge uns schon,
Glenaladal's Höhen beleuchtet der Strahl,
Und die Ströme Glenfinnan's, sie glänzen im Thal.

O edler Murray! wir rufen dich an,
Erhebe im Glanze des Morgens die Fahn',
Sie schwebt auf den Flügeln des Nordens einher,
Wie Blitze des Sturmes gewaltig und hehr.

Wenn, Söhne der Starken, der Morgen erwacht,
Muss die Harfe der Greise euch wecken zur Schlacht
So oft er den Guten der Vorzeit erschien,
Erweckte und trieb er zum Kampfe sie hin.

Erwacht auf den Bergen und Inseln umher,
Ihr tapfern Söhne des Hochland's 'zur Wehr,
Es ruft euch der Hörner weit tönender Schall,
Es ruft euch der Pibrock, doch nicht zu dem Mahl.

Er rufet die Helden zur Freude des Siegs,
Er ruft zu den Waffen des blutigen Kriegs,
Er ruft zu dem Dolche, dem Schilde, dem Schwert,
Er rufet euch ab von dem heimischen Herd.

Es seyen gleich Fingal die Krieger voll Muth,
Es ström' uns wie Feu'r in den Adern das Blut;
Zerbrecht wie die Väter das schändliche Joch,
Oder sterbet wie sie und errettet euch doch.

DER WIRTHIN TŒCHTERLEIN.

Es zogen drei Burschen wohl über den Rhein,
Bei einer Frau Wirthin, da kehrten sie ein;
"Frau Wirthin! Hat Sie gut Bier und Wein?
Wo hat sie ihr schönes Töchterlein?"
"Mein Bier und Wein ist frisch und klar,
Mein Töchterlein liegt auf der Todtenbahr'."

Und als sie traten zur Kammer hincin,
Da lag sie in einem schwarzen Schrein.

Der Erste, der schlug den Schleier zurück,
Und schaute sie an mit traurigem Blick:
"Ach! lebtest du noch du schöne Maid,
Ich würde dich lieben von dieser Zeit!"

Der Zweite deckte den Schleier zu
Und kehrte sich ab, und weinte dazu:
"Ach! dass du liegst auf der Todtenbahr'!
Ich hab' dich geliebet so manches Jahr!"

Der Dritte hub ihn wieder sogleich,
Und küsste sie auf den Mund so bleich:
"Dich liebt' ich immer, dich lieb' ich noch heut',
Und werde dich lieben in Ewigkeit."

L. UHLAND.

THE HOSTESS'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF L. UHLAND.

There halted three students once over the Rhein,
At their favourite hostess's entered they in;
"Good beer and good wine, our hostess, have ye?
And your fair little daughter, where may she be?"
"My beer and wine is brisk and clear,
My fair little daughter lies on her bier."

And as ye the threshold cross'd, entering in,
They laid her, even then, in a dark narrow shrine.

The first he the covering from her face raised,
And with sorrowful look he silently gazed.
"Ah! were ye restored, even now to me,
Fair maiden, from this time forth, I 'd love thee."

The second he folded close the shroud,
And turning away, there wept he aloud:
"Alas! that ye lie low stretch'd on the bier!
For thee have I loved for many a year."

The third 'gain lifted aside the veil
And kiss'd her sweet lips, ah, now so pale!
"Ever *before*, even *now*, dear to me,
In Eternity, fair one, I still *will* love thee."

A. J. S.

GRETEL'S WARNUNG.

BY VON HALM.

Mit Liebesblick' und Spiel und Sang
Warb Christel, jung und schön.
So lieblich war, so frisch und schlank
Kein Jüngling rings zu sehn.
Nein, Keiner war
In ihrer Schar,
Für den ich das gefühlt.
Das merkt' er, ach!
Und liess nicht nach,
Bis er es all, bis er es all,
Bis er es all erhielt.

Wohl war im Dorfe mancher Mann,
So jung und schön, wie er;
Doch sah'n nur ihn die Mädchen an
Und kosten um ihn her.
Bald riss ihr Wort
Ihn schmeichelnd fort;
Gewonnen was sein Herz.
Mir ward er kalt;
Dann floh er bald,
Und liess mich hier, und liess mich hier,
Und liess mich hier in Schmerz.

Sein Liebesblick' und Spiel und Sang,
So süss und wonniglich,
Sein Kuss, der tief zur Seele drang,
Erfreut nicht fürder mich.
Schaut meinen Fall,
Ihr Schwestern all,
Für die der Falsche glüht,
Und trauet nicht
Dem, was er spricht.
O seht mich an, mich Arme an,
O seht mich an, und flieht!

RULE BRITANNIA.

BY THE LAST COUNT PUROSTALL.

Als einst von ringsumgossnem Meere,
Der Britten schönes Land sich schied,
Da sangen froh der Engel Chöre
Der ew'gen Freiheit Bundeslied:
Britannia herrsche, ja herrsche, durch die Wogen!
Wirst nie dem Sclavenjoch gebogen.

Einst sinkt der Tyranney Gewalten
Ein jedes andre Volk dahin,
Nur du wirst stets dich frei erhalten,
Stets mächtig und beneidet blüh'n.
Britannia herrsche! &c.

Nur mächt 'ger stets wirst du erstehen
Vom Drange fremder Krieger Macht,
So wie des Sturmes wildes Wehen
Nur deine Eichen kräftig macht.
Britannia herrsche! &c.

Will dich Tyrannen Hochmuth beugen,
Wird sich an deiner Freiheit Macht,
Nur ihrer Ohnmacht Schwäche zeigen,
Erhöhn sich deines Ruhmes Pracht.
Britannia herrsche! &c.

Der Fleiss sey deiner Wohlfahrt Quelle,
Der Handel deiner Städte Zier,
Dir fröhnen soll des Meeres Welle
Und jede Küste dienen dir.
Britannia herrsche! &c.

Die Musen werden zu den Sitzen
Der ewigen, heiligen Freiheit zieh'n;
Wo Muth und Kraft die Schönen schützen,
Wird ewig hold die Schönheit blühn.
Britannia herrsche! &c.

GOD'S LAWS *versus* CORN-LAWS.*

The title of this tract is not more remarkable than its contents, and the quarter whence it emanates. To find "a Dignitary of the English Church," one who proclaims himself, by inheritance and education, a Tory, denouncing the Corn-laws to his ecclesiastical superior, as directly opposed to the laws of God and the well-being of man, is a pregnant sign of the times, and we would fain hope an earnest of improvement.

The "Dignitary," a man of learning and piety, who deeply feels the responsibilities of his order, has, as appears from every paragraph of his letter, taken a comprehensive and philosophic view of the social and political history of the most remarkable nations of antiquity, and has also kept pace with the development of opinion in his own age. But he starts from a higher point than can be assumed in mere human reasoning; from the direct commission and trust of the Creator, as revealed and committed to our first parents, to "replenish and subdue the earth, and to have dominion over it." This commission, originally given to Adam, and never revoked, was renewed in the charge given to Noah; and it is broadly contended,

Under the terms of this commission, a right seems to be given to *all* men to partake of *all* the fruits of *all* the earth, provided they be willing to earn it with the sweat of their brow; and that no human legislation can intervene with this vested right of every individual, without violating God's law; and that all attempts, either direct or indirect, to limit this great end, can originate only in violence and tyranny—at least, not till the terms of the commission be thoroughly fulfilled, and the whole earth be subdued and replenished.

The letter sets out strenuously arguing that it is highly proper and decorous, nay the bounden duty of the ministers of the Church, and especially of the Lords Spiritual in their place in the Upper House of Parliament, to interfere in such questions as Corn-laws; and to use their utmost sagacity and wisdom in correcting what is amiss in legislation, and amending what is defective. The clergy and men of all ranks are roundly told, —

Should, then, in a community leavened apparently by the great truths of the Gospel, and acknowledging Christ's ministers as an important element in its constitution, certain principles prevail, and practices be grafted thereon, which tend to add to the wealth of the rich, and to diminish the narrow comforts of the poor; it appears to me that the ministers of God, who, by their arguments, maintain, or by their silence connive at, such principles and practices, betray the cause of the poor, whom it is their essential duty to protect, and are in great danger of ceasing to be "the salt" of the social mass.

Believing, as I do, that the Corn-Laws, which, for a generation of thirty years, have regulated both the price and quantity of food in Great Britain, have tended, and do still tend, to increase the wealth of the rich, and to diminish the comforts of the poor, it is my bounden duty to profess publicly this belief, and to attempt to relieve our poorer brethren from the pressure which these laws seem to inflict upon them.

Throwing a rapid glance along the current of sacred and profane history, from the beginning of the world until the appearance of our Saviour on earth; the doctrines and principles which he promulgated, and the enlightened and humane civil institutions which, though still very imperfect, have grown out of the Christian system, are ably and eloquently contrasted with the principles of polity which regulated even the most illustrious and highly civilized nations of antiquity.

Limited as is our space, and though this Letter contains much that is more apt for what we conceive its main object,—namely, forcing thought if not absolutely carrying conviction into high places,—we must quote one passage, which, among many others, must show the "Protectionists" that the "Dignitary" is something different from those most useful labourers, in their own sphere, the Anti-Corn-law orators whether of the hustings or the platform. He reverts to the principles and labours of the early Apostles and disciples, the first Christian missionaries, and thus strikingly presents the contrast:—

The natural man, the selfish creature, as known to us from actual experience, and as we find him faithfully depictured in profane history, acts upon principles directly the reverse of these. He loves his own locality with an instinctive feeling. He wars steadily against all attempts to enlarge the sphere of his local attachments. His home, be it ever so homely, is his paradise. Within that narrow limit, he cherishes those prejudices which have grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He values all his petty privileges in proportion to their exclusive character, and resolutely resists any attempt to communicate them to others; and if he is a member of the more favoured class of the community, values his position, not according to his own real elevation in the scale of humanity, but according to a fictitious standard of his own invention, of which the favourite test is, the graduated depression of all placed below him.

On such selfish principles were constituted the world-famous constitutions of the ancient states of Greece: Sparta itself, that wonderful creation of the human intellect, presents us with a view of the most vigorous attempt ever made by man to fix within narrow limits energies which never can be permanently thus controlled, to cast all minds in one unvarying mould, and, as it were, to stereotype an everlasting imprint of social life. There were many points in this system which a disciple of Malthus would gladly re-produce. Sparta had an aristocracy as fixed in its dimensions as the everlasting hills which looked down upon her mean-looking capital. Into her sacred band no new blood could possibly be infused,—no merits, however great, or whatsoever might be their nature, could entitle a Spartan, not legitimately descended from members of the privileged class, to have his name registered among the

* A Letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, from a Dignitary of the English Church. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

blood nobility of Sparta. Her middle class was limited in number, and her laws positively forbade any increase of its constituent members. The first-born male of every Periœcian family was alone regarded as the representative of his class. His brothers, debarred from marriage, were compelled to servile labour on his territorial lot, without any hope of improving their position, except by the death of their brother without male offspring. The lower classes were represented by the Helots, slaves of the lowest description, without any social rights, without property, and whose numbers were kept down to suit the exigencies of the times by private assassination and public massacres. It has been supposed — and the supposition is partly borne out by tradition—that Lycurgus borrowed some of his institutions from Moses. The only conservative principle, in this exclusive state, was the exemplary self-denial of the aristocracy. Its members were contented to forego all the luxuries of life, and to restrict their wants, as far as the body was concerned, to a provision for sufficient protection against cold, hunger, and thirst; they were, literally speaking, contented "with food and raiment." A Spartan noble, for centuries, lived as plainly, if not more so, than the lowest Helot of the community. Such self-denial was not without its reward; for the power of the Spartan aristocracy flourished for a period of time, of which we have no similar example in the histories of ancient states. To secure power, the desire of which is the last infirmity of noble minds, they voluntarily resigned those more sensual enjoyments which ignoble minds regard as most to be desired. Even the fall of Sparta had nothing abrupt or destructive in its results. She died of a gradual decline, without any dangerous convulsion, without any internecine war of brother against brother, or wholesale massacre of citizens by kindred hands. But Sparta fell "without a sign;" her greatness is really the "magni nominis umbra" of the poet, recorded in books alone, and not leaving the impress of her mind upon the history of man. She stands alone,—her pedigree begins and ends with herself; she had no ancestors, and left no successors.

Athens was less exclusive in her institutions: her population consisted not of the pure Cecropian race alone, but was an amalgam of almost every tribe in Greece: repeated revolutions had fused most of her free inhabitants into a compact democracy, instinct with life, and boundless in ambition; her movements were consequently less cramped, and her activity more decided, than those of any other free state of ancient Greece. At a period almost antecedent to the regular history of the race, Athens had sent forth colonies, which in time swelled out into the fair proportions of the Hellenic states of Ionia: nor did she, to the latest period of her power, cease to act upon the same principles, and to send her surplus population to distant shores. But she could not transfer her affections to her transplanted children. Her care was limited by the boundaries of Attica and a few neighbouring islands. Thus to her colonies she was an unkind stepmother—to her acquired subjects a cruel and despotical mistress. She thought that the brute force at her command would enable her to defy the discontent of those dependents, to whom she denied equal rights and privileges; that, by the superiority of her fleets, she might safely domineer both over her colonies and conquests, and make them her slaves and tributaries. But she drew the reins too tightly; they snapped in her hands: the fleets of her dependents went over to the enemy. Her naval supremacy was thus overthrown; and she fell amidst the horrors of a home-war and civil bloodshed, with a suddenness in direct contrast with the slowness of her ascent. But she did not fall without a sign. The sons whom she had cherished in the days of home-liberty, left the impress of their minds on all succeeding ages; and she still lives in her orators, poets, historians, and philosophers, and in the remains of her marble wonders, whose ruins still breathe. After many a bloody struggle, not without glory, Athens gradually subsided into the peaceful teacher of her ruder conquerors, the favourite seat whence the ancient world derived its intellectual knowledge, and finally, the pride and glory of the unchristianized world.

The wisest of her sons amused themselves with constructing systems of policy, in which all the advantages resulting from social and political life were to be secured, and all the evils avoided. But as they knew not of the high mission of man, they could never raise their imaginations beyond the contemplation of a territory limited in quantity, and consequently of a body of citizens limited in number. The necessary operation of what we now call the Malthusian laws, was perfectly well known to them; and that the principle on which they act, would necessarily prove fatal to any prosperous community formed on the very narrow basis on which alone they professed to found their systems, were not some means taken to counteract this principle, and to keep the number of citizens within the prescribed limit. It grieves me to write, that although both Plato and Aristotle hint at certain anterior measures which might palliate the evil, they teach openly, that the only effectual remedy against its ultimate certainty, was the destruction of superfluous infants, before they can appreciate the gift of life. . . . .

Still there was an authority even in their days which might have taught them a better lesson. That authority the majority of their countrymen regarded with something of the veneration with which we regard the Holy Scriptures. Old Homer, had they consulted him, would have told them of lands untilled by the hand, untrodden by the foot of man, which waited for nothing but man's labour to change them from a howling wilderness into smiling gardens, which would have furnished her with ample domains, ready to be occupied by that superfluous population which was the source of their difficulties, and against the evils supposed necessarily to result from which, they knew of no better remedy than the destruction of their own children, the continuous removal of the genial spring from the course of the year.

But the high attitude which England is called upon to assume as a colonizing country, possessed of means and resources, such as the world never before saw, for executing the commission originally given by the Creator to man, is less to our immediate purpose than the narrower but more pressing question of Free Trade. It is enough that the subject of colonization is ably treated, though only on general principles, and illustrated by examples drawn from the history of the greatest conquerors and colonizers of the ancient world. One sentence from a brief and masterly sketch of the Norman Conquest we copy as an indication of the general spirit of the "Letter."—"It must be confessed that the period of the Norman domination is marked by events which, however pleasing they may appear in the eyes of a medieval enthusiast, have no charms for the truly benevolent man, who wishes to improve the great body of his countrymen."

But setting out upon better principles and with nobler ends than ever yet animated conquerors, and possessing unrivalled means and advantages, which are proudly enumerated, the "Dignitary" exhorts his countrymen to fulfil the high destiny for which Providence seems to have selected this favoured land, and to become the beneficent agents in the great work of peopling and civilizing the world. There is, however, one great but not insurmountable obstacle to the accomplishment of an object in which it would be glorious even to co-operate, namely, our restrictive commercial policy, and the condition to which it has reduced our industrial classes; our laws that are opposed

to God's laws. This obstacle, which the reasonings and persuasions of this Letter must tend to remove, is thus treated,—

As far as human reason can infer, as far as experience can lead us to conceive, there is but one visible obstacle to prevent us from fulfilling so glorious a duty; and this obstacle has been thrown across our path, not by any necessity imposed upon us by the physical laws of the universe, nor erected by the ingenuity of human enemies, but deliberately built up by our own suicidal hands. We, the favoured, the energetic, the patient, the hard-toiling inhabitants of this realm, so powerful for good, so abstemious from evil, able to produce to an unlimited extent all the other necessaries of civilized life, and to part with them as a medium of exchange, cannot and do not produce a sufficiency of wholesome food for the healthy maintenance of our existing population.

The Legislature in an evil hour passed laws, which, however wisely intended, have eventually prevented us from supplying this deficiency in proportion to our wants. I need not recapitulate to your Grace the history of our Corn Laws; most probably, it is better known to you than it is to me. But your Grace must well remember the memorable year when they assumed their present form, and the instinctive hatred with which their enactment was regarded by those who have since that time been called "the masses." The Bill, against which, in its every stage, those poor people published their turbulent and riotous protests, passed into a law.

Its proposers and supporters affirmed that it was imposed upon them by necessity; and, to a certain extent, perhaps it was so. We were told that it was necessary in our transition-state from almost an universal war to almost an universal peace; to save the landowners from certain ruin—to lighten the burden of the national debt—to enable us gradually to descend from the false position into which we had been inevitably brought by our isolated existence of so many years' continuance, and especially by the fearful debasement of our legal currency. It was more than hinted that were only time allowed, all might be rectified, and we might again safely and gracefully descend to the level of other nations.

With the truth or fallacy of these arguments, it is not my present intention to deal. But I know this, that since that period a generation of men has passed away, that the Corn Laws are still in force, although mitigated in their stringency, and that the arguments adduced for their continuance, are of that character, which, if unrefuted, must render the laws perpetual, cripple our ever-elastic energies, arrest us in our onward course, and render our statesmen the by-word and scorn of future generations.

The "Dignitary" next sets himself to combat the hackneyed arguments of the Protectionists, and to demolish, in particular, the thrice-refuted fallacies, which our readers have so often seen knocked upon the head during the last dozen years. But we have little to say on this section of the "Letter," save to express a fervent hope that, for the common good, it may take effect in quarters where Colonel Thompson and the League might in vain raise their voices. This hope is indeed one main ground of our satisfaction at the appearance of this remarkable pamphlet. The writer at once gives up the point of the labouring population being fed as generously as he would have them fed from the produce of our home territories; and roundly denies the necessity of any restrictions. His working-man's dietary, or his definition of what "wholesome food" is, would really go far to make the country deserve its old appellation of "Merry England."

"Wholesome food," (he says,) according to my definition, ought to consist of a diet, of which bread made of the ground seeds of the more generous cerealia, ought to constitute a large element; and this bread might, to a great extent, be partially displaced by preparations of the seeds of leguminous plants. But along with this farinaceous food, there ought to be consumed a fair proportion of animal substances, whether in the form of milk, butter, cheese, flesh, fowl, or fish. I have no hesitation in adding, that there should also, in the case of hard-working men, be a due allowance of fermented liquor, the soul of the seeds of the cerealia, or of fruit-trees, in the shape of cider, wine, beer, porter, ale. This will be recognised all over Europe as the Englishman's bill of fare. . . . . .

Such was the food of the patriarchs,—the kid, the calf, the lamb taken from the fold, milk in its various forms, and especially bread, without which Jacob and his children could not live comfortably, with all their numerous flocks and herds. Such was the food which Melchisedec brought forth to refresh the wearied servants of Abraham. He refreshed them with bread and wine, God's best earthly gifts to his creatures. The priests of the old world, under every dispensation, approached the altars of their gods with similar offerings.

Old Homer allowed no other food to his warriors before Troy but the generous diet of bread, what we call butcher's meat, and wine. And the riotous suitors in the Odyssey revel on the same substantial courses. The harvest food of even his reapers was the roasted ox and newly-baked scones, and his very ploughmen received, at regulated intervals, a refreshing draught of wine. Herodotus states as an historical fact, that the warriors of Egypt received, among other perquisites, a daily allowance of bread, butcher's meat, and wine; even her very bondsmen, when tasked hardest to their work, were allowed to revel in the luxuries of the fleshpots.

We call this sound and admirable doctrine; and some remarks follow about the physical condition of the Irish, and the poor of the North of Scotland, which we gladly hail from the pen of a "Dignitary of the English Church;" though such language about the people's food, or want of food, might, forty years since, have qualified a man for Botany Bay. The conclusion is,—

It is therefore a gross fallacy to affirm, that the agriculture of these islands furnishes its population with a sufficient quantity of wholesome food. The utmost that can be said under this head is, that it does provide a sufficiency for the consumption of the easier classes.

Instead of favouring what are called the Malthusian doctrines, the "Dignitary" contends that a numerous and increasing population — where religion and morality, wise legislation, and an enlightened system of civil policy fulfil their great purposes —is to be regarded as a special blessing of Providence, as a token of the divine favour. This, he holds, is the doctrine taught in the Scriptures, and corroborated by profane history. Thus it is stated, that

Sparta was ruined by the want of Spartans of the ancient stock. So also Athens and Carthage fell because their citizen population did not increase in proportion to their ever-increasing number of imperial subjects. Rome was in some degree either wiser or more fortunate in this respect: but even Rome, with much greater advantages, and with more liberal principles, showed alarming symptoms of a similar disease, and tried various means of remedying the gradual decrease of real Romans. . . . . What but God's judgment has smitten the regions once ruled over by the great monarchs of Assyria, Media, and Persia, with sterility and barrenness — sterility in their soil and barrenness in their families? We read in the pages of Herodotus of the almost incredible productiveness of

ancient Babylonia. "This," writes the father of history, "this is the most fertile of all the regions with which we are acquainted in its crops of cerealia. It does not attempt, however, to produce vines, figs, and olive-trees; but in grain-crops it is so fertile, that, on an average, it returns its seed two hundred-fold, and in favourable seasons even three hundred-fold." . . . In another passage he states, that this province alone, after feeding its own great population, could spare enough to supply with food all the public establishments of the empire for four out of the twelve months of the year. Now this same district barely furnishes the necessaries of life for two or three paltry cities, and for a few wandering tribes of Arabs, who have located themselves among its mighty ruins. If we look at Asia Minor, especially at the portion occupied by the Ionian Greeks, which was pronounced by Herodotus to enjoy the most genial climate and the most fertile soil known to him, we see the same astounding result. Its spontaneous fertility, its natural advantages, have been counteracted by some causes powerful enough to prevent its few and scattered inhabitants from deriving any corresponding benefit from their happy location, and, which is more to my purpose, from continuously decreasing in number. In Palestine, and all through Syria, the population is evidently dying away, and the land now very partially cultivated, will apparently be soon left desolate. Even in islands like Cyprus and Crete, the same course of things is discernible. Cyprus, when under the Venetian government, had a population of fifteen hundred thousand souls, when for a certainty it could trust to nought but its own soil; now that it has become a part of the contintental dominions of the Osmanli, it with difficulty feeds sixty thousand human beings. . . . . The Osmanlis in Europe, Asia, and Africa, are daily decreasing in numbers; and Turkey, in the words of Lamartine, is dying for want of Turks. Our islands, on the contrary, are yearly adding some three or four hundred thousand souls to our population, and no improvement in agriculture can possibly enable our farmers to increase the quantity of marketable food in proportion to the call for it on the part of our increasing population. Even the series of bad harvests which preceded the summer of 1841, and the consequent distress, might perhaps have checked for the time, but did not prevent, our continuous increase in numbers. Time will therefore, in spite of all obstacles, in a few years virtually repeal the Corn-laws, and compel us to derive no small portion of our daily bread from other sources than the British soil.

The peculiar advantages which landowners, as a class, possess, are not overlooked in the "Letter;" while of those protective laws which, in 1814, might have been necessary, as temporary measures, it is said,

The transition from a state of almost universal war to a state of peace almost as universal, required delicate management; and the extraordinary legislation of the day, which placed us in a very invidious light to the rest of the world, was, it may be held, a prudent precaution to secure us from great and imminent evils. No sound-minded politician of that day ever dreamed that they were to be one of our sacrosanct institutions, to be non-removable and perpetual. The constant struggle against their continuance, the war of words which was ever maintained upon the subject, ought to have acted as a full and sufficient warning to the agricultural interest, that they were but the result of a temporary policy, and not to be regarded as the sacred and unalterable code of the Medes and Persians. If the landholders obstinately refused to accept these continuous warnings, we may regret their folly, but cannot deeply sympathize with the sorrows which may be the result of such chronic blindness. . . . . I have read that Sir Robert Walpole once described the landed interest as a sheep which, when seized by the shepherd, submitted to its fate without a struggle, and silently yielded up its rich fleece. But the same great statesman's rustic symbol of the mercantile and commercial interest, was what an orientalist would call "the father of our hams and bacon," who, when rough hands were laid upon him, disturbed the neighbourhood with his unmusical clamour, and after all, however closely the instrument was applied, yielded only a few useless bristles to the shearer. In our days we have witnessed a change as wonderful as any celebrated by Ovid: the silent sheep has become the loud grunter, and ceases not to disturb our social system by her discordant bleatings.

The advantages which landlords have derived, and must continue to derive, from railroads, are not forgotten; and wonderfully little sympathy is displayed with aristocratic disgusts at the pestilent vulgarities of smoky manufactories, steam-engines, and a besmirched industrious or an upstart wealthy commercial population. What follows, if coming from a less sacred source than a Church Dignitary, would be thought to smack of stark radicalism.

I must confess that I feel little sympathy with the morbid feelings of a nobleman or a gentleman, who, after passing half his time in London, and mixing there with its busy population, content to walk, or to ride or drive, amidst a continued throng, then retires to the country for the remainder of his year, to have his nerves shattered and his equanimity disturbed, should two or three strangers be found wandering among the splendid scenes of his ample domains. It is the invasion of these sacred retreats, so dear to the pride and even to some better feelings of the aristocracy, that makes a manufactory an odious sight, and a railway a source of fear to many men otherwise benevolent and beneficent. . . .

The progress of Great Britain to imperial power, presents a strong contrast in the effects produced on the home provinces, when compared to the similar advance of Rome to a similar imperial greatness. The victories of Rome were accompanied by the constantly-increasing desolation of Italy. In proportion to the extent of the empire, the arable land, the olive-yards and vineyards, gradually began to disappear; not because their cultivation was unproductive, but because the ground was wanted for the villas, the parks, the hunting forests of the more than royal aristocrats. Their insane substructions, their boundless fish-ponds, their woodlands, their spacious gardens, with their profusion of all rare plants that could either delight the scent or charm the eye, drove the tiller of the ground from their immediate vicinity, whether pleasant spots on the lower or upper sea. And where nature was less adapted for such pleasant seats, the shepherd reigned supreme, and covered the hills of Apulia and Lucania with countless flocks, which were maintained with little expense, and managed principally by slaves.

England, the empress of the commercial world, and with wings capable of wafting her to the remotest parts of the earth, is tethered by cords from which she cannot break loose to her Island Home. The mass of engines which the present generation has either inherited or created, the iron-stone and coal mines in various districts, the rail-roads over which she can so easily convey her produce to the sea-shore, furnish the capitalist and labourer with facilities and capabilities which they would in vain seek to realize in other regions. And the very density of the population, which is no small constituent in the elements of her productive power, is compelled, as it were, in proportions still more dense, to spread around certain centres. Hence the continuous process which threatens to convert England into great operative factories and bleaching-greens; to make it every thing but a rose-bed, or a park-residence for exclusive proprietors.

But, if this be the case, why should our splendid aristocracy, who have nothing but local prejudices to tether them to certain spots, not remove themselves, if they cannot abate the increasing nuisance? The progress of manufacturing industry will daily enable them more and more to put money in their purses, and to go forth and establish spacious parks, inviolable preserves, in the wilds of Canada, the steppes of Australia, or the boundless plains of Southern Africa. I see no reason why a powerful nobleman, who now rejoices in the preservation of hares and pheasants, should not be more am-

bitious in this line. A preserve of wolves, grisly bears, moose deer, not to speak of smaller game, in Northern Canada, would really be aristocratic or even royal.

This remarkable Letter closes with a view of the Revolution produced, in this country, by the Emancipation of the Catholics, and the Reform Bill; changes not less mighty or important in their consequences, that they have been quietly accomplished, and are silently doing their work. But hopeful and cheering conclusions are drawn, and, in substance, we are told that, morally and physically, the British empire never stood among the nations of the earth in so powerful and noble an attitude as at the present time. The Tory party—what was deemed Sir Robert Peel's party—are, in this pithy paragraph, shown the folly of the senseless clamour, and more senseless invective, in which they are indulging against that great Minister and his liberal colleagues;—

The statesman who would attempt to steer the commonwealth by the principles and through the channels of the unchanged constitution, would undoubtedly strike upon shoals and rocks not marked on the older charts, and experience storms and whirlwinds where his predecessors had been favoured with regular trade-winds and fixed monsoons. To attempt, therefore, to bind down any of our living statesmen by any declaration made by them under our former political system, smacks strongly of insanity. All taunts, also, and slanderous invectives against the statesmen of either party, because their present course of action may not be in strict consistence with previous expressions of opinion, are mere idle talk, not worth a wise man's consideration.

The ecclesiastical order is also admonished of its present duty; and the necessity of the School and the Library for the working classes, is as distinctly recognised as that of the Church. But, returning to the original point; before the blessings anticipated can be realized, "the Corn-Laws must be abolished," and "the sooner the better." Their present existence on the statute-book is considered "a disgrace to our legislature;" and once more, therefore, a voice is raised in solemn warning.

Steps in wrong directions often place men in difficult positions, whence either advance or retreat may be accompanied with some risk. We cannot advance, nor can we stand still; retreat therefore is our only resource. Any attempt on the part of our aristocracy to give battle in their present position, will expose them to something worse than defeat; for assuredly a temporary victory, on this point, would in the end prove more fatal than many defeats. They are in the wrong, and we know, as a general truth, that a continuous struggle against wrongs terminates not with their correction, but involves the wrong-doers in imminent danger. I can assure your Grace, that there are many bad citizens, who contemplate with pleasure the continued resistance of the aristocracy to measures which millions regard as necessary to their very existence. May God in his mercy avert any continued struggle between the many and the few on this point, and may we never see our glorious aristocracy worsted in a sordid attempt to increase their wealth at the expense of the poor! Your Grace will remember the rebuke which Dr. Johnson administered to a Sir Thomas Robinson, who expressed his fears that corn imported from Ireland might prove prejudicial to the English corn-trade.—"Sir Thomas," said the Doctor, "you talk the language of a savage. What, sir! would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any means they can do it?" The great mass of our people are being rapidly convinced that "they can feed themselves by honest means," and will assuredly regard the man who may attempt to prevent them from doing so as a savage.

The Dignitary—and we can assure our readers that this is no sham designation—denies all connexion between what he regards as Tory principles and the odious and impolitic Corn-Laws. And we must acknowledge that the pure high-bred Whigs, until a new light lately broke upon them, have been quite as wrong-headed, on this point, as the Tories.

We have deemed this Letter entitled to more space than it is usual to bestow on a pamphlet of the day, from the belief that, coming, at the present crisis, from a Tory and a Churchman, it is calculated to do much good. The writer, while he stirs the stagnant and sluggish waters, also contrives to throw oil upon the angry surges which threaten to submerge the vessel of the State. That besides fulfilling the higher function of a peacemaker, he is an accomplished scholar and a philosophic student of history, accustomed to view moral and political questions from a calm and commanding position, must be apparent to every one who reads even the above garbled passages from his Letter. And surely the solemn protest and recorded testimony of such a man must forcibly come home to those of the self-styled Protectionists who are not altogether deaf to the voice of Christian charity, nor yet to that of reason and experience.

M A Y-D A Y.—By Elizabeth P. Roberts.

Good-morrow to thy dawn, sweet May!
A welcome of "langsyne,"
Of flowerets bright, and minstrelsy,
And joyous words, be thine!

Good-morrow to the rising sun,
Whose brightest early beams
Shine on the waters as they run
In blue and bounding streams!

Good-morrow to the king-cup's pride!
He's donn'd his golden crown;
And by the brooklet's murmuring tide
He bends his face adown.

Good-morrow to the bursting leaves
Which deck the woodland scene,
To the glorious wreath which Nature weaves
In coronet of green!

Good-morrow to the blackbird's song,
The thrush's wood-notes clear,
Which pass in melody along
To hail the opening year!

Good-morrow to each tiny voice
That sings its notes of praise,
And bids our hearts like theirs rejoice
The matin hymn to raise!

Good-morrow to each opening flower
That lifts its lustrous eye,
To bless the glorious sunrise hour,
And greet the azure sky!

Good-morrow to the thrilling sound
Which greets thy early dawn;
Where childhood's merry footsteps bound
As lightly as the fawn!

Thou hast a host of pleasant things,
Sweet May, to hail thy birth;
But none such joyful feeling brings
As the tone of children's mirth.

Good-morrow to ye, all and each,
Ye blessed types of Spring;
What precious lessons ye may teach,
What memories ye bring!

Good-morrow to thy dawn, sweet May!
A welcome of "langsyne,"
Of flowerets bright, and minstrelsy,
And loving words, be thine!

JENNY BASKET; AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

(*Concluded from page 242 of our April number.*)

CHAPTER XV.

THE original plan of our history embraced the time from 1780 to 1783, when the treaty of peace was proclaimed between England and the United States, by which the latter were declared and acknowledged to be free and independent. But we find the foregoing details have so pressed upon our prescribed limits, that we must leave the deeds of our heroine, which transpired in connexion with the opposing armies in 1781, unrecorded.

In that year the British forces, which had long held possession of New York, passed through the Jerseys, and occupied Philadelphia; and many of the commercial transactions of Jenny Basket were accordingly transferred from the Hudson and Mohawk to the Susquehannah and Chesapeake. Many of these were of a confidential nature, and had a bearing on national affairs. But we leave the whole, to record a few subsequent incidents which more directly relate to her private history.

By the capitulation of the British army at Yorktown, in the autumn of 1781, the war was virtually brought to an end. Previous to that event, General Burgoyne had surrendered an immense army at Saratoga, by which the northern division had been broken up. Now Lord Cornwallis had surrendered British power in the south. Both nations had grown tired of war, and each was casting about to hit on some honourable conditions of peace. The good people of the two countries had anticipated this event. They had tired of the restrictions imposed by a state of war; and feeling that they were of the same blood, spoke the same language, and that the God of nature had so established the relative position of the two countries as to make commercial intercourse essential to the happiness and prosperity of both, they had resumed their friendly interchange of good fellowship before the opposing armies were disbanded. Peace was the general sentiment of the western hemisphere at that period. The Iroquois Indians, inhabiting Upper Canada and the region of Green Bay, formed the sole exception. They had been worsted in the contest, and nourished an especial grudge against the Oneidas, on account of the discomfitures noted in this history.

Brandt and Colonel Butler, the leaders of the Iroquois, planned, at this period, an expedition for carrying Oneida Castle by storm, and wasting the adjoining country. This was the last demonstration made by the Indians in the State of New York.

The force, six hundred warriors, headed by Brandt and Butler, landed in one hundred and sixty bark canoes at Oswego, on the south-eastern shores of Lake Ontario; and, before Sir William Johnstone had any intelligence of the movement, the enemy had surrounded his castle in the night time.

The Baronet, by this time, had acquired unbounded influence over the Oneidas. The warriors who, three years before, had gone off to the West, as British auxiliaries, had principally returned, and obtained pardon for their acts of defection; and the whole assembled chiefs and warriors of the nation, in open council, had crowned Sir William Johnstone King of the Oneidas, by the name of Shenandoah-sha-tee, (illustrious son of Shenandoah.) Though this particular attack was not anticipated by the new king, yet it being in time of war, he had omitted no precautions essential for the safety of his people. The store-house of the castle was filled with corn and dried venison. The water from the sparkling stream had been diverted from its natural channel, and caused to bubble up in a font within the stockade. The rifles had been put in order; the tomahawks sharpened and scoured; and new stores of ammunition had been procured. In fine, Oneida Castle was prepared to sustain a long siege, and the warriors to render a good account of themselves. But the effective warriors within the castle were fewer than the besiegers; and hence, when the war-whoop rent the air without the castle, at early dawn, no response was made by those within; by which the besiegers inferred that the Oneidas declined a general action, and rested their defence on their military works.

Fires were now lighted by the besiegers; wigwams were hastily erected, by means of poles and barks brought from the surrounding forests; and the Iroquois sat down, before the castle, for a protracted and regular siege.

In the erection of this stronghold, one important consideration had escaped the attention of its designers. If fire-arms from without could not be made to bear upon those within the castle, those without were pretty safe from the rifles within. No embrasures nor port-holes composed any part of Oneida Castle. Let not the military reader smile at this: Indians were never famous for a knowledge of the art of fortification. If the Oneidas were well stocked with provisions within the garrison, the besiegers were still better off. The wide-spread forest, abounding in game, lay open to them; the sparkling lake and river were full of fish; then the unharvested corn-fields of the Oneidas groaned with abundance; while their horses and cattle were scattered over the plain.

As both parties had thus been lying in quiet for several days, neither could judge of the secret plans of the other, either for attack or defence. But just at twilight, one bland evening, an occurrence transpired which threw some light on the schemes of the besiegers.

The latter beheld a black animal swimming across the stream, in the direction of the castle. They flew to their rifles, exulting in the thought that game was courting their acceptance; but before their guns were in readiness, the creature had disappeared. Those within the castle, having a look-out over the stream, had observed the same animal; and the eyes of many a warrior were fixed on the spot where the brute had vanished.

"Heugh!" exclaimed a keen-eyed forester, as he turned to the white king, addressing him in the Oneida dialect; "if the hind feet of that creature had not remained outside of the split rock after his hips had been drawn in, I should say the bears had found out our cave, and were preparing it for winter quarters."

"I marked that," said another; "and if his body was not so thick, and his feet so big, I should call him a huge black wolf, which, in passing through a hole, always drags his feet in that sort."

"A wolf!" deridingly replied a third, "with a hind leg as big as a racoon's body!"

Sir William made no reply. He had seen the animal enter the aperture which led to the cave; and in this instance judged better of his species than did his warriors. The conjectures and surmises of the beholders were suddenly cut short by their hearing the well-known token made at the trap-door; made by some one who had passed the cave, come up the steps, and who now sought admittance within the fort.

This token, from time immemorial, had been kept a profound secret among the Oneidas; and for one of the tribe to have revealed it to a stranger, had been inevitable death. The warriors sprang to their rifles, gazing on each other in surprise and terror, that any one without the walls should have their secret token. The king heeded not the terror of his court. He flew directly to the trap-door; threw it open; and in a moment he held the weather-beaten hand of the unique Cudjoe in his grasp!

The Baronet was truly attached to this child of the forest and the storm. They had long been companions in adventure; besides, the former had been borne on the brawny shoulders of the latter, when his wound endangered his life. The Baronet now pressed that horny hand, kindly inquired after the squire's health and welfare, and bade him welcome to all the comforts which Oneida Castle could afford.

The squire heard him in silence; looked with a vacant, unmeaning gaze; and when the king was through, he said, "Look out for fire! The cedar posts will not burn quick. The stacks of dried leaves which the brutes have collected through the night, and piled up against the stockade, you *cain't* see here; but they'll make a great bonfire anyhow. Keep the *varmints* in check as long as ye can. Shenandoah's spirit sees ye; and mayhap he'll have *marcy* on ye in the *eend*. Good-night."

"Stop, my dear friend," cried Sir William, melting into tenderness at the unhappy condition of one to whom he felt so deeply obliged, and whom he had ever found so faithful and true; "you must not leave us to-night. We'll make your bed comfortable, and give you the best the castle affords."

"Good-night, I said," responded Cudjoe, as he opened the trap-door; and in a minute he was down the steps, through the cave, and was buffeting the river to reach the opposite shore.

Iron spades and shovels were implements unknown to savages at the time of this history; and even at this day they are not much used by them. But the Oneidas found a substitute in a sort of mattock, or earth-hook, as its Indian name imports, made of the hard iron-wood or witch-hazel. Sir William had been careful to have all these collected from the surrounding corn-fields, where they had been used in agriculture; and they now lay piled up within the castle walls. Orders were now given to put these implements in use. Deep trenches were dug, near the inner row of stockade, all around the castle; and an embankment was thrown up against the stockade, in form of a dam. Into these trenches the water from the bubbling font was conducted; thus forming a circle of water many feet deep surrounding the castle, on the inside of its wooden walls. The embankments formed by excavating the trenches, though still lower than the head of the font, were sufficiently high to raise the water several feet above the surface; and, as the descent from the castle to the foot of the bluff on which it stood was rapid on all sides, a flood of water could be poured out at any point by opening a sluice-way through the dam.

During the progress of this interior work, the Iroquois had not been idle. In addition to their accumulating the dried leaves in immense quantities, they had found means, by the use of long poles, to throw over bundles of fagots and leaves between the rows of stockade; so that a fire lighted on the outside would sweep in fury through the wooden walls, and thus open a broad avenue to the castle. The weather also being sultry and dry, favoured the designs of the besiegers, and promised them unfailing success. Indians rarely make a fire-demonstration by day-light. They choose the gloom of night, as well to enshroud their deeds of blood in darkness, as to strike deeper terror into the heart of their foe. Hence it occurred, that within a few nights after Cudjoe's warning had been given, the wakeful sentinel within the castle alarmed its inmates by the cry of Fire! Springing from their rude couches, the king and his warriors beheld thick clouds of smoke, arising against the stockade on the north side of the castle. The flames soon burst out, flashing up among the upright timbers; their forked tongues licking the dried bark in which the round timbers were incased. Not a moment was lost in opening a sluice-way through the dam, just opposite the rising smoke, through which the dammed-up water rushed out in torrents, to meet the devouring element. The timbers of the stockade were so placed together, that the water for a time was dammed up between the rows of stockade, rising for several feet above the ground. This completely saturated the fagots and leaves which had been thrown in between the rows, and put an end to the further progress of the fire. At length

the weight of the rising waters, pressing against the timbers of the stockade, caused some of them to lean aside; and the flood came rushing down, bearing the mass of ignited leaves on its foaming surface, and carrying it, while yet flaming, into the Iroquois camp! The besiegers, beholding their enormous stacks of leaves thus blazing and smoking, and yet leaping and wheeling in wild cascades and eddies, as borne by a torrent down the declivity, on the surges of a mad stream, where late no water had been seen, fled in breathless terror from the spot, not doubting that the fountains of the great deep were again broken up, and that another deluge, such as was told of in their mythology, was about to sweep them from off the face of the earth! Indeed, they had good cause of alarm. Their frail wigwams had been erected on the lowest grounds at the foot of the bluff, in front of the castle; and now the artificial river came foaming down upon the camp, sweeping in its course their fragile habitations; their rude furniture and the smouldering leaves blent in undistinguishable confusion; hurling them together into the main channel of the river, forty rods below the camp.

Had the matter rested with the body of the Iroquois, the siege had now been raised; and the warriors had returned to their homes to report a miracle. But Butler was on the spot; and a greater than Butler was there. Brandt, of whom notice has heretofore been taken, commanded in person. The King of the Six Nations, who had been liberally educated at Dartmouth College, who had measured swords in logic with Dr. Wheelock and vanquished him, and who had distinguished himself as an Indian warrior for twenty years, was not to be frightened from his purpose by a dash of water from Oneida river. But such had been the panic of the men, that Sir William, after stopping up the sluice-way, availed himself of the occasion to marshal his warriors, pass them through the aperture, and repair to that portion of the stockade on the outside, through which the waters had just been rushing. The fire had been entirely extinguished, and no material injury had been done to the outworks. They protracted their observation until a few whizzing rifle balls, coming from a concealed foe in the adjoining forest, admonished the Baronet that it would be more for the safety of his subjects to retire within the works.

As the flood subsided, and the besiegers dismissed their apprehensions of a general deluge, they soon reappeared in full force; and, in the course of a few days, had struck up another encampment, taking the precaution this time to plant themselves on higher ground. Two objects of search now engaged the utmost attention of the Iroquois: first, to find the secret pass-way into the castle; and second, to trace the aqueduct which supplied it with water to the fountain head. The reader may think it strange that these objects had so long escaped the scrutinizing eyes of Indians. As to the pass-way, nature had hid it among her most secret works. One, in passing on the river, and looking up the ledge of rocks toward the castle, could discover nothing of the aperture; nor, in passing on the extremity of the bluff, on the river's bank, and looking down the ledge toward the stream, could one discover any thing of an opening into the bank. The split-rock, as it was called, could be approached only by descending from the bluff at a point some distance upstream from the castle, and then threading a rocky defile, and walking on a narrow niche of rock downstream. As to the aqueduct, the water was taken out of the river above the falls, and passed under ground to the castle; where, in seeking its level, it bubbled up in a high font. Day by day the most experienced warriors of the besiegers were in constant search to make these discoveries. Brandt, as the reader has learned, was a scholar as well as an Indian warrior. He knew by the flood of water with which his camp had been inundated, that it must have come from a fountain-head above the falls. This led him to search at a place where his more illiterate troops would not have looked. He at length found the outlet; and the first knowledge the besieged had of what to them was so unfortunate a discovery, was the total suspension of water within the castle. For a while they sought supply from the water in the trenches; but the stream which gave it life and motion being cut off, this soon became unfit for use, and the Oneidas, for the first time in their history, were suffering for want of the liquid element. What was to be done? They did not feel sufficiently strong to cope with the enemy in open combat. As the head of the aqueduct was well guarded, they could not repair its breaches; and, if repaired, it would be only for a day, to be again destroyed.

Late one night, when the white king and his council were pondering over this sad dilemma, they were suddenly alarmed by their secret token being made at the trap-door leading to the cave. It was a most unnatural hour for such an occurrence. They sprang to their arms; but, on opening the door, no one was to be seen. They then descended to the cave; and what was their surprise on beholding a bark canoe, which had been drawn in through the aperture, and placed on the floor! Into this canoe a small spout of water was running. It had already filled with water, and the surplus found an outlet through the crevices of the rock into the river. No one was to be seen in the cave; but, on going to the aperture, and looking out over the stream, a dark object was descried by the party, just emerging from the water, and scrambling up the bank on the opposite side. The reader will readily conjecture, as did the besieged party, that the hand of Cudjoe, aided by Shenandoah's spirit, was manifest in this matter.

The Iroquois waited the result of their experiment with becoming patience, expecting every day that extreme thirst would drive the Oneidas to a surrender. As to the secret pass, they abandoned further search, and gave it up as undiscoverable. And now that weeks had elapsed since the supply of water had been cut off, and yet no signs of surrender had appeared, Brandt resolved,

once for all, to hew his way into the midst of the Oneidas. To this end he put in requisition all the hatchets and tomahawks in his camp; ordering his men to beat down the stockade, row after row, or at least so much of it as was necessary to open an avenue of twelve feet wide to the castle. This was a work of time; as Indians at best are but bad axemen, and tomahawks are not the best of edge-tools for such a purpose. Every one who has travelled through forests where Indians abound, must have perceived that in felling trees, they cut in a circle around the stem, giving their last blow at the heart; the remaining stumps showing a great want of skill in the operation. Indeed, Indians and beavers undermine forest-trees alike; and, after a few years, no one can tell by the stumps whether the teeth of the one or the tomahawk of the other did the work. The besieged heard the clipping of hundreds of hatchets on the outer row, with fearful apprehensions, and knew not how to avert the disaster.

But, while this work is in progress, the reader is invited to accompany us while we look after the heroine of this history. — On the east side of the Susquehannah river, between Harrisburgh and Williamsport, stands a scattered town known as Northumberland. It has been rendered famous as the home of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, after he had emigrated to America. His broad philanthropy and rather latitudinarian faith were there displayed, and his bones still repose under a monument there built to his memory. The place is a hundred-and-fifty miles from Oneida Castle, and was, at the time we write of, occupied by Pennsylvanian troops. Tombs were early introduced there, owing to the abundance of black marble, which is dug out of the river's bank on the spot. Jenny Basket, in passing from Philadelphia to the Hudson, by the inland route, had hit the Susquehannah at Columbia, and from thence ascended the river in a skiff. Arriving at this scattered town, at a late hour in the night, and finding all the houses crammed with soldiers, she betook herself to the graveyard, to ruminate by moonlight on passing events. Here she was surprised by Cudjoe, who had been in search of her, and who thus told his story: — "Brandt and Butler, with six hundred brutes, have blocked in Johnstone and the Oneidas, as snug as a school of porcupines in a hollow tree, with the holes stopped up at both ends. The *varmints* tried to *confusticate* them with fire, but Johnstone gave them a good *souselling* for that. They then tried to choke 'em for want of water; but I contrived a new spout for them. The hatchets are now at work on the logs, and if we don't give 'em a *lift* within a week, the brutes will cut through all the rows."

At this the squire turned on his heels, and within five minutes he was plying a bark canoe up the Susquehannah. The intelligence was astounding to Lady Jane. She repaired immediately to General Sullivan, who commanded an American regiment, the Massachusetts Rangers, stationed at the foot of Oswego Lake, and with great difficulty prevailed on him to march to the aid of the Oneidas.

CHAPTER XVI.

In journeying from Oswego Lake, toward Oneida Castle, General Sullivan, with his Rangers, had adopted one route, while Lady Jane Stirling took another; the former depending on the map and compass to guide them directly through the forests, while the other followed the course of the streams, taking Utica in her route. By this time a highway had been worked on the banks of the Mohawk up to this point, and a few Dutch farms and Indian traders had commenced a town where the city of Utica now stands. At the time of Jenny's arrival there, every man, woman, and child of this town in embryo were huddled together in front of the log-house, in the centre of the village, opposite whose door hung, swinging from the top of a long pole, an oblong board, having this motto, marked with charcoal on either side of it, — ENTERTAINMENT.—PETER YATES, 1782. The people and their household animals were in great wonderment at what had never before appeared in Utica, to wit, a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two horses. As the vehicle drew up before the inn door, there alighted therefrom, besides driver, a male and a female servant in livery, a stately, dignified lady, who might have seen some half a century. The Dutch were in no small terror at what they witnessed. Not only were the servants essentially English in their dress and bearing, but, from the number of brass-bound trunks there unloaded, and taken into mine host Yates' best room, the pioneers comprehended that wealth and no small dignity attached to the lady in question; and knowing that Madam Livingstone, who was the proprietress of all the lands whereon they were mere *squatters*, had been in England during the war, they now feared that returning peace had brought with it a return of the proprietress, and a strict reckoning for all their trespasses. At all events, that stately tread, that noble bearing, and that splendid rich attire were not of the colonies; they evidently belonged to England. Jenny Basket was unknown to these rough burgomasters, who had come there and commenced this town since she had last travelled by that route. As was her wont when among strangers, she assumed her plebeian character, bestowing due attention on the business of her trade; hence when the wonder of the new arrival had a little subsided, Jenny Basket, enacting the simple manners of a peasant girl, was busy with her customers before the door of the inn. This being the termination of the highway, and the waters of the Mohawk, with the surrounding forests, giving an air of wildness and romance to the place, the stranger lady, who had alighted from the vehicle, was led to survey more at leisure the sylvan scenery around her. On issuing from the door of her inn, she was met by the basket-vender.

"May it please your ladyship to examine these fine articles of Indian make; and, if madam be pleased with them, to buy a few for the encouragement of a humble trader," importuningly

said Jenny, at the same time holding out the articles for inspection.

The lady, feeling herself a stranger, and in a country of adventure, seemed inclined to lay aside patrician dignity, which seemed natural to her, and unbend her manners to the novel circumstances in which she found herself placed.

"Ay, to be sure, my good girl, and what have you in that nicely painted basket?"

Jenny plied her hands to display the articles; but all of a sudden the matron lady's countenance grew deadly pale; she staggered backwards, convulsively exclaiming, "Help! oh, help! secure her—bind her—Oh, my son!"

The Dutch present knew enough of English to understand these exclamations; and, while her servants flew to the support of the swooning lady, she added, "Oh! secure that diamond ring! I fear that the finger from whence it was torn is cold in death!"

Nature's voice speaks to the heart of all living. The rude, phlegmatic Dutch present, felt its power at that moment. They seized the accused basket-pedler, as if she had been a condemned criminal, and took the ring from her finger, delivering it to the servant of the fainting lady, while they secured the suspected robber in a small room of mine host. Sundry cordials and restoratives were found by the anxious servants in those brass-bound trunks, by means of which the lady was gradually revived; though it was many hours before she could trust her nerves to encounter a second interview with the object of her suspicions. At length the worthy lady, having summoned to her aid the utmost of her resolution, ordered the culprit to be brought to her room, and left alone with her. Jenny approached the matron modestly, unawed, unruffled, and still retaining the humble airs of the peasant girl.

"Damsel," cried the English lady, at the same time assuming much dignity, though it was subdued and mellowed down by the sorrowful forebodings of the anxious mother; "I summoned you here to tell me the truth; and I here forewarn you not to deceive me in any answer you shall make. Should you speak truth, you will find the benefit of it hereafter; but should you deceive me, you may never hope to find mercy."

"I'll not purposely deceive your ladyship," sweetly replied Jenny. "Answer, then," said the lady, "have you any other article about your person which belonged to the proprietor of this ring?"

"I have," was the reply.

"Will you produce it?"

At this, Jenny drew from her bosom the diamond-set locket, enclosing the likeness of Sir William Johnstone, and presented it to the lady. The sight of that dear picture well-nigh overpowered the matron. She took it with a nervous, trembling hand, and was obliged to have recourse to her phial of hartshorn, which stood before her, ere she could proceed. At length she inquired, "Is the original of this likeness living or dead?"

"I do not know," was Jenny's calm reply.

"You do not know?" hysterically screamed the lady. "Who should know, but the robber of his jewels?"

"I am no robber, madam," replied Jenny, with a firm though sweet assurance.

"No robber, and how came you then by these precious trinkets?"

"They were bestowed on me by a gentleman," said Jane, in a most artless manner.

"Do you know the gentleman who gave them to you?"

"I do," said Jane, "and hope he is still living and well, as your ladyship seems to take an interest in him; and had I not been detained in custody, I should ere this be on my way toward the place where I last saw him."

"O!" exclaimed the good lady, arising from her seat, and advancing towards her prisoner, "could you assure me that he is still living, and conduct me to the place where he is to be found, I would bury past errors, and forgive all the wrongs by which these jewels must have been obtained."

"If your ladyship will for the present release me from imprisonment," meekly replied Jane, "and follow me through the forest but for twenty-two miles, I will lead you to the place where I last saw the gentleman, and there surrender myself into the hands of justice, to be dealt with as the late proprietor of these jewels shall award."

The matron lady seemed to have received a new existence, by the favourable change wrought in her prospects; so, after partaking of hastily prepared refreshments, she procured saddles for the coach horses; and while she and her maid-servant were mounted on horseback, Jane and the man-servant were trudging on foot, all pursuing the trail which led to Oneida Castle. "Twenty-two miles," soliloquized the lady, after riding a few rods. "I feel that we shall be quite able to reach the end of our journey before we sleep, though it may be late at night; it is now five o'clock." Jane smiled at the resolution with which the lady seemed inspired; but she had had too much experience in the bush not to know, that jogging along ten or twelve miles on an Indian trail, mounted upon a hard-trotting draught-horse, would bring down the courage of a much more elastic rider than was the lady in question. The fact turned out so; for, after making about half of their journey, and the night closing around them in sullen gloom, the old lady was the first to inquire if they should not be coming soon to an inn?

"Inn, your ladyship?" said Jane: "Utica, the place we left, is the utmost limit of civilization, if it deserves the name, and that but six months old. We are now in the forests of the Oneidas; and I had reckoned on spending the night on the banks of the Oriskanee creek, which is but a mile before us." On the party arriving at that encamping place, only the bare poles of an Indian wigwam were remaining, while the barks which once formed the roof lay scattered upon the ground. "This is our resting-place for the night," announced Jane, as she halted beside the wigwam.

"Rest for the night!" exclaimed the lady, as her man-servant helped her from her horse. "O, I am tired almost to death; but how shall we rest without parlour, or sofa, or fire, or bed?"

"I fear your ladyship will not find all these conveniencies here; but we have no choice," replied Jane, as she laid hold of the barks, and began to form them into a temporary roof for the wigwam. As the travelling trunks had been left with mine host at Utica, and no provisions had been laid in for this journey by the lady, sure enough she had been without fire, bed, or other convenience, had not the little robber been more thoughtful, and more experienced in woodland adventure than was the elder lady. To say it in a word, Jenny's basket supplied not only tinder and fire apparatus, but biscuits, dried venison, and all other necessaries for a comfortable meal. Under her superintendence, also, the servants kindled a rousing fire before the wigwam, collected bunches of dried leaves for a bed, over which the soft blankets which had covered the saddles were spread; and, although the place was not an inn, such as the good lady fancied was to be found every where, yet the comforts and accommodations which seemed by magic to be collected within that wigwam, on the banks of the Oriskanee, far exceeded the hopes of the lady.

This travelling party must now be left to their wigwam, while we collect some facts which were in the course of transpiring around Oneida Castle. Cudjoe, from the time he had entered his bark canoe on the Susquehannah, and left Lady Jane at the place where he met her, as we said, in Northumberland, lost no time in traversing the wilds, in the very shortest direction towards the castle. He arrived there in the night previous to Lady Jane's arrival in Utica. The sentinel of the besiegers had seen the same black animal crossing the stream opposite the castle, and disappearing at the ledge of rocks; while the besieged fancied they heard, at several times during the night, some slight noises, as coming from the cave; but the disturbance was not sufficient to lead them to open the trap-door for inspection. In the course of the following day, however,—that is, the same day Jane left Utica in company with the English lady, the token for admission being made at the secret pass, the white king attended in person to answer the call, and, ordering the trap-door to be closed after him, he descended into the cave. He was absent for several hours, until about sunset, creating thereby no little uneasiness in the minds of his people. Soon after his re-appearance, the form of Cudjoe was seen openly exposed by daylight, standing upright at the mouth of the aperture. The Oneidas were shocked at such a betrayal of their secret pass to the enemy. They felt towards Cudjoe as would a lodge of freemasons towards a recreant brother who was in the act of revealing their hidden signs. Sir William found it necessary to interpose the whole force of his authority to prevent the warriors from shooting the poor squire, whom the whole nation now suspected of employing witchcraft for their destruction. The eyes of the Iroquois were not slow in marking Cudjoe's position; and as they ran in scores towards the point where he stood, still the imperturbable squire maintained his post, looking a kind of half-maniacal, half-quizzical defiance at the foe. He remained there until he knew that the enemy had full view of his precise locality, and until a tomahawk, hurled from the hand of an approaching warrior, had brushed his dishevelled and matted locks, when, with great deliberation, he passed himself through the aperture into the cave. The besiegers perceived, by the formation of the rocks, that the aperture was to be approached from a defile, which must be threaded from a point upstream; but as the shades of night were coming on, they suspended operations for the present. Within a few hours, however, a hundred blazing flambeaux were seen by the besieged, passing that defile, and soon the shout of exultation and triumph rent the air, as a host of dark figures clustered around the aperture of the secret pass. The Baronet had found it necessary to conceal poor Cudjoe, who had come up the steps, in a small room within the castle, else he would have been torn in pieces by the enraged commonalty.

The Iroquois, after satisfying themselves that they had now found the secret pass, resolved to improve it early on the following morning, although the avenue was nearly cut through the stockade. Indeed, their plan seemed to be, first, to make a diversion at the terminus of the secret pass, and when the whole energies of the besieged were exerted in that defence, to dash down the last row of stockade, and suddenly fall upon the Oneidas in the rear.

It may be remembered that, in some previous chapter, where a description of this stronghold is given, it was said that "the utmost of Indian skill had been exerted at the terminus of the pass, where it opened into the fort, to prevent surprise, and to frustrate the efforts of besiegers in making entry." A further explanation is here necessary.

Shenandoah, in his day, had brought some knowledge of the art of fortification, which he had obtained from the French Jesuits, to bear upon his castle. He had contrived that trains might be laid through the cave, and an explosion produced, to the overthrow of a storming enemy. The trap-door opened upon a large platform of hewn planks, which were firmly fastened to timbers on which they rested. Around this platform, were planted strong pickets, ten feet in height, having but one aperture, and that filled up by a heavy rude door, which fastened on the outside. By thus fastening this door, those who should be rushing up through the trap-door, would find themselves penned up and confined on the platform, like a flock of sheep in a pound. The nation at large supposed this penning up was the only device connected with this terminus; and they prided themselves in it as no mean precaution taken for their safety; but the deep penetration of Shenandoah extended to a much more terrible precaution. Under the timbers on which the platform rested, certain boxes were placed, in which quantities of gunpowder could be confined, if need be, which, when ignited, would blow up

into the air timbers and platform, with whatever might be placed upon them. Shenandoah and his squire were the only depositaries of the secret of this invention; and, now that Shenandoah was no more, the secret lay hid in the disordered brain of Cudjoe. Both besiegers and besieged spent a wakeful night; the one in active preparation for a desperate onset, to be made at early dawn, the other in precautionary arrangements successfully to resist the assault. The Oneidas knew full well that their stockade was cut through to the last row, and the latter so nearly severed, that the least force applied to it would open a wide avenue.

The forces of General Sullivan had halted that night but three miles from the castle. Their march had been so sudden, and their route so unfrequented, that even the circumspection of Brandt and Butler had not detected their movement. The patrician lady, with her servants, in company with Lady Jane, found themselves, on their bed of dried leaves, much more comfortable than they had supposed it possible to be in a gloomy forest, without house or civilized accommodations; and the fatigues through which they had passed on the preceding day, predisposed them to sound sleep. Jane, on the contrary, slept more lightly, feeling deep anxiety for the welfare of her betrothed, and his subjects within the castle. As faint streaks of light began to shoot up from the verge of the eastern heavens, Jenny's light slumbers were broken by what seemed an earthquake's shock, and a terrible explosion, in the direction of Oneida Castle. Noiselessly she quitted her leafy couch, and resolved to leave her travelling companions to finish their slumbers alone. Before leaving the wigwam, however, she pencilled the following, on the blank cover of a letter:—

"Madam,—Being discharged from custody by your ladyship's clemency, I break no faith by leaving thus early, and must not be condemned as an absconding prisoner. Affairs of moment call me to Oneida Castle, which lies ten miles westward. Please follow the direct trail until you arrive there, when I shall redeem my pledge by pointing out the late proprietor of the jewels to your ladyship.—Jenny Basket."

After seven miles travel, Jenny found herself in the encampment of General Sullivan, whose troops were just mustering. The men on guard had heard the loud report an hour and a half before; but had attributed it to an electric explosion from a dark cloud which hung over the western firmament. Jenny inspired the general with other thoughts respecting that report; and the Rangers were soon put in motion.

The besiegers of Oneida Castle had fastened bark ropes to the remaining timbers of the stockade, which were almost severed at the bottom, designing to prostrate the logs the moment their comrades within the enclosure had made a thorough diversion at the terminus of the secret pass. As soon as morning appeared, some thirty warriors penetrated into the cave; and twenty of these, after pressing open the trap-door, appeared on the platform which has been described; while others remained in the cave as a reserve. The door, which communicated with the platform from the castle-building, had been securely fastened on the outside. The besieging warriors, penned up in that small enclosure, were in busy search for an outlet. As yet, all was silence within the castle-grounds, and no living object was visible. Soon, however, a deformed creature, clothed in bear-skins, and having a mask resembling the face of the ourang-outang, with a volume of smoke issuing from his mouth, was seen crawling on the ground in front of the platform. As a besieger's rifle was raised and pointed through the pickets to despatch this monster, it disappeared apparently under the platform. The main force of besiegers which thronged the avenue, and extended up to the bark ropes, ready to prostrate the remaining row of stockade, were waiting impatiently to hear the report of rifles and the clashing of tomahawks within the fort, that they might rush in through the opening. Suddenly the air was rent by a most tremendous explosion: the bluff on which they stood trembled to its base; a stream of fire blazed from the cave's mouth; the cave itself was torn open, the superincumbent rocks parting and heaving upwards, and the platform on which twenty warriors stood was lifted and hurled into the upper air, fifty feet from its base, and fell with a tremendous crash upon the pointed tops of the stockade, shattered into a thousand splinters. A wild howl of agony was at this moment heard; but the dust, smoke, and flying particles of earth and stones, were so filling the atmosphere, that the scene was shrouded in fearful darkness. When the cloud of smoke and dust was borne away, crushed and mutilated bodies of Iroquois warriors were beheld transfixed by the sharp points of the stockade on which they had fallen, where they hung, quivering and writhing in the agonies of death. From the place where the cave had been, some dozen miserable and scathed objects crawled out, who had previously entered with their companions, bedizened with the gay vestments of Indian costume, but were now displumed, scorched, shrivelled, burnt, and bruised.

The frightful looking animal which had been seen to crawl under the platform, with smoke issuing from his mouth, now made its appearance among the Oneidas; and, after doffing its mask, it stood revealed as the valorous Cudjoe, with a short Indian pipe, still lighted, in his mouth. The Oneidas, by this time, though held in astonishment, had comprehended the reason why the maniac had exposed their secret pass; and, while they shook the squire by the hand, in congratulation, they set up a wild whoop of triumph over the besiegers.

The main force of the Iroquois was overwhelmed with panic and horror. Some fled to their wigwams, covering their faces with their blankets; while others ran and hid themselves in the surrounding forests. Cudjoe proposed seizing that moment of panic to rush out, with tomahawk in hand, and follow up the stroke by a general massacre; for, he said, the brutes would now bare their heads to the blow; but Brandt and the cursed Butler would give them a different mind

in half an hour. Sir William Johnstone declined to imbrue his hands in so bloody an affray. He said, that if the enemy were wise they would now raise the siege, and leave the country; but should they return to the combat, he hoped to be able still to defend the castle.

The squire judged well of the instincts of the foe. The tall stately form of Brandt might be seen, like an omnipresent genius of war, arresting the flight of his flying warriors, and re-inspiring them with courage to return to the charge. His hand was oft pointed towards the tottering row of stockade. Butler seconded the efforts of the king; both of these wily leaders assuring their warriors that the explosion had been the accidental blowing up of the magazine within the fort, which had left the besieged without ammunition. By such like active and energetic efforts, the warriors became reassured; and they appeared once more in full force, filling up the avenue even to the tottering row. These movements had been watched by the keen eyes of the white king, and the more experienced eyes of Shenandoah's squire; and they agreed in rallying their whole force, in order to make a bold stand at the head of the avenue, and prevent the besiegers entering within the enclosure.

Superiority of numbers gives no particular advantage to a party, either in forcing or disputing a narrow pass, such as was this avenue. But few of either force could be engaged at the same time, hand to hand; and, in such assaults as the present, Indians rarely use the rifle, but rely upon the tomahawk and scalping knife. All of a sudden a loud, shrill whoop was sent up from without: the toppling timbers gave way, and fell outwards with a crash; and besiegers and besieged stood exposed, face to face, within a few yards of each other. Sir William Johnstone, besides being an active athletic man, was an accomplished swordsman; and, having learned the use of the tomahawk from the two great masters of Oneida, he now appeared armed with both weapons, instead of using the knife. Cudjoe took his stand beside the white king. He had taken time, after the explosion, to attire himself in complete warrior uniform: his face was painted with war stripes, black and red; tall eagle feathers rustled and shook from his scalp-tuft; and, altogether, the squire appeared a regenerated man. "Spirit of Shenandoah!" he exclaimed, as the stockade fell with a crash; the next moment his tomahawk was planted in the brains of an Iroquois warrior! The besiegers rushed on over the fallen timbers; but as often as the gleaming broad-sword, in the hand of Sir William, cut or gave point, or the tomahawk of Cudjoe descended with a stroke, an Iroquois warrior bit the ground, and the number of besiegers was one the less. All the Oneidas were not thus brave or thus skilful. They gave way, now at this point of the pass, and then at another; and it required these practised heroes to fly from place to place, and from point to point, to repair losses, restore order, and inspire courage. The besiegers, terrified by such desperate heroism, and the heaps of slain warriors which blocked up the pass, began to give way. Butler, on seeing this, flew to the wavering line, to renew the charge. His progress was arrested by the puissant arms of the valorous squire. These experienced combatants immediately recognised each other: they had met on land, and on the water. Fame had enrolled the names of each of them as among the first on her scroll, in desperate encounter. They made sundry passes at each other, sprang, parried, recovered, and attacked again. At length, Butler suddenly drew a spare scalping-knife from under his belt, and threw it at his antagonist with unerring aim, and desperate violence. It stuck fast and quivered in the breast of Cudjoe; but was fortunately arrested by the breast-bone. Cudjoe seized the buck's-horn handle, drew the knife from his breast, and, hurling it back from whence it was sent, it sheathed itself, to the hilt, in the thigh of its owner. The countenance of the maniac, at this moment, became frenzied, wild, and unearthly. "Shade of Shenandoah!" he exclaimed, "blast that brute to destruction with the flash of thine eye!" At the same moment he leaped into the air, rushed on Butler with demoniac violence, his eyes rolling in frenzied wildness, his countenance appalling, his teeth set, and his hand upraised. He laid his foe prostrate on the ground. But such had been the violence of the maniac's motion, that, stumbling over his prostrate foe, he fell prone among the bloody slain; and, being trampled on by the contending warriors, he was counted among the fallen. At this juncture the contest hung in equal poise: blood flowed amain; and the wild shouts, from both sides, mingling with the clash of arms and the groans of the wounded and dying, rendered the scene terrific. Sir William stood at the head of the avenue like the avenger of blood, and the arbiter of death. His countenance was flushed, his garments red, and his eye lighted up with the enthusiasm of desperate contest. Scores of the slain lay piled up before him.

At this juncture, a tall commanding figure came striding up the pass. He pushed aside the warriors on either side, as if they were puppets in the show. High plumes nodded on his casque: his breast and arms were incased with silver: a chieftain's pride and a monarch's authority and bearing were there; and Sir William Johnstone recognised him at once as the puissant Joseph Brandt, king of the Six Nations. The warrior fixed his scrutinizing eye on Sir William; marked his noble, compact frame, his just proportions, and his high chivalrous bearing. He admired the heroic animation which now lighted up the countenance of the white chief. He looked on his sword and garments dyed with blood; and gazed, in astonishment, at the heaps of the slain, which lay at his feet. The king of the Six Nations approached the white warrior with three steps, then made some cabalistic sign with his arms. The baronet responded to the sign, with a well defined masonic token. The two kings stood revealed to each other, as bound together in fraternal bonds, as Free and Accepted and Master Masons! The contending parties, as if by common consent, had suddenly suspended violence, on the meeting of the two kings. The eyes of all present were

fastened on these mighty champions, to be guided by their future movements. The kings stood in the majesty of their chieftainships, undaunted, unmoved; and yet neither of them disposed to make aggression on the other. Even the fire which mortal combat had lighted up in the eye of the baronet, was gradually subduing into benignity and good fellowship, as he gazed on the noble features of his illustrious brother, then standing before him; when suddenly a rustling noise from without — a noise as of the rushing of winds through the forest, drew attention. The king of the Six Nations lifted his lofty eyes in the direction of that noise. A violent shudder came over his frame: his proud heart sank within him: his eyes quailed; his knees trembled; while he exclaimed, in good English:—"Brother! the fate of my nation is sealed — my crown has fallen from my head — bury me here, with my warriors, and cast one green sprig of cassia into the grave of brother Brandt!" Instantly the report of hundreds of rifles rent the air. Numbers of the besieging warriors, who stood exposed, clustering around the avenue, and pressing their way into the castle, leaped from the ground, and fell expiring; while the heart-rending wail of agony, coming from the wounded and dying, mingled with the scream of surprise and despair, touched the heart even of the hostile savages. On a sign given by Brandt, the remaining besiegers instantly threw down their arms, in token of surrender. A rustling was heard among them — a pass-way was opened between their ranks — a female form was seen gliding between the opening files; and, while the baronet thus stood, bespattered with blood, with piles of slain before him, Lady Jane Stirling rushed into his arms. General Sullivan soon came up; and, when he saw the illustrious lady who had conquered him by her eloquence, in the arms of the white chief of the Oneidas, he more fully comprehended the secret source of that eloquence. Lady Jane, retiring within the castle, left her lord to arrange, with General Sullivan, the conditions of surrender. The baronet said to the general, "This is the illustrious Brandt, king of the Six Nations." The savage king formally and courteously bowed; but he still held his gleaming tomahawk and scalping-knife in his hands. Sir Willam intimated that it would be proper for Brandt to surrender his arms to the conquering general. The pride of the king was touched: his bosom swelled, and his eyes kindled as he thus spake:—"Should a general receive the arms of a king, when a conquering king is present? Look at the scores of my slain warriors which lie at the feet of the king of the Oneidas; and I know not that auxiliaries were wanting to bar his castle from our approach." At this he turned the handles of his tomahawk and knife, and presented them to the baronet. "Right, right," replied General Sullivan, "I had no thoughts of receiving the king's arms." Sir William Johnstone took the proffered weapons, inverted their position in his hand, and returned them to the vanquished king, saying,—"Let these instruments of blood be buried under your own native oaks, when you return to the home of your nation in peace, and never be dug up to the destruction of your white brethren!" Brandt, the king of the Six Nations wept!

CONCLUSION.

Day was advanced before the patrician lady, sleeping on the leaves at Oriskanee Creek, awoke. When she at length arose, great was her alarm on finding herself abandoned by her guide, in the midst of a gloomy forest. On finding the written communication which her late prisoner had left on the envelope of the letter, she wondered at the beautiful and courtly penmanship, which Lady Jane never failed to display. Then the chaste, sensible style in which the note was couched, was still more inexplicable. "Here," said the lady, "in a region beyond the utmost verge of civilization, and in the midst of a howling wilderness, I find a pedestrian basket-pedler, and one I had apprehended as a thief, addressing to me a note which, for mechanical execution, terse phraseology, and delicacy of sentiment, would not be surpassed by the *elite* of St. James's."

The lady concluded, that either the writer of that note was a character of far higher rank and pretensions than what she had assumed, or she was one of the most accomplished and finished rogues in Christendom. Equally undetermined was the lady as to the proper course now to be pursued; whether to penetrate the forest, deeper and still deeper, to meet with, she knew not what, and arrive she knew not whither; or to return to the borders of civilization. While pondering on this matter, two gentlemen on horseback met her view. One of them was a military officer, advanced in life, and the other might be a quaker, in the meridian of manhood; and yet the long smooth hair of the latter, being parted at the centre of the forehead, and falling down in ringlets over either shoulder, was a peculiarity which she did not recollect to have seen among the disciples of Fox. Without delaying the reader with greetings or conversations which passed between these strangers, it is enough to say, that the lady committed herself to the guidance of the two gentlemen; and, with the servants, they all together formed a little cavalcade along the trail toward Oneida Castle. But we must go on before them to the castle.

As the state of the wounded came to be looked into, Cudjoe was found but little injured. Having only been trampled on after his fall, and being too much encumbered by the press to regain his feet, he had thought it most wise to be quiet. Butler had fared worse. The maniac's tomahawk, which had prostrated the Colonel, had been well aimed at his head; but by a skilful parry the edge was turned obliquely, and glancing upon the skull, it had shaved off his scalp-tuft to the bone, at the same time flying out of the squire's hand, as he fell upon the ground.

Butler, however, was not mortally wounded; and when Cudjoe came to see the effect of his weapon upon his foe, he exclaimed, "Didn't I tell you, when Shenandoah strung the brute's ear on

to his belt, at Little Falls, that the next piece of skin we'd peel off the *varmint* would be covered by the hair of his head?"

But short time elapsed, and the besiegers were all discharged on their parole of honour, with privilege to remove their dead and wounded into the forest, where the former were to be buried; and all around Oneida Castle was as quiet as if the appalling scenes of that memorable morning had never been witnessed.

The Oneida chieftains, who well understood the relation in which their idolized young king stood to Lady Jane Stirling, now sat in council. They declared to the white chief, that it was an immemorial usage of their tribes, that in case any of their ruling chiefs, and more especially their kings, were betrothed previous to a battle with a hostile tribe, and the betrothed leader were triumphant in the fight, to lose no time after the action in celebrating marriage, as a sure omen of a prosperous reign. They therefore urged the king to prevail on "the Mountain Rose," as they called Lady Jane, to conform to this national custom. The proposal was met with favour on the part of Lady Jane, it being in accordance with her romantic taste; and she only regretted that her father was not there, to bestow a bride on the chivalrous Baronet, whose war-deeds that morning had been sufficiently heroic to be rewarded by the hand of a princess.

But where was the priest? Dominie Kirkland had been ensconced in Schenectada during this siege; he having heard, on his return from the low country, that the hostile tribes were besieging the castle. A runner was despatched for him. But the nation had another ceremony on the tapis, which might not be postponed to another occasion. It was no other than the joint coronation of their illustrious monarchs. For, though savages never admit their native women to that honour, yet, either from a knowledge of the usages of the whites, or from some superior estimate they put on European ladies, they manifest no repugnance against bestowing such an honour on the latter; and especially had they none on this occasion, the lady being the especial favourite of the nation, and "the Mountain Rose," being an endeared name to Indian ears throughout the West.

Even previous to their late besiegement, and preparatory to this coronation, their ingenious females had long been employed in manufacturing and ornamenting the most splendid vestments known to Indian art, both male and female, for this occasion. And it is not too much to say, that when Sir William had washed off the dust and blood which the combat had accumulated on him, and both took their seats together on an elevated platform, bedizened with the costume of the blood-royal of the Oneidas, a more interesting display could not be exhibited by any specimens of humanity; at least, not to Indian eyes. All that could be accomplished by gorgeous colours, stained wampum, porcupine quills, ribbons, painted eagle-feathers, silver bands, brooches, amulets, and glistening stones, had been bestowed. And yet Sir William, though delighted with the charming appearance of his lovely bride, delicately hinted to her, that her diamond-set locket, and her diamond ring, would beautifully blend with the more gaudy though less tasteful ornaments which adorned her. This suggestion called up a crimson blush to the temples of the young queen; and it was the occasion of slight uneasiness to Sir William. The jewels had been bestowed as enduring memorials of his love, and he thought that his adored one would tender his portrait too dear to suffer it to be separated from her bosom. An awkward silence ensued. At length Lady Jane, mastering her embarrassment, responded, — "The valued jewels of which you speak, my love, are not in my possession: they have been taken from me by a female."

"A female!" exclaimed the Baronet, passionately. "How is that possible?"

"I was her prisoner," replied Lady Jane; "and she laid claim to the property."

Sir William Johnstone was instantly on his feet, and his eyes flashed fire. At the very moment, a loud rap was heard at the door: it was flung open; and Lord Stirling on the one side, and Mr. Asbury on the other, conducted the Countess of S—— into the centre of the room.

The sudden change of countenance which came over Sir William—the rush of blood to his face—his deep emotion—the sudden gush of ineffable feeling which came over him, may be imagined, as he cried out, "My mother! my mother!" and rushed into the arms of the Countess.

Lady Jane, too, had her arms around the neck of the venerable Lord Stirling, while her warm tears, dropping into his bosom, testified a heartfelt welcome to her beloved father. The Indians had ceased their preparations for the royal ceremony. The voice of nature was too potent there to leave them indifferent spectators. That voice found a response in every savage bosom; and the whole multitude of the Oneidas stood around, bending over, in a circle, in deep sympathy with the scene before them.

At length silence was broken by Jane. Releasing her grasp of her venerable parent, and pointing towards the Baronet, she thus addressed the Countess of S——: "This is the gentleman who bestowed those jewels upon me. I now surrender myself into his hands, to meet the punishment he shall award." Then addressing the Baronet, she added, pointing to the Countess: "This is the female who claimed the jewels, and took them from me."

Sir William, releasing his hold of his mother, pressed Lady Jane to his bosom, exclaiming: "And this is the little thief who has robbed me of my all, though she be Lady Jane Stirling, and is now enrobed to be crowned Queen of the Oneidas."

As the revolution had destroyed Episcopacy as a state establishment, ministers and priests of all denominations had equal power to marry; so that, by aid of Mr. Asbury, who had been an old companion of the parties in adventure, and by the reciprocal consent of Lord Stirling and the Countess of S——, Sir William Johnstone and Lady

Jane Stirling became one in law, as they had long been one in affection.

The Countess S——, after the death of her husband, found herself unhappy, while separated from the only being which now bound her to earth. She invested her estates in the funds, and resolved to embrace the first opportunity to cross the Atlantic, and search out her only son. An opportunity soon occurred. The two nations could no longer be kept separate. Like mother and daughter, estranged for awhile, they longed to rush into each other's arms; or, "like parted streams, they desired to mingle as of old." Hence vessels were frequently arriving at Philadelphia, bringing over friends and relatives from the olden country, in search of their relations from whom they had long been separated by the wars. The Countess of S—— had thus landed at Philadelphia, from the brig "War-Spite;" and guided by the best intelligence she could obtain of her son's locality, she was making her way westward, when first seen by Lady Jane, at Utica, as before related. . . . . .

On the opening of another spring, peace was proclaimed throughout the Western empire.

Washington, the father of his country, the Cincinnatus of America, inverted his sword in his hand, and returned it to the President of Congress, from whom he had received his commission. This was done in the city of New York, May 1780. On the same day, he penned the following lines, which are still preserved, set in a frame, and covered with glass:

TO LADY JANE JOHNSTONE.

"MY VERY DEAR LADY,—I have heard of your happy union, and congratulate you. May Heaven be propitious, as you have proved faithful! Though your name may not appear in the recorded history of a nation's birth, it will be hallowed in the memory of one who will be ever ready to serve you, and who will never cease to implore the best of Heaven's blessings on you. God bless you, my dear lady: and remember me kindly to the Baronet.

"GEO. WASHINGTON."

Confused and mingled are the allotments of human life, and inscrutable are the dispensations of Divine Providence. Those who set out with us in this history, were strangely scattered soon after its close. The restless Butler, returning to Canada, and having no more war on hand, found another theatre on which to display his natural ferocity. He was arrested, tried, and executed on the gallows, at Kingston, U. C., for highway robbery and murder.

Lieutenant Charles Stirling, heroically and gloriously fell on the field of battle, while fighting for his king and country, at Yorktown, leading on a charge against the chivalrous La Fayette.

On a cold frosty morning, the stiffened limbs of Cudjoe lay stretched out on the grave of Shenandoah. . . . Our faith entertains the hope, that their spirits now mingle in a better atmosphere.

The splendid mansion-house of Sir William Johnstone is at this day the ornament of Johnstown, (named after the Baronet,) whither he repaired with his invaluable lady, taking with them the Countess and Lord Stirling. After the Baronet had transferred his Indian crown to a native chief, on the urgent solicitation of General Washington, he consented to become general agent for Indian affairs, for all the Western tribes. He and queen Jane lived in the hearts of the natives, and diffused the blessings of civilization and refinement around the neighbourhood of their consecrated home.

Where are the Oneidas? The traveller at this day, in journeying twenty-two miles west of the city of Utica, will come to the spot where their castle once stood. The stockade has long since been consumed by the white man's fire. The green grass now grows over the hillocks, caused by the explosion of the cave. Some future antiquary will mark the spot as the resting-place of two mighty warriors. The lake of pure water still glistens under the sun-beams, and sparkles in the moon-light. The crystal stream still rolls its bright waters beside the bluff. A venerable oak remains standing in primeval majesty on its bank, shorn of half its branches by the storms of many winters: the grape vines still wreath around its top; and the birds of Spring chaunt her praises among the green boughs. But where are the Oneidas? Where?

They are "a nation scattered and peeled." A few broken remnants of them only remain, mingling with the barbarous tribes between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. But, wherever the traveller shall find these remnants of Oneida, he will still hear them chanting, in their legendary ditties, praises to the beauty, the kindliness, and the patriotism of *Jenny Basket.*

PRINCE OSWY. A LEGEND OF ROSEBERRY.

BY J. WALKER ORD, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND," "THE HISTORY OF CLEVELAND," ETC.

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
And the lady answer'd—"*Endless sorrow.*"
Inscription on Bolton Priory.

THE harvest moon was waning,
O'er Arncliffe's rich domain;
The silver stars shone sweetly
O'er rock and woody plain;

When, from her stately dwelling,
Northumbria's Princess trode,
To question that famed augur,
In Arncliffe who abode.

"Oh say, mysterious stranger,
(That to these aged eyes,
Dost seem of royal lineage,)
What seek'st thou of the skies?
I know each planet's motion,
Can track each silent star;
And comet-like, can wander
The firmament afar!"

"O, wise and dreadful wizard,
A godlike gift is thine,
To read each starry missal,
To con each planet line!
Of proud Northumbria's treasure—
The darling of my love—
What speak the heavenly prophets?
What say yon orbs above?"

Awhile the wizard ponder'd;
Awhile absorb'd he stood;—
"Who shall bring back the treasure
That lies 'neath Ocean's flood?
To-morrow shall thy darling
In death's embraces lay,
So speak the starry prophets:—
'Tis midnight *now*;—away!

. . . . .

Back to her stately palace,
The sorrowing lady trode:—
"This night, at least, my darling,
I trust thee to thy God!
These arms shall guard my orphan,—
This breast thy pillow be;
And, ere the break of morning,
I'll bear thee safe with me."

. . . . . .

It was an autumn dawning
Soft lights o'er hill and plain—
Bright lay the golden harvest,
Glad rose the reaper's strain—
When, winding down the valley,
The cavalcade roll'd on,
Proud steeds and gay retainers,
The Princess and her son.

The slumbering peasants started
To hear the clattering throng,
The milkmaid in the paddock
Stopt fast her warbled song,—
Osmotherley and Ingleby,
Carlton, and Stokesley town,
Much marvell'd, greatly wonder'd,
To view the rout come down.

Below the oak-tree forest,
Of Osnaberg's* huge hill,
The proud procession halted,—
The cavalcade stood still:—
"Take forth the rich pavilion,
High let the streamers flow,—
Then to the rocky summit
My boy and I will go!"

With toilsome, weary marching,
She reach'd the towering height;
Rejoiced that, far from danger,
She bore that cherub bright,
Who sometimes gamboll'd near her,
All playful as a fawn,
Or pluck'd the lovely wild flowers
Glistening with dews of dawn.

Now safe beneath the awning,
The happy mother sate,
Nor reck'd the cruel augur,
Stars, prophecy, or fate:
Yet would the lady shudder,
To view that boundless sea:
Even silver Tees brought terror,
So lovely though it be.

And what a gorgeous vision
Lay stretch'd beneath her feet!
The groves of sweet Upleatham,
The shores of Cargo-Fleet;
Old Gisborough's graceful Priory
Beneath the sunbeams glow'd;
And many a swan-like vessel
By Marsk and Redcar rode.

She saw the ripening orchards,
The fields of golden grain,
The groves and pleasant hedgerows,
The glories of the plain;
And far 'mid mists of azure,
The mountains of the West—
Tynemouth, and rocky Hartlepool,
Reposed on Ocean's breast.

And now the sun had pointed
The altitude of noon;
The heavens were still and breathless,
Ceased was the reaper's tune;
No cloud obscured the azure,
The distant groves were still,
When slumber soft as snow-flakes
Obscured the lady's will.

So, like a marble statue,
In holy sleep she lies;
The moss her couch of slumber,
Her canopy the skies:
And near her, like an angel,
The Royal Orphan trips;
Now twined her raven tresses,
Now kiss'd her ruby lips.

Till, weary of his dalliance,
He sought the grassy mound,
Snatch'd oft the azure harebell
The fox-glove tapering round—
And then, O lovely vision!
Beneath the mountain brow,
A fountain, fair, enchanting,
With heaven's own colours true!

What is't that fills with wonder
The laughing cherub's eyes?
Why claps his hands with rapture?
Why crows with glad surprise?
Within the crystal mirror
He views a lovely form;
Cheeks fair as summer weather,
Locks beauteous as the morn.

And wondrous—still more wondrous—
Whilst beckoning it to come,
With equal love entreats him
Into its watery home:
O fear! O dread! he clasps it;
One cry—and all is o'er—
The treacherous spring ingulfs him,
Prince Oswy is no more!

And who shall tell the waking,
The sorrow, and the pain,
The bitter pangs of agony
That wrung the mourner's brain,
When low beneath the sedges
In pulseless death he lay?
"But God His ways will vindicate,"
Still did the lady say!

And on that rocky precipice,
Beneath the wooded knoll,
A hermitage the lady rear'd,
With masses for his soul;
And with the holy hermit,
Full oft devoutly prays,
"Whom God hath given, God takes away,
And 'Vindicates His ways!'"

* The ancient name of Roseberry Topping.

THE KING OF SAXONY'S JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.*

Dr. Carus, a thorough German, though he claims a Roman descent as old as the invasion of Germany by the first Cæsar, attended the King of Saxony on his late flying visit to Queen Victoria, and rapid gallop through her British dominions. The Court Physician found many things, if not all things, so very different from the country which he had previously imagined or read of in books, that he considers his enlarged and corrected views of England likely to prove acceptable both to those who have already seen, and those who may be preparing to visit, this wonderful island of ours. But first he gives a brief account of the progress through Belgium; and, being a physician, as well as a man of science, a politician, an admirer and critic of the Fine Arts, and a philosopher, he sets out, after "the old Hippocratic method," by observations on the soil, air, and water of Britain, and particularly on its salt-water: the sea, with its numerous bays and inlets, having, he believes, made it the country which it is. This is, indeed, a feature which must particularly strike a German. But Dr. Carus contemplates Britain as a geologist, as well as a political philosopher; and finds the stratification of its rocks, and its beds of minerals and coal, not less singular and wonderful than its maritime power. On this topic the Doctor discourses eloquently and learnedly; but we shall quote only one remark, which follows as a sequel to the opening geological disquisition, and which, claiming to point out something new, in fact does so:

I must make a remark upon a peculiar and surprising circumstance connected with the English and Scottish mountains, of which I have not before seen any notice, and respecting which I have never received any written or verbal communication. It is well known that all the mountains in England are of a very moderate elevation. Two, three, four, or something above four thousand feet is the highest point to which these masses rise above the level of the sea. Notwithstanding this, their physiognomy, even at such heights, is not only frequently Alpine, but their surface, even at very moderate elevations, presents peculiarities both in weather and vegetation which are only perceived on the continent at elevations of from five thousand to six thousand feet. In passing over ridges in mountain passes, which scarcely rise above one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the sea level, it is quite common to find the waste declivities of the mountains merely covered with heath, or thin Alpine pasture scattered among huge stones and disjected rocks, such as are only found, on the continent, in the valleys of the High Alps. Human dwellings disappear, or merely consist of solitary huts built with coarse loose stones, and badly covered with turf and heath; a few solitary sheep find meagre pasture on the slopes; damp fogs draw through the ravines, and even the clouds descend further, and hang lower on the mountain tops. . . . . It must often excite surprise, when half an hour's drive, on an ascending road, suddenly transports the traveller from a fruitful and well-cultivated plain into a wild and solitary valley, and in still less space of time, exchanges it for a warm and cheerful district.

Whatever German readers may do, we strongly suspect that the great majority of English ones will find more gratification in viewing the Doctor's numerous aristocratic *interiors*, than in his scientific information and philosophical disquisitions. And these, between Dover, where the King and his suite first landed, and Inverary, Taymouth, and Dalmahoy, where he left, are found in sufficient variety.

The King and his suite travelled to London by the *South Eastern* railroad, diverging a little to see the country. Of the scenery of Kent and Sussex it is remarked,—

During the course of our drive the appearance of the country was mild and beautiful, notwithstanding the dark cloudy sky. The road was chiefly skirted by pasture or meadow-land; the country diversified with neat farm-houses, cottages, fields, all prettily enclosed—occasionally large parks, numerous oaks of a roundish form, and great quantities of ivy hanging thick and luxuriant on the walls and trees. We met none but well-dressed people on the road, which, though only a cross-road, was in all respects kept like a highway. We had frequent views of long lines of hills covered with wood, and then again wide green plains traversed by brooks, at one of which, too, we saw a gentleman employed in the favourite English amusement of angling.

This was on the way to Buckhurst, the seat of Lord Delawarr, where the party first obtained a charming glance of the *vie de château* of England.

At seven o'clock we arrived at Buckhurst, the seat of Lord Delawarr. Our road lay, for a considerable distance, through a park — properly speaking, a kind of wood of oak and beech; and at length the small country-seat began to glimmer through the boughs of a wide-spreading oak. The house itself is built in an ornamented Anglo-Gothic style. On our arrival, servants in rich liveries, and with powdered hair, conducted us immediately to our respective apartments, which were cheerful and replete with comforts. The whole character of the house breathes of simplicity, combined with the highest degree of convenience. Towards half-past seven o'clock, we assembled in the drawing-room, and I gladly renewed the acquaintance which I had formerly made with this amiable family, whom I had attended as a physician in Dresden, and with whom I was on the most friendly footing. A rich and cheerful dinner soon followed, and afterwards all returned to the drawing-room and the neighbouring library, in order to take tea near the blazing fire, and to hear some music from the ladies of the family.

Among the foreign books in the library neither Goethe nor Schiller was found. Next morning they visited Lord Amherst at Knowle, which raised yet higher the Doctor's ideas of English wealth and magnificence. The approach led through groups of grand old trees and beautiful cultivated glades:

And then comes the old castle itself, with its towers, and turrets, and walls covered with luxurious ivy. As we alighted flowers were strewn on the way, and, preceded by numerous servants in rich liveries, we ascended the steps and entered the ancient family hall, hung

* In the year 1844. By Dr. C. G. Carus, Physician to His Majesty the King of Saxony, and Privy Counsellor of the Medical Department. Translated by S. C. Davison, B.A., &c. Octavo, pp. 391. London: Chapman & Hall.

with ancestral portraits, and adorned with a huge chimney-piece,; — the members of the house and their guests, who had arrived before his majesty the king, were alreay assembled . . . .

We were next shown over the spacious rooms of this remarkable old seat. The objects of interest which it contains are very numerous; galleries with beautiful old woodwork, richly ornamented chimney-pieces, and ancient furniture; among which were some pieces of great splendour, tables, covered with plates of silver, and moreover a whole table, together with a looking-glass and two small side-tables, of solid silver, and adorned with rich arabesques; there were, besides, a vast number of portraits, and other pictures of no particular value. In addition to this, we must mention the ornamental old Gothic bay-windows, the beautiful vistas into the park, and then, again, collections of Chinese birds and other rarities brought home by Lord Amherst from China, &c. The most interesting of all, however, in my estimation, was the air of antiquity which breathed throughout the whole; recalling the great romantic times of England, and giving the deep impression of a long historical existence.

At two o'clock, the whole party met for lunch in the grand drawing-room, on the ground floor; and I can truly say, that as I sat down at the rich table, adorned with massive plate, and decked with flowers, and around me the members of the same family which had enjoyed all the pomp of nobility before the reign of Elizabeth, and in a room hung with the portraits of a long line of ancestors, whose arms were emblazoned on glass in the tall Gothic windows, I felt as if I were in a dream, and found myself transported into a scene before the age of Shakspere; and times and things long gone by flitted before my mind. At the conclusion of the entertainment, Lord Amherst rose, and commencing, " Ladies and gentlemen," &c.

This was one view of England. That which followed is not less remarkable,—*Redleaf* being as sharp a type of the present age of England, as is Knowle of its past and existing aristocratic grandeur :—

The name of the gentleman who owns the mansion is Wells. He has made an immense fortune in India, by ship-building, and now lives in this beautiful place alone, in dignified retirement, surrounded by a tasteful collection of choice trees, plants, and pictures. He is a friend of Landseer, the painter; and his collection contains many admirable pieces by that artist.

But we shall not go over the catalogue of the pictorial riches of Mr. Wells, who, besides the originals of several of Landseer's best paintings, possesses many good pictures by the Dutch and Flemish masters, and, among a host of modern pictures, one or two of Wilkie's. The flower-garden of this Indian ship-builder was as remarkable as his picture-gallery. Dr. Carus moralizes Redleaf and its master in a style more classic than may be altogether agreeable to "that small, childless, old man, in his short gray mantle," whose heir "it would be pleasant to be," and who formed "so striking a contrast to the splendid foliage and richness of bloom by which he was surrounded." And thus we are led from Redleaf to Penshurst, without greatly envying Mr. Wells his possessions or way of life. But Penshurst may be found in many books ; and again we turn to what can only be found in its perfection in England, a "family living," with its snug and even elegant parsonage. This rectory is at a very short distance from Buckhurst, and is held by Mr. West, a younger son of Lord Delawarr, whom the Doctor had previously known at Dresden.

I had the pleasure of finding him in his study, surrounded not only with the ancient classics, but with the best literary works of his own and other modern countries, particularly German. How charming is the situation of his parsonage, a small but neat building in the Anglo-Gothic style, surrounded with clumps of magnificent rhododendrons, beautiful meadows, and splendid yews —the old classical trees of England—from which the stalwart yeomen cut their bows. We next visited the neighbouring church, of ancient foundation, although recently rebuilt in the broad, firm, but neat style of Anglo-Gothic ecclesiastical edifices.

On the way to Brighton, the traveller was reminded of Italy, both by the style of the buildings and the luxuriant vegetation of the trees,—by the evergreen oak, the yew, the holly, the masses of ivy, and even the fig-trees, — with the mild air, the views of the sea, and the people pursuing their occupations out of doors. The "build" of the people was, however, different from the Italian, but "still with a more intellectual appearance." A Court Physician of Dresden, who has moreover travelled, has a prescriptive right to talk of pictures and to criticize works of art; but though Dr. Carus does this with knowledge and discrimination, his ivy-mantled old castles will be found more attractive. Arundel was a fine specimen :

Narrow winding staircases and towers sprang up from the midst of the ivy ; small and low-roofed chambers, here and there visible, were pointed out as being formerly the apartments of queens. The view was most extensive and charming, stretching far and wide over forest, and hill, and sea; and from the summit of one of the ivy-mantled towers, there is to be seen half the wall of the fallen corner rooms, with its Gothic windows, as if so disposed to form the materials of a picture. There is also something mysterious connected with the ruined castle, according to the old traditions; owls must always be preserved in the edifice; and there, indeed, at the bottom of the ancient tower, sat several horned and screech-owls, which, disturbed by the intrusion, bristled up their feathers, and caused their eyes to sparkle. A net stretched across the tower served to keep them in their domicile, where they are constantly fed, and, when necessary, renewed.

English ladies were sometimes seen as magnificent as the castles. The Marchioness of Douro was found the model of majestic and Juno-like beauty ; and here, at a dinner at Portsmouth, is another specimen :

Opposite to me was Lady Pakenham, with a head and bust so beautiful and *grandioso*, that they might have served as a model for Paul Veronese's famous picture of the " Marriage at Cana, in Galilee," and which it was impossible to cease contemplating and admiring.

Yachting, and the expensive establishments of the English gentlemen who are fond of this amusement, was another new feature to the German physician ; and the system was seen in the utmost perfection at Cowes, from whence a little pleasure voyage was made, in a well-appointed yacht, which the Doctor found charming, and which he describes quite poetically. We can only look within. The *latitude* is the entrance of the Channel between the Isle of Wight and the mainland :—

At twelve o'clock we went down into the cabin of this very elegant vessel to lunch ; this was properly my first meal on board an English ship, and, therefore, important to me. I found every thing so poetical under this glazed cover in the middle of the cabin, in the pretty little saloon, illumined by the sun from above,

and tossing about upon the waves. From this sort of existence, with all the comforts which social life can bestow, and yet entirely free from every other connexion with society, this swimming upon the connecting bond of union of the earth, and by this very means the power of enjoying the beauties of its most beautiful coasts—I can well understand how love of the sea may become a passion, and can conceive the origin, therefore, of a yacht-club. We had several sorts of excellent cold meat, sherry, and some large potatoes, properly dressed for the sailors; every thing was so different from our ideas, and was eaten with such an appetite. We also conversed on many subjects with the officers. One in particular attracted my attention by something delicate and amiable in his manners; I learned that he was from Geneva, was called Prevost, and was a relation of my acquaintance, the naturalist, Prevost. He related to us, among other things, some anecdotes of the yacht-club, in whose club-house we had slept the night before. He told us, for example, that one of the members, a Mr. Akers, had had the handsomest yacht in the club built (we saw her afterwards, the *Brilliant*,) for about £30,000, and only went on board the vessel, perhaps, once or twice a-year, because the sea did not agree with him; his joining the club was thus merely a whim, which, however, assisted him to spend an income of some £42,000 a-year.

The King and his suite got to London; but dinners at Buckingham Palace seem commonplace after what we have seen; except an entertainment at Windsor, where the Emperor of Russia was present, and which his physician said was unsurpassed even in St. Petersburgh.

In the metropolis, Dr. Carus, who, though lodged in the Palace, was not so much hampered by courtly etiquette as his royal master, made excellent use of his time, and contrived to see a great deal. Of course, it is not in the familiar sights themselves, but the way in which they, and every thing else, strike an intelligent foreigner, that the interest of his narrative is found. Thus of the monuments and statues it is remarked :—

Occasionally, monuments are, no doubt, erected to persons whose deserts are small enough; and hence the common saying with respect to that of the Duke of York, whose statue is elevated upon a very lofty column, "that he was no doubt placed so high in order to be completely out of the reach of his creditors."

The Zoological Gardens were a continual feast to the Doctor. Of other scenes it is said :

On this sunny evening the Regent's park was full of walkers; it is for the most part uniform, and the broad pieces of green turf with fine, short, and well-rolled grass, form by far the most attractive of its charms. Places of public refreshment, coffee-gardens, and the like, without which a German can scarcely form an idea of a promenade, do not exist here, at least in the places frequented by good society. This is quite to my taste, as among us the most delightful places are completely destroyed by being made assembling places for smoking cigars and drinking beer. . . . . Every possible means is adopted to save room, and this crowding and pushing together of the living renders it daily more difficult to find places of sepulture for the dead. The grave-yards in and immediately around London are nearly all filled, and a company is being formed in shares for the construction of cemeteries at some distance from the city; it forms a part of their plan to fix the cemeteries in districts through which railroads pass, in order to afford facilities of sending out trains of dead bodies to their final resting-place. Oh, Sir Jacques! what stuff is here for deep, sad, melancholy reflections! Such a train with coffins behind a locomotive! What a mode of proceeding to the house of rest for all living, with more than the rapidity of a storm! . . . . .

The large and splendid shops in Regent-street, with their enormous plate-glass windows and looking-glasses in gilt frames, are truly magnificent exhibitions! The perpetual movement and life in the streets, at once so wonderful and exciting! When I think of Paris and compare it with London, it now leaves on my mind the impression of *a small town!*

Dr. Carus visited all the great establishments in the metropolis for the cure of insanity, and also Hanwell. His observation is ever the same: they all appeared admirably planned to ensure the safe and comfortable keeping of the patients, but not as if conducted for the removal of their malady. The reiterated remark is surely worthy of attention.

From the pen of Dr. Carus we have a series of portraits of our leading statesmen, of which we select two, in preference to his gorgeous painting of the proud keep of Windsor, or the sketch of the bustling and characteristic race-course at Ascot. As to these, most of us have made up our minds, while there is still some difference of opinion on the historical pieces :—

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Completely the representation of an old soldier! Stiff, half deaf, but cheerful; it is easy to be seen that he must have been what is called a well-built, handsome man. The form of his head, as well as that of his face, is principally long, the shape of the skull not very remarkable, the front and back portions rather high. His hair is quite white, and he has rather too much for his age, particularly in a country where baldness is more common than elsewhere. The sockets of his eyes are wide, and it is obvious from his appearance that he is rather to be regarded as a *man of eyes* than a *man of ears*, on which remark the history of his life offers the best commentary. I saw him generally in uniform, and decorated with many orders. He still rides, and was at the head of his regiment at the review; and although the windows of his residence were broken some years back, he still appears a favourite with the people, for wherever he makes his appearance, the cry "*Hurrah for the old Duke*" is general. . . . .

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

A man of about fifty years of age,—of good figure, powerfully made, and rather full; the form of his head remarkable, on the whole, rather for breadth than height. The relation of the three portions of the brain, so far as I could judge from a cursory view, somewhat prevented, too, by a considerable quantity of grayish hair, tolerably harmonious; the middle part of the head low, as is usual with heads of a broad form. The countenance expresses much firmness, joined with a decidedly prosaic appearance, but great sound common sense. In conversation with crowned heads, the expression, with all its firm reserve, passes readily to a smooth tone, and his bodily attitude easily assumes the same expression. His language is, however, select, comprehensive, and well expressed. Whenever I had the opportunity of seeing him, he was dressed in black, with white neck-handkerchief, and without any orders.

. . . . . .

Sir Robert Peel possesses and lives in a magnificent house, situated on the banks of the Thames, and richly adorned with a vast number of paintings, selected with the best taste. In the evening, there was a large soirée, to which, not merely a great number of diplomatic persons and members of the aristocracy were invited, but almost all the distinguished men of learning and artists in London. The whole suite of apartments was thrown open, and I divided my time between reflections and observations on all the *notabilities on* and *within* the walls. . . . . .

Among the living *notabilities*, I here met the Bishop

of Norwich, president of the Linnean Society; Professor Buckland, the Oxford geologist; Hooker, the botanist; Faraday, the celebrated chemist; and Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, and his sister, who renders him such valuable assistance, both in making observations and calculations; the Directors of the British Museum, Dr. Clark, and others. It was a subject of great regret to me, not to have made Landseer's acquaintance; I only heard of his being present, when it was too late.

This selection of persons for his *soirée* on such an occasion, did great honour to Sir Robert Peel's judgment and taste.

We need not go over the catalogue of Sir Robert Peel's best pictures, nor yet follow our German guide through the public or private galleries of London. A midnight visit to Printing-House Square is more tempting; but even that shall be resisted, save the concluding reflection:

Those fugitive sheets now rule the world — the profound study of a single great intellectual work becomes more and more the property of the few. Whither does this wheel of time run!—up or down?—who is he that is able to come to a full and sound conviction upon this important subject?

But London must be left, and before its wonders were half exhausted. Cambridge was the next point of note on the northward route; and its living and departed worthies are commemorated. Woburn Abbey was the next station; and then we have Hardwicke Hall, Chatsworth with its gilt gate, and *Haddon Hall*. But these ducal places need not detain us; though the remarks made on quitting the scenery of the Peak, and after having seen a good deal of England, are worth quoting, as embodying a made-up opinion:

Having now seen many of the level and many of the mountainous parts of England, I must express my conviction that much of what has been indicated to me as beautiful and picturesque, is by no means deserving of such great commendation as it has received. There are abundance of pretty vales, green meadows, and beautiful trees; in short, of every thing which can rejoice the eye in the midst of a moderate and peaceful existence; but beauties of a higher character—beauties which of themselves are sufficient to attract travellers from foreign countries for the purpose of seeing them—do not exist. The real beauties of England are to be found in connexion with that element on which her power is established—the sea.

The King of Saxony and his suite, who were great economists of time, and who seem to have laid their plans admirably, now cut across, examined the workshops of Birmingham and its marvellous manufactories, looked at Leamington, and at Kenilworth and Warwick castles, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford. One paragraph we copy, which has its moral:—

There is an old hospital for twelve aged women in one of the narrow lanes of Coventry, which is singularly picturesque. It is built of wood, very low, and with its carved beams reminded me forcibly of the old wooden churches of Norway. Both the foundation and the structure must be very old, and it ought to be carefully drawn and preserved before it falls to pieces from age. I entered one of the old rooms, which was low and dark, and very badly lighted by small lattice windows; a miserable bed, a couple of cupboards, and a carved seat, constituted the humble furniture. An old decrepit woman, with a severe cough, made way for me on my entrance. What an existence!—properly speaking, merely a coffin of somewhat larger dimensions than usual. And yet even here existence was a sort of happiness. Thus, a picture of the completely stagnant and most limited life, makes an altogether singular impression upon a hasty and extended journey.

Blenheim, and the other seats of nobility, offer little to tempt us; so we hasten to another region, and another order of English life, the old town of Dartmouth, namely, and its maritime population.

We stopped for a few minutes at the town, because the boatmen said they required longer oars to pull against the stream, and I was delighted thus to have an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the houses of such people are constructed in these small sea-coast towns. Small old houses are situated so close on the banks of the Dart, which, like the Thames at London, is here more a branch of the sea than a river, that ladders reach from the doors of the houses immediately down into the water. We were taken to a landing-place, at which a number of small boats were lying together; the boatmen landed, climbed up the ladders, made some changes in their dress, and brought longer oars. They again clambered down into the boat, whilst several of their wives standing at the doors kept gazing down with curiosity at the strangers beneath.

Every thing around breathes the air of the most peculiarly devoted sea life. Some boys were pushing about in a yawl, and amusing themselves by sailing a small boat with full spread, triangular linen sails, which the light wind drove merrily onward, till the boys rowed after, and brought it back again, merely to repeat the sport. Large boats also passed us close by; and when one bears in mind, that in such amusements and in such labours of the common sailors and boatmen, those mariners are formed with whom the fleets of England are manned, by which she carries on her wars, and makes distant regions of the world tributary to her sway—these apparently trivial things assume a high and significant importance.

The scene now changes to Totness, Liskeard, and the Land's End.

Whilst the horses were being ordered and put to, we rambled up the street of the little town. It is a small quiet place, and yet its intercourse with distant regions of the world is made obvious in many ways. It struck me with surprise, on passing a shoemaker's shop, to see a pair of small Chinese ladies' shoes lying amongst the variety of wares exposed for sale. In what shop in any small town in the interior of the Continent could such a thing be seen?

The evening had again become very beautiful, only somewhat hazy in the west. The roads were full of life, particularly of persons upon horseback—not only men, but women also and boys. It continually recalled Italy to my mind, when I saw a horse with a basket swung at each side—as on the mules in Naples—and a woman seated between, riding boldly on. The boys also ride their ponies with great courage, which, although small, are lively, and go at a rapid pace. In a word, whether on horseback or shipboard, the English know how to get forward. The build of the people, too, is here very fine; faces with fine features, and healthy, vigorous children, everywhere present themselves. . . . .

During lunch my amiable neighbour talked much to me of Scotland, which she said she liked better than any place else, and dwelt on her happy life there with her parents; although in these more bustling scenes, amusement and interest were not wanting, she still longed to be again in her Scotland. This *naïveté*, united with the simplicity and openness of the whole family, made a most agreeable impression on my mind. Even the meal itself partook of the same character of simplicity and nationality, with its excellent beef, cold meat, green peas, dried potatoes, and excellent claret and champagne. I found here the kind of manners, neither too shy nor too forward, which belong to no particular nation, but are universal, and which cause men to feel as one of the same country, and, therefore, almost immediately at home. . . . . .

We walked a little way from Liskeard early this morning, waiting for the carriages to overtake us; and

I was obliged, in consequence of our not being quite sure of our way, to enter the little shop of a Quaker, in order to make inquiries. It was interesting to me to have an opportunity of observing one of this sect of Christians, who are very numerous in this part of the country. The man in his old-fashioned coat, and broad-brimmed hat, looked like honesty itself, but dry, and notwithstanding all his Christianity, quite devoted to gain. . .

The character of the country changes more and more as the narrow south-west point of England is approached. On the horizon in the west, the ocean is already seen, the trees become smaller and of stunted growth, and the evergreen oak is of frequent occurrence. The habitations are for the most part poor; but stout, portly children run about the roads, and girls of fine ruddy complexion often appear at the doors of the huts by the way-side, dressed like towns-people, with necklaces, and their hair fixed in locks upon the crown of the head. . . . . .

We then passed through St. Just, principally inhabited by the workpeople in the various mines and smelting-houses, and were surprised at the neat appearance of the houses, and the handsome figures and features of the inhabitants, particularly the fulness and freshness of the young girls, reminding me of Ossian's "high-bosomed daughters of Morven."

This does not apply to Wales, where "the race of people was found very much the reverse of handsome," and the women looked like the prints of the ladies of Oonalaska in Cook's Voyages. The antiquities of Chester, a classical locality, were more prized by our traveller than the manufactories of Liverpool and Manchester, though some of the arts practised were found wonderful; as that of treating "cold iron like wood, or rather like cork." Many of the processes detailed, will be quite as new to English as to German readers. The general view given of the town, and of other manufacturing towns, is not attractive:—

Manchester is certainly a strange place. Nothing is to be seen but houses blackened by smoke, and, in the external parts of the town, half empty, dirty ditches, between smoking factories of different kinds, all built with regard to practical utility, and without any respect at all for external beauty. In the midst of all this, a pallid population, consisting entirely of men who work for daily wages, or of men who pay the wages of daily labour. The population consists of three hundred thousand, among whom are several Germans; but every one of any property has a country-house at some distance from the town, and only enters its atmosphere of smoke when his presence there is absolutely necessary. At the same time some feeling for science and art is not entirely wanting.

After Leeds and most of the manufacturing towns had been visited, it is said—

I could not help being again forcibly struck by the peculiar dense atmosphere which hangs over these towns, in which hundreds of chimneys are continually vomiting forth clouds of smoke. The light even is quite different from what it is elsewhere! What a curious red colour was presented by the evening light this evening! It is not like mist, nor like dust, nor even entirely like smoke, but is a sort of mixture of these three ingredients, condensed moreover by the particular chemical exhalations of such towns. The peculiar tint which the country around such a city assumes, cannot be better designated than by the phrase *factory tint!*

The English lakes, the lake country, and the principal seats of the nobility and gentry in that district, made less impression on the traveller than might have been expected; and after passing through Carlisle and the Border, and fairly in Scotland, the route to the Duke of Hamilton's seat lay, much of it, through a desolate region, "barren and waste," where, according to Dr. Carus, the figures harmonized but too well with the landscape:—

To the right of the road lay a house somewhat larger than usual—but not high, and almost flat-roofed, around which a number of men were standing with raised umbrellas. This was an assembly of some of the congregations belonging to the Free-Church party, who were listening to their Sunday's sermon; and these individuals had been unable to find accommodation within the walls. This assembly, thus standing under the rain, presented a singular appearance, and reminded us strongly of the early Christians. In Scotland, in general, a severe puritanical spirit prevails; and a great number of the people have wholly renounced their connexion with the Established Church, in order that they may exercise the privilege of electing their own ministers, and now denominate themselves the "*Free Church.*" . . . . . .

The persons, too, whom we met on the roads, or saw in the houses or hamlets, were now of a very different build. They were, for the most part, large coarse figures, with wide mouths, melancholy countenances, and projecting cheek bones; the eye was destitute of fire, especially in the men, who were generally rolled up in a woollen plaid, drawn tight round their shoulders, and wore a flat, ugly-looking black woollen cap on their heads. The figures of the women were somewhat better, and we had the additional advantage of seeing them dressed in their Sunday clothes—though no small number of them went barefooted.

But the country gradually became softer and richer; and the deepening twilight showed the bright glowing lights of numerous iron works on the northern horizon. The Duke and his family were absent; but the guests were nevertheless entertained right royally. Dr. Carus, of course, reports on the fine collection of paintings in Hamilton Palace.

The party were conducted by the *factor*, Mr. Brown, over the extensive park, which affords finer objects than even the galleries and the rich and magnificent interior:—

He drove us first into the wilder portions of the park, along the edge of a rapid stream, also called the Avon, running between rocky banks, and to the lonely Castle of Cadzow, now completely in ruins, and overgrown with trees and creeping plants. This castle formerly belonged to the kings of Scotland, and was afterwards inhabited by the Duke's ancestors. It was destroyed in the wars carried on with Scotland by Elizabeth. All around was wild and beautiful! magnificent oaks, wild shrubs, and the ruins of the tower overgrown with ivy. Deep under the rocks of the castle run the yellow waters of the Avon.

Not far from this forest solitude, commences an extensive hilly district of pasture land, upon which Mr. Brown pointed out to us in the distance a large herd of white cattle, some lying, and some wandering over the pasture. These are stated to be the descendants of a breed introduced into this country by the Romans, and traceable from the time of Julius Cæsar to the present. They are here called the "white cattle," and the Duke always keeps a stock of them, amounting to about seventy head. They are in a sort of half-wild condition, remain all the year round in the open air, on the pastures, and under the trees; and whatever increase takes place above the standard number of the herd, is shot yearly.

The first impressions of Glasgow, entered by its poorest suburb, was very unfavourable; but things brightened by degrees. A very characteristic remark is made on the *custos* of the Hunterian Museum in that city, who, in exhibiting any thing rare, never failed to mention what it had cost: as, one picture, £1500; a statue, £2000. This is

not peculiar to Glasgow. Even in literature, the Doctor ought to know, the price given for copyright is always, in England, held to measure, or at least greatly to enhance, the value of the work, and not merely to mark the temporary vogue of its author.

The travelling party proceeded by Lochlomond to Inverary; and on the journey Dr. Carus found all his Ossianic dreams and imaginings realized. On the evening, when he reached Inverary, after resting at Balloch, his enthusiasm was at the height; and we think that he has seized the peculiar features of our Highland scenery with felicity and striking effect.

We were now all at once deep in the Highlands of Scotland. All that had been familiar to my youth in the poetic strains of its bards, was now in all its reality full before my eyes. It is truly a most remarkable world, and well worth more than the mere peep into its scenery and peculiarities, which alone such a hasty journey renders possible. What a wonderful variety of scenery has, this day, passed before my eyes! mountains of Alpine form—less, indeed, than the true Alps, but with bold and magnificent outlines; extensive and beautiful lakes, with an immense number and variety of charming islands; narrow and rocky mountain passes, and the glorious sounding ocean bays! What, however, makes every thing characteristic of Scotland, and distinguishes these mountains and lakes from those of Germany and Switzerland, does not, properly speaking, lie so much in the form of the mountains, or in the prevalence of the primitive rocks, which are so rare in England—in the distinctive appearance of the vegetation, or form of the lakes—but in the peculiarities of the atmosphere, half clear, half foggy, singularly moist, and of a peculiar bluish colour. This atmosphere surrounds every thing, and clothes nature in the most various hues; it penetrates, enlivens, softens, cradles the objects of life as in a kind of dream. In addition to this comes in the rare historical background to which one is here again continually referred—the mystical veil of obscurity which hangs over the history of ancient Scotland, the barbarous clanship of the middle ages, and finally the beautiful person of Mary Stuart, the last Queen of the Scots, who, tossed on the sea of passion and poetry, was executed by order of the neighbouring queen. . . .

Here, for the first time, the peculiar character of Scotland, as I had fancied it in my early years, presented itself in all its reality to my eyes. A grayish fog brooded upon the loch, on which numerous fishing-boats were riding at anchor. There was a peculiar bluish colour in the distance, a varying mist was spread around and over the lofty hills, and the sky covered with a half-misty and half-cloudy veil, through which the rays of the moon shed an uncertain and glimmering light. By the road-side were numerous large red beeches and oaks, near at hand the ancient castle with its turreted walls, and, in the distance, the small coast town of Inverary, with its white houses, and a steam-boat just arrived—all this combined to form a characteristic picture, and produced an effect upon my mind very different from any which I had hitherto experienced on the English coasts, in the mountains of Wales, or on the lakes of Cumberland.

About nine o'clock we drew up at the *Inn and Hotel*, (as it is marked on the imposing front of the house in large letters.) Here we met with most excellent, and even elegant accommodation; and the fried herrings of the loch, which are considered among the best in Great Britain, and in fishing for which numerous boats are employed, furnished no unimportant part of a late, but I may say a *recherché* dinner.

Here, too, the national costume was first seen, and naked feet and legs, with short kilts. Dr. Carus humorously denominates the topaz-coloured waterfalls of the mountain torrents, *Ale-falls* and *Porter-falls*.

Voyaging on to Staffa and Icolmkill, he relates, though not with perfect accuracy, some of the floating legends of the country; but all this, and much more, may better be found in the brothers Anderson's "Guide to the Highlands and Islands," one of the most well-stored and entertaining of modern descriptive books; so we shall look to the German traveller only for what natives cannot so well give; as, for example, this introduction to the pure mountain-dew, which took place at Bannavie, a station on the Caledonian Canal:—

After dinner, the landlord brought in a bottle of genuine Scottish whisky—that nectar of Scotland, the preparation of which Landseer has represented in a *spirited* painting, well known from its numerous engravings. It is nothing but very strong corn brandy, strongly impregnated, however, with the characteristic smell of turf, which is to be found in all Scottish dwellings, and prepared in a somewhat peculiar way. A mixture of hot water, sugar, and some of this spirit, forms an agreeable beverage, which, no doubt, is very pleasant, and even beneficial, after a walk, or any expedition in the misty moisture of these mountains. Even the otherwise disagreeable taste of turf, gives a *piquant* taste to the spirit.

Dr. Carus philosophizes on this meeting of the extremes of the agreeable and disagreeable, and the zest which such contrarieties communicate to more things than whisky. This national commodity also figures somewhat awkwardly, or out of place, in the capital of the Highlands, Inverness, where, we are told—

We had not long arrived, and were still in the drawing-room, when the authorities of Inverness entered and welcomed his majesty in a short but appropriate speech. His majesty, with the greatest affability, asked the mayor several questions concerning the locality and the manufactures of the place, &c.; in the answers the manufacture of whisky was not forgotten, and it made rather a comical impression, when, on this manufacture being mentioned, one of the aldermen officiously spoke, and immediately presented the mayor to his majesty as the principal distiller and wholesale whisky manufacturer in the town.

A variety of tartan fabrics were here submitted to the King and his suite, from which Dr. Carus selected presents for the fair friends who awaited him at *Villa Cara*, near Dresden. The splendid work, the "Vestiarium Scoticum" of Mr. John Sobieski Stuart, lately published in Edinburgh, was produced to authenticate the different tartans appropriate to the clan-families, and others privileged to wear a particular chequer.

After enjoying as much scenery and sight as was possible, the party rested for a day at Taymouth, on their southward route, and were entertained by the Marquis of Breadalbane with a repetition of many of the same pageants and personages that graced the visit of Queen Victoria to the same quarter. Here, again, was the Piper, the Highlanders in full costume, Müller, the celebrated pianist, the learned Sir David Brewster; "a young Campbell," a relative of the Marquis, "a genuine specimen of a vigorous, strong-built, thorough Highlander," plaided and plumed in his tartan array; and "the Hon. Fox Maule, formerly one of the Secretaries to the Treasury," "a humorous, sarcastic

person." Readers of any fancy, previously familiar with the Queen's visit, may easily imagine all this. The scenery and the banquets were magnificent as ever; the other circumstances, somewhat curtailed, and perhaps flattened by repetition. Müller probably played as finely, and Professor Brewster talked as well as ever; but Mr. Fox Maule did not wear tartans this time, nor yet dance the *Reel of Hullachan;* and this must have shown a falling off between the two royal visits.

The King of Saxony had been engaged to make a visit to the Earl of Morton; and after passing through Perth, Stirling, &c. &c. Dalmahoy became the head-quarters while the party remained in Scotland. Edinburgh, which is within an easy drive, was examined on different days. But all these details we must cut short, (as, though interesting, they contain nothing absolutely new,) in order to make room for the rapture with which the northern metropolis inspired the worthy court physician. His point of 'vantage was the castle walls and terraces:—

In truth, Edinburgh is quite a new phenomenon in the scale of cities. Every thing appears original, great, effective. . . . . What a beautiful prospect met our view! I did not think that there was a city which could kindle in me those feelings of enthusiasm which the sight of Edinburgh produced in my mind. I certainly consider Edinburgh the most beautiful and most interesting looking city I know; Rome and Naples not excepted. The peculiar boldness and imaginativeness of the town, is to me only another proof that reality may produce an effect exceeding even the boldest flights of fancy! We stood on the hill, beside the unwieldy iron cannon of the fifteenth century, and saw to the left the blue sea in its wide extent, studded with islands and ships of various sizes; in front, Calton Hill, the second rocky height of the city, with its lofty monument, and the commencement of a Doric temple, which completes its resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens; and, finally, to the right, the old town and the mountain, which is geologically remarkable for its considerable formations of trapp, and is sometimes spoken of by the name of Arthur's Seat; sometimes, from its resemblance to a *lion couchant*, by that of the Scottish Lion: all this presented a force and an effect of form rarely, perhaps nowhere else, to be found. When we further consider in the prospect the connexion between the old and the comparatively modern town, by means of the enormous work of the North Bridge, the various Gothic churches, Heriot's Hospital, and the new monument to Sir Walter Scott, rising like an immense Gothic tabernacle, a panorama is produced such as does not exist any where else on earth.

After this, any thing would seem tame. The King and his suite embarked at Granton, near Edinburgh, in a steamer for Heligoland; and as they departed immediately after the king had attended the Catholic chapel, on a Sunday, they seem to have been seriously apprehensive of a furious John Knox stoning for Sabbath desecration. The doctor states—

It had not escaped our notice, that our intention of setting out on a Sunday had been taken ill by the Scots, who are very puritanic in their notions of the respect due to the Sabbath day. A paragraph had even been inserted in the paper on the subject, and it would have been disagreeable if any public demonstration on the part of this very irritable nation had disturbed the close of our pleasant journey. The excellent arrangements of our ambassador, however, and the continual presence of Lord Morton, prevented any unpleasant occurrence.

We could venture, on our own responsibility, to assure Dr. Carus that there was not the smallest danger of annoyance; and would warn his countrymen, when they come among us, against mistaking an officious newspaper paragraph for the voice of a nation.

The narrative, of which we have endeavoured to give the reader a sketch, closes happily; the King, on reaching Dresden, being surrounded and welcomed by his family, while the Doctor not less happily, all his perils past, was whisked off by his family to his beloved retreat of *Villa Cara*, so often remembered in his wanderings,—there, no doubt, to expatiate, for many an evening, on the new and varied views which he had obtained of life, and of one of the greatest European communities.

A STEED AND THE DESERT FOR ME!

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The court and the city may do for the crowd
Who worship the world, for the petty and proud;
For the lover of lucre, the wooer of pelf,
Whose god is of gold, and whose idol is self;
But for me, born (afar from the market and mart)
Where liberty comes from the breeze to the heart,
There is death in such spots, where I cannot breathe free:
Oh! a Steed and the Desert for me!—

The roses have fragrance in cities, 'tis true,
Saloons may be sprinkled with essences too;
But the dew-drops that fall 'neath the stars and the moon,
By Nature are fraught with a far richer boon
Of scent and of hue; for no art can bestow
Their native endowments of perfume or glow.
My rosebuds I pluck mid green bowers from the tree:
Oh! a Steed and the Desert for me!

I hate the harsh noise of the cymbal and drum,
I hate the loud sounds from the timbrel that come;
The nightingale's song in the silence of night,
And the lark's and the linnet's when sunshine is bright,
Are sweeter and softer, and mingle so well
With all the clear echoes of mountain and dell,
That they seem to my sense earth's true music to be:
Oh! a Steed and the Desert for me!

Then give me the date-tree that shadows our tents,
And the wild flowers that fill all the air with their scents,
And the pure well of water that springs 'neath the trees
Where the wife of my youth, with our boy on her knees,
Sings welcoming songs as at nightfall I seek
For the light of my life in the smile on her cheek.
Away with your towns, where no freedom can be:
A Steed and the Desert for me!

TRAVELS OF MOHAN LAL.*

MANY must have seen MOHAN LAL, a fine and picturesque specimen of the man of the East, during his late residence in this country; and more must have heard of his intelligence and spirit, and of his fidelity to the British cause, both before and after the disasters of Affghanistan. By the advice of his patrons and friends, probably, Mohan Lal has, in this country, republished a Journal of his travels, which appeared in India several years since, and is now out of print. He has both curtailed and added considerably to it; and the whole of his European adventures are, of course, quite new. A memoir of the author, written by his first kind patron, C. E. Trevelyan, Esq. which appeared in the Calcutta edition, is also given in this volume, and is not its least interesting part. But Mohan Lal proposes, in a subsequent publication, to give the world his version of the disasters of Affghanistan, and his own share in the painful affairs of that period. The promised work will probably, to British readers, prove more interesting than the early travels before us; though they, too, and particularly those in Persia, have an interest of a peculiar kind, both from the character and circumstances of the author, and the countries and events described.

The grandfather of Mohan Lal held rank, with a considerable estate, at the court of Delhi. His father, Rae Budh Singh, continued to reside in Delhi, after the reverses of his family, and was engaged in the capacity of Persian secretary to the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, whom he accompanied to the Peshawer. The Rae acquired many friends among the British; and, as he had learned to estimate the advantages of an English education, he was willing to allow his son, who at home had received the ordinary Persian education, to join an English class just established in the Persian college at Delhi. Of this small knot of boys, Mr. Trevelyan says:—

Let no one despise the day of small things. This little class, which was formed amid the scoffs of the learned inhabitants of Delhi, and the prudential objections of not a few of the European residents; and which consisted, for several weeks after its first establishment, of only six individuals, was the nucleus of a system which, to all appearances, is destined to change the moral aspect of the whole of Upper India. Only five years have passed since that period, and an annually increasing body of the most intelligent and aspiring youths of the upper and middle classes, amounting at present to at least three hundred, is zealously pursuing the study of English; and in a few years, such a number of advocates and teachers of the new learning will have been raised up, that the system must obtain a decided predominance.

Delhi was considered the very stronghold of Mohammedan bigotry; but Mohan Lal, at all events, does not seem to participate in bigotry of any kind. He was one of the most amiable and promising of the native boys in the English class, gaining the hearts of all who saw him. He has been equally fortunate in his subsequent career. The following trait is characteristic of Mohan Lal, and of oriental manners. He, in 1831, accompanied Dr. Gerard and Mr. Burnes to Herat, and became a great favourite with the late prince royal of Persia, Abbas Mirza. One day, when Mohan Lal had been invited to witness some court pageant, the prince asked him—

Whether Ranjit Singh's court could vie in magnificence with what he now saw before him, or whether the Sikh army could compare in discipline and courage with his highness's sirbaz? To this Mohan Lal modestly, but firmly, replied, that Maharajah Ranjit Singh's darbar-tent was made of Kashmir shawls, and that even the floor was composed of the same costly material; and as for his army, if Sardar Hari Singh (Ranjit's commander-in-chief on the Affghan frontier) were to cross the Indus, his highness would soon be glad to make good his retreat to his original government in Tabriz. The terms in which this reply was conceived, and the tone of voice in which it was delivered, were so indicative of frankness, that no idea of an impropriety having been committed occurred to any body; yet the free expression of opinion was a thing so unheard of at the Persian court, that the entire audience stood waiting in silent expectation for his highness's reply. This was not long delayed, and, as nearly as the recollection of our informant serves, it was as follows:—"Wonderful, wonderful!" said Abbas Mirza, drawing the attention of the court towards Mohan Lal; "see the effect of English education!" and, after a short pause, he continued—"How inscrutable are the decrees of Providence, which has conferred so much power on a kafir! (infidel;) but if Ali, the Lion of God, favour us, we will yet plant our standard in Kashmir, and dress all our sirbazes in shawl pantaloons."

It was this prince who bestowed on Mohan Lal the order of the Lion and Sun. At this time, about 1832, he visited the Peshawer, Kabul, and also most of the places of note in Persia, with Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard; and his journal in Persia possesses considerable interest. The record, that of a very young Oriental, is plain and simple; and he appears to have been strongly attracted by the superstitions and romantic legends of the places they traversed, and also by historical and other antiquities. In the town of Peshawer, he relates—

Sultan Mohammed Khan came to Mr. Burnes, and dined with him, and with Dr. Gerard, partaking of their dishes, though a Mohammedan. He talked for a long while in a very friendly manner. I was very much astonished to see them eating together from one dish, the like of which I never saw amongst the selfish Mohammedans of India. . . . . .

March 24 to 31.—The whole of Thursday I spent in writing Persian letters to the chiefs of Kabul, whom we informed of our coming into their country, requesting their permission, and their protection in case of necessity.

An Affghan, who was taken ill, came to Dr. Gerard, and asked for some medicine. Whilst he was speaking with me, a respectable Durani, who was saying his prayers just before us, upbraided the sick man with all the bitterness of anger, and told him never to take

* "In the Panjab, Affghanistan, and Turkistan, to Balk, Bokhara, and Herat, and a Visit to Great Britain and Germany." By Mohan Lal, Knight of the Persian order of the Lion and Sun, lately attached to the Mission at Cabul. Octavo, with Portrait and Map. Pp. 528. London: Allen & Co.

medicine from Englishmen, for they were not physicians but sorcerers.

The bold native spirit of the Affghans is strikingly evinced in the following anecdote :—

We happened to pass on our road through the village of Haidur Khan, where we had a grand sight, on our left, of the white mountain, called Safaid Koh. Here an Affghan husbandman, leaving his station, where he was watching some fields, came in front of us, and prevented our proceeding on our journey. On our expostulating with him he said, with a loud and fearful voice, that, three days before, a man of his village hurried down to Peshawer, where some Durani took from him one rupee by force, and wished to take his life; and, continued he, "now you are all of that city, and are in my power—may my sufferings soon be revenged on you!" After many arguments, he let us pass. We applauded his noble heart and bold spirit, that made him singly oppose one hundred men, all armed, and stop them on the road.

Mohan Lal was, at first sight, disappointed in Kabul, the "garden of India." Of its since famous ruler, he remarks—

Dost Mohammed Khan, the ruler of Kabul, deserves particular notice, not only as a ruler, but as a man. I might be able to delineate him in Persian, but I am not sufficiently qualified in the English language to do his character justice, therefore I must comprise my description of him in a few words. His tall stature and haughty countenance, with his proud tone of speech and plain dress, indicate his high rank and sovereign power. He trusts none but himself, and is surrounded by numerous enemies, both of his own family and court.

If we judge the conduct of Dost Mohammed Khan as an encourager of commerce and a politician, we must allow him considerable praise, though he is not a character in whom one could place the confidence either of permanent friendship or political alliance. He has killed many chiefs of the country, and deprived many of the priesthood of their estates, after having sworn seven times by the holy soul of Mohammed, and even upon the Koran, which he afterwards said were the leaves of a common book. I am not quite sure whether the necessity of the times or his natural ambition excited him to the murders he has committed. He is very desirous to make himself the sole monarch of Affghanistan, but is in want of money.

Of course, the traveller now knows the Dost much better. The reader is introduced to another personage, who has since been often heard of; for this was still in 1832 :—

The day after our arrival, on the 2d of May, we were delighted by meeting a fellow-traveller, who had overcome the difficulties of the road from Bokhara, after encountering many misfortunes. Mr. Wolff is a zealous missionary, wandering like the apostles of old over foreign countries, for the sake of enlightening the various nations of the earth; but with what success he did not mention. His sole object is to discover the lineal descent of the Jews, and in Affghanistan he had a fertile field for research, as the people themselves trace their genealogy to the tribes of Israel; but in so interesting a tract of country Mr. Wolff did not stop sufficiently long; and after the disasters he met with, it is not to be wondered at if he was anxious to quit so inhospitable a region. Amongst his adventures, he related having been made a slave; but fortunately for him he was not considered of much value, and got released. He next came into the hands of robbers, who took away all his money, and even the clothes from his back. Lastly, he was deprived of his horse by the deep snow of the Hindu Kush, and was compelled to walk naked into Kabul, like the faqirs of India. . . . . .

Mr. Wolff was very kind to me, especially when I told him that my religion consisted in the worship of one sole Supreme Being. He seemed pleased to hear of the Delhi Institution, and asked if there were others educated like myself. . . . . .

I had the pleasure of talking with Mr. Wolff, who came into my room, and told me to listen to the Bible, and be converted to Christianity, which is the best religion in the world. My answer pleased the reverend gentleman very much. He added the following most singular speech :—That in the city of Bokhara he had an interview with Jesus Christ, who informed him that the pleasant valley of Kashmir will be the New Jerusalem after a few years. I copied his narrative, which he sent to Lady Georgiana, in Malta.

Most of the facts contained in the Journal have been related by Sir Alexander Burnes or Mr. Elphinstone; but we do not remember to have heard of the following feat, or observance :—

We ascended a high pass, elevated 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. On our route we passed over a plain where Ali, people say, galloped his horse, and from that time every traveller thinks it a religious duty to follow his example.

What is called religion, is despotically enforced in Bokhara :—

June 29.—An early walk led me through the bazaar called Sarafan, where I observed two Mohammedans mounted on camels, guarded by four sepoys, who had only whips in their hands. They were ordered to be scourged by the Qazi for not saying their morning prayers, and for sleeping after the sun was up. This sort of occurrence happens every day at Bokhara, and the punishment is publicly inflicted. Some are chastised for smoking, some for drinking, and others for snuffing: these practices being prohibited by the law of Mohammed. The guilty person, mounted on a camel, calls out in the following manner: "This is the punishment for a person who does not recite his prayers. He who will smoke shall suffer like him; snuffing is the cause of the distress which he endures now patiently."

Yet tobacco is publicly sold in the bazaars. Mohan Lal, whom we should assume to have a critical eye for beauty, and who did not often meet with it, in a rare degree, in the course of his travels, was much struck with the Hebrews of Bokhara :—

I passed through the famous street of the Jews, where I scarcely saw a man or a woman devoid of beauty. All of them were handsome, delicate, and attractive. Their eyes were alluring, and their persons enticing, though every one looked half sottish. They were gazing out of the door at those who passed through the street. They are the most delicate of any people I have seen between Delhi and Bokhara. I am sure if any Indian, who is a worshipper of beauty, should come to Bokhara, he would undoubtedly be a victim to the charms of these Jewesses. Their dress is of a curious fashion, calculated to entice the hearts of men. No fewer than 3,000 Jews are said to inhabit Bokhara.

The people of Bokhara are, generally speaking, complaisant, bold, strong, and good riders. They can endure hunger, cold, and fatigue, and travel a distance of ten days' journey in two, never even dismounting from their horses till they have reached their destined place. Their dress is generally two or three cloaks, which cover each other, and white turbans. They tie a scimitar to their waist, ride either horse or ass, and sometimes take their wives up behind them. They never wash themselves with water, but clean themselves with a piece of clay. If any man dares take water, either according to the custom of his own country, or from a regard to cleanliness, he is considered by the Sunnis to be an infidel, or Kafar Qizal Bash. Many of their habits show a gross want of personal purity. They go at the same time to say their prayers, and are said to consider themselves very cleanly and religious men. The women have but little virtue. They are fair, with red cheeks, and have elegant and charming manners. They are covered wi

a gown from head to foot, and have a black thin veil, which sometimes they lift up in the streets, and pretend that none have seen them. They bind a white turban upon a handkerchief, which conceals their head, and hangs as far as their waist. The bad women are called jahab or qatah. The present king enforces more strictly than his predecessors the outward observance of morality. The Hindus and Jews of Bokhara are not allowed to mount on horseback, and can tie neither turban, cloths, nor shawls round their waist.

How the "*drapers' assistants*," and the other enslaved shopkeepers of England, must envy those of Bokhara!—

The shops, which are clean, are generally opened after nine o'clock in the morning, because their owners never come out of their houses till they have finished drinking their tea. The shops are closed at three o'clock at noon, when their masters go in the Registan, and adorn that market by spreading forth neat articles for sale. The large bazaar, which is roofed, has a very striking appearance. The shops, which succeed each other in a straight line, present a splendid sight. They are ornamented with beautiful China-ware and Russian bottles, against which hang large but thin pieces of tin. The sellers are generally handsome boys. The beauty of this bazaar, which was erected by the late king, is beyond my description.

A prophet has no honour in his own country. On his return to Delhi, Mohan Lal was regarded with envy and jealousy; but his English friends continued steady, and he repaired to Calcutta, and was intrusted by the supreme government with a mission to Candahar. He was afterwards sent to Kabul; but, except the journey to Affghanistan, which was attended with some difficulty, nearly all that occurred of any importance during his residence here, is reserved for the forthcoming volume.

In 1844, Mohan Lal, who had long wished to visit England, was enabled to accomplish that object. He came in a Company's steam frigate to Suez, and reached Southampton in safety by the usual route. Friends were every where prepared to receive and welcome him; and he became a sort of *pet* lion, in particular among those who had lived in India, or who were connected with that country. We must confess that his overflowing gratitude fully equals their kindness and hospitality. It astonished Mohan Lal to find the Chairman of the East India Company as familiar with the names of the Affghan chiefs as he was himself; but how, sitting in Leadenhall Street, the Directors managed the affairs of all India, and could find time too to load him with civilities, he could not conceive. He admired the Isle of Wight, but thought Portsmouth, and most towns, "dirty," and was bewildered with London, of which, he says,—

The day I arrived in London I was rather puzzled to see the crowds of people, with carriages, carts, and cabs, which cover the face of the wide, long, and clean streets, all illuminated, and presenting to the spectators a rich exhibition of articles in the shops. It is a busy scene, day and night, and it is a matter of great difficulty to find what time the tradesmen have for rest. The scenes, and the gaudy attire of the actors and actresses, in the theatre, will at once bring into the mind of an Asiatic the fabulous tales of the gardens of the fairies. I could not say much in commendation of the beauty or modesty of the females who appear on the stage. However, they attract the attention and respect of the spectators; and some of them have made conquests, and have become wives of noblemen, and associate with ladies of the highest birth. . . . . The houses are regularly built, but very small, and hot, by keeping the windows always shut. I never allowed the windows of my bedroom to be altogether shut, and the curtains were never drawn. England is not so cold as the people pretend. I always wore a thin shirt and white trousers. The rooms where dancing is kept up in private balls are awfully heated. I once fainted in one of these rooms, in the month of February, while I was sitting and enjoying a dance. I like the climate very much, and it has improved my health. When I was in India, at Ambala, or Lodiana, I had generally attacks of fever, and was always suffering by the appearance of red large spots over my body, causing it to itch and swell, but in England they all disappeared, as it was in Affghanistan, &c. The fogs and smoke of London are the only things which deserve to be complained of. In the country, the air is pure and always delightful.

The father of Sir Alexander Burnes invited the faithful friend of his lamented son to visit him at Montrose. The meeting was affecting. He relates:—

My meeting with the father and mother of one whom I respected, and with whom I had passed much happy time while under his orders, was very exciting on both sides. The tears flowed from the eyes of his parents, when they most affectionately embraced me, who reminded them of their beloved and highly-promising sons, assassinated at the outbreak at Kabul. I delivered them the papers and private journal of Sir A. Burnes, written down to the evening preceding his murder. I was also introduced to Lord Panmure.

On his return from Montrose, Mohan Lal stopped for a short time in Edinburgh, and received all manner of civilities from the old Indians in that city. His portrait was painted by Sir William Allan, and we are not quite sure that it was not, in point of feature, the finest head seen in the last year's Scottish Exhibition of Paintings. Glasgow was afterwards visited, and a trip made to Ireland, of which country the Oriental says—

Ireland is a beautiful country, and always green, on which account it has received the name of "the Emerald Island." The land and the people towards the county of Sligo are very poor; and it was heart-rending to see the men and women, with large families, walking without shoes and sufficient clothing in the most piercing cold. The natives of Ireland are hospitable, and I was welcomed in every cottage, and the farmers appeared delighted to present me with a piece of bread and some porter; but generally I saw the poor inhabitants living entirely on potatoes. Ireland is undoubtedly not in better condition, and is suffering under great distress; therefore, the people unhappily but too reasonably complain. . . . . .

The ladies have good features, and amiable manners, and might be distinguished from crowds of any other nation. Father Mathew, and Mr. O'Connell, are men of high principles in Ireland. The former has recommended water in preference to wine, and the latter has devoted himself to the welfare of his distressed countrymen.

We must own that the account of the residence in England is the most jejune part of the volume; and Mohan Lal's scrupulosity lest he forget to commemorate any one of those who showed him attention, however amiable in motive, becomes at last ludicrous. When he returned to London, having previously visited the great manufacturing towns, which he found "not very clean," Prince Albert requested his attendance, and the Prince was found "beyond praise." He was also privately presented to the Queen, and invited to a court ball, which raised him to ecstasy:—

Noble ladies with charming countenances, and elegant

robes covered with diamonds, joining in the dance, which, although dazzling, yet becomes brighter and more beautiful when her Majesty, and her royal consort, Prince Albert, take part in the dance. In so large a company, the Queen appeared to me the most graceful in the dance, smiling, and looking now and then graciously towards her royal husband. I kept my humble eyes unweariedly fixed upon her Majesty and the Prince, while they were dancing, and I read, with inexpressible delight, in their countenances, that they have a deep attachment to each other.

But the main point was yet untouched. A memorial of services was given in to the Directors of the East India Company, and, after due examination, a reward, of unnamed amount, was bestowed, with a promise of more, at an advanced age, and to follow future good services. Upon the whole, we cannot say that this work raises our opinion of the intellect of Mohan Lal; but it confirms all that has been said of his good faith, amiable dispositions, and rectitude of intention.

While upon this subject, might we humbly suggest the propriety of the Court of Directors, or the supreme government of India, ordering some of the heads of the colleges, or of the other learned bodies connected with them, to issue, under their authority, a small vocabulary, fixing the orthography of Indian proper names, and of the nouns substantive most commonly used. At present, every man writing about India, or Indian affairs, follows his own conceit in the spelling of eastern words, to the manifest confusion or utter discomfiture of every other class of her Majesty's subjects. If Oriental scholarship can be played off in nothing else, we are sure to meet with it in some crotchety newfangled way of spelling the Indian words preserved in English narratives. Thus, for example, *nabob* and *sepoy*, though both, probably, orthographically wrong, were plain honest terms, clearly understood at home, and which had served their own purpose for at least a century and a half. Now we have these unfortunate words twisted in half-a-dozen different ways, till an English reader is at a loss to know what is meant by them, or what to make of them. But there cannot be six or seven ways of spelling, all equally right; and we would implore that the orthography may, in some way, be at once settled by a cheap authorized publication. We have remarked, that the more obscure the writer of Indian travels or tales, the more crank and affected is his spelling. Mohan Lal is, however, not to be blamed for converting what has so long been the Punjaub into the *Panjab*, only let that name, and all others, be once for all fixed down—stereotyped — in one way or another.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN, APRIL 16, 1846.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Bold thoughts and true, bold hearts though few, o'er which shall fall to-day
The shadow of the haunting past, come join me in my lay!
And, while we live, the meed we'll give of praise to each brave heart
That play'd, an hundred years ago, on the earth a noble part.

For a noble thing it was to cling, when his star was waning fast,
To the fortunes of their native Prince, devoted to the last;
And a noble strife it was that life, and name, and fortune, set
On the single chance that wreck'd them all in the dark storm where they met.

It had been no wrong, had it been strong in numbers as in zeal,
That cause of Scotland's ancient kings with its ranks of heart and steel;
And had they won, full many a sun, through the silent years gone by,
Had seen heroic names shine forth in the blaze of victory.

And shall they die because they lie on the wastes of their renown?
Live there no generous thoughts this day their generous faith to crown?
Shall brave defeat tempt worthless feet on their honour'd dust to tread?
No, by the soul of Chivalry! Stand forth, ye valiant dead!

Stand forth, and tell, as ye may well, that ye suffer'd not, that day,
One strong resolve, one plighted truth, from your hearts to fall away;
That, side by side, with these ye died beneath the southron spear,
And dauntless shouted back through death,—"On, for the Chevalier!"

Tell how ye met on scaffolds wet with the rich blood shed before,
And firmly there gave utterance to your deathless faith once more,
And boldly paid, through the headsman's blade, for the right ye would not yield
To raise an honest voice and arm in the senate or the field.

Let men cast still what stain they will upon your fallen cause,
Ye noble hearts, ye shall be judged by honour's changeless laws;
Let them that prize self-sacrifice, that know true glory's worth,
Now say if ye deserve no place amongst the great of earth.

Strathallan! thou lift up thy brow, with Balmerino bold;
And thou, Lochiel, O bravest, best! whose name the hills enfold;
In conscious worth stand forward, Perth, with Murray at thy side,
With Ratcliffe, and with Gordon, and the men that nameless died.

And thou, brave man, whose life-blood ran, thy Prince's life to save,
Mackenzie! self-devoted one, rise proudly from thy grave;
And once again, we'll challenge men to search ye one and all,
And prove that here ye hold our hearts in no ignoble thrall.

When earth has said its worst, brave dead, of this it robs ye not,—
The love-born zeal that cheer'd ye through all the darkness of your lot;
And these tame days, in whose cold ways, few warm true feelings thrive;
May sigh for the perish'd chivalry of the gallant Forty-Five.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. A ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH THORNTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE MARCHIONESS," "LADY ALICE," &c.

When sick of imprisoning walls,
I fly to the sunshine and flowers;
When grief, or when care on me falls,
I forget it, Romance, in thy bowers.

Not all a Fiction; much of Truth is there:
Historic Records, and a Poet's Dream.

CHAPTER I.

A COLD and gloomy day of November, 1525, was fast drawing to a close, as two mounted travellers were crossing a sterile and dreary tract of land, through which the road from Pampeluna to Oleron led. Suddenly one of them drew the bridle rein, and stopped with the exclamation, "Where the devil is the *valise*, Fritz?"

To this question his companion replied only by a stupid stare, as he also reined up his horse.

"Thou hast forgotten it, *Dummkopf!* Put spurs to thy horse, and seek it at the *venta* where we slept. I will wait thy return here," said he who had before spoken, pointing to a rude and crazy dwelling near them, much resembling an old barn, but which, from some withered vine branches suspended before its door, evidently claimed the rank of an inn, and offered accommodation to the wayfarer.

The traveller's instructions were promptly obeyed. The man to whom they were addressed galloped back over the recently-traversed road, while he continued his way slowly towards the door of the house which stood alone on the waste, muttering to himself, "Now has that fellow's stupidity inflicted on me the penance of passing, perhaps, a whole day in this miserable grange!"

He was saluted at the entrance by a shock-headed, dirty-faced, but healthy and intelligent-looking boy, who took charge of his horse, but left him to grope his way through a passage nearly dark, to a rude chamber or kitchen, where an old woman sat beside a hearth, on which some wet fagots were furiously smoking, as if in spite and anger at her efforts to make them burn.

He accosted her with the usual salutation in Spain, in the name of God and the Virgin Mary, to which she replied with the same civility; and when she had succeeded in rousing the sleepy and rebellious fire-wood, she began, at his request, to prepare something for his supper.

The short day had now given place to a dark and stormy night; and the traveller, finding nothing to interest him in this dull abode, retired, as soon as he had finished his comfortless meal, to what the mistress of the house was pleased to denominate a bed-chamber, but which would have been more truly called a henroost.

By profession a soldier, and of course occasionally compelled to put up with rough accommodation, he had ceased to cherish a fastidious delicacy, which so often clings to the minds, and mars the comfort, of the gently-nurtured.

With a soldier's carelessness, he flung himself on the mattress, and tried to sleep; but the tempestuous wind, fiercely howling round the old building, so shook the shattered doors and the unglazed casements, that he found it impossible.

Wearily he counted the lingering hours, and gladly hailed the first beams of returning light, when, rising from his restless couch, he descended the creaking stairs to the room where he had supped.

The family, it appeared, had not yet risen, for no one was visible as he sauntered to the outer door, where he stood contemplating the barren prospect spread around, looking still more cheerless through the gloomy gray haze of a wintry morning.

At length he was accosted by an old man, the *ventero*, or host. A civil greeting passed between them; and they continued the conversation, which began on general subjects, till the cold, raw air forced them to retreat to the interior, where they found the old dame engaged in another obstinate contest with the refractory fire-wood.

Once again her persevering efforts were successful, and in due time she placed a breakfast on a dirty board, yclept a table, with which the stranger, in default of better fare, was fain to content himself. As soon as the coarse meal was finished, Herman (for so the traveller was called) again took up his station at the door of the *venta*.

The house stood on a slight elevation, and commanded a view of the country around; but the prospect, as I said, was barren, bleak, and desolate, —a wide and dreary heath, unbroken by a human habitation or the sight of living thing. The high road from Pampeluna was visible, as it descended a distant hill, but nothing moved upon it; and with a spirit wearied with the gloomy monotony of the scene, and another hearty curse on the *dummer Kerl*, Fritz, who had condemned him to this *triste séjour*, he turned away, and sought the shed which served as a stable, to see that his horse had been taken care of. While he continued to pat and talk to the favourite animal, which evidently knew, and rejoiced at the sight of its master, the jingling sound of bells saluted his ear.

The lively boy who stood beside him made a joyful bound, and clapping his hands with glee, exclaimed, — "Pedrillo! Pedrillo! Pedrillo is come!"

"Who is Pedrillo?" inquired Herman.

"He is an *arriero*," (a muleteer,) replied the boy.

"And why are you so glad that he is come?"

"Because he is a clever fellow, and a merry fellow," said the lad. "He plays on the guitar, sings old ballads, and tells long stories, better than any man in the country."

"Does he so?" said the *ennuiéd* traveller. "Then I also am glad he is come."

As he spoke, a mule, with his bells chiming in tinkling harmony, thrust his head into the shed, as if it were a place well-known to him, and one he would gladly enter, although regarded with contempt by the master of the more pampered steed. A second followed, led by the welcome Pedrillo, a short and sturdy young man, with a dark-brown, gipsy-looking face, shrewd, crafty, and intelligent in its expression, lighted up by a keen and cunning eye.

Saluting the stranger with much courtesy, and the boy with friendly familiarity, he proceeded to provide for the accommodation of his mules, which he called his children, and treated as such, by bestowing on them alternately blows and caresses. No sooner was the business of the stable despatched, and the quadrupeds settled to their satisfaction, than the bipeds returned to that part of the building which was appropriated to their use.

The old dame, although it was yet early, had already recommenced her culinary labours, and was actively employed in preparing for the noon-day meal. The same welcome greeting met the muleteer from the host and hostess, as he had before received from their grandson. As they pressed round him, plying him with questions and offering civilities, he replied with a wink, a nod, or a short sentence, uttered with an air of great condescension, showing he was aware of his own importance, and knew he was a great man, at least in the eyes of the inhabitants of the lonely *venta*.

When the storm of questions had somewhat subsided, the *ventero* retired to superintend some arrangements without, leaving the guests and the other members of his family to amuse each other. That they did so, was evident from the peals of laughter which broke forth from time to time among them.

Pedrillo was, in truth, as he had been represented, a clever fellow and very entertaining companion, possessing a great store of strange tales and marvellous adventures, which had befallen himself, or his comrades of the road, at different periods, and in various places. These he recounted with such varying tones of voice and feature, as displayed no inconsiderable share of dramatic skill, and kept up a strong interest in his auditors. To do him justice, we must also say, that when he had exhausted the stores of his memory, he could apply with success to a fertile imagination, and relate the most unheard-of events with an easy nonchalance, — a quiet, matter-of-fact manner, adding such minute and circumstantial details, as left the most determined doubter no choice but to believe. Pedrillo was also a musician, with a pleasant voice, a good ear, and much taste. No wonder, then, he was joyfully welcomed, and his appearance hailed as a god-send in this dolefully monotonous abode.

At the conclusion of a narrative of one of these "hair-breadth 'scapes" from some tremendous peril, the boy darted out of the room, and returned almost instantly with a guitar, which he presented to the muleteer, with a petition for a song.

"What shall it be, Jose?"

"Oh, 'The dark pine-woods and the gloomy cave,' or 'The Lady and the Page,' or 'Bernàl and Violantè,'" said the boy, eagerly.

The muleteer struck lightly the strings of his instrument, and produced a few low and melancholy notes, which were instantly drowned by exclamations of impatience from the old woman. "*Santa Maria purisima!*" said she. "If you are going to moan out one of those weary ditties, as long as from here to Salamanca, I will go watch my *puchero*. If you would give us a gay *bolero*, a *seguidilla*, or a merry madrigal, well and good."

Pedrillo once again struck the cords of the guitar, and sounds so animating came forth, that the old dame sprang from her seat, and joined her grandson in his dance about the room. When they had wearied themselves, the woman went off to her cookery, and the boy again begged for a ballad. Pedrillo complied, and sung in a low, melodious, but somewhat monotonous tone, the ancient ballad of "Bernàl and Violantè," which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROMANCE OF BERNÀL AND VIOLANTÈ; OR, THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

On the sea is Don Ramiro, chieftain of a gallant fame:
At the mast his flag is flying, terror of the Moorish name.
Grief hath mark'd the hero's features; pale his cheek, and sad his air;
Honour's ruthless hand hath torn him from his wedded lady fair.

Beauteous is his Violantè; lovelier form was never seen;
Fairest dame in all Hispania. — Oh, that she had constant been!
All beneath those towers is silent, which the restless ocean scan,
Where that stately castle rises, with its old, gray barbican.

Closed is every latticed casement. At the sound of vesper bell,
Every portal barr'd and bolted, absent lord and master tell.
Still and quiet — all are sleeping; soon will sound the midnight hour;
Yet a feeble light is glimm'ring from fair Violantè's bower.

O'er that wild and foaming ocean, where the waves are heaving high,
Muffled oars, unheard in dipping, force a fragile barque to fly:
Ever bold and ever venturous, in the still, dead hours of night
Flies that little barque so swiftly, steering for the glimm'ring light.

Many a night that beacon, gleaming, guides the little boat to land,—
Many a night a handsome stranger leaps upon the lonely strand.
Now that tide in vain is flinging sullen waves upon the shore,
Anxious eyes in vain are watching, now the rower comes no more.

. . . . . .

Fifteen days, all slowly passing, fifteen weary nights are gone,
Since that fairy barque was gliding—since the beacon vainly shone.
With a voice deep, hoarse, and sullen, clanging from the belfry tower,
Borne across the ocean waters, tolls the solemn midnight hour.

Once again a barque is anchor'd on the lone and silent shore,
And a low and gentle knocking sounds at Violantè's door.
"Who is there? So gently knocking, who at this late hour may be?"
"'Tis Bernàl, thy lover, lady! Open quick the door to me."

As a rose-bud, sweet and blooming, Lady Violantè rose,—
With love's haste, her eager fingers soon the lattice bars unclose.
"Ah, thou com'st! At last thou com'st! Long I've look'd for thee in vain!
Long my straining eye hath sought thee! Com'st thou far across the main

"Yes, I made a long, long voyage, ere I reach'd this well-known land."
"Are the waves so wild? Thou tremblest! Cold as ice thy shaking hand.
Do'st thou think my friends will find thee;—my relations cause thy fear?
Shrink not, love, there is no danger; none will find thee, dearest, here.

"Do'st thou dread my pages, vassals? All are in these towers asleep;
Wearied with the day's diversions, none a midnight vigil keep!
Thou com'st arm'd. Do'st fear my husband? He is far, oh, far away;
Be thou sure the fierce Morescoes long will his return delay!"

'No way do I heed thy vassals, nor thy pages do I fear;
Prompt obedience will they yield me, when they my commands shall hear.
Thy relations—friends, I dread not;—thy relations are my own.
For thy friends who are not mine, too, let them tremble at my frown!

"And thy husband, Violantè—Violantè—once so dear,
Thou, alas! must see with terror that wrong'd husband who—is here!"

. . . . . .

Ere the morn again is glad'ning earth with fresh and fragrant breath,
See the guilty Violantè, barefoot, on her way to death.

Coarse and rude the sackcloth garments which her fragile form disgrace,
Coarse and rude the hempen girdle bound around her slender waist;
Through the antique portals passing, in procession sad and slow,
Cowled monks, white torches bearing, onward to the scaffold go.

The tragic tale, with its mournful music, was now interrupted by a summons to dinner, from the mistress of the mansion, which, it appeared, she had hastened for the purpose, as she declared, of putting a stop to these *lagrymosas*, for which she herself had no taste. Her grandson and the traveller, although they did not appear very grateful for the activity she had displayed, notwithstanding aided willingly in the demolition of the *puchero* and its accompaniments, and also in emptying a couple of wine flasks, the contents of which met with much approbation.

No sooner was the repast finished, and the good dame had retired with the empty dishes, than Pedrillo was requested to continue the ballad; but he declared he must first see what "his children" were about, and departed for that purpose. After a short absence he returned; and, again taking up the guitar, resumed the tale.

Weeping damsels, trembling pages, pale and awestruck vassals stand;
All with deepest grief are gazing, in a mute and mournful band.
Meek, in sad submission bending, lowly bowed her graceful head,
With a voice of earnest pleading, thus the pallid lady said.

"Oh my much wrong'd lord and husband, great my sins to thee have been;
Yet, forgive me! Oh, let pardon close this last sad fatal scene;
Let my death be deem'd atonement, great and heavy though my crime;
Death! a felon's death, inflicted in my fresh and youthful prime!

"Humbly earnest, I implore thee, spare, oh spare *his* precious life!
Right and just the heavy sentence on thy lost and guilty wife;
But to *him* was ne'er accorded, as to me, thy worth to know:
Had *he* known thee, valiant captain, never had he wrong'd thee so!"

Sternly stood the Don Ramiro. As these pleading accents broke
On his ear, sweet love and mercy struggling in his heart awoke;
Softening in its fierce expression, on her turn'd his gloomy eye,
Dreamy—as in memory tracing days of peace and joy gone by.

But, at mention of his rival, jealous ire and fury came;
Love and mercy fled affrighted at the hated rival's name.
Deep and mournful is the stillness—only broken by the sound
Of a low and stifled wailing—reigns in solemn sadness round.

Faintly is the torchlight gleaming on the chief's contracted brow,
While his pallid lips are quivering with the signal for the blow.
Quick the fatal axe descending on her beauteous neck it fell;
Sobs and groans, in heavy murmurs, on the morn's first breezes swell.

. . . . . .

Three long days of gloom and mourning; nights, succeeding, cold and dark,
When once more, across the ocean, comes the bold and venturous barque.
Little barque, so lightly gliding, where the crested waters roar!
Vainly waiting for the glimm'ring beacon-light which beams no more.

Vainly does thy gallant rower ever guide thee to and fro!
Vainly strain his ear for signals; sounds it never more shall know.
Rash—impatient—near and nearer comes the little boat to land;
Once again the handsome stranger leaps upon the lonely strand.

All is darkness—all is silence—till, with startling gloomy power,
By the cavern'd rocks repeated, tolls again the midnight hour.
See, the castle vaults unclosing, widely yawns the marble tomb,
And, to meet the daring stranger, lo, a female form is come!

"Ha! It is my Violantè! Com'st thou, loveliest, then to me?
With impatience long I've waited on the cold and stormy sea."
"Yes she comes, Bernàl, to meet thee—Violantè—thine no more!
Violantè comes to warn thee, quick to fly this treacherous shore.

"Danger, dearest, hovers o'er thee, peril dire thy steps attends;
A wrong'd husband's wrath pursues thee, hitherward his course he bends.
For the guilty love I cherish'd, I my forfeit life have paid.—
Died for thee! Thy Violantè in the silent tomb was laid!

"Cold those arms which once embraced thee; cold those lips which kisses gave;
And the heart that beat so fondly—in the dark and humid grave.
But the mighty love I bore thee, strong as death, has reft the tomb,
From the trance of death aroused me; and to save thee, love, I come!"

"If the arms which once embraced me, and the lips which kisses gave—
Lips that open'd but to bless me—lie within the silent grave;—
If, for me, that dear one perish'd—dying by the cruel knife,—
Made the earth a dreary desert,—what have I to do with life!

"There, where Violantè lieth, in the tomb Bernàl will lie!
Let him come, the wrathful husband! nought have I to do but die!"
"Live, oh live, my caballero! Live to bless some happier dame;
Teach the children she may bear thee to avoid my guilt and shame!

"Fly, oh fly, from Don Ramiro! Fly, oh fly thy threaten'd doom!
If thou would'st that Violantè rest in peace within her tomb!"

. . . . . .

Lo! the castle gates are opening; rushing downwards to the strand,
Comes a host of armed vassals, bearing each a torch in hand.

At their head the sullen chieftain, furious as the mountain storm,
But his deadly aim is baffled by a shadowy female form;
Vainly does his practised falchion ever seek his rival's side;
Still the phantom flits before him!—'Tis his young and once-loved bride.

Sometimes in her bridal garments, sometimes in a funeral shroud,
Violantè hovers round him, airy as a summer cloud;
Till across the stormy waters, o'er that sea all wild and dark,
Like a bird, so lightly skimming, flies again the little barque.

No sooner was the ballad finished than Pedrillo laid down the guitar and retired; while Herman once more, listlessly, sauntered to the outer door, to send forth another vain and weary glance in search of the man for whom he waited.

The storm had now wholy subsided, and left a cold, clear, frosty atmosphere, which permitted the eye to range, unchecked, over the surrounding country, and to note any object moving on it; but, alas! there was none, and he was about to re-enter the house, humming a verse of the ballad to which he had been listening, whose melancholy tone seemed well suited to his present mood, when suddenly the expected horseman appeared on the brow of the distant hill. Much rejoiced, he waited his advance; but, instead of descending the hill, he sat motionless in his saddle, and was almost immediately joined by another horseman; and both appeared to be watching some object on the road they had just quitted.

Greatly surprised, he now thought he must have mistaken the identity of the man whom he had first seen, and hastily moved forward to ascertain the fact. At the same moment that he discovered his error, that it was not the "*dummer Kerl Fritz*," but a stranger, a clumsy ill-shapen machine, drawn by six horses, became visible, and two more mounted attendants. In these days

of vehicular elegance, such a machine would scarcely be honoured with the name of a carriage; but in the sixteenth century, when these things were few and rarely seen, it announced the approach of some person of distinction.

It appeared that the travellers, whoever they were, must have come fast and far, for the smoking and jaded horses with difficulty drew the cumbrous vehicle up the ascent on which he stood. As it approached the *venta*, he saw that it contained two ladies, one of them handsome, and, apparently, seven or eight-and-twenty years of age; the other, a portly dame, who might have been her mother, and a gentleman, somewhat younger than the latter, whose face indicated a quiet, easy indolence of character, strongly contrasting with the keen animation and restless activity which now marked the countenance of the younger lady, as she eagerly exclaimed, in the French language:—"Try, try, De Verneux, if it be not possible to get horses!"

"Alas! madam," he replied, "the appearance of the place but too certainly forbids all hope of that."

As he spoke, he quitted the carriage and joined the group assembled at the door of the inn, formed by its gaping inhabitants and the muleteer, who stood with a keen and curious eye, noting every thing that occurred in and round the carriage; while the dismounted horsemen who had accompanied it, with the bridles in their hands, waited, with anxious and perplexed faces, near it. It was soon ascertained that the two slight mules were the only disposable quadrupeds to be found, and the gentleman addressed as De Verneux, quickly returned to report his ill success, and to hold a consultation with the ladies, relative to their present position, which, from the expression of their faces, appeared to be one of considerable embarrassment.

The coachman still kept his seat and the postilions their saddles; but all seemed equally at a loss to decide on what was next to be done. At length the younger lady addressed some words to the coachman, to which he replied:—"Assuredly, madam, they might be goaded on for another league or two; but this, I beg leave to say, would but render your situation worse, by leaving you without the shelter of a roof so humble as this, even, under which to pass the night."

The expression of vexation and disappointment deepened on her countenance, and she answered, with something of bitterness, some observation of the elder female:—"Yes, it is very well for you to be calm and quiet! *You* run no risk of being dragged back to Madrid!"

The lady to whom these sharp words were addressed looked grieved and annoyed, as she said, gravely:—"You are well aware, madam, that I am far less anxious about my own safety than about yours; but I must take the liberty, again, to counsel you to remain here for the present. The day is already far advanced. This house, destitute as it probably is of all decent accommodation, is yet better than passing the night without shelter. In the morning the horses will be in a condition to proceed: you risk nothing at present," she added, in a more earnest tone, "your passport is yet efficient; and, if even the worst you apprehend should take place, if you should be compelled to return to Madrid, you will yet, assuredly, be treated with all honour and respect."

"Honour and respect!" she repeated angrily, "Yes, I well know what I have to expect if I again fall into the hands of that false and treacherous —— Talk not to me, Madame Dumont, of returning. There is no danger I would not sooner brave! My liberty is precious—most precious now, since, if deprived of that, how can I hope to aid my unhappy brother?"

This short dialogue between the two ladies, had not been carried on in so low a tone of voice as to prevent its reaching the ears of Herman, who had advanced, and now stood near the carriage. He knew not who they were, nor what they wished to do; but they were females — ladies — one of them very handsome—evidently vexed and embarrassed. All the feelings of the man—the chivalry of the gentleman—were roused. He advanced to the side of the carriage with a courteous bow, a slight apology, and the offer of his services, if he could in any way be useful to them.

The ladies both fixed their eyes on him, the younger with a keen scrutinizing glance; replying only, "I thank you, sir."

After a pause, she said, "You wear a peasant's dress, but your language and your manner belong to a higher class; I will, therefore, tell you that my safety requires that I should reach the frontier of France with the least possible delay. If you, sir, can in any way aid me to do so, or suggest any means by which it may be done, you will confer on me a great obligation. My horses are tired and cannot go on; and my people," she added, somewhat spitefully, "can invent no better expedient than to wait here, quietly, till overtaken by the danger I am anxious to avoid."

Herman, again assuring her it would give him great pleasure to be of use to her, walked off in search of means to aid her, but alas! the mode of moving that heavy machine was not to be found, and after some delay he also returned to report a want of success.

A cloud of vexation again shaded her face, on seeing which, he said, with a hesitating half-decided manner: "I have been able to devise but one plan, and that, I am afraid, will appear to you, madam, so wild and unseemly, that you will not have the courage, the confidence in me, necessary to carry it through."

He paused, and she said eagerly: "Let me hear it, however. I do not want courage when its exertion can aid me in escaping from a perilous position."

Thus encouraged, he said: "I trust, madam, you will believe that I would not propose such a plan, did I see any other means of aiding you, but I do not. It is this: we are not more than sixteen leagues from the French frontier. I have a strong, fast, and fresh horse; I have found in the stable an old pillion, and,"—Again Herman stopped, and hesitated.

"Go on, sir," said the lady.

"If you could trust yourself to my protection and guidance, I would undertake to bear you in a few hours, out of the Spanish dominions."

The younger lady listened to this proposal with a grave face; the elder, with one utterly aghast. That of Monsieur De Verneux was characterized by a sort of indignant horror. While she mused, as if half-inclined to adopt this expedient, wild and desperate as it was, her female friend saw that she hesitated, and, unable to suppress her terror, at length burst forth with exclamations on the danger, the insanity of resorting to such a measure.

"Peace, Dumont!" said she. "Thou canst not aid me to escape the difficulties which beset me. I pray thee therefore to be quiet, that I may myself decide on what to do."

As she uttered these words, she appeared to be reflecting. In a short time she raised her eyes, and once more anxiously scrutinized the young man who stood waiting her decision.

There was nothing in his appearance to excite suspicion. On the contrary, there was an expression of frank good humour, and much intelligence in his face, which, joined to a manly well-formed person, was rather calculated to inspire confidence. He had reached that period of life which may be termed early manhood; for although his frame was muscular and strongly built, he did not appear to be more than eighteen or twenty years of age. His dress was such as was commonly worn by the lower and middle classes in Spain; an ample cloak of a coarse woollen stuff, and a broad-brimmed hat, looped up in front. He spoke both French and Spanish, but with an accent which announced him a native of neither France nor Spain.

He saw that the lady to whom he had offered his services still hesitated whether to accept them or not, and again, with a modest but firm and decided air, he said: "If you venture, madam, to commit yourself to my care, I pledge the word of a gentleman to place you in safety, or perish in the attempt. I am well armed, and have no doubt of being able to do so; but I must entreat that your decision may be made at once. The day is far advanced, and every minute is precious!"

The cloud of care and incertitude, which had hitherto shaded her face, disappeared as he spoke, and she replied with a sweet and gracious smile: "Once again I thank you, sir, for the offer of your services! I accept them, and will place myself under your protection, with the fullest reliance on your honour and plighted word. I am ready now to accompany you," she added, wrapping the travelling cloak, which covered her dress, more closely round her.

In a few minutes, the handsome and spirited horse was led forth by its master. At the sight of it, Madame Dumont and Monsieur De Verneux, who had remained still in mute consternation, broke forth again into entreaties that she would abandon this rash step, or at least suffer Monsieur De Verneux to take the stranger's place on the horse, as her guide and protector. "No, no, De Verneux!" she said, half-laughing. "You are a quiet, pleasant sort of *laissez passer* person in a lady's train; but by no means calculated to undertake the arduous duties of a knight-errant to a wandering and distressed dame. *Adieu, mon cher* De Verneux! *Adieu, ma bonne* Dumont. I shall hasten forward on my journey, and you will follow me as soon as you can!"

Although these transactions have taken some time to narrate, not more than an hour had elapsed after the arrival of the carriage at the door of the *venta*, ere the lady, who was evidently the principal person among the party of French travellers, was seated behind her youthful guardian, holding fast by a broad belt, buckled round his waist, and who, leaving instructions for the person for whom he had been waiting, galloped off towards the hazy mountain range visible in the distance, leaving the lady's companions utterly disconsolate. The chagrin of Madame Dumont was indeed somewhat alleviated by a small portion of spite, with which she contemplated the punishment and repentance she anticipated as the inevitable result of a step so rash and imprudent, on the part of her friend or mistress, whichever she might be.

CHAPTER III.

MEANTIME the gallant horse sped onward as swiftly as if he had been accustomed to bear a double burden, until they had traversed the whole extent of the barren heathy land, and the surface changed from the short dry turf, partially covered with patches of low, scrubby furze, to a deep and heavy sand, in which the noble animal, free and fresh as he was, could make but slow progress. Fortunately a couple of leagues terminated this wearying and laborious tract, and the road began to ascend on firm and rocky ground.

As they mounted, the daylight declined fast and the cold augmented. Herman, reckoning on the rising of the moon (which was nearly full,) in an hour or two, wrapped the lady's cloak more closely round her, and pushed on his willing steed. But as the ascent became steeper, his pace necessarily slackened, and they were slowly climbing in darkness, when, in a pause of the conversation which had been carried on between him and his fair charge, she said: "Did I not hear the bells of a mule?"

After listening a moment, he replied, "Yes. I distinguish also the clatter of hoofs on the hard road behind us. It is not possible. It cannot be Pedrillo. Little more than three hours have passed since we quitted the *venta*, and he declared his mules must have at least a day's rest before he would be able to resume his journey. They are probably smugglers," he added, at the same time, with prudent precaution, shifting the bridle to his left hand, he placed his right on one of the pistols in his belt.

Notwithstanding this declaration of the musical muleteer, Herman, after listening with some anxiety to the slow ascent of those behind, had at length the satisfaction of being overtaken and joined by him. Greatly was that satisfaction augmented

when his ears were saluted with a shout of joy and the exclamation of "*Ach mein lieber Herr. Ich habe Sie wieder gefunden,*" in the well-known voice of his man Fritz. Bold and brave as he was, he could not but feel his situation to be forlorn and perilous in these solitary and unsafe roads.

Charged with the fettering responsibility for the lady's safety, who with so much confidence had committed herself to his protection, he had felt the lonely isolation of his position, and the "*dummer Kerl Fritz,*" instead of a rattling jobation for his stupidity, was hailed with a glad welcome by his master, as the faithful fellow appeared at his side, with the missing *valise*, now visible in the beams of the rising moon. After a few questions and answers exchanged between them, Herman turned to the muleteer with the inquiry of what had led him so quickly to change his plans.

"Why you see, *camarado*," he replied, "after you were gone—that is to say, as you were going, it came into my head that as these mountain roads are never too safe at any time, little accidents happening on them sometimes, such as a man being found stretched stark and stiff on the ground with his pockets and his packages (if he happen to have any) rifled, and nobody able, or what is much the same, nobody *willing* to tell who laid him there; as I said, it came into my head that these roads not having too good a name in peaceful times, were not likely to be better now, when there is so much quarreling and fighting among kings and princes, and that it would be better for you and for me, if we were to travel together. So I saddled my mules and left the *venta* almost at the same time as yourself, trusting to come up with you; for although my children had no chance against your horse equally weighted, yet with a double burden on the horse, we are pretty fairly matched. And this man," he added, "who I found was also a *camarado*——"

"*Ja, der Schelm!*" exclaimed Fritz, to whom he pointed, interrupting him, for Fritz understood well enough what was said, although no great proficient in any language except his native German; "*Ja*, he did all he could to prevent my following you."

"How is this, Pedrillo?" said Herman, explaining to him the man's assertion.

"Ah, yes, *Señor*," he replied carelessly, "it is true enough. I saw he had ridden hard already, and I thought it better for you and myself not to be encumbered with a companion who might be unable to keep up with us, and who might perhaps impede our progress."

The moon was now shining brightly, but her cold clear light served only to illumine a dreary landscape; black and rugged rocks fissured by frightful gullies, so deep that the torrents roaring in the bottom were unheard; huge and naked cliffs rearing their giant heads on high, stern and frowning, like the genius of desolation in its favourite home. Nothing of vegetation was seen, save here and there a group of cork trees, which, sighing and shivering in the icy breeze, but served to add another gloomy feature to the dismal scene.

The muleteer who, whenever the road admitted of his doing so, continued to ride beside Herman's horse, exerted himself with extraordinary assiduity to cheer and amuse the lady, but his efforts met with little success; for suffering physically from the severity of the cold, and mentally from the embarrassment of her strange and hazardous position, she gave but little attention to his words, and scarcely uttered one herself by way of reply.

In about an hour they came to a part where another road branched off, and which Herman was about to take, as leading direct to the point he wished to reach; but the muleteer asserted so boldly that it would lead them *from* that place, that well as he believed himself acquainted with the route he had planned, he hesitated.

"I tell you, *Señor camarado*," said Pedrillo, "that road will lead you towards Roncesvalles; *this* is the one we must take. You still hesitate; is it likely that *I* should be mistaken, who have traversed them both hundreds of times?"

Herman, although scarcely convinced, followed him, and they continued to ride on, talking and alternately relating some accident or adventure which had befallen the one or the other. Pedrillo's store of adventures indeed appeared to be inexhaustible. In the middle of one of them, to which Herman was listening with great interest, his attention was recalled to his charge by some feebly-uttered and half-heard accents from her almost frozen lips, as she relaxed her hold on the strap attached to his belt, by which she had hitherto kept herself steady in her seat.

He now perceived with anxiety and alarm that she was so benumbed by the cold as to be wholly unable to support herself. Dismounting, he took off his cloak, and wrapping it round her, again mounted, placing her before him, and supporting her almost motionless form with his arm, rode on.

"*Santa Maria!* she will be frozen to death, *Señor Caballero*," said the muleteer. "A little farther on is the cabin of a mountain hunter, as honest a fellow as ever lived. If you like to turn a little out of your road, I can show you the way to his hut. He is a sure marksman, and has now, I will be bound, a bit of game roasting before a fire we should none of us be sorry to get a sight of, although better able to bear the cold than this poor chicken of a lady."

Herman eagerly listened to this information, inquiring how far it was to the house he spoke of.

"Oh, not far, Señor; a little half-league; and we are now close to the place where the road turns off."

Situated as he now was, he had no choice but to follow this advice, and they soon after quitted the direct road to thread a mountain track, only wide enough to admit a horse to pass, so that the muleteer was compelled to dismount and tie the head of one mule to the tail of the other.

This "little half-league" appeared to Herman to have no end; for he thought they must have already travelled three times that distance, and still they were scrambling through the rugged de-

file, seemingly as far from shelter as when they first quitted the road.

At length the welcome bark of a dog met the travellers' ears,—the more welcome, inasmuch as it sounded near to them. Very soon after, a rude habitation became visible, and on the door being opened, at the urgent summons of the muleteer, the gladdening sight of a bright fire blazing on the hearth, and cheerily lighting up the rough walls of a good-sized room, relieved the anxious fears by which Herman had been tormented for the health and safety of his delicate and helpless charge.

The party were received with much civility and a hospitable offer of all the accommodation his cottage could afford, by a man whom Pedrillo saluted by the name of Juan Gomez. The poor half-frozen lady was placed in a seat near the fire, and to the infinite satisfaction of Herman, very soon after their arrival, a female, apparently about sixteen, whom the host addressed as his niece, made her appearance, and took charge of her.

Removing the coarse cloak in which she was wrapped, she proceeded to chafe her hands and feet, and, supplying her from time to time with a little hot wine, Tornalina (for so the host called her) had soon the pleasure of seeing her kind and careful assiduity rewarded by the restoration of her guest to sense and motion. As the chilled blood began again to circulate, the poor lady moaned, as if in pain; but this soon ceased, and her bright eyes once more beamed with intelligence.

Could the interior of this mountain hut have been painted at this moment, it would have afforded an interesting *tableau*. The singular and picturesque dress of the men, in good keeping with the room they occupied, the rude walls of which were decorated with the destructive instruments and the rough spoils of the chase,—guns, nets, spears, and hunting knives, with the skins, horns, and feet of animals, hung or lay around, with other trophies of the hunter's success; while, in marked contrast, near the hearth, a strong light thrown on their figures by the blazing wood, sat the two females, both very handsome, yet very different in age, person, and appearance. The slight and girlish form of Tornalina seated on the earthen floor of the cottage, with her youthful face raised, and her large dark eyes fixed with curiosity and interest on the person and dress of the guest, whose feet she was warming in her lap; the guest, evidently of superior rank, and much older than the Spanish maiden, was, in turn, regarding her with the warmest good-will.

The cloak which had covered her dress being now thrown off, showed that she wore a widow's mourning. Her age appeared to be about seven or eight-and-twenty, although, in fact, she was some years older. Her person and face, symmetrical and lovely, were, like her air and manner, characterized by a gentle grace and dignity, inspiring at once love and respect.

In a short time, the hot wine and the warmth of the room appeared to have produced a heavy drowsiness, and she fell asleep with her head leaning against the high back of the chair on which she sat. Tornalina, gently disengaging herself, placed a cushion under her feet, and quitted her to put the supper on the table, at which were sitting Herman and his man only, the other two, Pedrillo and the host, not having yet re-entered. To the stable, therefore, the young girl now went to call them.

She was not long absent; yet, when she returned, Herman thought the expression of her face was changed. He fancied that she looked anxious and uneasy, as she advanced to the sleeping lady, and continued to gaze at her, as it appeared to him, with augmented curiosity and interest; then, turning, she approached him, as if about to speak. At this moment the door opened, her uncle and Pedrillo entered, when, again turning, she walked away. Herman, hungry as he was, soon forgot the curiosity her manner had raised, in the agreeable task of aiding in the destruction of an ample and excellent dish of mountain venison, stewed with *garbanzos*, (a sort of bean,) and in emptying several flasks of good wine.

CHAPTER IV.

Animated by the warmth and the good cheer, the tongues of the host and his guests were alike set free, and a lively conversation was carried on, principally supported by Gomez and Pedrillo, interspersed with rustic witticisms, coarse jokes, and now and then a characteristic oath.

The host, who appeared to be somewhat of a politician, asked numerous questions relative to the state of the country, and the different powers who were then agitating Europe with their conflicting interests. To these Pedrillo replied; for Herman seemed little disposed to talk on such subjects.

"And what have you done with the King of France?" said the host.

"Oh, we have him safely caged at Madrid."

"Ha! I am sorry for him; for he is a gay and gallant gentleman. I remember him well. I used to see him often, in former days, before I was perched up in this old kite's nest. They say he is ill, dying, as Bernardo told us."

"No," said the muleteer, "he is better, and out of danger, as far as his health is concerned."

"And our Prince Henry? D'Albret of Navarre, who was taken with him, you have caged him too, I suppose?"

"No, he has escaped. He took to his bed pretending to be ill, and one fine morning walked off in his servant's clothes, leaving the man in his place."

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted Gomez, thumping the table with a force that made the drinking-horns jump. "Good! ha, ha, ha! *por Sant Ignacio!* But this was fighting young Carlos, the fox, your king of Spain, with his own weapons. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad our prince has got away. I was born a Navarresa, and have fought for my country, and sometimes, I think, I should like to be among my old comrades again, although I did get more blows, and less meat, than I do here. The French

traitor, the Duke of Bourbon, who fought against his country, where is he?"

"At Toledo, with the emperor and his court," said Pedrillo. "They say he is to marry one of the king's sisters."

"No, no, he will not!—he will not!" said the lady, distinctly.

Gomez, Pedrillo, and Herman, all turned their eyes towards her, surprised, having believed her to be soundly sleeping. In fact, she was so. The words were unconsciously uttered, and had, probably, no connexion with the subject in discussion, and when again she repeated the words, "He will not, he will not," in the same distinct tone, her eyes were still closed, her face and figure motionless.

While this conversation had continued between Pedrillo and the host, Herman's attention had been drawn, and his curiosity again excited by Tornalina, who, he thought, watched him. Turn which way he would, the large dark eyes of the Spanish maiden were ever on him. He would, probably, have accounted for this circumstance in a way gratifying to his vanity; for it was by no means the first time he had attracted the attention of a youthful female; but there was, in the present instance, an expression of restless uneasiness in the damsel's face, that forbade his flattering himself, and embarrassed him greatly.

For the first time, something like a vague suspicion of treachery crossed his mind. He saw the strong interest Tornalina took in her female guest. The lady had declared herself to be in danger while within the Spanish territory. He knew not who she was, nor the nature of the danger which threatened her; but he had pledged his word to carry her safely to France, and, when he recollected how he had been induced to quit the known and beaten road for this wild and remote abode, he became seriously uneasy, and resolved to depart immediately.

In pursuance of this determination, he asked Pedrillo whether he intended to go any farther, declaring his own intention of setting off at once.

"*Por todos los diablos!*" exclaimed the muleteer, by way of reply, and with a vexed face, as if disagreeably roused by the intelligence. "*Señor Caballero*, I don't mean to say any thing uncivil, but in my opinion he would be little better than a madman, or something worse, who would rouse that poor lady-bird from her quiet sleep in this warm nest, and drag her out again through the rough mountain roads, cold and dark, (for the moon will soon be down) at the risk of breaking her neck and his own over some precipice, or getting her throat cut by thieves."

This speech, uttered with startling energy, greatly shook the determination of Herman. It did, indeed, appear like cruelty to expose the poor lady now so quietly sleeping, to the piercing cold of the mountain air, from which she had already so severely suffered. Pedrillo saw that he hesitated, and added, in a jocose and good-humoured tone, "Come, Caballero, sit down and be quiet, and I will sing you a gentle ditty, which will lull you to sleep also."

Taking up a guitar, he sung, in a low tone of voice, a lullaby sort of air sufficiently soothing. As soon as he had finished, Tornalina stretched forth her hand for the guitar, saying, as she took it, "Now, sir traveller, *I* will sing for your amusement; you shall have *my* lullaby."

Striking the cords of the instrument with a free, bold hand, she sung, with a clear voice and a dashing abruptness of style, strangely contrasting with the music of the muleteer, and better calculated to rouse than to lull her auditors.

THE WARNING.

The lady she said to the armèd knight,
"On the mountain thou must not stay;
'Tis here, 'tis here that the raven croaks,
Go, hasten along thy way."

"No raven is heard on the mountain top,
In the beams of the sunny morn;
'Tis down in the dell, and its twilight shade,
That he winds his boding horn."

But she said again to the armèd knight,—
"The vulture that screams for his prey
Is perch'd in the cleft of the mountain gorge,—
Oh, tarry not on thy way."

"And what care I for the screaming bird,
Though perch'd on the rock he be?
Nor raven, nor vulture shall scare me hence,
I'll rest me awhile with thee."

The lady she frown'd on the armèd knight:
"Rash knight, thou *shalt not* stay!
For the death-owls cry, and the wolf is nigh,
Quick!—hasten along thy way."

From the singular style in which this was sung, and the significant look directed to himself, Herman could no longer doubt that "The Warning" was addressed to him; and, immediately rising, he proceeded to awaken the lady, who still slept, in spite of the clashing chords of the instrument, and the loud voice of the damsel.

He awoke her with difficulty, and scarcely had she opened her eyes ere they again closed, and he essayed in vain to make her comprehend the necessity for their departure. A complete torpor seemed to have seized her senses.

While thus employed, Pedrillo rose from his seat, saying, "Well, *Señor*, since you *will* go, the sooner you are off the better, for the moon will not wait, you know, and you will get on badly without her light! Come, Gomez, let us go and help to saddle the horses."

Thus saying, they followed Fritz, who had already quitted the room, and Herman turned to seek an explanation from Tornalina, but she had disappeared.

Recollecting some directions he had omitted to give his servant, he hastily passed through the half-closed door, and was advancing when the sound of his host's voice reached his ear, engaged, as it appeared, in earnest conference with the muleteer; for his own approach to a reed fence, which served as a shelter from the mountain winds, and behind which they stood, was unheard.

"If you are sure you are not mistaken—and it can be done," said Gomez, as if in reply to some proposal.

"I *am* sure — quite sure! I thought I knew her when I first saw her, muffled up as she was;

and now I am quite positive I am not mistaken," replied Pedrillo. "Courage, man! If we succeed we shall be well paid for a little risk and trouble."

"Courage! yes, we shall need it!" said Gomez. "'Tis your calm and quiet people, with a close-shut mouth, like this young man, that are the very devil when roused. He and his man are both as strong as two young lions, and you — you are a better hand at scheming than at fighting, as I well remember. Don't you recollect ——"

"Pooh! nonsense!" said the muleteer, interrupting him. "Let me manage, and we shall have no need to fight at all. And if we should— you say Antonio will be here in an hour or two at most."

"Yes," said the host, "but ——"

"But what?"

"If any harm should come to the lady: she is a kind friend to the ill-used and unhappy who have no other friend, as I know, and to the Calvinistas,* who are treated like dogs, and hunted like wild beasts. I don't half like the business!"

"Harm to the lady!" exclaimed his companion. "Do'st think I'm such a *borrico* as to harm *her*, when I tell thee the Emperor would give three of his fingers to get hold of her?"

"Well! well!" said Gomez, hesitatingly, as if giving a reluctant consent. "Try first what you can do by fair means."

"I will," replied Pedrillo. "Remember, Juan Gomez, if thou lettest this chance of mending thy fortunes slip through thy fingers, thou may'st whistle for such another."

The voice of Fritz, singing as he advanced, put an end to the conference. Herman returned to the house, pondering on what he had heard, forgetting the instructions he had intended to give his man, and greatly embarrassed to decide on what steps to take. That the safety, or at least the liberty of his fair charge, was seriously threatened, and his own consequently endangered as her protector, he could no longer doubt. Yet what measures could he take for their mutual defence, in utter ignorance of their plan of attack?

Anxiously, as he re-entered, he looked for Tornalina, hoping to obtain from her some clew by which to guide himself; but she was still absent, and he knew not where to seek her.

The lady was still asleep; but now fully aware of the necessity of keeping his arms free from the burden of a sleeping woman, he determined to awaken her effectually. For this purpose he gently shook her, and recollecting she had made some allusion to a brother in whose fate she seemed deeply interested, and on whose account her liberty was more than commonly precious, he now availed himself of this knowledge as a means by which to rouse her.

"For Heaven's sake, madam, wake up!" he said, as soon as he saw her heavy eyelids raised. "Rouse yourself! How can you hope to aid your brother, unless you exert yourself to quit this place?"

The stimulus thus judiciously applied produced its effect on her half-congested brain. Raising herself to a more erect position, she fixed her eyes on him with a vacant and bewildered stare, slowly repeating, "My brother!"

Suddenly all their native intelligence flashed from them, and she reiterated, "My brother! my unhappy, my imprisoned brother! Oh yes, sir, you are right! I thank you for reminding me of a duty so imperious as that with which I am charged. I am ready, quite ready to resume my journey."

Rising from her seat she stood erect, changed in a moment from the torpid, inert slumberer, to the graceful, dignified, and animated woman, exhibiting the prompt and complete triumph of the mind over the body.

Rejoiced to have made this first necessary step, Herman still hesitated as to what was next to be done. Fritz did not come, as he expected, to announce that the horses were ready; and under the mysterious circumstances—the vague and unknown danger which menaced them, he did not think it prudent again to quit his charge.

While he yet remained doubtful how to act, Gomez and Pedrillo entered, and seating themselves at the table, proceeded to fill their cups from a fresh flask of wine.

"Come, *Señor viajador*," said the muleteer, "take another cup of this excellent Paxarete before you start, to keep the cold out of your stomach!"

But Herman, who knew he cherished some treacherous design, though ignorant of its nature, refused to taste the wine, lest it might be drugged.

"Well, well," he said again. "It is not often wine like this goes begging for some one to drink it; so, if you will not, I will, *Señor*. A pleasant journey to you and the lady."

Pedrillo's own face was immovably grave as he uttered this, but a sly grin evidently distorted the features of the host, and confirmed Herman in his determination to watch them closely, and on no account to suffer himself to be again separated from the lady, in whose fate he became more interested, as the perils that seemed to beset her developed themselves.

Some time elapsed in this manner; the two men drinking and talking, Herman and the lady impatiently awaiting the arrival of Fritz, who, however, came not. Anger at his delay, and fear for the safety of his faithful servant, alternately gave place to each other in the mind of his master, who continued to stride up and down the room, occasionally going to the door to listen. Once he made a step or two beyond it, in his anxiety to ascertain what had become of him; but, still watchful and on his guard, returned instantly on hearing a movement of the men within.

He met them at the door, and from the haste and precipitation of their manner, was convinced their intention had been to exclude him, and prevent his re-entrance. Situated as he now was, he thought it most prudent to take no notice, nor

* A slight anachronism. Calvin at this time was scarcely twenty years old, and had not, of course, given a name to that sect of Protestants who adopted his doctrines. But "*Calvinista*" was afterwards the Spanish term for Protestant.

show any suspicion of such an intention, but to content himself with requesting the lady in a low voice not to suffer herself to be separated from him.

The lady had tact and knowledge of the world; she had seen the impatience and anxiety of her protector to be gone—had marked the haste with which the two men followed him, and the disappointment visible in their faces on his re-appearance. A hint was sufficient, she was perfectly aware of her position, and prepared to act accordingly.

In a few minutes Tornalina again made her appearance, and was eagerly watched by Herman, who could not but regard her, after all that had passed, as a friend who possessed the will, if not the power to aid them. He saw or fancied that the uneasy and perplexed look had in some measure disappeared, and that her face now bore a more cheerful expression.

Once or twice he thought she seemed to listen, as she stood in humble deference behind her female guest, as if in expectation of something or some one. Herman remembered with no very agreeable feelings that it was perhaps Antonio, (whose return Gomez had announced as certain,) that she expected. Yet, if she was indeed a friend to the strangers, why should she wish for the presence of one on whom their enemies confidently relied for aid against them?

While he continued to harass himself with vain guesses and useless speculations, the deep-mouthed baying of a hound was heard, and then a second and a third joined in a booming chorus.

At the first sound of this apparently unexpected noise, Gomez listened a moment, then sprang hastily from his seat and rushed to the door, exclaiming: "Dogs of the devil! they're out again. Help me to catch them, Pedrillo!"

"Curse the dogs! let them go," said the muleteer.

"Let them go!" repeated the host indignantly. "Let them go!" adding significantly as he disappeared through the door-way: "When *you* want help, comrade, look elsewhere for it!"

The muleteer reluctantly followed, grinding between his teeth the pleasant epithets of, "Fool! ass! idiot!" as he, too, vanished.

Tornalina also flew to the open door and listened, then turning with a joyful face, she exclaimed: "Now! now! Lose not a moment, but follow me! Dear and honoured lady!" she added, addressing her female guest, "hasten to quit this inhospitable roof, where your liberty is threatened!"

No farther warning was necessary; they followed her instantly. Pausing again to listen when they had advanced a few steps, Tornalina, clapping her hands in youthful glee, burst into a merry laugh, exclaiming: "Ah, the good dogs! How they go bounding and yelling down the mountain, to do the errand on which I have sent them. Ah! they shall have a good supper when they come back!"

Leading them round the reed fence where Herman had stood a short time before, and across a fold-yard at the back of the house, she said, pointing to a low wooden building, "There, *Señor*, are your horses and your man! I have no key, but the door is not strong, you must break it open."

To do this, it appeared, had already been tried by Fritz, who, having been made prisoner by stratagem, had been unwearied in his efforts to obtain his liberty, but the door on the inside gave no purchase by which to shake it. The united efforts of master and man were at length successful, and the horses ready-saddled were led forth, but not mounted.

"The path by which we must descend," said Tornalina, "is difficult and dangerous for horses. You must follow me on foot."

Retracing their steps, they once again crossed the fold-yard, passed round the fence and by the door of the house, which she entered, but staid only a moment to snatch up a piece of white linen, which, placed on her head, mantilla fashion, fell over her shoulders.

With the ready-witted foresight inspired by the strong interest she felt in the fate of the strangers, and which supplied the place of experience in her simple and youthful mind, she foresaw this would be serviceable in her character of guide; for the moon, although still high in the heavens, was at times obscured by heavy clouds, leaving the travellers to grope their way through one of those deep, black chasms which intersect the mountains, on the side of which their path now lay—a narrow ledge of rock, with only level space enough to admit of their passing in single file, and sometimes so steep and broken as to render it almost impassable.

(To be continued.)

THE MANCHESTER WEAVER'S REPLY

TO THE RICH MAN'S QUESTION, "WHERE IS THY HOME?"

Where is my home?
Shall I tell thee where?
It is low in the haunts
Of dark Despair.
The ivy throws
A funereal gloom,
The walls are enrich'd
By the spider's loom.
The floor is wash'd
By a mother's tears;
She weeps for the child,
That in pain she rears.
For Famine exults
O'er her wasting store;
And Poverty sits
At the broken door.
Of Joy and Hope
We have lost all trace,
But Ruin appears
With a stealthy pace.
And Grief is there,
With her mournful train;
And the tyrant Force,
If we dare complain.
Near thy lordly dwelling
Hide Want and Care;
Proud man! the homeless
Find shelter there.

R.

THE NAVEYS.

THE *Naveys*, or Navigators, is becoming a name as formidable as that of the Buccaneers once was. Nay, it is more threatening; for the Buccaneers, whether in their first condition of logwood choppers in Campeachy, or the Bay of Honduras, or as brutal and ferocious pirates which they became, were generally at a safe distance from civilized communities; while the *Naveys* have grown up in their anomalous and demoralized condition, in the very heart of English society.

The name "Navigator," has long been used to designate the labourers that have been employed in cutting the many canals which intersect England; but its corruption of *Navey*, now comprehends the numerous excavators and other unskilled labourers employed on railways; who, with the women and children connected with the body, must amount to many thousands of individuals; *parias* of society, often in part fortuitously assembled, for a season, from every quarter of the united kingdom, and placed in a social condition and under influences, which it is painful to contemplate. Attention has, in this quarter, been turned to the *Naveys* from the outrages committed by formidable bands of them, which, partly from national jealousy, lately came into hostile collision on the Hawick railway, and within a few miles of Edinburgh. Occasional outbreaks are, however, as nothing, compared with the circumstances in which these uncared-for and unfortunate persons are placed at all times, and the demoralization and amount of personal injury to which they are exposed, in a great degree, through the neglect or selfish indifference of the railway directors, and the ignorance, or culpable carelessness of the contractors for railways. The Statistical Society of Manchester, among its other useful public services, has taken up this really important subject; and from the papers read before it, we propose to give a brief description of the actual state of the *Naveys*, and of the means suggested for its improvement. The tract, which is published at the request of the society, consists, first, of a return of the fatal accidents, wounds, and injuries, sustained by the workmen engaged in the construction of the Summit-Level Tunnel of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway, with a description of the demoralized condition of the workmen, in a Letter from John Roberton, Esq. surgeon; second, of statements on railway contracts and railway labourers, by Robert Rawlinson, Esq. engineer to the Bridgewater Trust; and, finally, what may be termed a view and summing up of the whole, with various important statements and suggestions, by Mr. Chadwick of the Poor-law Commission, the nature of which we shall see by and bye.

Much of the demoralization which prevails, and of the injury to life and limb, is freely imputed by Mr. Chadwick to the "Absence of due responsibility for the proper selection and regulation of labourers, in the construction and management of railways. It is stated by this gentleman, that—

On an average, more than half the capital expended in the construction of railways, is expended for the earthwork and tunnelling. If the sanction of Parliament be given to any considerable proportion of the new railway works now presented for its consideration, and if no new precautions be taken, in respect to the mode in which they are conducted, some eight, ten, or twelve millions per annum, or as much as the annual expenditure for the whole of the effective and non-effective naval and military force of the country, will shortly be expended, as wages for the payment of such labour as will subsequently be described.

It is to be feared that Parliament thinks little about this. The new labourers engaged (and their number is already enormous and daily increasing) are, in general, taken from agricultural districts:—

Detached from the habits and influences of his home and his village, and set to work amongst promiscuous assemblages of men attracted from all parts, he has received double his ordinary amount of wages, and has been surrounded by direct inducements to spend them in drink and debauchery. If he were a married man, little or none of his earnings have been returned to his wife and family, who in his absence have commonly obtained parochial relief, on the ground either of "desertion by the husband," or of his "absence in search of work." Whether he were married or single, the whole of the excess of money earned beyond his ordinary rate of wages has been expended, under the inducements to which he has been subjected; and at the completion of the works he has been discharged penniless, and has returned discontented, reckless, deteriorated in bodily and mental condition; or he has, with others of the same class, entered the ranks of the dangerous swarms of able-bodied mendicant vagrants and depredators, of whom the committals within the last few years have been so largely increased.

In the case of deaths occurring in the prosecution of such works, the relief of the destitute widowhood and orphanage, (as well as the relief of all consequent sickness and inability to work or obtain work after illness,) has fallen upon the distant parishes from which the labourers have been frequently taken.

The employment, it is apt to be said, is transitory; though two or three years are enough to create habits, and are not a small proportion of a labourer's period of working ability: the evil effects, however, have been permanent. The extra labourers available for such undertakings—the loose men unattached to any place of work—could not be expected to be of the best description of labourers; but, from the absence of proper regulations, the good have been deteriorated, the indifferent characters made positively bad, and the bad worse; and when children have been living amidst these assemblages, they too have been depraved.

To the jail of Lewes alone, railways, in the years 1838-9, sent forty strangers, rude and turbulent, but not irreclaimable men. Mr. Roberton personally inspected the condition of the thousand labourers, and the women and children belonging to them, employed on that extraordinary undertaking,—the Summit Level Tunnel. He states—

The tunnel commences in Cheshire, not far from the small village of Woodhead, and terminates, after a course of five thousand one hundred and ninety-two yards, within the county of York. The surface of the intervening ground is chiefly covered with dark heath and bog, and is as barren and dreary as it is possible to conceive. At certain distances along the line of tunnel, the moor is pierced by five shafts, averaging in depth about six hundred feet; and it is around these five shafts, and at each termination of the tunnel, that the huts of the workmen cluster.

The huts are a curiosity. They are mostly of stones without mortar, the roof of thatch or of flags, erected by the men for their own temporary use, one workman building a hut in which he lives with his family, and lodges also a number of his fellow-workmen. In some instances, as many as fourteen or fifteen men, we were told, lodged in the same hut; and this at best containing two apartments, an outer and an inner, the former alone having a fire-place. Many of the huts were filthy dens, while some were whitewashed and more cleanly; the difference, no doubt, depending on the turn and character of the inmates. In stormy weather, and in winter, this must be a most dreary situation to live in, even were the dwellings well-built and comfortable. At No. 1 shaft, a workman told me that he has cut a road through the snow, from the door of his hut, four yards deep.

My friend and I, on reaching the Woodhead end of the tunnel, were fortunate enough to meet with a gentleman whom we knew, officially connected with the works.

From this source, Mr. Roberton and his friend, also a medical gentleman of Manchester, obtained a great deal of specific information. The work had been going on for six years, and was not then finished. They were told that

At one period, as many as about fifteen hundred labourers were employed, but the numbers had fluctuated. The hands, he said, were excessively drunken and dissolute — that a man would lend his wife to a neighbour for a gallon of beer—that a large proportion of both sexes (more than half, he stated) laboured under some form of syphilitic disease; and, in a word, that it was difficult to conceive of a set of people more thoroughly depraved, degraded, and reckless. With reference to the danger attendant on the work, he stated, that there had been about thirty fatal accidents within and on the tunnel (thirty-two I am given to understand) since the commencement of the working, besides several maimed or disabled; and an almost incredible number in a lesser degree wounded and variously injured.

There had been twenty-three cases of compound, and seventy-four of simple fracture; and in all one hundred and forty severe cases of different kinds, and four hundred of minor accidents:—

Moreover, we were told, what I mention with hesitation, that a serious proportion of the accidents was owing to the men *going to work more or less in a state of intoxication*. We asked if there had been religious instruction provided for the people, or the means of public worship.

None had been provided; but the Methodists, and certain clergymen of the district, had occasionally visited the labourers, but with little success. A Moravian home missionary, who visited the labourers, informed Mr. Roberton that it was no wonder they were found in such a depraved state:—

For the work goes on by night as well as by day, and on *Sunday* the same as other days, and such has been the case from the commencement. On the Sunday following, the same worthy person again went thither, entering the huts and conversing with the workmen. His first impressions were now confirmed and strengthened. He assured me that the workmen and their families were in a most brutish state; but as to the men lending their wives to each other, he remarked, that many of the women in the huts were not wives, but "tally-women," i. *e.* women who had followed the men as their mistresses.

And, indeed, working on Sunday seems not the exception, but the rule; and not merely work that might be found proper and necessary, as pumping the water from the shafts, but in whatever way men or horses could expedite the work. A missionary's report is—

The wages are good, or rather, it may be said, are very high. Joiners get 5*s.* per day, masons, 6*s.*; these work ten hours a day. Miners obtain from 4*s.* to 5*s.*; at present these work eight hours, owing to the excessive wetness of the tunnel; formerly they worked ten hours.

The hands are paid once in *nine* weeks, and the payment is at a public-house. From the Missionary's journal, I find that July 11, was pay-day, after a nine weeks' interval. On the 14th, he writes, that every where there were fights, disorder, and drunkenness. He says, on this day, to one of the workmen, "Why are you here, amongst these drunken people?" "I am waiting for my money, sir." "I thought you had all been paid on Saturday." To this the workman answers, it might be still two or three days before all were paid. The Missionary asks, what is the reason of such delay: the workman replies, that he knows no reason, unless it were to keep the men idle till they had spent all their wages.

The truck system, though in a sort of disguise, prevailed, in its most rapacious form; and the labourers had good grounds for discontent at the exorbitant price and bad quality of the provisions supplied to them. The worst brown sugar was eightpence, bacon and other meat also eightpence, indifferent salt butter one shilling and a penny, and potatoes very high in price; while inferior beer sold at sixpence a quart: every thing being from twenty to fifty per cent. above the prices of Manchester. Every plan is fallen upon by the dealers to drain the workmen of their earnings. One man said—

"They give us great wages, sir, but they take it all from us again." Every where there were sullen looks, complainings, and gloomy discontent, chiefly in reference to the *quality* and *price* of the provisions. . . .

In the Missionary's journal, July 8, occurs this incidental allusion to the subject: "Going over the moor, this morning, met two women. One said, Have you not been sometimes to pray for Johnson? I said I had. He is dead, said she; I have just laid him out: it is but little more than six years since I came to live on these hills, and he is the twenty-ninth man I have laid out, and the first of them who died a natural death."

Mr. Roberton says—

During an experience of nearly twenty-eight years in this county, as a medical practitioner, I am able to testify to the improvements that have taken place in the health and happiness of the factory hands, as well as in the respectability of the masters, owing, mainly, to the enlightened regulations under which the latter are now compelled to conduct their establishments. Lead us not into temptation! It is ever well to have the incitements to do wrong lessened or removed. But what worth the mention, let me ask, is the cotton manufacture, almost confined to the two counties of Lancaster and Lanark, in comparison with the gigantic railway undertakings present and projected?

Let only the existing manner of employing labour and dealing with the labourers, in railway construction, continue for a few years longer, and we shall have the entire country, from Cornwall to the Orkneys, swarming with tens of thousands of debased men, and, I will add, women and children, as destitute of the elements of religious and moral knowledge, or of a sense of duty and propriety, as hordes of Indian savages; and where is he who will then be bold enough to devise, or, if devised, to apply the remedy? Even now the evils are wide spread, for it must not be supposed that they are confined to the Summit Tunnel.

In his remarks on Mr. Roberton's letter, Mr. Chadwick shows that the actual loss in killed and wounded, on this railway, has been greater than in

the four battles of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo. In the tunnel it is three per cent of killed, and fourteen of wounded, and in these battles it was considerably less. But more remains. The relief of the orphans and widows left by these casualties, has fallen upon the distant parishes in which the labourers had settlements; and this is no light burden.

The evils complained of are greatly aggravated by, if they do not often originate with, a class of middlemen, or sub-contractors, under the great contractors, who indemnify themselves for very low contracts by the profits obtained, directly or indirectly, in supplying the workmen with necessaries. These sub-contractors are, in general, of a low, uneducated class, or are found among the labourers themselves; and they are perfectly reckless of the lives of the men they employ, provided the appointed task be got through. The majority of the accidents which occur are often ascribed to the ignorance or cupidity of these petty contractors, who will not make the smallest outlay, or incur any trouble in taking precautions. Thus, it is said—

A frequent cause of these deaths, is the practice of cutting away too great a depth at once, and allowing the earth to fall, to save the expense of moderate lifts. The older and more experienced navigators are aware of the dangers of the practice, and prevail upon the younger and less experienced of the labourers to go in front whilst such work is carried on.

The truck system prevails on nearly every railway; and legislation is held at naught, as it is nearly impossible to prove the fact of trucking against any responsible parties. Thus, we hear from Mr. Chadwick:—

The labourer who might want employment has found that he could only get it on the recommendation of the beer-shop keeper, or the tally-shop keeper; the labourer has also found, that somehow or other he could not retain his employment unless he took a certain quantity of beer from the beer-shop, or of goods from the tally-shop. A contractor, or even a railway director, has been seen in the back parlour of the tally-shop looking over the account-books. But who could *swear* that he was not looking over his own accounts, or not performing some act of disinterested friendship to the beer-shop keeper? The putting an end to the truck system might, in this instance, as it has in others, only have shifted the profits from the pockets of the contractor to a low description of shopkeepers. . . . . .

I have been informed of one piece of work undertaken by a few contractors, (of a condition not much above the labourers they engage,) who will lose by the work itself, but who will make upwards of £7000, by the truck of beer and inferior provisions to the workmen. Here the interests of the contractors in the sale of beer, were greater than in the good execution of the work, and men under their arrangements were often at work in a state of intoxication.

The original Navigators, collected from the hills of Yorkshire and Lancashire, were men of the finest physical stamina; in strength and energy, and patience of toil, surpassed by no class of labourers in the world. But through intemperance and their vicious modes of life, the very race has deteriorated; and the rising generation are, both physically and morally, inferior to their parents. Mr. Chadwick hazards this alarming prophecy of the results of their demoralization:—

From the facts which have come to my knowledge, I again confidently repeat, that the disbanding of these larger bodies of work-people than have ever in our times been collected together, will, unless the consequences are averted by due precautions, be worse than even the disbanding of troops, and will be the creation of dangerous predatory hordes of vagrants, whom it will be difficult as well as expensive to meet or repress.

Yet the case is by no means considered hopeless. These rough and depraved beings have still human affections that may be touched, rational understandings, however uncultivated, that may be appealed to; and Mr. Rawlinson, who must have been more in actual contact with them than either Mr. Roberton or Mr. Chadwick, gives some really remarkable examples of the good effect of providing for their temporal comforts and spiritual wants; and affirms that, with regular, moderate wages, steady employment, and comfortable quiet homes, good advice, and good example, even the worst of them became sober and industrious. But where is all this to come from? We have seen enough of the evil condition of the Naveys, and must devote our remaining space to the means suggested for their improvement. And here the fundamental principle relied on, is making the directors, proprietors, and contractors of railways legally responsible for the consequences of their own neglect. On this head, Mr. Chadwick remarks:—

I must observe, that the shifting from the undertakers of such works to the public, the pecuniary consequences even of *gross* negligence, is an exception wearing *prima facie* the appearance of justice; but from observations of my own, I should be able to prove that it is of most injurious influence on the condition of the working classes, and thence upon all classes of society. In the course of the inquiries into the labour in factories, I have heard it declared, in respect to some fatal accidents, that they arose entirely from the recklessness and indiscretion of the work-people themselves. "Might they not, then," I have asked, "have been easily avoided by engaging as work-people persons of ordinary discretion?" "O yes, certainly!" was the usual answer. "We warned them, over and over again, but it was of no use."

Now, it may be asked of these employers, by society at large, "Why should *we* have to bear the consequences of your employing indiscreet labourers?"

The registered deaths from what are called accidents, are upwards of eleven thousand per annum in the united kingdom, and of these a large proportion are adult labourers employed in dangerous works. In Austria and Prussia, useful laws exist for the regulation of the mines. The proprietors of mines are bound to support the sick miners, to provide medical assistance, to defray their funeral expenses, and to support their widows. Such an arrangement, of course, makes the owners of mines look before them; and sick and provident funds are, therefore, instituted among the workmen, under the inspection of their employers. The owners of mines are also, from their liabilities, much more careful in the selection and moral training of the workmen; as it is found that accidents, in a great measure, whether in mines or railroads, arise from the ignorance and recklessness of the men themselves. Again, on this branch of the subject, Mr. Chadwick makes some excellent observations. What, he asks, "would be thought of intrusting a ship with the lives of the crew and passengers, to an ill-informed captain, or a common seaman?"—

And yet a locomotive engine may require as much intelligence and discretion as a ship; and this engine, with the lives of some two hundred or more of passengers, is intrusted to the discretion of a common labourer, destitute of the knowledge of the principles on which the action of such engines depend, in general not carefully instructed and trained in the management of the engine which he guides, even for ordinary occasions; and if any thing unusual or extraordinary happens, he is as much at a loss as the most ignorant, for the want of training, and the knowledge of the principles which would best prepare him to meet all contingencies. . .

An influential director of an important line of railway, thought it a sufficient answer to some observations I made to him in objection to the practice of employing common labourers as engine-drivers, that the company gave them very high wages,—as much as two pounds a-week. High wages, with such a class of men, only increases the danger; for it generally leads to an increase of drinking. . . . . .

This is a subject of such deep interest to the community, that it has attracted the attention of the leading governments, and of some of the most eminent scientific men of Europe and America. Legislative enactments have been passed, recommending remedies, and inflicting penalties; but so long as men are careless of their own lives, and ignorant and careless of the consequences to others, there is little or no hope of improvement in regard to a better and more efficient management of steam-boilers. . . . . .

It is my confirmed opinion, (now that the country is covered with steam and steam-engines,) that the engineers, stokers, and firemen, should be persons of some education. They should at least be conversant with the common rules of arithmetic, and should receive instructions in the more simple laws of physics; and, above all, they should be men of *sober habits and exemplary moral conduct*. . . . . .

The way to obtain this end with the most certainty, is to make it the pecuniary interest of the shareholders, or employers of machinery, to obtain educated men; and that is to make them responsible for the pecuniary consequences of employing the uneducated. Without this, no faith is to be put in provisions for education; for there can be no dependence that the specially educated would be fairly selected, or the extra labour and skill of the competent education would be duly appreciated or fairly paid for. The object will, I apprehend, be more easily and completely obtained, by the simple action of a pecuniary interest without regulations, than by any probable legislative or administrative regulations, with penalties for their enforcement, acting without such an interest, or against it.

Mr. Chadwick farther states, that in America it has become the practice in several States to charge upon these undertakings the whole pecuniary consequences of accidents, and with the best effect. In brief, Mr. Chadwick has great faith in the principle of pecuniary responsibility, in regulating matters of this sort, and he seems to have faith in nothing else. This part of his suggestions is followed up by what should be done to render the condition of the labourers engaged in forming railroads more like that of civilized and Christian men. The directors of the Chester and Holyhead railway form an honourable exception to the general rule of managing such works, and others begin to imitate their example. They pay their five thousand labourers in money, and not at a public-house; and they permit no Sunday work. They appoint not regular preachers, but "Scripture-readers," who are intelligent and well-conducted men, of nearly their own class, to attend the works and instruct the workmen. Several great works have lately been executed in Lombardy and in Tuscany, in which thousands of labourers have been engaged, and under, it would seem, circumstances much more favourable to their moral habits and physical comforts, than in England; though every one agrees that the Naveys are as susceptible of improvement as any other class of uneducated labourers. When the subject of railways, as they may prospectively affect the interests of the public, is brought before Parliament, let us hope that the condition of the Naveys, and the proper means for its present and future amelioration, will not be lost sight of. Mr. Roberton has probably given the worst view of it, but the best that can be given admits of improvement.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Novitiate; or, a Year among the English Jesuits; a personal Narrative. With an Essay on the Constitutions, the Confessional Morality, and History of the Jesuits. By Andrew Steinmetz. Post octavo, pp. 380. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THIS is a disappointing book, though we frankly admit that the cause lies not with the author, but with the vague and idle expectations which the title begets. What dark secrets of the prison-house are looked for, in a year among the Jesuits! The fickle novice has none to tell; and the plain and somewhat flat and homely truth must content his readers, for the work is more creditable to his candour than to his talent for embellishment. Andrew Steinmetz is descended of French and German parents. He was born in a Swedish island, and bred a Roman Catholic, his mother being of that faith, while his father was a Protestant. He studied medicine for a short time, when a boy; but being, we fear, a rather unsteady youth, he fancied he had a vocation to the priesthood; he, therefore, came to England, and, for five years, attended "St. Cuthbert's College," or at *Ushaw*, near Durham. His mother died; his hopes failed, but his ambition had not decayed; and it flashed upon him, all at once, that he might make a better figure in the world than as a priest; so he repaired to London, and probably saw no very clear or inviting path opening in life, when again, all at once, as if by sudden inspiration, the youth of impulses, one day, in Fleet Street, conceived the idea of becoming a Jesuit. But the Jesuit, he states, is "a picked man." He must, like the Levite, be free from personal deformity, unaccused of crime, born in wedlock, possessed of talents, and of more than average ability. Our candidate must have answered to all these conditions, for he was at once accepted. It must also be owned that, when tired of his probation, he was quite as easily suffered to depart. And now we must give our readers a passing glance of the novice-life at "Hodder-house," the residence, at Stonyhurst, set apart for training young Jesuits. With the seminary itself Mr. Howitt has already made them acquainted, through our pages.

I went to "Hodder-house"—so the place of the Novitiate

is called. I was received at the door by the Father of the Novices, who seized my hand with rapture, kissed it, and, leading me to the little chapel, knelt down, to offer, I suppose, a thanksgiving similar to mine of the previous Sunday. I was much affected by the fervour of this venerable-looking man: his hair gray with age, and his countenance furrowed by care or religious mortifications. . . .

A "brother-novice" led me over the various parts of the house, and then I was introduced to all the novices, who were assembled in the "recreation-room."

All the novices wore long black cassocks, with a strip of the material of which they were made hanging down from the shoulders: to typify, I believe, the wings on which, by meditation, the soul soars to heaven. They had caps which seemed very much the worse for wear —a fact which was afterwards explained by another, viz., that for the sake of "mortification" the old clothes and cast-off habiliments, &c. of the students at the college, were consigned to the use of the novices. There was nothing, however, in their countenances that indicated excessive austerity, or much success in the art of looking religious; which, of course, is to be acquired only by practice: by *after*-practice. . . . .

After this introduction, the novices left the room. I remained with the brother who had me in charge, and whose duty it was to apprise me of all the regulations of the establishment: the hours of rest and rising, the things that might and might not be done. . . . .

As the wintry evening had closed in, we remained at the fireside in the recreation-room, till the bell rang for supper. My companion then instantly rose, and rehearsed the *Angelus;* to which I responded as well as this sudden appeal to my religious memory (somewhat weakened by worldly pursuits) would allow, and then accompanied him to the refectory.

The novices stood in front of the tables on both sides of the room;—the Superior entered, went to his table near the fire-place, and said grace in Latin, the novices repeating the responses with ready exactness and solemn cadence.

During supper I could not help observing that the novices never raised their eyes from the square foot of surface that included their plate and cup: this was "keeping custody of eyes," as I shall afterwards explain more at large. I saw their faces, but they did not see mine; so that, by sympathy, I imitated their pious demeanour, feeling, as it were, ashamed of my worldly curiosity.

The silence, too—for not a word was spoken to ask for aught, or in thanks for the supply—had a solemnity in it which had never struck me before; though, from my youth upwards, I had been accustomed to eat where "no talking was allowed." All that was needed was before us, or the vigilant "waiters"—conscientious novices as they were—anticipated every want.

As soon as the novelty of the scene had produced its first effect, my attention was directed to the reader, who was delivering to us the axioms on politeness alluded to in the introduction.* These axioms were composed in Latin: good Ciceronian Latin; which indeed most of the ancient Jesuits wrote on every topic prescribed or sanctioned by Holy Obedience. I regretted that I had not fallen in with that book before; for at that period of my life, I was engaged in collecting the most remarkable axioms of all writers ancient and modern.

The fact of this book being read to the novices was highly gratifying—I saw in it the presage of the men who were "to be armed at all points."

When about half-an-hour had elapsed, or rather when all the novices had finished their meal, the Superior rose—a simultaneous but orderly rising of all the novices followed—grace was said and responded to—the Superior led the way, and we followed him to the chapel, where we remained for a few minutes, and thence proceeded to the recreation-room.

All the novices knelt down on entering the room for a second or two, and then commenced the clatter of tongues, once more joyfully free. . . . . .

* A folio entitled, "Hints on Etiquette."

It struck me at the time, as worthy of remark, how soon the human mind adapts itself to influences from without, after once the idea of uncompromising necessity is impressed upon the will. Here were youths who left college only the year before,—here were two full grown men who seemed to have known the world. They had spent but one year in the Novitiate, and yet they talked of the soul's concerns as if they had passed their lives with Jerome in the "howling wilderness." . . . .

The reader must totally discard the idea that there was aught of melancholy or outrageous cant in our conversations; very far from it—we were rational on the most irrational absurdities; for we were, for the most part, young, unsophisticated; with minds of wax, which the innate spirit of devotion — that solace of every woe,—had complacently impressed with her beautiful image.

On this first evening of my probation, I was gratified with the animated conversation on all sides: frequent peals of laughter resounded on my startled ear,—for the reader must be told that there are many amusing, highly exhilarating stories in the "Lives of the Saints," and in devotional "tradition;" and surely it is as possible to laugh piously as it is to laugh profanely. But in the very midst of this enjoyment—at the very height of this reciprocal exultation of heart, suddenly a bell rang.

This was my first lesson in the Novitiate. As if struck dumb, the syllable, half uttered, was cleft in twain, and a dead pause ensued. In silence we ascended the stairs, and entered the chapel. We knelt. . . . . Then followed the kissing of a relic, of IGNATIUS or XAVIER, I forget which: the father held the glass case in his hand, which we all kissed in succession as we filed off to bed.

Many of the observances appear petty and puerile; but they must have been well-considered. The grand object is to train youth to implicit, unquestioning obedience, and supreme love of the Order; and, meanwhile, to afford escape-valves to youthful animal spirits. Many of the manœuvres are also, doubtless, adopted upon the same principle that little children are sent to school, not to learn any thing, but to be out of harm's way.

Since the novice abandoned his vocation, we presume that he has also changed his faith. He was, while in the first ardour of his enthusiasm at least, a warm and devout worshipper of the Virgin.

A day, where every day is like its brother, may give the reader some idea of how the current of life, among the novices, moves in the Society of Jesus.

We rose at five, or half-past, I forget which. The brother porter (of whose office, more anon) walked from curtain to curtain, which he scratched, uttering the words, "*Deo gratias!*" "thanks be to God!" to which every novice replied, "*Deo gratias!*" and rose instantly. As soon as he was out of bed he pulled the upper sheets over the foot of the bed, and, "collecting himself," that is, thinking of God, or making some pious ejaculations, he dressed himself as speedily as possible, but still with the utmost decorum, without bustle or noise. When completely dressed, and not before, he emerged from his cell.

One after another we filed down to the back regions of the house, where there was a pump, and there we performed the first menial duty of "Holy Obedience."

This was done calmly, seriously, piously,—for we walked in prayer. . . . . .

From the pump aforesaid, we proceeded to the lavatory; washed, and returned to our cells to brush our hair.

We had not much to brush. When I went to the Novitiate my hair was long, and fell to my shoulders. The contrast, when I saw the jail-fashion of the novices, was unpleasant; and I had the weakness to retain the "honour of the head," despite the tacit admonition. I expected every day an order to conform, but it *never* came; till at length, ashamed of myself, I sacri-

ficed the toy of vanity, and was religiously shorn by the cook. . . . . .

The rule of the SUMMARY, which fashions the exterior of the novice, is the following :—

"All should take the most diligent care to guard the gates of the senses,—particularly the eyes, ears, and tongue, from all irregularity; and preserve themselves in peace and true internal humility,—and to exhibit this humility by silence, when it is to be observed; but when they are to speak, by the circumspection and edification of their words, and modesty of their looks, and demureness of their steps, and every movement—without any sign of impatience or pride : in all things procuring and deserving that the best of every thing should be given to others; esteeming in their mind all others, as it were, their superiors, and by outwardly exhibiting with simplicity and religious moderation, the respect and reverence which the rank of the party demands : and thus it may come to pass that, taking thought for each other reciprocally, they may increase in devotion, and praise God our Lord, whom each should study to recognise in another as in His image."

Twenty minutes, or half-an-hour, I forget which, elapsed from the time of rising—the clock gave its notice—the brother porter rang thrice successively—we marched into the chapel. After a short prayer in silence, the porter read the "points" of the meditation. We meditated kneeling, standing, sitting, and kneeling again, for the space of an hour.

The chapel is about the size of an ordinary parlour. Benches, with long cushions in front, are placed transversely, and along the sides.

The porter's place was near the door, and any one quitting the chapel had first to ask his leave.

The Superior meditated in his room, I suppose; for he only came in for mass. . . . . .

Meditation ended, the Superior entered, and rehearsed the "Litany of Jesus,"—a sweet, affectionate appeal to the Redeemer, which makes every thrilling incident in the life of the Man made God, a source of ardent hope and steadfast confidence. . . . . .

As soon as mass was ended, we rose—eyes downcast, head inclined a little, not much—hands joined on the breast—and walked decorously to our cells for half-an-hour's "spiritual reading."

This was Rodriguez on "Christian Perfection."

If the Jesuits were asked to produce a book which contained their *recognised* morality, "Christian Perfection," by RODRIGUEZ, would be, I imagine, the book selected : not "ESCOBAR," "LESSIUS," "BUSEMBAUM," &c. . . . . .

Our breakfast consisted of oatmeal porridge, with milk and bread. Grace was said in Latin. We ate in silence and "recollection," and with downcast eyes. The porter alone was exempt from this restriction, for he had to see that others did their duty. When all had finished he rose—we did the same—grace was said—we followed him to the dormitory.

A minute or two elapsed and the bell rang. It called us to the chapel for a lecture on the rules of the Novitiate. Each novice had a little book called "The Summary." "The Summary" is written in Latin, and contains about thirty rules, extracted from the "Constitutions," for the guidance of the novices. We had to get these rules by heart.

A lecture was heard, and then each novice made his own bed, in his cell or dormitory; then followed "manual works;" as shoe-brushing, dusting, cleaning knives, gardening, digging potatoes, &c. &c. The son of a lord helped our novice to carry a tub, and put things to rights, as house-maids say.

About twenty minutes before dinner, the "Deo gratias" was given out by the porter. We went and washed, and at the sound of the bell we said (to ourselves) what Roman Catholics call the "Angelus." It consists of three sentences and three Ave Marias, in memory of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. We then went to chapel.

The reader may, perhaps, fancy that we have not had much time for sinning; but he is mistaken : we went to chapel for the examination of conscience. We remained kneeling during this quarter of an hour.

It may be asked what we examined our consciences to find ? I will state a few novice-sins, and the result of this proceeding will render the matter perfectly intelligible. Suppose a novice walked rather hurriedly—it was a fault. If he contradicted his brother in conversation—it was a fault. If he failed in the custody of the eyes—it was a fault. It might happen that he spoke more to one than another—it was a fault. He laughed too loudly—that was a fault. In fine, he has not "done his best" in every public duty—this is a fault. These are sins ; but every novice has some particular *failing*, which he has determined more or less fervently to vanquish : here, then, is an interesting battle to fight.

Every novice has "a Soul's Day-book," in which his sins and failings are registered. It has a line gradually shortening, for each day of the week, and some lines for "casual entries." So that the sins must, of necessity, fall off towards the end of the week, with the shortening lines. There is no place for them in the account-book. St. Stanislaus is a great saint among the Jesuits ; and, upon his day our novice, still in the first glow of enthusiasm, and animated by tropical blood, entered into certain resolutions thus preluded : —

Resolution I. To do every thing in the best manner. II. Never to go to public duties with dirty shoes, &c.—III. To keep my room in order.—IV. To conform to the will of others.—V. To do nothing extra without the consent of the superior.—Jesus ! Mary ! Stanislaus.

Every day the novices confessed their faults to the superior, and underwent some slight penance, such as repeating a penitential psalm, kissing the floor or the feet of some other novice. For a very great fault, feet were kissed all round. The novices dined in silence, some one reading a suitable book; then went to chapel, then to the recreation-room, and again prayer. The great art seems varying employments. The table was plentifully supplied, and two novices waited in turn. The young men were enjoined to "satisfy their appetite." The novitiate "was hard work, and nature must be supported." Nay, there was indulgence on festival days. On such days, it is said :

After dinner, we assembled in the recreation-room, as usual, and after a convenient interval the bell rang : we returned to the refectory, where our eyes beheld the now innocent baits of sensuality—cake, fruit, and wine. We sat down, the superior at the head of the table, and indulged in holy merriment. It was a pleasant, rational symposium, that might be quoted as an example of creation's gifts used but not abused : the blessings of the Creator without the superadded curse of the creature. On these occasions we chatted, we laughed; we laid up spirit and strength for another stage in our pilgrimage.

It is impossible to say how often, every day, the chapel was visited, for a few minutes, for prayer, "mortification or meditation." The last duty of the day was "kissing of the relic." It was thus performed :

The Superior held the relic in his right hand, and a small napkin in his left. After presenting it to the lips of one novice, he wiped it, and so on. I must say that I never thoroughly conquered my repugnance to "submit" to this kissing; but "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*" was my adopted motto: I forgot the act in the intention.

From the chapel we retired to the dormitory. In an instant you might hear all the beds creaking on their hinges, and resuming the horizontal. We got between the sheets as soon as possible, "right tired" in body and

mind, and never likely to suffer from want of sleep. A few minutes after, the porter came round, scratching at each curtain with his "Deo gratias!" to which each novice responded: if he had not fallen asleep, which sometimes happened.

If it was a "mortification night," the novices remained sitting in their beds, waiting for the tinkling of a small bell; and then each administered to himself on his back, bared for the purpose, the "discipline."

This *discipline*, which is described in another part of the volume, we shall give in order.

I will now describe the "discipline," and chain of the Novitiate.

The discipline, or whip, is made of whipcord. It is a kind of cat-o'-nine tails, duly knotted at the ends of the tails. The chain—this name has doubtless conjured up phantoms which I must unfortunately dispel—the chain was made of steel-wire, exactly the thickness of that indicated in some knitting-books as No. 23, or about the diameter of whipcord. The wire was bent into the shape of a horse-shoe, so as to form links, the extremities being twisted so as to keep the links together, and allow of motion up and down; and at every link the superfluous wire projected about half an inch, not rounded off nor pointed, but just as it was cut or filed. I have just constructed one, and think that there must have been about a dozen or fourteen links, with the two prongs on each. I must describe these "helps to holy living" in operation.

They were not constantly used, but only at stated times, such as during Lent; but at any time with permission. During Lent we used them twice a-week. The porter gave out "Mortification!"—we understood him. After he had gone the round of the curtains with the "Deo gratias—thanks be to God!" we made ready by uncovering our shoulders—each novice sitting in his bed, and seized the whip. The time the porter took for these preliminaries presupposed an equal alacrity in the other novices: we were always ready when he rang a small bell, and then, oh then, if the thing edifies you, gentle reader, be edified; if it makes you laugh, laugh to your heart's content, at the sound of twenty whips cracking, like a hailstorm, on the twenty innocent backs in question. I think we were restricted to twelve strokes: they were given as rapidly as possible: all ended almost at the same instant. In the excitement, very similar to a shower-bath, we could not help tossing the whip into the desk; and then, diving into the sheets, felt very comfortable indeed! Perhaps, after the chorus of flagellation, you might hear a young novice giggling; "it was quite natural," he could not help it!

The "*chain*" is not very severe as a punishment. Even the fasting, like that of the monks of Melrose on Fridays, may be endured.

Our method of fasting was as follows:—we had a small piece of dry toast and a cup of excellent coffee in the morning: we had a good dinner of fish, or meat; if it was not a day of abstinence as well—that is, every other day. Sunday is neither a fast nor abstinence day in our cold latitudes, though formerly, in the palmy days of "modern Rome," a Black Lent was occasionally fulminated on the faithful, when even Sundays were included as days of fast and abstinence.

In the evening, we had a slight collation: I forget what it consisted of, but it was quite satisfactory; the fasting-diet at Hodder was just what has always constituted my ordinary fare whilst in "the world."

The enthusiasm of our novice quickly burnt out. He wished to be gone, and the wish was not opposed. However the Jesuits might regret their loss, they bore it well; and, instead of a trial by a tribunal of Inquisitors, assembled, by torch light, in a dungeon, or building up the sinner, alive, in a wall, they gave the truant a pair of shabby trousers, and money to pay his coach-hire to London. Whether he has made the Society a suitable return, it is for the reader to judge.—Half the volume is usefully filled with an essay on the history and constitutions of the Jesuits.

Results of Hydropathy; or, Constipation not a disease of the Bowels, Indigestion not a disease of the Stomach, &c. &c. &c. To which are added, cases cured at Stanstead Bury House, with observations on the treatment generally. By Edward Johnson, M.D. Author of "Life, Health, and Disease," &c. &c. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Dr. Edward Johnson, a very clever and ingenious man, though somewhat fond of broaching a new theory, or sporting a paradox, has been for some time at the head of a Hydropathic establishment in Herts, having previously studied or observed under Priesnitz, at Graffenberg. He has, of course, a very bad opinion of drugs, though he does not absolutely disclaim them, and a very high opinion of the virtues of cold water; not, we imagine, overlooking the auxiliaries of the treatment, namely, air, exercise, temperance, regularity, ease of mind, and, above all, faith in the cure. He undertakes chronic cases only, and mainly those mentioned in his title-page. But rheumatism, obesity, amounting to disease, inveterate diseases of the skin, and various other ailments, figure among the cases of remarkable cure, selected for publication. We have many very curious cures and no failures. But the most remarkable feature of the volume is a theory quite new to us, though it may not be so to the medical profession, which Dr. Johnson thus promulgates, and which he has supported at some length, and with great zeal, though even the non-professional may detect flaws in his logic. It is thus stated—

I hope to be able to demonstrate presently, that the stools are a *true secretion from the blood*—and *not*, as is commonly supposed, the mere *excrementitious parts of the food*.

In an advanced stage of the work, Dr. Johnson summarily describes the commonly-received theory of digestion, which, when he wrote "Life, Health, and Disease," the doctor himself believed in. He has got new light, which thus breaks forth—

With the common hypothesis, as detailed above, the food is separated, in the first twelve inches of the bowels, called the duodenum, into a *nutritious* portion called chyle, which is *taken up into the blood*, and an innutritious or *excrementitious* portion which is *not* taken up into the blood, but which travels on to be ultimately expelled from the bowels in the form of fœces or stool. Now I say that the *whole* of the food is taken up into the blood, and that no part of it is expelled in the form of stool or fœces—and that the food in the stomach and duodenum has *nothing whatever to do* with the formation of stool. And here let me meet at once an objection which I foresee will be instantly raised. It will be said that this cannot be true, for that portions of undigested food can frequently *be seen* mixed with the fœces. Yes, *mixed with* the fœces—that's perfectly true—but no more constituting a *part of* the fœces, than the gravel and sand frequently seen mixed with the urine, constitutes a part of the urine! It is quite true that, if a man swallow a brass farthing, or a cherry stone, that brass farthing or that cherry stone will be found *mixed with* his stool. But the brass farthing is surely a brass farthing still! and the cherry stone a cherry stone still! And so, if by any accident, a whole currant or a lump of cabbage-stalk *escape* the action of the gastric juice, that whole currant, or that lump of cabbage-stalk will be found *mixed with* the fœces—but no more constituting a *part of them*, than did the brass

farthing or the cherry stone! They are all merely adventitious matters accidentally mingled with, but forming no part of, the fœces—but which only take advantage of the alimentary canal to escape out of the body. The same argument, of course, applies to the husks of oats and other indigestible matters found in the fœces of the horse. But man puts away all the indigestible parts of *his* food before he cooks it.

Now to *prove* this.

The proofs are too long for us.

Of the numerous cures we shall give but one, as the name of the patient must be familiar to many of our readers. Of this interesting case, it is said—

The next case which I shall mention is one of considerable interest, as showing that this treatment may, with great caution and considerable modification, be made applicable to cases in which, without such modification and caution, it would be totally inadmissible—and that thus it may be made to afford a great and valuable amount of relief in diseases which are, in their very nature, not susceptible of a perfect cure by *any* treatment. In the case I refer to there was great emaciation, extreme feebleness, difficulty of breathing, weak digestion, torpid liver and bowels, and—*hypertrophy of the heart*. I shall do no more than merely copy a letter which I received from this patient a short while since.

Wydale, (Sept. 17th, 1845,)
Brompton Pickering, Yorkshire.

My dear Sir,—I should before have acknowledged your kindness in sending me your circular, but country occupations and more letters to write than I can well afford time for, must plead my excuse. In all that you say in your circular I firmly believe; and it is so clearly and candidly put, that others who may require relief from the illnesses you allude to, and who are unable to obtain it from the ordinary and orthodox channels of advice, will, I trust, be persuaded by it to attach the same credit to the water system, as administered by you, as from experience I am bound myself to do. It is now, I think, about a year since I wrote to you a report of how I was going on; a year and three months since I was with you at Stanstead Bury; and certainly if health be the greatest physical blessing of life, and comparative health the next to it, I have reason to look upon you as my greatest worldly benefactor. The system, as you cautiously applied it to my case, I have ever since pursued, intermitting it, however, at intervals, and again recurring to it as my symptoms required, and always with the same benefit. In winter, indeed, I almost entirely intermitted having recourse to it, partly from being a little nervous in applying it at that cold season when not under your immediate eye, and partly because the strength which pursuing the system enabled me to lay up in the summer and autumn, rendered it unnecessary. All this summer and spring again recurring to it, it has produced the same good results it did before. Every one says, as far as present appearances go, that I bid fair to meet the winter with a better stock of strength than I have ever done since my illness began six years ago. I cannot say that I am well: you agreed with all my other medical advisers, that perfect health was what I had no right to expect; but your judicious application of your system to my case, as you will remember, one of combined disorder of the heart, liver, and stomach, (the former slightly hypertrophied,) has enabled me ever since I was with you, to enjoy life almost as much as I ever did; not to enter again upon scenes of turbulent activity, mental or bodily—but to enjoy, with great zest, those pleasures which many seek from choice, (I now from choice and necessity joined,) of peaceful tranquillity, with which a country life is surrounded. I need not enter into particulars, except to say that my skin must be forty degrees cooler than the burning one you may recollect, and that my pulse, from 106 to 110, has fallen, on an average, to 78 to 84, and that I can walk three times as far. Grateful to you, as well I may be, for so happy a result, and wishing all others who suffer in those cases I have more or less seen under your successful care, viz. rheumatism, nervous debility, and disease of the stomach, bowels, and liver, especially indigestion, would give both you and themselves the benefit of their presence at Stanstead Bury, I remain, my dear sir, your very faithful and truly obliged servant, E. S. Cayley.

I took your advice, and altogether avoided attendance on parliament this year, and with so good effect that it almost tempts me to play truant again.

Note.—In a subsequent letter, Mr. Cayley tells me he has gained one stone and a half in weight.

We are tempted to extract an eloquent and unobjectionable disquisition on what a medical man, a philosophical and accomplished physician, ought to be. There is another detached passage recommended to us by its justness, independently altogether of the modes of treatment followed in the different schools. There can be no question that a cure is much more likely, where the patient is placed in circumstances favourable to it, and is at all times immediately under the eye of the physician.

One of the great advantages of having a patient in one's own house, constantly under one's own eye, is this. Although the list of classified diseases is a pretty long one, yet it is nothing to that host of ailments which can be reduced to no class, and which depend on the most obscure causes. Assemblages of symptoms which have never been seen before, and *old* diseases assuming *new* forms, are constantly occurring. Now it is quite impossible to get to the bottom of these anomalous diseases by that mere glimpse of the case which the physician gets by an ordinary morning visit. It requires a continuous and daily and hourly observation to achieve this. It frequently happens when the patient visits his physician that he forgets the half of what he had to say. Some passing sensation occurs, when he is at home, which would clear up every difficulty. When next he sees his physician he forgets it. Some time afterwards perhaps he mentions it. But the connexion is now broken—the *order* in which the several sensations or other symptoms occurred is destroyed. A particular symptom occurring by itself may prove nothing—but occurring in connexion with certain others may prove every thing. There is no consecutiveness in the observations of a medical man who only sees his patient at intervals. The chain of evidence consists of broken links. But when the physician is in the next room to his patient, every passing sensation is at once reported to him. Besides all this, the information which he derives from his own eye is of much greater importance than any which he can get from the patient's attempt to describe his own condition.

Now, we can see no reason why medical establishments of the kind indicated, should be confined to physicians following the hydropathic practice only.

Pedestrian and other Reminiscences, at Home and Abroad, with Sketches of Country Life. By Sylvanus. Post octavo. London: Longman & Co.

Here is a pleasant companionable lively volume; written by an English gentleman, proud and fond of his country, and whose reminiscences in wandering, a free and independent pedestrian, over the plains of La Belle France, are all of happy, merry, *comfortable, dear* Old England. His vein may not be the most profound; but, with much sound sense, he is not without a certain homely philosophy. The following specimen will show his style, (which is fluent, rattling, gentlemanly, and agreeable,) and may also teach a valuable, and, as we fully believe, a just lesson given by the old schoolmaster—Experience.

COMPARATIVE LIVING IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

I do not write in the spirit of complaint, or even comparison; I do it literally, in the hope of making my countrymen remember the glorious unheard-of beauties,

comforts, and decencies, of our own little island,—and to ask themselves the reason they have for leaving it; and, above all, the amount of real benefit they receive in the exchange. *Pride* will reply, in many instances, to the first question; but for the benefits I will go over the items, to show the possibility of living absolutely cheaper in England than in France, and heartily hope thereby to induce many "to let well alone," and stay where they are.

There is not a necessary article in daily use, in food, clothing, firing, house rent, and servants, that *may* not be had quite as cheap, and at least fifty per cent better in England than in France. This is a positive fact; and, in point of climate, I am sure we have not the excessive heat, wet, and cold, that prevail in Normandy, Brittany, and all the northern parts of France.

When winter sets in, your heart freezes within you, as you mount your long, winding, dismal escalier, (the most abominable of all abominations.) You look with a shudder at the lovely French casement, with rose-coloured silk drapery, festooned with white muslin, so charming in sunshine, and the magasin des modes.

You alternately blow your fingers, and the few damp logs of the hollow beech tree. Visions of the closed shutters and crimson curtains of your own distant and once little thought of abode, being illumined by a blaze of cannel coal, as it passes over the face of your friend opposite to you, with his feet on the fender, and through the purple stream of 1820, in which the bee's-wing is only just beginning to dance.

There are humble, yet thoroughly decent modes of living on a small income, in many places in England, Wales, and Scotland, much more advantageously than in France. . . . . .

Suppose a man blessed with a wife and two or three bairns, with a small, very small income: he wishes to sleep, eat, and drink, and be warm in winter, on the best possible terms. He can take a cottage in Westmoreland, Cumberland, Wales, the north of Yorkshire, (the most genuine rural, fine, healthy district in the world, from Burlington to Stokesly, and borders of Durham,) in Devonshire, or in Scotland, if he loves a bracing, cheering atmosphere, *natural to British lungs*, with all the outcry for Madeira, Ventnor, and Italy. In any of these countries he may live, as to rent, beef, mutton, milk, bread, his own bacon, with a tidy serving wench or two, much better and cheaper than in the much vaunted provinces of Normandy and Brittany. In such towns as Caen, Havre, Rouen, Pau, Honfleur, Avranches, and many other places, I am sure, it is much dearer. Fish in all these places is infamously dear; the price of poultry is quite absurd. I have made all these inquiries, and paid for the information. Garden-stuff is equally high: clothing of all sorts extremely so; and, without the least stretch, it is fifty per cent inferior to our own.

If a man with a fair income wishes to avoid English habits and expenses in society, to live, for the sake of saving, as the French do, I readily grant you his object is feasible enough, with the great advantage of teaching his children French, one of the most essential points of modern education. For this purpose, many of our countrymen do expatriate themselves; but for those who wish to make both ends of only a sufficing income meet, I say emphatically, *Stay at home*. If not mounted as you would perhaps wish, *walk*, and be thankful. Let a shooting jacket do duty for broadcloth occasionally, and never mind the sugar-baker's wife, or her Brougham.

Better far than any thing we learn about France are the charming descriptions of the scenery, the old way-side inns, the hunts, the farm-houses, and rural life of the author's beloved England. One scene may show his powers as well as a dozen.

AN OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY INN.

A more lovely country does not exist than all that fertilized by the "Wharfe," the most beautiful river for its size, and flowing amongst scenes the most delicious and diversified to be found in any part of England, or even Europe. From Harewood Bridge (or even Tadcaster) to Skipton, by Ilkley, Ottley, Bolton, and Barden Tower, the Wharfe winds amongst a succession of beauties. Meadows of deepest soil, on which beef is produced worthy of the name, with alternate amphibious woods, half on land, half in water, grass, and waterfalls, complete the changing scene. The deer-park and manor-house of the squire—the farm-stead and comfortable dwelling of the yeoman, with the neat, yet humble cottage of the labourer, are all in the background of this unrivalled picture.

When you get to Bolton Bridge to dine, and find a room in an inn, furnished with easy chairs, pictures, and Turkey carpet, with windows opening upon a lawn, across which, through vistas of laurel, rhododendron, and roses, you see the lovely prospect and distant hills, you fancy you have mistaken the hotel, and got into the duke's shooting-box; but if you ring the bell, and order dinner, the very neatest of all country lasses will bring a trout, fresh from the stream, weighing a couple of pounds, place a chicken, boiled home-cured bacon, with beans and parsley and butter before you, (which, if of the true faith, you will ask for,) and with a smile, as she hands you the bread, inquire if you drink ale or water? *I* say the latter, and a pint of old port afterwards, which sip with open windows, and half-closed eyes in delicious languor, ruminating on your walk and its delights, taking your first glass to the health of "absent friends."

Tell me not of chariots and phaetons, or any other conveyance, as aids for seeing these things, but your feet. . . . . I cannot quit this most beautiful of all beautiful spots, and most unique of country inns, without one lingering reminiscence. Before you retire to the chamber allotted you for the night, at "the Bridge," (one replete with comforts and cleanliness,) pull off your shoes and gaiters in the kitchen, if only to get a sight of it. The white stone floor and hearth are swept and sanded for the evening. The large range, boiler, oven, and fire, are as bright as the sun just setting over Barden Tower. The long plane tree table and dresser are much whiter than this paper. The bacon and hams, incrusted with flour and salt, hang in goodly rows high above your head. The dish-covers, crockery, and warming-pan, brilliantly garnish the walls, —the old-fashioned clock is ticking in the corner. A large "horse" is before the fire, with a pair of sheets on his back, intended for your slightly fatigued limbs, and the bonny tidy lass ironing, at a small side table, a few of her mistress's caps, and her own. I have been in a few of the kitchens in France, and have *seen* the dreadful dens, the bearded, night-capped cook, taking a pinch of pepper for your cutlet, after having performed a similar civility to his nose. The fowl, or "half gigot" of mutton, roasting within *one* inch of the floor, before a few crackling sticks—and *that* floor! Enough, enough; go into the kitchen at Bolton Bridge by all means, but keep out of all in France, if you wish even a twenty-miles walk to give you the slightest appetite; the former will in every thing you see increase it, the latter produce the "mal de terre," if you persevere. But thank God we are yet at Bolton, in our mind's eye. What a scene awaits you in the morning, as you shake off the deep sleep of a pedestrian, and prepare for the ramble before you, one of the most lovely, for its extent, to be found in the whole world. You are awoke by that peculiarly pleasing sound, the whetting of a scythe under your windows. The gardener is shaving the lawn of its week's growth of ambrosial beard,—not blue but beautifully green, and bathed in the healthy sweat of night. Every blade is loaded with dew; the sun is streaming over the eastern hills and flowing Wharfe, fresh from the ocean.

An English pedestrian must, occasionally, be exasperated by the bad feeling for his country, which is but too prevalent in France. Sylvanus is, in general, tolerant; but there is one description of Frenchmen whom he cannot endure, and who are not in much better odour with their own countrymen.

FRENCH BAGMEN, OR GENERAL DEALERS.

If a man sees only table-d'hôte society in France, he can form but a poor notion of the families living in their own châteaux. They are quite as exclusive in wishing to steer clear of the vulgar intercourse of the world, as any of our renowned "west-enders." Well they may be careful, for a more horrid, blustering, impertinent, forward set of cavaliers does not exist, than the commis-voyageurs of France, who take the best seats at every table-d'hôte, with an opinion that they are equal to any prince, or clean, well-behaved man in Christendom.

The airs, language, and deportment of these commercial magnificos is something more than disgusting,—it is absolutely terrifying to quiet people. I heard a gray-bearded, moustached, dirty old dandy, with a crop of the true republican cut, his person hung in chains, and his dingy fingers encircled with rings, open the most violent tirade against England, Monsieur Guizot, and every thing *decent*, shaking his hand, after forming his fingers into a kind of cup the colour of a cocoa-nut, rolling his eyes, and ringing his *r*'s, till I got nervous. I timidly asked who he was, when he had completed his repast of near upon fifteen dishes, (from the potage to the shrimps.) A young French gentleman who sat next me said, "He is a blackguard, and sells alumettes à friction, or lucifer matches!" I thought he was at least some hero fresh from Africa, who had been roasting Arabs, decoré, and probably a marshal, from his overpowering eloquence! Lucifers at a sous a box must be profitable merchandise to maintain so splendid an ambassador. This is only a sample of the French bagmen. . . . . .

These fellows are all on the look-out for a row; they disseminate their Anglo-hatred from Bayonne to Ostend; they vend their spleen along with their lucifers and wax-dolls, and meet with ready listeners in all the small shop-keepers and country cafés.

Before parting with these very pleasant sketches, we must sweeten the reader's imagination from the pollution of the lucifer-venders, with an English breakfast, and a passing glance at the road-side.

There is not an inch, from the Land's End to the bleak cliffs and solemn rocks that brave the extreme northern blast, but teems with variety and beauty. The lanes, the ruins, the hedge-rows, lakes, streams, and village churches, the richly-farmed garden, (for it *is* one,) the fragrant heather, the forest lands, the country towns, and unequalled roads, winding past ancient domains and manor-houses, are replete with interest. The rugged scenes of Derbyshire and Scotland, the sweet pastures and glorious hunting countries of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, make up our little island panorama,—one I never saw excelled, and a banquet of "the sweet old lady's" providing, at which I have often had a hearty welcome.

Breakfast with me at Bowness, and we will then walk to Keswick, by Ambleside, and Strand, over Sty-Head, coming on to Derwentwater by Lodore.

The window is open, the lake is just curled by the early September breeze, that sweeps so deliciously over it till it reaches our little sitting-room, and waves the roses that peep in upon us. The tea-kettle, as bright as burnished gold, is hissing like one of his huge descendants. The fresh eggs, broiled ham, (cured by Mrs. Ullock,) the potted char, the cold game, with muffins, hot and well-buttered, most seductively solicit your attention. The old-fashioned silver ewer is full of clotted cream, the damask is as white as the teeth of the smiling lass who makes your tea,—and now tell me, if this is not equal to any table-d'hôte breakfast you ever saw, granting that you regaled yourself with radishes and oysters, half a mackarel swimming in oil, and finished off with peas and sugar, or an omelette aux fines herbes, with a bearded, spitting, chattering neighbour on each side of you? Comparisons are said to be odious, and I very much opine this is one of them.

The roadside inns in England, till the fashion made every thing iron,—dukes, ships, roads, and hearts,—were the very acmé of comfort. The perfect cleanliness, the plenteous, exquisite fare, the jolly host and comely hostess, made your fatigue forgotten, on arriving at such quarters. The four-post bed, with stiffened, white, dimity hangings, the large wash-hand basin, and lots of towels: the "Going to Cover," and "Full Cry" over the chimney-piece, with perhaps a "brush" for a handle to the bell-rope, told you that hounds were in the neighbourhood, and that hunters were sent over-night to the comfortable loose boxes in the yard opposite.

These inns were large, and had ample accommodation to post my lord, or "supper him up for the night." There was a ball-room, excellent market-table, assize, race, and hunting dinners, all of which, alas! have merged more or less into the "up" and "down" train, and a basin of soup at Wolverton. The house at Hockanbury-hill, on the London road from Lincoln, with its beautiful garden and shrubbery in front,—the "George" at Grantham, where four mails dined, besides "Telegraphs," "Highflyers," and "Tally-ho's" innumerable, with perhaps the most splendid sleeping apartments in any hotel in the world—where are they? Empty and desolate—no more the cry of "Horses out" is heard ringing through the fine stable-yard, putting to flight troops of clean tight-breeched "boys," for "first turn."

The "Fire King" and Mr. Hudson do all the posting now-a-days, and you must leave the roadside, its inns, its comforts, and associations, neglected and forgotten.

But I have not yet done with the inns of other days, a few of which, thank Heaven, remain in all their ancient management and attraction, and long may they flourish! Perhaps, one of the best specimens of these old English comforts is the "Talbot," at Malton, a regular posting, farming, country-gentleman's inn. The garden is, without exception, the most beautifully kept I ever saw—a bowling-green is rugged in comparison to the lawn before the windows. The kitchen-garden boasts the earliest peas, potatoes, and asparagus. The neatly-clipped hedges will do your heart good to look at, after leaving the "Nine Elms" station. The ale as bright as amber, the pork pies, the old waiter, and old port, have a charm about them, that even the "Hôtel de la Saleté" at this place cannot compensate for.

From Mivart's to "The Eel Pie-house,"—whether you dine off turtle or a rasher, every thing is of the best of its kind in England. You have a clean hearth, a bit of bright fire, and march on in security, knowing the same fare awaits you wherever you may choose to halt; which, with your permission, I will now do for our mutual refreshment.

Our lively and pleasant Sylvanus forgets one small item:—

Then comes the *reckoning* when the feast is o'er.

The Modern British Plutarch; or, Lives of Men Distinguished in the Recent History of our Country for their Talents, Virtues, or Achievements. By W. C. Taylor, LL.D. Post octavo. London: Grant & Griffith.

The Lives are numerous, and consequently not very minute or elaborate; but as the compilation is intended principally for young people, this is no objection. The volume contains forty memoirs, all of them of men well worth hearing about; and including, of course, Statesmen, Warriors, Men of Science, Artists, and Men of Letters. Many facts, accurately stated, are found in small compass.

Moral Heroism; or, The Trials and Triumphs of the Great and Good. By Clara Lucas Balfour. Small octavo. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

This is a compilation of most excellent tendency. *Moral Heroism* is exemplified by lessons drawn from the lives of such men as John Howard, Oberlin, Penn

the Quaker, the Missionaries, and many others of the worthy and truly great. The frame-work of the book is very simple: An affectionate and intelligent mother becomes apprehensive that her two boys may have heard too much of Warriors and Heroes, and imbibed a too intense admiration of false glory; and her conversations with them, or readings from notes and manuscripts, are meant to correct this tendency. This is the kind of literary nutriment which young people especially require. No fear that Heroes and "the Illustrious" are overlooked among them.

Memoirs of Mrs. Jane Mawson of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Compiled from her Diary and Correspondence, showing the Progressive Influence of Truth upon the Mind of a Sincere Inquirer. Carefully Compiled and Edited by an Intimate Friend; with Occasional Observations by the Author of "Jewish Sacrifices," and Dr. Frederick R. Lees. London: Chapman, Brothers.

This is a very long title for a very little book. Opening it, we fancied it one of a class of publications, of very different degrees of merit, with which every body is familiar; but it turned out something original. Mrs. Jane Mawson, born and bred among the Wesleyan Methodists, was, at a very early age, impressed with the importance of religion. She grew up a tender-conscienced little girl, and a very pious and strict young woman, though, as her commentator thinks, erring in her views, many of which she lived to modify or change altogether. Whatever may be thought of the orthodoxy of her ultimate creed, it must be felt that Jane Mawson was a woman of no ordinary attainments or character, and also that she was a devout and sincere person, earnest to know the whole will of God, and to fulfil it to the best of her knowledge and power.

Oliver & Boyd's Standard Edition of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

This is the precursory volume of a very neat and remarkably cheap edition of D'Aubigne's History. But it has other claims, besides cheapness. An unhappy and not very creditable misunderstanding has arisen among publishers about this work; and this is the only English edition which the author sanctions, and gives to the world as his work in a perfect state. Of it, he says in his preface to the revised edition:—"I have revised this translation line by line, and word by word; and I have restored the sense wherever I did not find it clearly rendered. It is the only one which I have corrected. I declare in consequence, that I acknowledge this translation as the only faithful expression of my thoughts in the English language, and I recommend it as such to all my readers."

This gives the present edition a claim, which can be set up for no other. The first volume is to be followed, at short intervals, by the three others already published. Dr. D'Aubigne states farther, that he had made numerous additions and corrections in this edition.

The Aristocracy of England. A History for the People. By John Hampden, Junior. Small Octavo, pp. 336. London: Chapman, Brothers.

What a pity that so clever a person, and so vigorous a writer as our Younger Hampden, is so very bitter in spirit, and should lessen the effect of much excellent matter by exaggeration, distortion, and extravagant colouring. From page 1 to 336, the author never once abates in fury, or in "virtuous indignation." He can perceive no element, no trace of goodness, in things evil in high places. But his work, with all this, is one calculated to tell on the masses for good,—and also for mischief; and we can only wish that his unquestionable powers were better regulated; that he would be content to enlighten and stimulate, without inflaming or infuriating his readers.

A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church of Roxbury, Massachusetts. Post 8vo, pp. 365. London: Chapman, Brothers.

This volume, which forms a part of *The Catholic Series*, is a reprint of five lectures delivered at Boston last autumn, by a clergyman who seems to hold some of the tenets of Channing, with a large intermixture of new doctrines. We do not pretend to say exactly what are the preacher's opinions, or if his heresies have, as yet, obtained a distinct name, even in the United States. He is bold and dogmatic in tone, and clear and forcible in style, speaking out his novel and startling opinions without doubt or hesitation.

Letters on the more Evident Changes which the Body undergoes, and the Management of Health from Infancy to Adult Age. By C. Black, M.D. London: Whittaker & Co.

These are very sensible and well-written Letters on a somewhat out-worn theme. But as every author of sermons has a congregation of his own, we may hope that every medical man has an admiring and attentive auditory among his own patients and neighbours. How else are so many commonplace sermons and medical discourses to be disposed of?

The Punjaub; being a Brief Account of the Country of the Sikhs, its History, Extent, Commerce, Productions, &c. By Lieutenant Colonel Steinbach. Second Edition, bringing down the narrative to the present campaign on the Sutlej. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

We described this work when it appeared last year. The new edition comes pat.

Bohn's Library.

From this issue of standard books, we have, in the present month, *Schlegel's Lectures on the Philosophy of History*, translated by James Baron Robertson, Esq., who has prefixed a Memoir of Schlegel.—This is a new and revised Edition of the Translation and the Memoir, the first having appeared ten years since. This valuable work is too well known to require any particular notice, save that there is now to be had a very cheap edition of it.

A Practical Treatise on the Law of Auctions; with Forms, Tables, Statutes, and Cases, and Directions to Auctioneers. By Joseph Bateman, LL.D. of Lincoln's Inn. Third Edition, adapted to the recent change in the Law. London: A. Maxwell & Son.

The recent alterations in the law, and the repeal of the duty on auction sales, made a new edition of this work necessary, and the author has taken the opportunity to revise and improve it. It is of course a book merely for a class; for auctioneers, appraisers, brokers, and solicitors who are connected with auction sales: and we dare say it will to such persons form a useful manual. It

enters minutely into every branch of the subject; and numerous illustrative cases are cited, and useful tables given.

Lyrical Compositions. Selected from the Italian Poets, with Translations. By James Glassford, Esq. of Dougalston. Second edition, greatly enlarged. Small octavo, Pp. 592. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

We had occasion to notice this elegant volume, on its appearance several years since. The new edition, which is enlarged by the addition of eighty-four new selections and translations, is a posthumous publication. Mr. Glassford had an intention of giving biographical and critical notes with the new edition, as well as additional selections; but this intention has been frustrated by his decease, and his executors or editors have done all in their power, by publishing his fragmentary notes in an appendix. The volume, valuable in its contents, will also form a desirable acquisition to those who wish to gain a knowledge of the character and structure of Italian poetry.

Scotland; its Faith and its Features; or, a Visit to Blair Athol. By the Reverend Francis Trench, Perpetual Curate of St. John's, Reading, &c. &c. Two volumes post 8vo. London: Bentley.

Mr. Trench is the same writer whose pleasant "Diary of a Journey in France and Spain" we had lately occasion to introduce to our readers, with warm appreciation of its varied excellencies. To Scottish readers his new work may be less interesting. The Features, however delicately limned and coloured, are too familiar; and of the Faith, meaning the recent squabbles of the Established and the Free Church, all the world of the North have lately heard a great deal more than was either pleasant or edifying; and may, besides, fancy themselves much better judges of the controversy, and of the relative merits of the disputants, than any stranger whatever. Still the descriptive parts of the work will interest general readers; and the account of the State and Prospects of the Free Church, and of the schism in the Episcopalian Church in Scotland, will give original information to those of the South, and to foreigners. A certain, and, probably, an unconscious bias is perceptible in both.

The Dispatches and Letters of Vice Admiral Lord Nelson. With notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G. C. M. S. The sixth volume. Colburn.

This volume carries forward the correspondence from May, 1804, to July, 1805. Another is to finish the work, when we propose continuing our account of the three last volumes. During the period of this volume, Nelson was almost constantly at sea, in the Victory, and dodging the French fleet. Though suffering much in health and spirits, at no period did he display greater professional ability, or more zeal for the public service.

NEW NOVELS.

The Step-Mother. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Three volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

This is a story of English domestic life, with some tragic elements of the homely kind. The Step-Mother, the principal character of the tale, is, as may be surmised from the name, an incarnation of intense, though passionless selfishness, low ambitions, and exquisite dissimulation. Yet, like every other counterfeit, she cannot, in the long run, with all her art and use, stand the test. Her true character is rather instinctively felt, than all at once seen through, by her generous, confiding husband, and her victim his daughter. The character is well wrought up, and skilfully sustained. Yet it is, as a whole, repulsive; and there is too much of it for a thing so worthless. The reader has not even the satisfaction of seeing this selfish being suffer from her faults. Her punishment must be reserved for another world; as, though exposed, thwarted, and disappointed, her selfishness and cold-heartedness form a panoply against the shafts of adversity; and the generosity of those she has wronged leaves her finally in possession of what she had always most coveted—plenty of money. The story contains many characters and scenes of English country-life, well depicted, though not of great individual interest; and, like all the compositions of Mr. James, *The Step-Mother* reads fluently and agreeably.

The Queen's Lieges. Four volumes. London: Newby.

It may easily be understood why novelists are often at a loss for a catching title to their performances; but upon what principle the above has been chosen, it were difficult to conceive. The story bearing this quaint name is a Romance of Spain, turning on the fortunes of a heroine who has often ere now furnished a theme to poets and dramatists, *Ines de Castro.* Here is the whole of her real and her imaginary history, from her cradle to the tragic resurrection of her remains. The romance shows competent knowledge of the subject and the period; and considerable talents for fictitious composition.

Scenes in the Life of a Soldier of Fortune. By a Member of the Imperial Guard. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

This tale, or the manuscript of it, has a strange *personal* history. It purports to be the autobiography of an Italian soldier, who, in the early period of the Revolution, fought under the banners of the French Republic; and who, later in life, when become a teacher, told his story to an English traveller, his pupil, who has here set it down. Sir Lytton Bulwer, when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, rejected the manuscript; and Mr. Hood, when afterwards filling the same office, accepted of it; but, after a year and a half, the papers were returned, by Mr. Colburn, to the writer. They ultimately appeared in a provincial newspaper, and here again they are, in a homely-looking volume. How much of the narrative may be real and how much fictitious, we are not able to say. Sir Lytton Bulwer's decision was probably the right one, as some of the scenes are not well adapted for an English periodical work; and yet these are, in one sense, the best.

Recollections of a French Marchioness. Two volumes.

We class this and *The Soldier of Fortune* among the *New Novels*, as they probably contain at least as much of fiction as of reality. The "Recollections of the French Marchioness" is, however, a curious work; and genuine, too, so far as the English translator is concerned. The "Recollections" purport to be those of the Marchioness de Créquy, who, after braving the dangers of the Revolution,—during the worst times of which she continued to reside in Paris,—died at the age of a hundred. The "Recollections," it is alleged, were intended for her grand-

son, who, however, died long before the writer. They consist of long histories of genealogies and family connexions, curious traits of the noblesse before the Revolution, gossiping, scandalous, and marvellous tales of crime and superstition; and much of the kind of matter usually found in French memoirs, though without their wit and point. The work may have been composed either by a garrulous and lively old lady, whose memory had begun to fail; or have been written down, from her rambling discourse, by her clever maid. There is certainly something that looks genuine about it. Even the marvellous stories confirm its truthful character, as they imply the author's belief; and the frequent recurrence of celebrated names gives interest to the prittle-prattle of the Marchioness. At the age of five years, she had been kissed by Louis Le Grand, in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon; and, at ninety-five, her hand was kissed by General Bonaparte, in the Tuileries, when he graciously promised to restore some of her sequestrated family estates. For a lover she had had the famous Marischal Keith; and was as familiar with the Jacobites as with the Jacobins; and with the time of the Regency as with that of the Consulate.

The volumes offer many piquant passages to those fond of marvellous stories, and curious in French Memoirs. They possess the characteristic feature of sparing no one. An especial object of exposure is the infamous father of Louis Philippe; and this strange history is given of "The Heroine of the Revolution," Madame Roland:

Whilst on the subject of unequal matches, I must tell you that my uncle, the *Commandeur de Froulay*, had once a very remarkable cook, who, being a great thief, had become exceedingly well off. . . . . .

This clever provider of good things was called *Rotisset*. . . . I am sorry to own that the name of Rotisset was only his official designation, for he had no real patronymic, inasmuch as before he entered the kitchens of Chambord, he had left the dining-hall of the Foundling Hospital.

He ended, however, by marrying the sister of Mlle. Dupont, my head waiting-woman, and since then your nursery-maid; but the Duponts, who are affluent and very respectable people of Maine, were at first mortally annoyed at such a bad match.

However, their first child, Mlle. Fanchon Rotisset, married very suitably a working jeweller of the name of Flipon.

You will think I am mad, in thus unrolling this genealogy like the chain of a spit; but a little patience and you will see, *mon Prince*, why I have traced the line of the Rotissets and the Flipons.

To make my preface more clear, I will first tell you, that M. Dupont, my secretary and valet, as well as Mme. Dupont, his affectionate wife, had always something to relate to the honour and glory of Manon Flipon, who was the daughter of the jeweller;* and who, if they were to be believed, was a perfect prodigy.

I remember that they talked of her marrying the butcher who served the Hôtel de Créquy, which butcher actually took it into his head to write to me on the occasion. The two Duponts were wild in their endeavours to explain this in a satisfactory and respectful manner: but I gave them to understand, that they must be quiet for the future about their amiable niece, and that I insisted on hearing no more of Manon Flipon.

One or two years passed, and the Duponts could bear it no longer; they could not refrain from speaking to me of their niece's marriage, and requested that I would have the goodness to sign the contract, which I promised, without hesitating a moment, as it was always the custom of the *Messieurs de Créquy* to do so for such of their people as were not in livery; and this even extended to their relations.

There was some misunderstanding about the day and hour when I was to sign my name; I was at Versailles, or I know not where. They were, however, quite content to have the said contract signed by your lady mother and my son; so I thought no more about it, when Dupont came to entreat me to grant an audience to Mme. Roland de la Plattière.

"Who is she? and what does she want with me?"

"But Madame, it is Manon Flipon, who has married a gentleman of the *Bureau de Commerce* at Lyons; a splendid situation, with a good four thousand *livres* a-year in farms, and a country house in the Forez. As Madame did not sign their contract, my niece thought that perhaps Madame would have the kindness—"

"Ask her to come in; I will see her."

Madame Roland de la Plattière was the most beautiful woman possible. She had a good figure and carriage, was perfectly well-dressed, and her manners were elegant and modest. Her face dazzled with its freshness and brightness, as if it had been a nosegay of lilies and roses, (I beg pardon for making use of so worn-out a simile, but I know of none so exact; and by the way, he who first declared that there were no roses without thorns, made an excellent remark.) The shape of her face was a beautiful oval, and her features were perfectly regular. Her eyes—such blue eyes!—had black eye-brows, and long black lashes, with a profusion of brown hair. The amiability of her expression did not always correspond with the regular beauty of her countenance; there was at times something in the movements of the eye-brows and the mouth, discontented, malicious, and even sinister. . . When I had signed the contract which she had brought me, and found she did not go, I guessed that she had something to say, and offered her a seat; but as she would have been mortified to see me ring for Dupont, (her uncle,) to place her a chair, I rose and approached the arm-chairs, saying, "Sit down, I beg, *mon enfant*."

This lovely young creature instantly saw the delicacy of my motive, and looking at me with eyes full of feeling, she answered in passionate and energetic tones,—"You are kind, *Madame*, really good and generous;" and so saying, she gave one bound, like a gazelle, to the other end of the room, in order to seize on a stool, which in one jump she brought back, and seated herself on it in front of my sofa.

What she wished to ask me was, to help her to obtain letters of nobility for her husband, who possessed, as a commoner, a small estate giving the title of La Plattière.

All the citizens of Lyons were wild to be ennobled, and they resorted to every possible expedient to sustain their genealogies.

Madame Roland next gave me to understand, with some importance and a toss of her head, that it was possible that her husband's family might be descended from the Maréchal de la Plattière; this assertion seriously damaged her case with me. I told her that the family name of this Maréchal was Bourdillon, and not Roland; and when she saw that I received her chimerical supposition with coldness and perhaps incredulity, the expression of her face changed to one of bitter hatred and wounded pride, which I shall never forget. I bowed her out discreetly and politely enough I thought; but I said to her uncle Dupont, that Madame de la Plattière must be jesting; that her husband was too highly descended to require being ennobled, but that he had only to show his proofs, &c.

I was some years without having any further communication with the Roland family. I must now diverge a little into the revolutionary times.

At the period of that odious and stupid affair, our trial by the citizen Bourbon-Montmorency-Créquy, of whose property I was accused of possessing myself, and in other ways ill-using him, I resolved to go and see his protector and friend, the citizen Roland, on the subject, and I found him most determinedly hostile and savagely

* If we remember aright, Madame Roland describes her father as an engraver: there are other discrepancies.
E. T. M.

ill-disposed towards us. He presented the most rugged unapproachable front that I ever encountered. I can hardly call him a man of iron, for he was deficient both in solidity and utility: he was a man of wood, but of that sort that turns the hatchet's edge.

Madame Roland entered the room of this strange minister, being informed of my presence by the excellent Dupont, whose respect and fidelity towards me have never wavered. The expression of this woman's face was one of triumphant irony, ill-concealed by her few words of cordiality and consideration, to which I would not in any way respond; this you will easily believe, for it is pretty well known I never could dissemble, and I never would.

Madame Roland still retained her good looks; but her manners and her language struck me as having become very vulgar and ridiculously affected. It is a tone that she must have acquired from her revolutionary connexion and in her *Girondines* intimacies; for she certainly had it not some years before, or at least she had the proper vanity to be aware of it, and to control, and not express herself in this way before a person of good taste.

"So this is the wife of a republican minister!" said I to myself. A revolution is a rapid descent. In politeness and the ways of the world, Madame Roland was as far off from Madame Necker, as Madame Necker was from the Duchesse de Choiseul. . . .

I smiled maliciously when I contemplated their silly arrogance, their utter insufficiency to govern any country, more especially such a country as France! We parted each looking displeased with the other.

"I wish you good morning, *citoyenne*," said the minister, in a voice that disgusted me; and as he did not make even the semblance of showing me to the door, I was obliged to open it for myself. His wife avoided any low familiarity, but she was careful not to compromise her personal dignity, and that of the French republic, by showing any condescension to a *Fanatic* — (that was my principal crime in their sight.) She rose majestically, with a gesture of something like Roman civility, a movement of the head and eyebrows, and that was to pass for a bow!

Four months after this, we were prisoners together at Sainte-Pélagie!

The Bushrangers of Van Diemen's Land. By Charles Rowcroft, Esq. author of "Tales of the Colonies," "Adventures of an Emigrant," &c. &c. Three volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

These volumes may be considered, and are indeed called a *second series* of *Tales of the Colonies*. They confirm the ordinary opinion of all such attempts. In the first series, while the writer was guided by knowledge and experience, a truthful, and lively, and pleasant picture of emigrant life, was produced; but the materials being exhausted, the author has drawn upon invention and imagination, and the result is much less satisfactory. But the scenes and the characters,—or at least the new position in which they are presented—redeem the work from the more hackneyed commonplace of the Circulating Library; though the originality, and especially the humour, are not always of the most felicitous kind.

Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. Volume VIII. The Robber.

Need we say that this is one of Mr. James's most admired performances; forming, with the former volumes of this series, a handsome addition to any private library.

NEWLY STARTED PERIODICALS.

Sharpe's London Magazine. A handsome and very cheap miscellany, consisting of stories, sketches, essays, and poetry, with tasteful embellishments; well meriting encouragement; and lacking only a limited quantity of *solid* matter to make it perfect of its kind.

The Torch. This is an Edinburgh cheap periodical, which does credit to the place of its nativity.

The People's Journal. Edited by John Saunders. —This is another respectable cheap publication, though possessing no particular feature by which it may be distinguished from many others. Several popular and good names are given as among the contributors to "The People's Journal."

The Fortunes of Turlogh O'Brien. A Tale of the Wars of King James. No. I. Dublin: M'Glashan. —We need not say that this is an imitation of the Irish tales of Mr. Lever. It is one which sets out hopefully, though it is no easy task to enter the lists opposed to Harry Lorrequer.

SERIAL WORKS.

The Modern Orator. Parts XVI. XVII.

The Art-Union. Nos. XCII. XCIII.—A pretty custom is getting confirmed in this periodical, of giving a capital engraving from some really good picture with each number, and also some light literary sketch or tale from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall. These are attractions of no ordinary kind, in addition to the usual artistic matter which has found a place in this Journal, since its commencement.

The Steam-Engine. By the Artisan Club. Parts XX. and XXI.

Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil. Part VI.

Knight's Old England's Worthies. A Gallery of Portraits with Biographies. Part III.

Knight's History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace. Part II.—Could any one promise to make the Thirty years' Peace Sixty years, we should no longer need to pray for the social Millennium—it would have arrived. But a good and vital history of what has been done for mankind, by peace, within the last thirty years, is one excellent means of extending the period.

The Vital Statistics of Glasgow for 1843 and 1844. By A. Watt, LL.D.—We have upon former occasions explained the plan and objects of this useful annual report, drawn up by appointment of the local authorities.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

On Horizontal Water-Wheels, especially Turbines or Whirl-wheels, &c. &c. By Moritz-Rühlman. Edited with introductory notes, by Sir Robert Kane, with six plates, and tables of calculations. Dublin: Hodges & Smith.

Address of the Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

The Rationale of Railway Administration, with a view to the greatest possible amount of accommodation, cheapness, and safety. By Thornton Hunt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Ships and Railways. London: Longman & Co.

The Oregon Question as it stands. By M. B. Sampson. The author of this pamphlet throws out a new idea; unless, indeed, we might claim something of the sort for ourselves. It is, in substance, that Great Britain and the United States should both leave the Oregon territory—its boundaries and government, to be settled by its own population, upon free and equal principles, when it shall come to be a settled country; and is not, as at present, almost a wilderness, not worth contending about.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

The Irish Coercion Bill,—The Corn Law Bill,—The Charitable Trusts Bill,—
Position and Prospects of Sir Robert Peel.

We are not of the number who regret the delay in the progress of the Government commercial measures, occasioned by the debates on the Irish Curfew Bill, or dread their consequences. This interlude will be to our more economical reformers, what agrarian outrage has been to the agricultural improvers in Ireland.

It can scarcely fail to have struck even the most cursory observers, that it is not in the least improved districts of Ireland that agrarian outrage is most prevalent. The ruthless clearing *en masse*, of which we hear, —and antecedents similar in character, though less startling in amount,—are the influences which have rendered Rockism systematic. And these have been the consequences, in by far the greater number of instances, of efforts on the part of landlords or middlemen, to adopt new systems of management, that promised to render their lands more productive. To a certain extent those efforts have been praiseworthy, and may even be regarded as omens of a better future for Ireland. They indicate an awakening, prudential, reflecting, practical spirit of enterprise in the landed gentry of Ireland,—a feature in which their character was too long sadly deficient. The dark side of the picture is this: the means adopted by these promoters of improved husbandry, indicate a miserably narrow range of vision, in so far as the rights of other human beings are concerned. The agricultural reformer may laudably blast rocks, dam up streams, drain lakes, level the hills and fill up the valleys,—in short, torture inanimate nature at his pleasure. He may also change the breeds of domestic animals, extirpate one race and introduce another. But man is sacred from his self-will; creatures instinct with sense and reason, are not to be grubbed up, and shovelled out like plants or stones; the human beings he finds upon his domains, have a right to be handled with more caution and delicacy. And what is more to our present point, human beings, the weakest and most miserable of them, have a power to retaliate upon the proud and callous man, who forgets their claims of brotherhood, and converts swarming acres into a solitude, to make room for his beeves, and ploughs, and harrows. The evictions of tenants have called Captain Rock into existence; the systematic progress of agricultural improvement has made the Captain's pursuits a profession, and a lucrative one, nor much more disreputable, in the eyes of the peasantry, than that of attorney. Agrarian outrage is compelling attention to the rights of the Irish peasantry; the skilful managers of estates are beginning to discover that only by acting in a spirit of brotherhood, towards those to whom they have hitherto acted as mere cumberers of the soil, can they obtain permission to carry on their improvements, or reap their fruits in security.

What Captain Rock is to Irish landlords in general, the Repeal party in Parliament are to the English and Scottish legislators and constituencies. A majority of the Commons are resolute to introduce a more reasonable system of national commercial policy. The measure is advancing rapidly, borne on by triumphant majorities. The Lords begin to show a disposition to "listen to reason,"—they have not yet quite forgot the lesson of the Reform-Bill era. John Bull and sister Peg already taste, in anticipation, the blessings of Free-trade. Like Duke Theseus, when his nuptial day draws on apace, they complain, "how slow this old moon wanes!" When all at once a coercion bill for Ireland, sent down by the Lords for the approbation of the Commons, threatens to arrest the progress of the Corn and Customs Bills. In vain the indignant and obstreperous Irish members are coaxed and wheedled to surcease their opposition to the Curfew Bill, until the commercial reforms shall be safe in port. In vain they are reminded, in the most dulcet and insinuating of tones, that coercion is nothing new to them; that Irishmen have been coerced for centuries; that they must be accustomed to it by this time—as eels are to be flayed alive; that it is shameful on their part to interpose one moment's postponement, that by remaining quiet they could prevent, of the arrival of that blessed Free-trade era, when Englishmen and Scotsmen are to "gather gowd in goupins," merely from "ignorant impatience" of the lash on their own backs. To all these honeyed words the Irish members are deaf as adders. It is true, the most of them admit that the measures they are helping to obstruct, will benefit the rest of the empire, and perhaps Ireland also. But they are not prepared to purchase certain gain to their friends on this side of the Channel, by certain loss of their own political immunities. They will not allow themselves to be handed over to the Lords, to be scourged at their pleasure, in order that their Lordships' *penchant* for flogging being thus satiated, the backs of Englishmen and Scotsmen may escape scot-free. Englishmen and Scotsmen, they say, have deserved no such self-sacrifice on the part of Irishmen. If arresting the Corn and Customs' bills will do nothing more, it will at least keep Englishmen and Scotsmen fellow-sufferers with Irishmen; and this, though not a very rational or Christian, is a very natural source of satisfaction. In short, the Irish Repeal party in the House of Commons, are the Captain Rocks of British legislation—the children of centuries of British misrule, only to be tamed by just and humane government. Their reckless opposition will force upon the legislature concessions to Ireland, just as agrarian outrage has forced upon many landlords consideration for their wretched tenantry.

The effect is already visible in the gratifying change which has come over the tone of Parliamentary debate on Irish subjects. The language of honourable members on the first night the House of Commons met after Easter, marked the commencement of a new era for Ireland. The House had re-assembled earlier, in order that a full exposition of their complaints on the part of Irish members might be conceded with the least possible intervention of delay to the commercial reforms. The English members, who spoke both against and in favour of the Coercion bill, were equally strong in their expressions of the necessity of losing no time in redressing the social grievances of Ireland. The Premier, as soon as it was hinted that his silence had been interpreted

into a dogged, supercilious resolution to force through the coercion measure by votes, not by argument, made haste to explain, that it had only been occasioned by his conviction that the discussion could not terminate that evening, and his wish to reserve himself for a more advanced period of the debate. This courteous intimation, made in language equally conciliatory and courteous, was met on the part of the Irish members—no less was to be expected from Irish gentlemen—in a similar tone. Nor was this the only indication that these debates have afforded that the Irish mind has been materially mollified by the prompt attention which Government has given to the afflicting visitation impending over—already pressing sore upon Ireland. The generous sentiments expressed by so many English members in the course of the debates—the obvious constraint they put upon themselves to avoid expressions that might be grating to an Irish ear—the palpably increasing knowledge of the state of Ireland and increasing desire to know about it in the legislature—are seed that has not been dropped on barren ground: and not only are there indications of a relenting temper in the Irish party, symptoms may be discerned of a business-like way of grappling with practical questions growing up amongst them. The leaders of a national party, placed by unwise laws beyond the pale of the constitution, cannot be expected to cultivate, in their struggles to force their way into it, the talents of the legislator. The task of the agitator or demagogue, (the term is used in no dislogistic sense,) is essentially different from that of the legislator; it must be accomplished by the use of entirely different faculties. When the *élite* of a nation have for a long track of years been compelled by circumstances to cultivate the talents that constitute the influential agitator, it is not to be wondered at, that, for some time after they have forced their way into the Senate, they should not be fully aware of the change in their position—of the new duties that have devolved upon them. It is not untrue that the Irish members have, as a body, been hitherto more given to declamation than to the framing and urging of practical measures: but it is unreasonable to complain of this, or to blame them for it. The necessity of dealing with the social vices which lie at the bottom of Irish misery and turbulence, is making them practical; and, by degrees, the real condition and character of Ireland is beginning to be comprehended by the English members of the legislature. We have another reason for anticipating that the current of Irish political activity is about to undergo a change in its direction. If any person will take the trouble to peruse the Vote paper of the House of Commons, he can scarcely fail to be struck with the terribly voluminous list of notices relative to Irish affairs, entered in the books by Mr. John O'Connell and Mr. William Smith O'Brien. The prudery of mincing the matter here would be of no use. The great man,—and whatever may be thought of isolated incidents in his career, Mr. O'Connell's long and successful career fully entitles him to the epithet of a great man,—who has, for more than a quarter of a century, wielded the destinies of Ireland,—in common with the rest of the world, sees, in these rival advertisements, the progress of the contested succession to the throne he must, in the course of nature, soon vacate, begun during his lifetime. Ere many years roll over our heads, Ireland will have a new popular leader or leaders. To expect a man of O'Connell's powerful character, at his time of life, to adopt new views of policy, would be to display ignorance of human nature. The sapling may be bent; but not the gnarled oak, that has outlived almost all its contemporaries. Now one indispensable element in the character of a useful and commanding popular leader is, that his policy and tactics be original—his own, and suited to the emergencies of the time. It will be no mere plagiarist of the course which O'Connell, by the instinct of genius, struck out for himself, that will seize the sceptre that can only drop from his hand when death shall paralyze it. The successor worthy of O'Connell must be a man of practical measures.

In the rush and hurry of events which are driving men to grapple, by practical measures, with the practical ills of Ireland; in the momentary relenting of the temper of a majority among the real Irish leaders, by the more chivalrous courtesy of the tone recently assumed towards them on the part of men in office; and by the unequivocal expression of English sympathy with Irish suffering; in the subdued tone of English domineering, caused by experience of the dauntless or reckless strength which nerves and knits the Irish national party, we recognise the advent of a glorious opportunity for commencing the political redemption of Ireland. Where is the statesman who can turn to account this auspicious moment before it passes into the empty shadows of the past? Is it Peel? It is not for us, whose lot has been long and voluntarily cast among the party which has been accustomed, and not without good cause, to esteem him the ablest leader of its adversaries, to anticipate, without misgivings, what will be his future career. His commercial measure is of good omen; and still more so the increasing firmness of his uncompromising though unexaggerated language to its adversaries. Nor is there any suspicious suddenness in his entire adoption of its principles. Looking back upon his whole career, we can discern that he has been gradually and naturally coming to this. There is a consequence in his actions, a guarded resoluteness in his demeanour, that inspires hope for the future. It is evident that he is conscious of the reliance so extensively placed upon him among the mercantile and manufacturing community; that he has trust in the abilities and attachment of the rising school of statesmen he has trained; that he feels he is a power in himself, and is resolute to make the drudges of party, who would keep him down to their own level, acknowledge it. In so far as commercial policy is concerned, there is no reason for fear or misgiving. And with regard to the silly, useless, and provoking Curfew Bill, we are strongly tempted to believe that circumstances have forced it upon his reluctant adoption. It is at variance with his policy at the time the "monster meetings shook the isle from its propriety." However questionable the conduct of government on that occasion in other respects, it at least relied upon the existing law, and sought no extra-constitutional powers. It is at variance with his disposition. The Conservative leader, who taught his party to fight their battles in the registration courts, knows how to yield to the inevitable, and is not likely, of his own accord, to repeat the exploded folly of seeking to effect by coercion what coercion has ever failed to accomplish. Lastly, he is too good a logician not to perceive the wretched hiatus in Sir James Graham's deductions. The Home Secretary has admitted, that the crimes sought to be repressed are subdued in a great measure throughout Ireland, except

in five counties: in other words, that the increased atrocities in these counties are the desperate efforts of a defeated army cooped up in its last garrisons. Sir Robert Peel is not likely to argue with Sir James Graham that the eve of certain victory is the time to halt and wait for fresh levies. These considerations would of themselves be sufficient to inspire a suspicion that the Curfew Bill has been forced upon the Premier by his colleagues. He has no easy task in managing some of them. Many are not so properly reluctant converts to his free-trade policy, as no-converts, who have yielded to compulsion; and they avow this. Dissatisfied with themselves, they are galled by the taunts and sneers of the party they have left, and the not over-cordial reception of that with which they are at least temporarily allied. Their poor tempers must be in a sad way, and Peel must have his own ado to keep them within the bounds of common sense and decorum. This accounts for his inflexible adherence to the etiquette of reading the bill a first time as soon as sent down. Men are never so punctilious on the point of honour as when they are conscious that their honour is called in question, not without reason. The Duke of Wellington, on an ordinary occasion, might have waived the compliment of an immediate first reading; but at present he is peremptory. The leisurely passage of the bill through the Lords, betokens no intense desire on the part of the head of the government to have it passed. Ours is, we confess, a trembling hope; but we do not despair of seeing the once-read bill postponed till the battle of free-trade has been fought and won; and then dropped for the session for want of time, or, if forced through, not acted upon, but superseded by some measure for the benefit of Ireland.

The Curfew Bill is not the only embarrassment which his colleagues have wantonly thrown upon Sir Robert Peel. Lord Lyndhurst's Charitable Trusts Bill is another; and the Lord Chancellor is so intent upon passing it — so blind to the opposition he has awakened by it — that, had not Lord Brougham begged for delay on the night appointed for its second reading, ministers would have been left in a minority upon a question which could, under no circumstances, be considered an essential part of their policy. Lord Lyndhurst holds out this bill as the practical application of the inquiries concluded many years ago by the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Charities of England and Wales. Its insidious preamble would appear to intimate that the establishment of a responsible Board to manage the small charities was the object its framer had in view. It is true that the grossest abuses have crept into the administration of charitable trusts of an yearly revenue under £100, (of which there are in England and Wales 40,000, with an average annual income of nearly a million and a half:) but the machinery contemplated by the bill would be neither efficient nor responsible. Three commissioners resident in London, with two ambulatory inspectors, could not administer, with the requisite knowledge, 40,000 trust estates, (averaging not above £30 per an., some of them not exceeding £5 per an.,) locally situated, some or other of them, in almost every parish of England and Wales. But to subject these trusts to this commission is only the ostensible, not the real object of the measure. Power is given to them — a power, as Lord Cottenham declared in the House of Peers, and Lord Brougham admits in *The Edinburgh Review*,— beyond the limits of the constitution, to draw within the vortex of their meddling surveillance all the funds of all charities administered by the great City Companies of London—all the funds of Bible and Missionary Societies, the Literary and Artists' funds, and similar voluntary associations for religious and charitable purposes—all the charities vested in municipal corporations —and all the schools and chapels of Dissenters. Every charity in England and Wales is to be taxed for the support of these commissioners; an immense extent of patronage is placed at their disposal—enough to turn the balance of elections in all the small burghs of the kingdom — power is given them to decree how the schools of Dissenters shall be taught; and they are to be responsible to no one but the Lord Chancellor, at whose pleasure they may be said to hold their appointments, for no care is taken to provide for the publicity of their operations. A bill burdening men with more labour than they can overtake, and screening them, at the same time, from public criticism, is *ex facie* of the document, as Scottish lawyers say, a *job*: and that no doubt may remain on this head, a provision has been introduced into the second edition, that the office of commissioner may be held by a retired judge of Bengal. Bengal is not exactly the place for picking up the experience this office would require: but a retired judge of Bengal is one of the three gentlemen for whose benefit the Commission has been devised. This rank unconstitutional job was to have been opposed on the second reading in the House of Lords by all the Liberal peers, for its insidious encroachments on constitutional immunities; by the Conservative peers for its interference with the great City Companies. But for the hint of Lord Brougham, ministers would have been placed in a minority, for this unworthy cause. And ere these lines meet the eyes of our readers, Lord Lyndhurst's obstinacy may have made this contingent risk a reality.

The obstinate hankering after coercion among the old Tory colleagues who still cling to him — the miserable spirit of jobbing which besets Lord Lyndhurst — are great apologies for Sir Robert Peel. Having, by protracted efforts, brought them to support his free-trade measures, it is not surprising that, intent as he must be upon retaining to himself the honour of perfecting these great reforms, he should shrink from contesting the other points with them at this moment. Our whole sympathy—our whole confidence, he cannot have, so long as he remains thus trammelled. The lingering suspicion will still be stirring and whispering, that he is no unwilling wearer of his manacles. Still, though his Irish curfew bill, and the bill for pilfering from charity trusts to endow a commission only adapted to be an instrument of political corruption, must be opposed in all their stages, Peel, personally, must be spared until the great measure has been carried. And carried it will be. The House of Commons' majority in its favour is undiminished; and to all human appearances, it will pass even the Lords without any material alteration. The latest and most authentic accounts of the negociations among the members of that house give the corn-law bill a majority of thirty-two among the Peers who have declared themselves, with only twenty-seven undeclared. A little patience — a little forbearance—and then—

Ay, then Sir Robert must declare himself. His career is not yet at an end, unless he himself so wills it. True, a majority of the new Conservative party, which he created out of the *disjecta membra* of the old Tory party,

and a certain section of the supporters of the Reform Bill, have deserted his standard. True, of that majority, on the broad breast of which his corn and customs bills are floating through the House of Commons, only one hundred and twelve, scarcely a third, are his personal adherents. In the House of Commons, as far as personal supporters are concerned, he is in a minority. But we have reached a crisis at which a statesman's power is not to be estimated by the number of his voters within doors. The man and his standing with the nation must be taken into account. There is no statesman living—not Wellington himself—who in his own person is so essentially a power as Peel. In the organization of the Conservative party, more than half of its strength was lodged in his person alone. He gave more power and influence to the party which offered him the leadership than he derived from it. The sources of this power we have on former occasions pointed out. The great mass of the capitalists have more confidence in him than in any other living statesman. He carries their support to that combination of public men, be it what it will, with which he pleases to identify himself. In the contest for power which must of necessity ensue, as soon as the triumph of his Free-trade measures dissolves the present temporary make-shift alliances of Parliament, this peculiar power of Peel will *tell*. It is between Peel, with the few rising public men—Gladstone, Lincoln, Herbert, and others—whom he has trained, and the Whig leaders, that the contest will take place. The Protectionist minority contains not one man in its ranks who could be received as a qualified candidate in such a struggle. There are not half-a-dozen of them who could advance feasible claims even to the third and fourth-rate appointments in any Administration. The choice of political leaders, and the various sections of public opinion they represent, will be limited to the Whigs and the Peelites; and, though it cannot be denied that the former outnumber the latter, who is there among them that in his own individual person is so much of *a power* as Peel?

The crisis is an inviting one to a man of so much ambition as the Premier is known to be. The breaking up of old parties has devolved more influence on the great floating balance of shrewd quiet citizens, with no strong party predispositions, than has been witnessed at any earlier period of our history. The more general diffusion of wealth and intelligence, has made this element in society more extensive and stronger, independent altogether of the weakening of party combinations, than it ever was before. Sections of society, too, have risen into political importance, with wants and wishes which the old hereditary distinctive measures of Whig or Tory can neither gratify nor discomfit. Common sense embodied in practical measures—legislative and administrative, for the real wants of the age, and with respectful, not slavish deference to its opinions—are what will establish a ministry in office. Peel, certainly, has no claims to implicit confidence: his juvenile antecedents are against him; but if he has not yet unreservedly devoted himself to the promotion of such a policy as liberals could support, how stand the Whigs? While in power, they played fast and loose with the principles, by professing which they had acquired it. Of Peel it may be said, that his actions have been better than his bad professions; of the Whigs, that their actions have been worse than their good professions. Neither have claims to our entire confidence for the past; it is the future of both that must decide. Peel, we have shown, stands on a vantage ground for this renewal of the contest: it remains to be seen whether he will have the clear-sightedness and intrepidity to avail himself of it. Mr. Cobden told him, not long ago, that in consequence of his Free-trade measures, he would find himself most popular in the manufacturing districts were he to visit them. The substitution of measures really capable of relieving Ireland, for coercion—the appointment of a Lord Lieutenant, who, with the genial sympathies, and perhaps something of the theatrical dash of Lord Normanby, combined with higher intellect and sounder common sense—would render him equally popular in Ireland. The change impending in the leading political agents, and in the views and temper of the popular party in that country, invites to the experiment. The introduction of measures calculated to impose a check on the petulance of privileged sectarianism—to place the adherents of all religious sects more on a footing of social, as well as political equality—to unsectarianize public education in the way least calculated to exasperate or grate on popular prejudices, would conciliate an important body of supporters throughout England and Scotland. And there is not one of these courses of policy which Sir Robert Peel might not adopt, with as much honour to himself, and augmentation of his influence over the sounder part of public opinion, as Free-trade. Nobody believes him to be imbued with sectarian prejudices: no one believes him fond of daring coercive, forcible measures. His opinions, and natural disposition, alike incline him to rational and liberal modes of government. He has emancipated himself from old party connexions: one step farther, and he may make new ones that really do him honour. The hour has come which must stamp his historical character. The next few months will determine whether he is to be handed down to posterity as a greater minister than England ever had before him, or as one who almost became a great minister.

The *prestige* of being the peace minister is in Peel's favour. But this is a separate chapter, which must be reserved for next month; when we shall pass in review our foreign and colonial relations, and the changes which the latter are destined to undergo.

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ON CHRISTIANITY, AS AN ORGAN OF POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(*Continued from page* 220 *of our April number.*)

As there are some important truths, dimly perceived or not at all, lurking in the idea of God, —an idea too vast to be navigable as yet by the human understanding, yet here and there to be coasted,—I wish at this point to direct the reader's attention upon a passage which he may happen to remember in Sir Isaac Newton: the passage occurs at the end of the "Optics;" and the exact expressions I do not remember; but the sense is what I am going to state: Sir Isaac is speaking of God; and he takes occasion to say, that God is not good, but goodness; is not holy, but holiness; is not infinite, but infinity. This, I apprehend, will have struck many readers as merely a rhetorical *bravura;* sublime, perhaps, and fitted to exalt the feeling of awe connected with so unapproachable a mystery, but otherwise not throwing any new light upon the darkness of the idea as a problem before the intellect. Yet indirectly perhaps it *does*, when brought out into its latent sense by placing it in juxtaposition with paganism. If a philosophic theist, who is also a Christian, or who (*not* being a Christian,) has yet by his birth and breeding become saturated with Christian ideas and feelings,* attempts to realize the idea of supreme Deity, he becomes aware of a double and contradictory movement in his own mind whilst striving towards that result. He demands in the first place, something in the highest degree generic; and yet again in the opposite direction, something in the highest degree individual; he demands on the one path, a vast ideality, and yet on the other, in union with a determinate personality. He must not surrender himself to the first impulse, else he is betrayed into a mere *anima mundi;* he must not surrender himself to the second, else he is betrayed into something merely human. This difficult antagonism, of what is most and what is least generic, must be maintained, otherwise the idea, the possible idea, of that august unveiling which takes place in the Judaico-Christian God, is absolutely in clouds. Now, this antagonism utterly collapses in paganism. And to a philosophic apprehension, this peculiarity of the heathen gods is more shocking and fearful than what at first sight had seemed most so. When a man pauses for the purpose of attentively reviewing the Pantheon of Greece and Rome, what strikes him at the first with most depth of impression and with most horror is, the *wickedness* of this Pantheon. And he observes with surprise, that this wickedness, which is at a furnace-heat in the superior gods, becomes fainter and paler as you descend. Amongst the semi-deities, such as the Oreads or Dryads, the Nereids or Naiads, he feels not at all offended. The odour of corruption, the *sæva mephitis*, has by this time exhaled. The uproar of eternal outrage has ceased. And these gentle divinities, if too human and too beset with infirmities, are not impure, and not vexed with ugly appetites, nor instinct of quarrel: they are tranquil as are the hills and the forests; passionless as are the seas and the fountains which they tenant. But, when he ascends to the *dii majorum gentium*, to those twelve gods of the supreme house, who may be called in respect of rank, the Paladins of the classical Pantheon, secret horror comes over him at the thought that demons, reflecting the worst aspects of brutal races, ever *could* have levied worship from his own. It is true they do so no longer as regards *our* planet. But what *has* been apparently *may* be. God made the Greeks and Romans of one blood with himself; he cannot deny that *intellectually* the Greeks—he cannot deny that *morally* the Romans—were amongst the foremost of human races; and he trembles in thinking that abominations, whose smoke ascended through so many ages to the *supreme* heavens, may, or might, so far as human resistance is concerned, again become the law for the noblest of his species. A deep feeling, it is true, exists latently in human beings of something perishable in evil. Whatsoever is founded in wickedness, according to a deep misgiving dispersed amongst

* "*Not being a Christian, has yet become saturated with Christian ideas:*"—this case is far from uncommon; and undoubtedly, from having too much escaped observation, it has been the cause of much error. Poets I could mention, if it were not invidious to do so, who, whilst composing in a spirit of burning enmity to the Christian faith, yet rested for the very sting of their pathos upon ideas that but for Christianity could never have existed. Translators there have been, English, French, German, of Mahometan books, who have so coloured the whole vein of thinking with sentiments peculiar to Christianity, as to draw from a reflecting reader the exclamation, "If this can be indeed the product of Islamism, wherefore should Christianity exist?" If thoughts so divine can, indeed, belong to a false religion, what more could we gain from a true one?

men, must be tainted with corruption. *There* might seem consolation; but a man who reflects is not quite so sure of *that*. As a common-place resounding in schools, it may be justly current amongst us, that what is evil by nature or by origin must be transient. But *that* may be because evil in all human things is partial, is heterogeneous; evil mixed with good; and the two natures by their mutual enmity, must enter into a collision, which may possibly guarantee the final destruction of the whole compound. Such a result may not threaten a nature that is purely and totally evil, that is *homogeneously* evil. Dark natures there may be, whose *essence* is evil, that may have an abiding root in the system of the universe not less awfully exempt from change than the mysterious foundations of God.

This is dreadful. Wickedness that is immeasurable, in connexion with power that is superhuman, appals the imagination. Yet this is a combination that might easily have been conceived; and a wicked god still commands a mode of reverence. But that feature of the pagan pantheon, which I am contrasting with this, viz., that no pagan deity is an *abstraction* but a vile *concrete*, impresses myself with a subtler sense of horror; because it blends the hateful with a mode of the ludicrous. For the sake of explaining myself to the non-philosophic reader, I beg him to consider what is the sort of feeling with which he regards an ancient river-god, or the presiding nymph of a fountain. The impression which he receives is pretty much like that from the monumental figure of some allegoric being, such as Faith or Hope, Fame or Truth. He hardly believes that the most superstitious Grecian seriously believed in such a being as a distinct personality. He feels convinced that the sort of personal existence ascribed to such an abstraction, as well as the human shape, are merely modes of representing and drawing into unity a variety of phenomena and agencies that seem *one*, by means of their unintermitting continuity, and because they tend to one common purpose. Now, from such a symbolic god as this, let him pass to Jupiter or Mercury, and instantly he becomes aware of a revolting individuality. He sees before him the opposite pole of deity. The river-god had too little of a concrete character. Jupiter has nothing else. In Jupiter you read no incarnation of any abstract quality whatever: he represents nothing whatever in the metaphysics of the universe. Except for the accident of his power, he is merely a man. He has a *character*, that is, a tendency or determination to this quality or that, in excess; whereas a nature truly divine must be *in equilibrio* as to all qualities, and comprehend them all, in the way that a *genus* comprehends the subordinate *species*. He has even a personal history: he has passed through certain adventures, faced certain dangers, and survived hostilities that, at one time, were doubtful in their issue. No trace, in short, appears, in any Grecian god, of the generic. Whereas we, in our Christian ideas of God, unconsciously, and without thinking of Sir Isaac Newton, realize Sir Isaac's conceptions. We think of him as having a sort of allegoric generality, liberated from the bonds of the individual; and yet, also, as the most awful among natures, having a conscious personality. He is diffused through all things, present every where, and yet not the less present locally. He is at a distance unapproachable by finite creatures; and yet, without any contradiction, (as the profound St. Paul observes) "not very far" from every one of us. And I will venture to say, that many a poor old woman has, by virtue of her Christian innoculation, Sir Isaac's great idea lurking in her mind: as for instance, in relation to any of God's attributes; suppose holiness or happiness, she feels, (though analytically she could not explain,) that God is not holy or is not happy by way of participation, after the manner of other beings: that is, he does not draw happiness from a fountain separate and external to himself, and common to other creatures, he drawing more and they drawing less; but that he himself *is* the fountain; that no other being can have the least proportion of either one or the other but by drawing from that fountain; that as to all other good gifts, that as to life itself, they are, in man, not on any separate tenure, not primarily, but derivatively, and only in so far as God enters into the nature of man; that "we live and move" only so far and so long as the incomprehensible union takes place between the human spirit and the fontal abyss of the divine. In short, here, and here only, is found the outermost expansion, the centrifugal, of the τὸ catholic, united with the innermost centripetal of the personal consciousness. Had, therefore, the pagan gods been less detestable, neither impure nor malignant, they could not have won a salutary veneration—being so merely concrete individuals.

Next, it must have degraded the gods, (and have made them instruments of degradation for man,) that they were, one and all, incarnations; not, as even the Christian God is, for a transitory moment and for an eternal purpose; but essentially and by overruling necessity. The Greeks could not conceive of spirituality. Neither can *we*, metaphysically, assign the conditions of the spiritual; but, practically, we all feel and represent to our own minds the agencies of God, as liberated from bonds of space and time, of flesh and of resistance. This the Greeks could *not* feel, could *not* represent. And the only advantage which the gods enjoyed over the worm and the grub was, that they, (or at least the Paladins amongst them — the twelve supreme gods,) could pass, fluently, from one incarnation to another.

Thirdly, Out of that essential bondage to flesh arose a dreadful suspicion of something worse: in what relation did the pagan gods stand to the abominable phenomenon of death? It is not by uttering pompous flatteries of ever-living and ἀμέροτος ἀεί, &c., that a poet could intercept the searching jealousies of human penetration. These are merely oriental forms of compliment. And here, by the way, as elsewhere, we find Plato vehemently confuted: for it was the undue exaltation of the gods, and not their degradation, which must be ascribed to the frauds of poets. Tradition, and no poetic tradition, absolutely

pointed to the grave of more gods than one. But waiving all *that* as liable to dispute, one thing we know, from the ancients themselves, as open to no question, that all the gods were *born;* were born infants; passed through the stages of helplessness and growth; from all which the inference was but too fatally obvious. Besides, there were grandfathers, and even great-grandfathers in the Pantheon: some of these were confessedly superannuated; nay, some had disappeared. Even men, who knew but little of Olympian records, knew this, at least, for certain, that more than one dynasty of gods had passed over the golden stage of Olympus, had made their *exit*, and were hurrying onward to oblivion. It was matter of notoriety, also, that all these gods were and had been liable to the taint of sorrow for the death of their earthly children, (as the Homeric Jupiter for Sarpedon, Thetis for Achilles, Calliope, in Euripides, for her blooming Rhesus;) all were liable to fear; all to physical pain; all to anxiety; all to the indefinite menaces of a danger * not measurable. Looking backwards or looking forwards, the gods beheld enemies that attacked their existence, or modes of decay, (known and unknown,) which gnawed at their roots. All this I take the trouble to insist upon: not as though it could be worth any man's trouble, at this day, to expose, (on its own account,) the frailty of the Pantheon, but with a view to the closer estimate of the Divine idea amongst men; and by way of contrast to the power of that idea under Christianity: since I contend that, such as is the God of every people, such, in the corresponding features of character, will be that people. If the god, (like Moloch,) is fierce, the people will be cruel; if, (like Typhon,) a destroying energy, the people will be gloomy; if, (like the Paphian Venus,) libidinous, the people will be voluptuously effeminate. When the gods are perishable, man cannot have the grandeurs of his nature developed: when the shadow of death sits upon the highest of what man represents to himself as celestial, essential blight will sit for ever upon human aspirations. One thing only remains to be added on this subject: why were not the ancients more profoundly afflicted by the treacherous gleams of mortality in their gods? How was it that they could forget, for a moment, a revelation so full of misery? Since not only the character of man partly depended upon the quality of his god, but also and *à fortiori*, his destiny upon the destiny of his god. But the reason of his indifference to the divine mortality was — because, *at any rate*, the pagan man's connexion with the gods terminated at his own death. Even selfish men would reconcile themselves to an earthquake, which should swallow up all the world; and the most unreasonable man has professed his readiness, at all times, to die with a dying universe—*mundo secum pereunte, mori.*

III. But, *thirdly*, the gods being such, in what relation to them did man stand? It is a fact hidden from the mass of the ancients themselves, but sufficiently attested, that there was an ancient and secret enmity between the whole family of the gods and the human race. This is confessed by Herodotus as a persuasion spread through some of the nations amongst which he travelled: there was a sort of truce, indeed, between the parties; temples, with their religious services, and their votive offerings, recorded this truce. But below all these appearances lay deadly enmity, to be explained only by one who should know the mysterious history of both parties from the eldest times. It is extraordinary, however, that Herodotus should rely, for this account, upon the belief of distant nations, when the same belief was so deeply recorded amongst his own countrymen in the sublime story of Prometheus. Much † of the sufferings endured by Prometheus was on account of man, whom he had befriended; and, *by* befriending, had defeated the malignity of Jove. According to some, man was even created by Prometheus: but no accounts, until lying Platonic philosophers arose, in far later times, represented man as created by Jupiter.

Now let us turn to Christianity; pursuing it through the functions which it exercises in common with Paganism, and also through those which it exercises separately and incommunicably.

I. As to the *Idea of God*, — how great was the chasm dividing the Hebrew God from all gods of idolatrous birth, and with what starry grandeur this revelation of *Supreme* deity must have wheeled upwards into the field of human contemplation, when first surmounting the steams of earth-born heathenism, I need not impress upon any Christian audience. To their *knowledge* little could be added. Yet to *know* is not always to *feel:* and without a correspondent depth of feeling, there is in moral cases no effectual knowledge. Not the understanding is sufficient upon such ground, but that which the Scriptures in their profound philosophy entitle the "understanding heart." And perhaps few readers will have adequately appreciated the prodigious change effected in the theatre of the human spirit, by the transition, sudden as the explosion of light, in the Hebrew cosmogony, when, from the caprice of a fleshly god, in one hour man mounted to a justice that knew no shadow of change; from cruelty, mounted to a love which was inexhaustible; from gleams of *essential* evil, to a holiness that could not be fathomed; from a power and a knowledge, under limitations so merely and obviously ‡ human, to the same agencies lying underneath creation,

* "*Danger not measurable:*"—it must not be forgotten that all the superior gods passed through an infancy (as Jove, &c.) or even an adolescence, (as Bacchus,) or even a maturity, (as the majority of Olympus during the insurrection of the Titans,) surrounded by perils that required not strength only, but artifice, and even abject self-concealment to evade.

† "*Much,*"—not all: for part was due to the obstinate concealment from Jupiter, by Prometheus, of the danger which threatened his throne in a coming generation.

‡ "*So merely and obviously human:*"— It is a natural thought, to any person who has not explored these recesses of human degradation, that surely the Pagans must have had it in their power to invest their gods with all conceivable perfections, quite as much as we that are *not* Pagans. The thing wanting to the Pagans, he will think, was the *right:* otherwise as regarded the *power*.

as a root below a plant. Not less awful in power was the transition from the limitations of space and time to ubiquity and eternity, from the familiar to the mysterious, from the incarnate to the spiritual. These enormous transitions were fitted to work changes of answering magnitude in the human spirit. The reader can hardly make any mistake as to this. He *must* concede the changes. What he will be likely to misconceive, unless he has reflected, is—the immensity of these changes. And another mistake, which he is even more likely to make, is this: he will imagine that a new idea, even though the idea of an object so vast as God, cannot become the ground of any revolution more than intellectual — cannot revolutionize the moral and active principles in man, consequently cannot lay the ground of any political movement. We shall see. But next, that is,—

II. Secondly, as to the idea of man's relation to God, this, were it capable of disjunction, would be even more of a revolutionary idea than the idea of God. But the one idea is enlinked with the other. In Paganism, as I have said, the higher you ascend towards the original fountains of the religion; the more you leave behind the frauds, forgeries, and treacheries of philosophy; so much the more clearly you descry the odious truth — that man stood in the relation of a superior to his gods, as respected all moral qualities of any value, but in the relation of an inferior as respected physical power. This was a position of the two parties fatal, by itself, to all grandeur of moral aspirations. Whatever was good or corrigibly bad, man saw associated with weakness; and power was sealed and guaranteed to absolute wickedness. The evil disposition in man to worship success, was strengthened by this mode of superiority in the gods. Merit was disjoined from prosperity. Even merit of a lower class, merit in things morally indifferent, was not so decidedly on the side of the gods as to reconcile man to the reasonableness of their yoke. They were compelled to acquiesce in a government which they did not regard as just. The gods were stronger, but not much; they had the unfair advantage of standing over the heads of men, and of wings for flight or for manœuvring. Yet even so, it was clearly the opinion of Homer's age, that, in a fair fight, the gods might have been found liable to defeat. The gods again were generally beautiful: but not more so than the *élite* of mankind; else why did these gods, both male and female, continually persecute our race with their odious love? which love, be it observed, uniformly brought ruin upon its objects. Intellectually the gods were undoubtedly below men. They pretended to no great works in philosophy, in legislation, or in the fine arts, except only that, as to one of these arts, viz. poetry, a single god vaunted himself greatly in simple ages. But he attempted neither a tragedy nor an epic poem. Even in what he did attempt, it is worth while to follow his career. His literary fate was what might have been expected. After the Persian war, the reputation of his verses rapidly decayed. Wits arose in Athens, who laughed so furiously at his style and his metre, in the Delphic oracles, that at length some echoes of their scoffing began to reach Delphi; upon which the god and his inspired ministers became sulky, and finally took refuge in prose, as the only shelter they could think of from the caustic venom of Athenian malice.

These were the miserable relations of man to the Pagan gods. Every thing, which it is worth doing at all, man could do better. Now it is some feature of alleviation in a servile condition, if the lord appears by natural endowments superior to his slave; or at least it imbitters the degradation of slavery, if he does *not*. Greatly, therefore, must human interests have suffered, had this jealous approximation of the two parties been the sole feature noticeable in the relations between them. But there was a worse. There was an original enmity between man and the Pantheon; not the sort of enmity which we Christians ascribe to our God; *that* is but a figure of speech: and even there is a derivative enmity; an enmity founded on something in man *subsequent* to his creation, and having a ransom annexed to it. But the enmity of the heathen gods was original — that is, to the very nature of man, and as though man had in some stage of his career been their rival; which indeed he was, if we adopt Milton's hypothesis of the gods as ruined angels, and of man as created to supply the vacancy thus arising in heaven.

Now, from this dreadful scheme of relations, between the human and divine, under Paganism, turn to the relations under Christianity. It is remarkable that even here, according to a doctrine current amongst many of the elder divines, man was naturally superior to the race of beings immediately ranking above him. Jeremy Taylor notices the obscure tradition, that the angelic order was, by original constitution, inferior to man; but this original precedency had been reversed for the present, by the fact that man, in his higher nature, was morally ruined, whereas the angelic race had not forfeited the perfection of *their* nature, though otherwise an inferior nature. Waiving a question so inscrutable as this, we know, at least, that no allegiance or homage is required from man towards this doubtfully superior race. And when man first finds himself called upon to pay tributes of this nature as to a being illimitably his superior, he is at the same moment taught by a revelation that this awful superior is the same who created him, and that in a sense more than figurative, he himself is the child of God. There stand the two relations, as declared in Paganism and in Christianity,—both probably true. In the former, man is the essential enemy of the gods, though sheltered by some conventional arrangement; in the latter, he is the son of God. In his own image God made him; and the very central principle of his religion is, that God for a great purpose assumed his own human nature: a mode of incarnation which could not be conceivable, unless through some divine principle common to the two natures, and forming the *nexus* between them.

With these materials it is, and others resembling these, that Christianity has carried forward the work of human progression. The ethics of Christianity it was,—new ethics and unintelligible, in a

degree as yet but little understood, to the old pagan nations,—which furnished the rudder, or guidance, for a human revolution; but the mysteries of Christianity it was,—new Eleusinian shows, presenting God under a new form and aspect, presenting man under a new relation to God,—which furnished the oars and sails, the moving forces, for the advance of this revolution.

It was my intention to have shown how this great idea of man's relation to God, connected with the previous idea of God, had first caused the state of *slavery* to be regarded as an evil. Next, I proposed to show how *charitable institutions*, not one of which existed in pagan ages, hospitals, and asylums of all classes, had arisen under the same idea brooding over man from age to age. Thirdly, I should have attempted to show, that from the same mighty influence had grown up a *social* influence of woman, which did not exist in pagan ages, and will hereafter be applied to greater purposes. But, for want of room, I confine myself to saying a few words on war, and the mode in which it will be extinguished by Christianity.

War.—This is amongst the foremost of questions that concern human progress, and it is one which, of all great questions, (the question of slavery not excepted, nor even the question of the slave-*trade*,) has travelled forward the most rapidly into public favour. Thirty years ago, there was hardly a breath stirring against war, as the sole natural resource of national anger or national competition. Hardly did a wish rise, at intervals, in that direction, or even a protesting sigh, over the calamities of war. And if here and there a contemplative author uttered such a sigh, it was in the spirit of mere hopeless sorrow, that mourned over an evil apparently as inalienable from man as hunger, as death, as the frailty of human expectations. Cowper, about sixty years ago, had said,

> War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at.

But Cowper would not have said this, had he not been nearly related to the Whig house of Panshanger. Every Whig thought it a duty occasionally to look fiercely at kings, saying—"D——, who's afraid?" pretty much as a regular John Bull, in the lower classes, expresses his independence by defying the peerage,—"A lord! do you say? what care I for a lord? I value a lord no more than a button top;" whilst, in fact, he secretly reveres a lord as being usually amongst the most ancient of landed proprietors, and, secondly, amongst the richest. The scourge of kingship was what Cowper glanced at, rather than the scourge of war; and in any case the condition which he annexed to his suggestion of relief, is too remote to furnish much consolation for cynics like myself, or the reader. If war is to cease only when subjects become wise, we need not contract the scale of our cannon-founderies until the millennium. Sixty years ago, therefore, the abolition of war looked as unprosperous a speculation as Dr. Darwin's scheme for improving our British climate by hauling out all the icebergs from the polar basin in seasons when the wind sate fair for the tropics; by which means these wretched annoyers of our peace would soon find themselves in quarters too hot to hold them, and would disappear as rapidly as sugar-candy in children's mouths. Others, however, inclined rather to the Ancient Mariner's scheme, by shooting an albatross:—

> 'Twas right, said they, such birds to shoot,
> That bring the frost and snow.

Scarcely more hopeless than these crusades against frost, were any of the serious plans which had then been proposed for the extirpation of war. St. Pierre contributed "*son petite possible*" to this desirable end, in the shape of an essay towards the idea of a perpetual peace; Kant, the great professor of Koenigsberg, subscribed to the same benevolent scheme *his* little essay under the same title; and others in England subscribed a guinea each to the fund for the suppression of war. These efforts, one and all, spent their fire as vainly as Darwin spent his wrath against the icebergs: the icebergs are as big and as cold as ever; and war is still, like a basking snake, ready to rear his horrid crest on the least rustling in the forests.

But in quarters more powerful than either purses of gold or scholastic reveries, there has, since the days of Kant and Cowper, begun to gather a menacing thunder-cloud against war. The nations, or at least the great leading nations, are beginning to set their faces against it. War, it is felt, comes under the denunciation of Christianity, by the havock which it causes amongst those who bear God's image; of political economy, by its destruction of property and human labour; of rational logic, by the frequent absurdity of its pretexts. The wrong, which is put forth as the ostensible ground of the particular war, is oftentimes not of a nature to be redressed by war, or is even forgotten in the course of the war; and, secondly, the war prevents another course which *might* have redressed the wrong: viz. temperate negotiation, or neutral arbitration. These things were always true, and, indeed, heretofore more flagrantly true: but the difference, in favour of our own times, is, that they are now felt to be true. Formerly, the truths were seen, but not felt: they were inoperative truths, lifeless, and unvalued. Now, on the other hand, in England, America, France, societies are rising for making war upon war; and it is a striking proof of the progress made by such societies, that, some two years ago, a deputation from one of them being presented to King Louis Philippe, received from him—not the sort of vague answer which might have been expected, but a sincere one, expressed in very encouraging words.* Ominous to himself

* "*Encouraging words:*" and rather presumptuous words, if the newspapers reported them correctly: for they went the length of promising, that he separately, as King of the French, would coerce Europe into peace. But, from the known good sense of the king, it is more probable that he promised his *negative* aid,—the aid of not personally concurring to any war which might otherwise be attractive to the French government.

this might have been thought by the superstitious, who should happen to recollect the sequel to a French king, of the very earliest movement in this direction: the great (but to this hour mysterious) design of Henry IV., in 1610, was supposed by many to be a plan of this very nature, for enforcing a general and permanent peace on Christendom, by means of an armed intervention; and no sooner had it partially transpired through traitorous evidence, or through angry suspicion, than his own assassination followed.

Shall I offend the reader by doubting, after all, whether war is not an evil still destined to survive through several centuries? Great progress has already been made. In the two leading nations of the earth, war can no longer be made with the levity which provoked Cowper's words two generations back. France is too ready to fight for mere bubbles of what she calls glory. But neither in France nor England could a war now be undertaken without a warrant from the *popular* voice. This is a great step in advance; but the final step for its extinction will be taken by a new and Christian code of international law. This cannot be consummated until Christian philosophy shall have traversed the earth, and re-organized the structure of society.

But, finally, and (as regards extent, though not as regards intensity of effect) far beyond all other political powers of Christianity, is the power, the *demiurgic* power of this religion over the kingdoms of human opinion. Did it ever strike the reader, that the Greeks and Romans, although so frantically republican, and, in *some* of their institutions, so democratic, yet, on the other hand, never developed the idea of *representative* government, either as applied to legislation or to administration? The elective principle was widely used amongst them. Nay, the nicer casuistries of this principle had been latterly discussed. The separate advantages of open or of secret voting, had been the subject of keen dispute in the political circles of Rome; and the art was well understood of disturbing the natural course of the public suffrage, by varying the modes of combining the voters under the different forms of the Comitia. Public authority and jurisdiction were created and modified by the elective principle; but never was this principle applied to the creation or direction of public opinion. The senate of Rome, for instance, like our own sovereign, represented the national majesty, and, to a certain degree, continued to do so for centuries after this majesty had received a more immediate representative in the person of the reigning Cæsar. The senate, like our own sovereign, represented the grandeur of the nation, the hospitality of the nation to illustrious strangers, and the gratitude of the nation in the distribution of honours. For the senate continued to be the fountain of honours, even to Cæsar himself: the titles of Germanicus, Britannicus, Dalmaticus, &c. (which may be viewed as peerages,) the privilege of precedency, the privilege of wearing a laurel diadem, &c. (which may be viewed as the Garter, Bath, Thistle,) all were honours conferred by the senate. But the senate, no more than our own sovereign, ever represented, by any one act or function, the public opinion. How was this? Strange, indeed, that so mighty a secret as that of delegating public opinions to the custody of elect representatives, a secret which has changed the face of the world, should have been missed by nations applying so vast an energy to the whole theory of public administration. But the truth, however paradoxical, is, that in Greece and Rome no body of public opinions existed that could have furnished a standing ground for adverse parties, or that consequently could have required to be represented. In all the dissensions of Rome, from the secessions of the Plebs to the factions of the Gracchi, of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey; in all the στασις of the Grecian republics,—the contest could no more be described as a contest of opinion, than could the feuds of our buccaneers in the seventeenth century, when parting company, or fighting for opposite principles of dividing the general booty. One faction has, another sought to have, a preponderant share of power: but these struggles never took the shape, even in pretence, of differences that moved through the conflict of principles. The case was always the simple one of power matched against power, faction against faction, usage against innovation. It was not that the patricians deluded themselves by any speculative views into the refusal of intermarriages with the plebeians: it was not as upon any opinion that they maintained the contest, (such as at this day divides ourselves from the French upon the question of opinion with regard to the social rank of literary men) but simply as upon a fact: they appealed to evidences, not to speculations; to usage, not to argument. They were in possession, and fought against change, not as inconsistent with a theory, but as hostility to an interest. In the contest of Cæsar with the oligarchic knavery of Cicero, Cato, and Pompey, no possible exercise of representative functions (had the people possessed them) could have been applied beneficially to the settlement of the question at issue. Law, and the abuses of law, good statutes and evil customs, had equally thrown the public power into a settlement fatal to the public welfare. Not any decay of public virtue, but increase of poverty amongst the inferior citizens, had thrown the suffrages, and consequently the honours and powers of the state, into the hands of some forty or fifty houses, rich enough to bribe, and bribing systematically. Cæsar, undertaking to correct a state of disease which would else have convulsed the republic every third year by civil war, knew that no arguments could be available against a competition of mere interests. The remedy lay, not through opposition speeches in the senate, or from the rostra,—not through pamphlets or journals,—but through a course of intense cudgelling. This he happily accomplished; and by that means restored Rome for centuries,—not to the aspiring condition which she once held, but to an immunity from annual carnage, and in other respects to a condition of prosperity which, if less than during her popular state, was greater than any else attainable after that popular state had

become impossible, from changes in the composition of society.

Here, and in all other critical periods of ancient republics, we shall find that opinions did not exist as the grounds of feud, nor could by any dexterity have been applied to the settlement of feuds. Whereas, on the other hand, with ourselves for centuries, and latterly with the French, no public contest has arisen, or does now exist, without fighting its way through every stage of advance by appeals to public opinion. If, for instance, an improved tone of public feeling calls for a gradual mitigation of army punishments, the quarrel becomes instantly an intellectual one: and much information is brought forward, which throws light upon human nature generally. But in Rome, such a discussion would have been stopped summarily, as interfering with the discretional power of the Prætorium. To take the *vitis*, or cane, from the hands of the centurion, was a perilous change; but, perilous or not, must be committed to the judgment of the particular imperator, or of his legatus. The executive business of the Roman exchequer, again, could not have been made the subject of public discussion; not only because no sufficient material for judgment could, under the want of a public press, have been gathered, except from the parties interested in all its abuses, but also because these parties (a faction amongst the equestrian order) could have effectually overthrown any counter-faction formed amongst parties not personally *affected* by the question. The Roman institution of *clientela*—which had outlived its early uses—does any body imagine that this was open to investigation? The influence of murderous riots would easily have been brought to bear upon it, but not the light of public opinion. Even if public opinion could have been evoked in those days, or trained to combined action, insuperable difficulties would have arisen in adjusting its force to the necessities of the Roman provinces and allies. Any arrangement that was practicable, would have obtained an influence for these parties, either dangerous to the supreme section of the empire, or else nugatory for each of themselves. It is a separate consideration, that through total defect of cheap instruments for communication, whether personally or in the way of thought, public opinion must always have moved in the dark: what I chiefly assert is, that the feuds bearing at all upon public interests, never *did* turn, or could have turned, upon any collation of opinions. And two things must strengthen the reader's conviction upon this point; viz. first, that no public meetings (such as with us carry on the weight of public business throughout the empire) were ever called in Rome; secondly, that in the regular and "official" meetings of the people, no *social* interest was ever discussed, but only some *political* interest.

Now, on the other hand, amongst ourselves, every question, that is large enough to engage public interest, though it should begin as a mere comparison of strength with strength, almost immediately travels forward into a comparison of rights with rights, or of duty with duty. A mere fiscal question of restraint upon importation from this or that particular quarter, passes into a question of colonial rights. Arrangements of convenience for the management of the pauper, or the debtor, or the criminal, or the war-captive, become the occasions of profound investigations into the rights of persons occupying those relations. Sanatory ordinances for the protection of public health; such as quarantine, fever hospitals, draining, vaccination, &c., connect themselves, in the earliest stages of their discussion, with the general consideration of the duties which the state owes to its subjects. If education is to be promoted by public counsels, every step of the inquiry applies itself to the consideration of the knowledge to be communicated, and of the limits within which any section of religious partisanship can be safely authorized to interfere. If coercion, beyond the warrant of the ordinary law, is to be applied as a remedy for local outrages, a tumult of opinions arises instantly, as to the original causes of the evil, as to the sufficiency of the subsisting laws to meet its pressure, and as to the modes of connecting enlarged powers in the magistrate with the *minimum* of offence to the general rights of the subject.

Every where, in short, some question of duty and responsibility arises to face us in any the smallest public interest that *can* become the subject of public opinion. Questions, in fact, that fall short of this dignity; questions that concern public convenience only, and do not wear any moral aspect, such as the bullion question, never *do* become subjects of public opinion. It cannot be said in which direction lies the bias of public opinion. In the very possibility of interesting the public judgment, is involved the certainty of wearing some relation to moral principles. Hence the ardour of our public disputes; for no man views, without concern, a great moral principle darkened by party motives, or placed in risk by accident: hence the dignity and benefit of our public disputes; hence, also, their ultimate relation to the Christian faith. We do not, indeed, in these days, as did our homely ancestors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, cite texts of Scripture as themes for senatorial commentary or *exegesis;* but the virtual reference to scriptural principles is now a thousand times more frequent. The great principles of Christian morality are now so interwoven with our habits of thinking, that we appeal to them no longer *as* scriptural authorities, but as the natural suggestions of a sound judgment. For instance, in the case of any wrong offered to the Hindoo races, now so entirely dependent upon our wisdom and justice, we British* immediately, by

* "*We British:*"— It may be thought that, in the prosecution of Verres, the people of Rome acknowledged something of the same high responsibility. Not at all. The case came before Rome, not as a case of injury to a colonial child, whom the general mother was bound to protect and avenge; but as an appeal, by way of special petition, from Sicilian clients. It was no grand political movement, but simply judicial. Verres was an ill-used man and the victim of private intrigues. Or, whatever *he* might be, Rome certainly sate upon the cause, not in any character of maternal protectress, taking up voluntarily the support of the weak, but as a sheriff assessing damages in a case forced upon his court by the plaintiff.

our solemnity of investigation, testify our sense of the deep responsibility to India with which our Indian supremacy has invested us. We make no mention of the Christian oracles. Yet where, then, have we learned this doctrine of far-stretching responsibility? In all pagan systems of morality, there is the vaguest and slightest appreciation of such relations as connect us with our colonies. But, from the profound philosophy of Scripture, we have learned that no relations whatever, not even those of property, can connect us with even a brute animal, but that we contract concurrent obligations of justice and mercy.

In this age, then, public interests move and prosper through conflicts of opinion. Secondly, as I have endeavoured to show, public opinion cannot settle, powerfully, upon any question that is *not* essentially a moral question. And, thirdly, in all moral questions, we, of Christian nations, are compelled, by habit and training, as well as other causes, to derive our first principles, consciously or not, from the Scriptures. It is, therefore, through the *doctrinality* of our religion that we derive arms for all moral questions; and it is as moral questions that any political disputes much affect us. The daily conduct, therefore, of all great political interests, throws us unconsciously upon the first principles which we all derive from Christianity. And, in this respect, we are more advantageously placed, by a very noticeable distinction, than the professors of the two other doctrinal religions. The Koran having pirated many sentiments from the Jewish and the Christian systems, could not but offer some rudiments of moral judgment; yet, because so much of these rudiments is stolen, the whole is incoherent, and does not form a *system* of ethics. In Judaism, again, the special and insulated situation of the Jews has unavoidably impressed an exclusive bias upon its principles. In both codes the rules are often of restricted and narrow application. But, in the Christian Scriptures, the rules are so comprehensive and large as uniformly to furnish the major proposition of a syllogism; whilst the particular act under discussion, wearing, perhaps, some modern name, naturally is not directly mentioned: and to bring this, in the minor proposition, under the principle contained in the major, is a task left to the judgment of the inquirer in each particular case. Something is here intrusted to individual understanding; whereas in the Koran, from the circumstantiality of the rule, you are obliged mechanically to rest in the letter of the precept. The Christian Scriptures, therefore, not only teach, but train the mind to habits of *self*-teaching in all moral questions, by enforcing more or less of activity in applying the rule; that is, in subsuming the given case proposed under the scriptural principle.

Hence it is certain, and has been repeatedly illustrated, that whilst the Christian faith, in collision with others, would inevitably rouse to the most active fermentation of minds, the Mahometan (as also doctrinal but unsystematical) would have the same effect, in kind, but far feebler in degree; and an idolatrous religion would have no such effect at all. Agreeably to this scale, some years ago, a sect of reforming or fanatical Mahometans, in Bengal,* commenced a persecution of the surrounding Hindoos. At length a reaction took place on the part of the idolaters, but in what temper? Bitter enough, and so far alarming as to call down a government interference with troops and artillery, but yet with no signs of *religious* retaliation. That was a principle of movement which the Hindoos could not understand: their retaliation was simply to the personal violence they had suffered. Such is the inertia of a mere *cultus*. And, in the other extreme, if we Christians, in our intercourse with both Hindoos and Mahometans, were not sternly reined up by the vigilance of the local governments, no long time would pass before all India would be incurably convulsed by disorganizing feuds.

THE CEMETERY AT FRANKFORT.

A SUDDEN passage from the stately domes,
The busy marts of men—unto their graves!
Man—man! most bitter mockery, what art thou?
Where hast thou, say, thy dwelling-place—thine own?
Such one as for an instant thou may'st claim,
Secure from change, beyond the sway of death?
Oh! these are questions which this solemn spot
Doth answer chillingly—as o'er the brain
And sickening heart doth pass the awful truth.

I said this place was solemn: yes, 'tis so;
But yet how beautiful! a beauty which
Yon fair and glittering, but fev'rish capital,
With all its money'd pomp, possesseth not.
Look round, and see the scented flow'rets spring
Above the graves of hush'd humanity;
Behold the tomb-stones garlanded with wreaths,
Bright coronals of fadeless evergreen;
The last gift, this, of mourning relatives
Unto departed worth; a type, it may be,
A hopeful earnest, of that heavenly crown,
The promised guerdon from Almighty love.

Doth it not almost, to the feeling breast,
Snatch from the spectre-foe one half his sting,
To think how calmly here repose the dead,
Their earthly labours over,—no more pain,
No carking care, no withering grief,—all's past:
And one long sleep of peace is theirs for ever.

Let me not quit this scene, my mother dear,
Without one silent prayer for thee. Amid
The coldness of this rugged world how oft
Doth thy son's heart yearn for those tender looks
That dwelt upon him in his childhood's days!
How oft doth he recal that gentlest voice,
Whose notes are ever present to his ear!
In vain, in vain; the world doth hold thee not,—
My angel-mother's spirit is in heaven.

E. W. L.

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* At Baraset, if I remember rightly.

A RAMBLE IN NORTH AMERICA, IN THE SUMMER OF 1844.

[Let not the alarmed reader apprehend, that we are going to inflict on his patience another dull book upon the United States, in addition to the many which the last ten years have produced, when, on the contrary, our considerate and benevolent purpose is, to gratify his curiosity and taste, with merely a relish, or the essence of a very lively one. In few words, a Manuscript Tour of considerable dimensions lies before us, the whole of which could well bear printing; yet so often has the ground been traversed, and so hackneyed have the topics become, that we shall confine ourselves to what, in our Tourist's Journal, illustrates certain points of character and manners among our Yankee brethren in a rather original way. The Rambler of 1844 was a young English gentleman, travelling for amusement and pleasure, but by no means indifferent to men and manners. Except that he avoided New Orleans, he made a rather extensive sweep in his seven months of travel; and his journey was taken during the worst period of the "commercial crisis," which rendered every commodity so cheap, that though shunning almost every thing else, we must mention what the prices and the rate of travelling in general then were in the principal towns of the Union. Our Rambler landed at New York in the month of May; thought well of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, but was rather disappointed with the capital,—Washington. He visited Mount Vernon, and worshipped the relics there, and states that the last of Washington's servants died at the age of one hundred and fourteen, a few days afterwards. Having thus *per saltum* cleared the Atlantic cities, we give our Rambler leave to tell of his farther progress himself.]

We were two days and a night performing the journey from Baltimore over the Alleghanies to Pittsburg, about three hundred miles, the fare throughout, exclusive of living, being £1, 13s. 4d.

We travelled by railroad, stage-coach, and steamer, as follows: by rail from Baltimore to Cumberland, one hundred and eighty miles; by stage to Brownsville, and by steamer from thence, sixty miles, up the pretty Monongahela to Pittsburg; the journey throughout being one of great interest. It was a lovely morning when we started, and for many miles our course lay along the Potomac; its hilly banks often beautifully wooded to the water's edge, recalling recollections of the Truro river in our own Cornwall. At half past twelve we halted to dine at Harper's Ferry, a most singularly picturesque spot. There we found two hotels, with a black waiter at the door of each, summoning us to dinner, the one by ringing a large hand-bell, the other by beating with astonishing energy a huge triangle. I made for the triangle, having been confidentially informed by a fellow passenger, that at the establishment which that represented, I should get "wheaten bread, and chicken fixings," and at the other merely, "corn bread, and common doings."

After an excellent dinner, which we were allowed ten minutes to discuss, the locomotive gave a dismal shriek, and we were presently in motion again. The scenery the whole way from Baltimore to Cumberland is extremely pretty, as well as remarkable for its ever changing aspect; the mountains for the most part covered with wood to their summits, the road sometimes extending for miles through a rich cultivated country; at other times through deeply wooded solitudes, in a wild state of nature, with here and there a natural opening of park-like appearance. The solitude of these vast forests is occasionally relieved by a log hut, or a patch of Indian corn, intermixed with stumps of trees, cultivated fields divided by huge zigzag fences, or hills covered with foliage, among which may be distinguished the rhododendron, the wild vine, and jessamine. We reached the little village of Cumberland at six in the evening, and there exchanged the railway cars for the four-horse coaches, which we found waiting our arrival; great lumbering vehicles, resembling in their build and general appearance the French diligences, constructed to carry nine inside passengers, and one on the box with the driver. We rumbled over the bad roads, at the rate of four miles an hour, stopped to sup at Frostbury, the next stage from Cumberland, and then continued our journey throughout the night. At sunrise the following morning, we found ourselves on the summit of Laurel Hill, and a beautiful prospect it afforded us. At ten we reached Brownsville, and from thence took steamer up the Mononghahela to Pittsburg, passing ten miles on this side of it a spot called Braddock's Field, where that unfortunate General was surprised by the enemy during the French war of 1755, and shot with seven hundred of his officers and men, from an ambuscade by a party of Indians in the French service.

The scenery of the Mononghahela is pretty, and somewhat resembles that of the Wye. Its junction with the Alleghany, near Pittsburg, forms the Ohio, a noble river, nine hundred and sixty-five miles in length, from this place to its mouth, where it joins the father of waters, the Mississippi.

We reached Pittsburg, the Birmingham of America, about nine in the evening; and I at once took up my quarters at the Mononghahela, a magnificent hotel, quite equal to the Astor at New York, and at which I was sumptuously entertained at the ridiculously low charge of a dollar, or about 4s. a day. The landlord told me he had recently reduced his charges to one half, to meet the pressure of the times; and as I sat the following morning, in a noble room, partaking of an admirable breakfast, with a nigger on either side assiduously fanning me the while, I inwardly hoped that the pressure of the times would not abate a jot, until I had fully completed my tour. Such, alas! is human nature.

Pittsburg, though prettily situated, is one of the most dingy places I ever sojourned at. I strolled

after breakfast to the banks of the river, and there found twenty large steamers, and that the opposition among their owners was as much as any reasonable tourist could desire. Some of these were bound to Cincinnati, Ohio, four hundred and sixty-five miles; some to Louisville, Kentucky, one hunded and seventy-five miles farther; and several to New Orleans, two thousand and forty miles from Pittsburg. The time employed in reaching the latter place, is about ten days, and the fare for the entire journey, which some time previously was £8 or £10, was at that period only fifteen dollars.

The Ohio—Cincinnati—and St. Louis.

On the 3d of June, I embarked on board the Montgomery, a magnificent steamer, for Cincinnati. I engaged a state cabin to myself, and paid four dollars only for my passage, inclusive of meals, and we were three days and two nights performing the voyage. We had breakfast at six, dinner at half past twelve, and tea at six, the usual hours in the western country; and uncomfortable as I at first found them, it is surprising how soon habit reconciled me to the change.

It is customary at dinner on board these boats to place all the dishes on the table in the first instance: each of the hungry voyageurs, that is, the male portion of them, then takes a position behind his chair, in readiness (so soon as the last of the ladies, who sit at the top of the table entirely by themselves, shall have seated herself,) to pounce upon the viands, and then follows an awfully disgusting scramble; the devouring capabilities of the men are so enormous, and they bolt their food with such rapidity, that unless you go the entire animal and become a hog in spite of yourself, you will assuredly get nothing to eat. There were at least two hundred passengers on board, though I scarcely found half a dozen throughout this interesting excursion from whom I could obtain any information, or who seemed to feel any pleasure in conversation, except upon the never failing topic of dollars and cents, the price of cotton, or the state of trade generally; and verily, these are dismal topics for a solitary tourist to be obliged to listen to throughout the livelong day.

There was nothing that amused me more than the strange questions that were occasionally put to me respecting England; many seem to fancy that we live as it were in a state of bondage to the aristocracy. I have been repeatedly asked, "How I liked being in a free country; and whether the old parent, (meaning England,) was not almost 'used up.'"

Far be it from me to attribute such ignorant notions to the generality of Americans.

The scenery for the first twenty miles, after leaving Pittsburg, is a good deal like that of the Mononghahela, though upon a larger scale; the hills on each side are lofty, beautifully wooded, and in every variety of shape; many gentlemen's residences are interspersed amongst them, and there is a good deal of the soil under cultivation, which has a remarkably rich appearance. We passed a picturesque place about eighteen miles from Pittsburg, called Economy, inhabited entirely by Dutch and Germans, who carry on the woollen trade. Shortly afterwards, we halted to take in wood at another small town, called Freedom, the land about which is apparently as rich as garden mould. The river then for hundreds of miles presents one continued succession of lofty hills, rich with foliage from base to summit, without a break or opening on either side to enable you to see the country beyond, which imparts to it a degree of sameness.

We passed many beautiful islands, also several Indian mounds, one of which had been recently excavated, and a great many interesting relics brought to light.

There is a melancholy in passing through these deep and silent solitudes, and which is not relieved by the appearance here and there of the small patches of partially cleared land, with their solitary shantee or log hut, or of the solitary inhabitants of the latter, who linger on the banks while the boat passes, glad enough no doubt to have their monotony broken in upon, though only for an instant. The Indian is not to be met with here. The tribes of red men, which once peopled these solitudes, have become totally extinct, and scarce a vestige of them remains, save their burial-places and mounds.

It was terrifically hot on the afternoon of my arrival at Cincinnati, the thermometer being something like one hundred degrees in the shade. I know not what the people would do in this broiling climate, if it was not for the profuse supply of ice and iced water. Then what superb drinks you get! I have been through a course of cobler, brandy, port, claret, and sherry, and revelled in a mint julep, and other rare drinks, far superior to any thing I ever imbibed elsewhere. But by my halidome, a sherry cobler is a nectar fit for the gods; and the most eloquent descriptions will prove inadequate, to convey a just idea of a compound so truly delicious. Some pounded sugar, about two tablespoonsful, is put into a large tumbler, a liberal supply of ice pure as crystal, two wine glasses of fine sherry, lemon peel cut very thin, a large slice of pine apple at the top, and the whole violently shook up, or poured several times from one tumbler to another, and allowed a minute or so to clear; a long reed is then stuck in the glass, and so you imbibe it: the charge for this is sixpence. But here I must pause, for the bare remembrance makes me thirsty.

I passed two or three days very agreeably at Cincinnati, a remarkably handsome city, full of life and business. It has spacious streets, and exceedingly stylish-looking shops. The country around is undulating and of English character, with here and there a pretty villa, which is invariably built of wood, and painted white, and its verandah covered with creepers. I had a delightful country stroll to the suburb of Mount Auburn, from whence the city with its amphitheatre of hills, and noble river, is seen to great advantage.

Cincinnati is said to be one of the most thriving

cities in the Union. I counted at least twenty steamers alongside the quays, some taking in cargo, others discharging it. I was greatly struck with the excellent description of horses and mules employed in removing the goods.

The following prices, which I obtained on the spot, will convey some idea of the cheapness of Cincinnati as a place of residence. A quarter of mutton, 10d.; the best cuts of meat, 1½d. per pound; fowls, 1s. the pair; ducks, about 1s. 3d.; a turkey, 1s. 6d.; a goose, 1s.; eggs, 1½d. the dozen; potatoes, 4d. a bushel.

Having accidentally made the acquaintance of an English attorney residing here, it afforded me an excellent opportunity of visiting the law courts, and of getting introduced to several of the leading counsel, as well as to the learned judge himself. The courts, which are far inferior to those at New York, were in a disgracefully dirty state, but quite in character with the appearance of judge and counsel. The former, whose salary is only £150 a-year, had more the appearance of a butcher in plain clothes than a dignitary of the bench; and the latter in their nankeen jackets, looked more like waiters at a hotel, than counsel learned in the law. Several of them were whittling small pieces of wood, and apparently finishing them off with the most anxious solicitude, and I observed that the court table had suffered severely from this national propensity. Equality seemed to prevail through the entire court; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the usher could enforce silence from the independent auditory. The case on trial, was one relating to an American "pork." When I entered, the principal witness was under examination, in the course of which the counsel observed, that in the earlier part of his evidence, he, the witness, had stated that such and such was the fact. "No, I guess not, stranger," said the witness. The counsel, however, persisted that he had, and referred the matter to the judge, who, after looking at his notes, told the witness that in the earlier portion of his evidence he certainly had said such and such was the fact. "Did I say so, judge," replied the witness, with the most imperturbable coolness; "then I'll stick to it; d——d if I dont."

I took up my quarters at Cincinnati, at the Broadway, the same hotel that Dickens sojourned at. That gentleman, by the way, is extremely unpopular in this country, and will act wisely in not showing face here again for some time; but what the good people of Cincinnati would do with Mrs. Trollope, if they could get hold of her, it is impossible to say, for I have frequently heard them ungratefully condemn her to a place said to be much hotter than their own climate, and her very name brings down a torrent of abuse, like filth out of a mud cart. I have been frequently asked my opinion of "her darned fabrications;" but although I have not expressed as much, I am strongly inclined to think that Mrs. Trollope's statements, at the time they were written, were not so overcharged as people at home are led to imagine. It is ten years since her visit to this country: an age in America; and it is but reasonable to suppose that since then Jonathan has progressed in civilisation; at all events, I have heard more than one travelled American admit, that her book did a great deal of good. I imagine, however, that her descriptions were never intended to apply to the higher classes of society in this country.

I was occupied four days and nights making the journey from Cincinnati, in a western steamer, to St. Louis, the capital of Missouri, seven hundred miles, and paid £1 only, which included meals. We had a large cargo of slaves on board, and I had a long conversation with their owner, a gentlemanlike man, from the south, upon the subject of slavery. From what he said, it would seem that the cultivation of cotton, rice, and sugar, can only be carried on by slave labour, and that if emancipation ever takes place, the highly productive lands of the south will be thrown entirely out of cultivation. With regard to the slaves themselves, he observed, that they were better fed than many of our free labourers in England, and that it was the owner's interest to treat his slaves kindly. He appeared to be a kind, humane, good sort of man, and I've no doubt his slaves are better off than they would be if free. At all events, though not exactly subscribing to his opinions, I fully concurred with him in the absurdity of our sending out of England large sums of money for the abolishment of slavery, when we have so much distress at home.

We halted for half a day at Louisville, the largest city in Kentucky; and I there had the honour of being formally presented, by a gentlemanlike American, of my acquaintance, to Henry Clay, one of the leading men in this country; and who, it was then expected, would have been the next president. He was holding a levee at the Galt House, a splendid hotel; and I was introduced as Mr. ——, an English gentleman on a tour of observation and pleasure through the States. I was most cordially received by Mr. Clay, who shook me warmly by the hand, and at once commenced an interesting conversation upon the country. He seemed pleased when I told him how gratified I had been with my tour thus far. He struck me as being a remarkably benevolent good kind of man, quite one of the people; very plain in his dress and address; and as having more the appearance of a homely farmer than the leading senator of a great country.

About a mile below Louisville are the rapids of the Ohio, which, when the water is low, altogether obstruct the navigation, and a canal has been cut to avoid them. Our captain, wishing to save the expense of the locks, steered directly down the rapids, and right glad was I, for one, to get into deep water again. The river widens considerably from Louisville to the Mississippi; its breadth, in some places, is a mile and a half; the islands increase in number, and the scenery is altogether more varied and picturesque.

We landed our slaves at Smithland, Kentucky, and shortly afterwards approached the mouth of the Ohio, where it joins the Mississippi; the distance from this point to St. Louis being one hundred and eighty miles. The scenery then becomes

more strikingly grand, the river broader, the stream more turgid and rapid, and the bluffs and perpendicular crags, interspersed with foliage, present a very singular and beautiful appearance. The land, too, a dark brown rich soil, was here and there partially cleared, and cultivated with crops of Indian corn, stumps of trees being intermixed; the timber, in other places, was merely girdled, that is, the bark cut round, and the tree left to perish by the loss of its sap.

On reaching St. Louis, I took up my quarters, for four or five days, at the Planters' Hotel, an immense establishment, admirably conducted, and where I formed many agreeable acquaintances; but none which afforded me more pleasure than that of Mr. Shaw, a high class American, and who was my travelling companion for some weeks afterwards.

I found, indeed, at this hotel, a large assemblage of persons from every part of the Union, and many gentlemanlike men from the south. There appears, to me, to be more of the English character about the latter. A gentleman from Virginia, who gave me a pressing invitation to visit him, assured me that I should find the style of hospitality a good deal like what that of England was in days of yore; that a "smart man" there would be immediately kicked out of society; and that the upper classes of Southerns were as aristocratic as the gentry of England, and as distinct in their ideas and feelings from their countrymen in the north, as it was possible for one class of men to be from another.

I was much pleased with St. Louis, and visited most of the lions of the place and neighbourhood, especially the arsenal and a small prairie, some miles from the town. On Sunday evenings the country people are to be seen drinking wine under trees, some playing at ten pins, the favourite pastime in this country; while others, with their sweethearts, listen to a noisy band, the whole scene recalling vividly to my recollection the tea-gardens of the continent.

I was highly gratified with a visit I made to the Fur Company depot, where I saw thousands and thousands of buffalo hides, and, what interested me still more, the chief and six warriors of the Osage tribe of Indians, in their native costume, who were on their way to Washington to visit the President, their great-grandfather, as they term him. What a melancholy history is that of these poor Indians. The Osages now only number about five thousand; and, like many other tribes, are fast disappearing from the face of the earth. These were as lordly specimens of forest nobility as, perhaps, one could have seen any where. I shook hands with the chief, a man of Herculean frame, with a fierce, savage, unrelenting aspect, but a great deal of native majesty about him; his head was partially shaved, a large tuft of hair left on his crown, called a scalp-lock, with a handsome feather sticking in it; a buffalo robe hung from his shoulders; his brawny chest was painted and tattooed; his naked arms encircled with brass rings; his feet covered with beautiful mocassins; and suspended from his neck was a splendid silver medal, two hands clasped in friendship, presented to him by the President.

St. Louis is the great depot of the fur trading companies.

Voyage on the Upper Mississippi—Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien—Indians and Indian Villages—Fort Snelling—Falls of St. Anthony.

St. Louis is as far west as the generality of tourists extend their researches; but, while there, I heard such glowing descriptions of the comparatively unvisited regions of the Upper Mississippi, that, as a large steamer, which, for several weeks previously, had been advertised to make a trip to the Falls of St. Anthony, nine hundred miles above St. Louis, was fortunately just on the eve of starting, I at once decided upon making the excursion.

As I consider this by far the most interesting portion of my tour in America, I shall enter fully into its details, at the risk of being thought tedious. For this delightful excursion, then, which occupied a fortnight, we were charged only £5 a-head, meals included; and, for wines and cigars it cost me some £3 more; little, indeed, for such a charming expedition.

Our party consisted of about forty ladies and gentlemen; but, with the exception of some half-dozen good fellows, I cannot say it was composed of a very agreeable class of persons.

For the first two hundred miles, the scenery struck me as being more remarkable for its vastness, if I may use the expression, than for any high pretensions to beauty. Yet how imposing is the breadth and rapidity of the dark turgid river, rolling silently along, sometimes through forests, apparently interminable, and which oppress one with their magnitude; then through dreary flats and marshy swamps; gathering, in its course, the loose soil on either side; and, with it, trees of large size, which, drifting down the stream, frequently get fixed at the bottom of the river, and render the navigation extremely dangerous. Thus stationary they are called snags; and the most careful steering is requisite to avoid a collision with them, especially at high water, when they are not so easily distinguished. We passed a large steamer that had recently been snagged; she was quite deserted: the accident happened in the day time, and no lives were lost. The quantity of floating timber is surprising; and sometimes, in bends of the river, immense masses remain stationary, and resemble large timber yards.

Occasionally we came upon an infant settlement, destined probably one day to be a thriving city; but the climate is deadly, and the people have, generally, a most unhealthy appearance.

As we passed along the wooded shores, the passengers, most of whom had rifles, and were first-rate marksmen, occasionally brought down a bird of curious plumage; and I have seen a poor squirrel, on the top of a lofty tree, cut in two by a ball from a rifle pistol.

We frequently landed for the purpose of shooting pigeons, which swarm in incredible numbers in these unfrequented woods. On these occasions some little caution was requisite to avoid treading

upon the snakes, many of them, especially the rattlesnake, being of a very venomous description.

We halted twice a-day to take in wood for fuel, with which we were often supplied by the solitary squatter of the wilderness, whose haggard appearance bore testimony to the wretchedness of the climate. How vividly the whole scene presents itself to my mind's eye! There is the log hut, with its little bit of land partly cleared, and planted with Indian corn,—the soil looking rich enough to grow any thing; but, perhaps, the mighty river has recently washed away a large portion of it; and it is evident the man must soon squat higher up and make a fresh clearing. How squalid are the looks of his poor wife and half naked child! There lies the man's axe; and there, alongside the river, is the stack of wood, cut into blocks, in readiness for the passing steamer. There stands the man himself, with a large wood-knife stuck in his belt. What a lean and hungry visage he has! He is an outcast from society, or, at all events, he looks like one. There is nothing like a smile on that man's face. God help his unfortunate condition!

The excessive heat of the climate, and the horrible annoyance caused by the biting of mosquitoes, very materially detract from the pleasure of a trip in this country. The mosquito is a small insect, something less than a gnat; they swarm about you in myriads, and the punishment they inflict is enough to drive a man wild.

On the second day of our excursion, we passed Hannibal and Warsaw, two pretty villages, and soon afterwards halted to take in wood at a place called Keokuk, after an Indian chief, from whom the land was purchased. He was the famed chief of the Sauks and Foxes, formerly a most warlike tribe, but now nearly extinct. So it is; wherever the white man settles, the poor Indian disappears.

The next interesting place we landed at was Nauvoo, the beautifully situated city of the Mormons, where we remained stationary for some hours. The great temple is a handsome building, in the massive plain style, and would make an excellent fortress or stronghold; to which purpose I have no doubt it will be converted by the Mormons on the first trying occasion. In the centre is a large baptismal font, twelve feet by fifteen, supported by a dozen cows, as large as life, very beautifully carved in wood; the whole, I understand, being copied from the temple of Solomon, according to the description given in the Scriptures.

I had some conversation with two of these Mormonites, the one a Yorkshireman, and the other a native of Derbyshire, whose enthusiasm in the cause, if ever they had any, appeared greatly to have evaporated; they were evidently disappointed men. I could not understand, from any of the Mormonites I conversed with, what the nature of their creed was, nor did they appear to me to understand it themselves. They generally, on being closely questioned, got angry, and referred me to the Scriptures. Joe Smith, their prophet, has since been murdered. A more profound humbug never lived. I, and another of our party, were anxious to see this gentleman; and, for that purpose, called at his house: but he was denied to us; and with good reason, it would appear, as we afterwards heard there were warrants out against him, for being implicated in the recent attempt to assassinate the governor of Missouri. His mother, however, on our purchasing of her a Mormon Bible, showed us some of the holy relics, as well as the portrait of her son, which a good deal resembled that of the Saracen's head at Snow Hill.

Almost every man on board this boat was armed with a bowie knife, a detestable cowardly weapon, with which the most frightful murders are constantly perpetrated. The owners of these made no attempt to conceal them; but appeared rather to take a pride in their display, for they were constantly either picking their teeth or paring their nails with them: one felt, therefore, little inclination to have any dispute with their amiable wearers. One evening I was sitting on the side of the steamer, smoking a cigar, listening to a warm argument between two of these disagreeable fellows, when one of them appealed to me, as to which of the two had lost his temper. I replied, that though I wished, for reasons he could probably guess at, to avoid any thing like a quarrel with either him or any of his friends, I was a straightforward man, and, having been appealed to, should give a straightforward answer; and added, that I considered he had certainly betrayed a great deal more acrimonious feeling than his adversary; on saying which, he placed his greasy face much too near mine to be agreeable, and inquired how I dared make such an assertion. "Dare," said I, in a low tone, "Dare, the devil! d——n you, keep your distance." He thereupon skulked off, without making any reply; but, later in the evening, I overheard him say,—"If he had touched me I'd have brought him down in an instant;" and I have no doubt I was the person he alluded to.

The next exciting incident that occurred was a sharply contested race between our steamer and another of similar dimensions; and as a steamer on the Mississippi would rather, at any time, incur the risk of bursting her boiler than allow another to pass her, the most desperate efforts were made on both sides; resin, turpentine, and even hams, being thrown into the blazing furnaces, to gain increased speed. It was a highly exciting scene; both boats, for a time, were alongside; the crews and passengers of each displaying the most hostile feeling towards each other; and the high-pressure engines snorting, groaning, and coughing like human beings in desperate strife. At length we shot a-head about three feet, and gave a cheer, which so incensed our adversary that she steered directly for our paddle-boxes; and our captain, to avoid the collision, ran so close in-shore that the huge arms of the trees swept the hurricane deck, on which I happened to be standing, carrying away the bell, one of the spars, and very nearly both the chimneys, before the engine could be stopped. I only saved my life by throwing myself flat upon the deck. The people on board the other boat yelled like so many devils at our mishap, and doubtless wished it had been attended with consequences of a much more serious nature.

At Galena, the great mineral depot of the United States, we visited the lead mines, and witnessed the process of smelting the ore, which is simply put, in its rough state, into a kiln, melted down, and then ladled out into iron moulds. It is conveyed, by steamer, to St. Louis. The lead appeared to be of a beautiful quality. The miners, who were chiefly from England or Ireland, told us, that any person subscribing to the government regulations, was permitted to select a certain portion of the surface of the soil, which is divided into lots, free of any charge, on paying to the government a tenth of the pure metal he got from the ore.

At Dubuque, some ten miles higher up the river, we visited another smelting furnace, and saw great quantities of lead melted from the ores which are dug out of the hills in all directions. The place takes its name from Dubuque, the first man who commenced mining operations in this district; and it was the last white settlement we saw prior to entering on the Indian villages. The scenery around it is beautiful; the grassy hills, (dotted with occasional forest trees,) rising from the river in almost every variety of form. On the summit of the highest of them is a small building, surmounted by a cross, called Dubuque's Grave, erected by the man himself, in which his bones may still be seen.

While the steamer was taking in her supply of fuel at one of these places, I usually walked into the bar-room of the unwholesome looking inn, to see a little of men and manners there. I generally found the inmates the worse for liquor, and two or three cut-throat looking men amongst them, such as I should certainly not like to fall in with on a dark night. One fellow, perhaps, picking his teeth with a frightful looking bowie-knife; another, with a similar weapon, whittling a piece of wood. "What are you making?" I civilly asked. "Well now, Colonel, I'm a gone 'coon if it warnt a baccy stopper half-an-hour ago; then it changed pretty considerably quick into a toothpick; and I'm darned, Colonel, if I can just now calculate what it will eventilly come to, that's a fact."

The inhabitants of these new settlements on the Upper Mississippi struck me as being, for the most part, a low, dissipated set, and great lovers of the fragrant weed. Their "e-tarnal" spitting is most offensive to strangers: they are not only the worst shots at a spittoon I ever saw, but they have got a method of sucking in their cheeks, and suddenly blowing them out again, in a way that causes the saliva to spread like the charge from a blunderbuss. I was one day seated near a *chawer* of this description, and having received a portion of his poisonous discharge in my left eye, I naturally bobbed my head at every subsequent discharge; which he at last observing, said, in a quiet way—"Sit still, stranger: I guess I'll clear you."

The next interesting place we visited, was Prairie du Chien, in the Wisconsin territory, one of the principal posts of the American Fur Company, where the government have erected a strong fort, called Fort Crawford, for the purpose of keeping the Indians in check. The only Indians we saw at this post, were a remnant of the Winnebagos, once a very warlike tribe, but now, from small-pox and other casualties, reduced to a mere handful, and who, we were informed, had sold every thing they possessed, even their guns and tomahawks, for whisky. Their appearance and costume was strikingly picturesque. As I shook hands with each, I received a kindly grunt in token of amity and goodwill. We passed a long day at the prairie, a beautiful meadow, about seven miles long by one or two in width, encompassed in the rear by a picturesque range of verdant hills. We arrived at the fort just in time to witness the parade of the military, and hear the excellent band. One of our party, Captain Macdougal, then introduced several of us individually to the colonel and officers, a most gentlemanlike body of men, and who received us with the greatest kindness. They conducted us over every part of the fort, showed us the colours, and invited us to dine with them at three o'clock. The intervening hours we passed climbing the hills and bluffs in the rear of the prairie, which afforded us many singular and delightful views of the mighty river, its numerous wooded islands, and the whole extent of the prairie. Sometimes we ascended a lofty hill to examine the tomb of a renowned chief of bygone days; and then we would descend, on the other side, into deeply-wooded ravines and dells that reminded me of the glens of Scotland. We did not see game of any description. One of the officers said there were plenty of pheasants, deer, and elk, some twenty miles distant; but that the Indians were so extremely jealous, that if they by any chance heard of an intended sporting expedition, they would drive up the game, the night previous, in all directions.

There is an indescribable pleasure in wandering amidst the rude, untouched scenes of nature; and I shall often think of the few but happy hours I passed in roaming in these vast solitudes.

On returning to the fort, we found an excellent dinner awaiting our arrival; the band, on our entrance, striking up our own national air of "God save the Queen," in kind compliment to myself and another Englishman of the party. The utmost joviality prevailed; the champagne flew about like water,—two officers did nothing else but pour out the wine; and my glass was no sooner empty than it was as quickly filled again. I was awfully thirsty that day, and drank at least two bottles myself. After the first, I requested the band to strike up the national air of "The Star-spangled Banner," and drank prosperity to America. This was followed by sundry other patriotic toasts and speeches on both sides. We soon after this began to shake hands across the table, a sure sign that people are getting tipsy; and a scene from Shakspere was proposed. "Where are Lord Stanley's forces?" exclaimed I, addressing myself to the colonel, in the character of Richard.

"In the north, my lord," said he.

"In the north," roared I; "what do they in the north, when they should serve their sovereign in the west?"

Here there were three rounds of applause; and

on ordering the immediate execution of young Stanley, I heard the bandmaster observe, in an under tone, to one of his chums,—"Well, if that arn't rale grit, there's no snakes."

The fun now grew fast and furious: more champagne was ordered; and Captain Prince of Boston, a prince of a fellow, having been prevailed upon at a short notice, and "on this occasion only," to represent the Earl of Richmond, we selected such articles of dress from the regimental stores as seemed most suitable to the purpose. I had a hat and plumes, an old star-spangled banner, by way of cloak, and the regimental mess-pot lid for a shield, (a costume not quite such as the late John Kemble could have approved of.)

The band having sounded a charge, we at once fell to, and in the course of this extraordinary act managed to jumble all the more melodramatic portions of Richard and Macbeth, the trumpets during the while flourishing, the audience applauding, and the poor Indians actually grunting with the excitement like so many pigs in a stye.

(*Enter Macduff.*)—Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macbeth.—Of all men I have most avoided thee;
But get thee back: my soul is too much charged
With champagne of thine already. Let fall
Thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macduff.—Then yield ye, coward; for I was
From my mother's womb untimely ripped.
I'll not yield, (said I,)
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse,
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane.
Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And "darn'd" be he that first cries hold,—enough.

I had the best of it in the acting; but the illustrious Prince beat me hollow in the encounter; though he afterwards admitted he thought he never should have got me down. I was stabbed at least three times before I gave up the ghost, which the increased grunting of the Indians warned me it was high time to do, if I had any regard for my scalp. It is not surprising that these poor Indians should have attached a degree of reality to the encounter they had just witnessed, when we occasionally hear instances of people in more civilized life being carried away by the illusion of the scene.

When Kean was once playing Richard the Third in the provinces, a respectable country farmer, who had paid the greatest attention throughout the performance, became at length so excited at the prolonged combat with the bloodthirsty Richard in the fifth act, that he roared out at the top of his voice, "Shoot him, d—— him, shoot him."

I saw nothing in America, not even excepting the much-vaunted Hudson, that pleased me half so much as the scenery of the Upper Mississippi, from Prairie du Chien to the Falls of St. Anthony. The magnificent bluffs on either side, the picturesque Indian villages, the pretty canoes plying on the river, and the groups of Indians in their native costume, give a dramatic character to the scenes, which require a far abler pen than mine to convey any adequate description of. Several of the officers from Prairie du Chien, with their military band, accompanied us to Fort Snelling, about five hundred miles higher up the river; which place it took us four or five days to reach. The scenery appeared to increase in beauty as we advanced. Sometimes the mighty river (often a mile or two in width, and studded with innumerable islands) is enclosed on either side with beautifully verdant hills, dotted with occasional trees; sometimes you have this description of scenery on one side of the river only, and on the other splendid crags, called bluffs, which, as the river bends, assume almost every variety of form; at other times, and especially between Prairie du Chien and Lake Pepin, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles, you have these bluffs rising on both sides of you to a perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet. One of the highest is called the Lover's Leap, from the circumstance of an Indian girl, named Dark Day, having thrown herself from its summit, to avoid being married to a man she disliked.

I would earnestly recommend any of my friends making this delightful excursion, to follow my plan, of laying in at St. Louis, a dozen of good claret, a box of cigars, and a bottle or two of brandy; for they will get nothing fit to drink on board the steamer. Then only imagine the inestimable luxury of an iced claret cobler on a broiling hot day, or a fragrant havannah in the cool of the evening, to assist your meditations, as you gaze, with silent admiration, on some of the scenes I have attempted to describe,—scenes that oftentimes recalled recollections of dear Old England; for not unfrequently we passed spots of park-like appearance, and where it was so easy to imagine that noblemen's seats would one day be. At present, Indian villages are to be seen; and a most picturesque addition they are to the beauty of the landscape. The costume of the Indians is very graceful; and there is an air of dignity about many of the men, that the Americans, for the most part, would do well to study.

We landed at most of the Indian villages, and remained sometimes for hours to witness their different dances. That called the buffalo dance is the most singular,—each man wears the head and horns of the buffalo, the supposed object being to attract the herd in the direction of the spot where the dance takes place; the music to which they dance is produced by a sort of kettle-drum, accompanied by the voice; and a most discordant din it is.

At the head of Lake Pepin, we landed at another Indian village, at which I purchased a tomahawk of a young warrior, whom I found seated apart from his tribe inhaling the tranquillizing herb, with that dignified composure for which this people are so remarkable. I had some difficulty in effecting my object, as the Indians are very reluctant to part with their tomahawks; and nothing but their excessive fondness for whisky will induce them to do so. Then the single monosyllable, "ho, or hugh," (which is generally all they

utter,) however comprehensive it may be in their own dialect, is perfectly unintelligible to a pale-face, and renders it difficult to keep up any very prolonged conversation with them. As I approached the Indian, I touched my cap, and he immediately returned my salute.

"Nice open weather," said I

"Ho!" said he.

"So I suppose," I said.

I at length made him understand that I wished to purchase his tomahawk, by giving it a gentle tug, and at the same time showing a quarter dollar.

"Ho!" said he, extending his hand to receive the money.

"No," said I: "the weapon first, and the money afterwards."

I then doubled the sum,—he shook his head. I added another quarter,—another shake of the head.

"Let's liquor on it," said I, producing my whisky flask. He then held up four fingers, and I gave him as many pieces of silver, receiving the tomahawk in exchange. I lost no time in making the best of my way to the packet; and it was well I did so, as a few minutes afterwards I perceived at least a dozen of them following, and it is more than probable that I should have lost both tomahawk and money, and peradventure my scalp into the bargain, had they overtaken me.

About forty miles below Fort Snelling, we landed for some hours at another large village of the Sioux, just in time to witness several of their characteristic dances. One of the men, on this occasion, had a small dog under his robe, which I understood they were about to sacrifice; but as I did not wish to witness this disgusting part of the ceremony, I went higher up the village with another passenger, where several of the younger men were amusing themselves by shooting with bows and arrows at a mark, while the elder ones were smoking and gravely looking on. The accuracy of their aim is really surprising. One handsome young fellow hit a small piece of money which we inserted in a notched stick at fourteen paces, six times successively. We made several similar attempts to do the same, without, however, being successful in a single instance; and when I returned the young Indian his bow, with a small coin for himself, he received both with an air of lofty politeness that would have done credit to any state of society.

The Indians are so peculiarly grave and reserved, that it is no easy matter to make them laugh. I only succeeded in doing so on one occasion, when I imitated the mode of taking a scalp by passing the point of my knife round the crown of my friend's head, and then tearing off his cap. They really did enjoy that joke "pretty considerable." I daresay they would have liked nothing better than to have scalped the whole of us, as they are said to entertain a deep hatred to their white oppressors.

We passed two delightful days at Fort Snelling, the most northerly station maintained by the States for the purpose of keeping in check the Indians, who occupy the whole of the country about here. We met with the greatest hospitality from the officers and their ladies. They gave a ball in honour of our arrival. The fort, which is at least a hundred feet above the river, commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. One day I strolled by myself among the Indian wigwams, which have, generally speaking, a very low entrance. I crawled on all fours into one of the largest, and found that I had intruded upon a family party, squatting round a fire in the centre of the tent; and the old chief looked so grim that I almost regretted I had done myself the honour of calling upon him. I was thinking how I could make my exit without turning my back to the ladies, when I recollected the tobacco in my pocket, and which I at once handed to the chief. This was equal to the best letter of introduction; he took it with a most affectionate grunt, shook me warmly by the hand, and, the long pipe being lighted, was handed round. I supported his daughter on the right, and assisted her as well as I was able. "Ho," said she.—"Ho, indeed," said I.

Some of the old squaws are frightfully ugly, and keep a very sharp look-out after the younger ones, especially when the latter happen to be good-looking. The following is a melancholy instance of the cupidity of the Indians, and occurred immediately under my own observation. I was walking with three or four friends, when we met an old squaw, with a very pretty young one; and although the old lady shook hands with us herself, the devil a bit would she allow her pretty daughter to do the same, except to such of us as paid a quarter dollar each for the favour,—on receiving which she pulled the girl from behind her, allowed her to shake hands, and then pushed her back again, until she received a similar coin, when the same ceremony was repeated. We then paid half a dollar each for a kiss; and it was worth it; for she was as fine a copper-coloured lass as ever stepped in mocassins.

On another occasion, when exploring the country with one of the American officers, we came upon an isolated tent, which my friend informed me belonged to him. It was in a beautiful situation, and, as we entered it, a young and very pretty squaw, with large saucer-like eyes, started up and welcomed the captain with a warmth that almost made me blush; but as he assured me that his regard for her was purely platonic, and that he was obliged to have some one there to take care of the tent, I stopped short in the moral lecture I was about to read him, and simply said, in the Indian fashion, "Ho!" She would not shake hands with me, or even raise her eyes from the ground, for verily she was as shy and timid as a newly caught fawn. Her name was the "Floating Cloud," and a very pretty name too. "I do calculate she likes me considerable," said the captain. "Ho!" said I, again offering my hand, which she still refused: but this time her *chere ami* severely reproved her in her own dialect. Her eyes filled with tears, and seizing his hand in both her own, she said in melodious yet touching accents, "Why, why does the Big Eye speak cross to his friend?"

The captain then told me, that the young lady having admitted a partiality for him, some two years previous, in her father's wigwam, he had bought her. "Bought her," said I, "why what did you give for her?" "Fifty dollars, and some whisky." "But who did you buy her of?" I asked. "Of her own father," was the reply. "Oh Good God!" said I.

The burial-places of the Indians are generally on the summit of a lofty hill, and the corpses being placed on rude platforms, ten or a dozen feet from the ground, to protect them from the wolves, present a most extraordinary appearance.

An immense wolf was shot whilst I was in the neighbourhood, and I was offered a beautiful skin for a quarter dollar.

I was highly delighted with the Falls of St. Anthony, which are seven miles from the fort; they are styled in the Indian dialect, "The Laughing Water," and are really magnificent. The whole river, half a mile in width, falls perpendicularly some twenty or thirty feet, amongst gigantic masses of rock. There is a romantic little island almost at the foot of the cataract, and the wild country around is interspersed with groves of trees that give a charming variety to the scenery.

On the 24th of June, our steamer's head was turned, and I reluctantly bade adieu to the officers of Forts Snelling and Crawford, a most gentlemanly set of fellows, from whom we had received the greatest hospitality.

"In a strange land
Kind things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place grafting good-will to all."

Journey over the Prairies of Illinois.

On my return I landed at Galena, a place I have before spoken of, for the purpose of crossing the prairies of Illinois to Chicago, at the foot of Lake Michigan, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles.

I left Galena, by the four-horse stage, at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 28th of June, and after travelling two successive days and nights, arrived at Chicago dead beat on the following Friday. We went at least one hundred miles over prairies of immense extent, generally without a tree of any kind, or even a rock to relieve the monotony of the view; but here and there a little bit was farmed and cultivated, and, where it was, I never saw heavier or finer crops. The price of land in this region is only a dollar and a quarter an acre. It is sold by government at that rate, in sections of eighty acres each. The deficiency of wood and water must, however, be a serious disadvantage. Indeed, from all I can hear, emigrants to these fertile regions have greater difficulties to contend with than is generally supposed; for, to say nothing of the unhealthiness of the climate, especially to European constitutions, the great distance from markets makes it difficult for a farmer to dispose of his produce at any thing like a remunerating price.

The fare for this journey was eight dollars each. The entertainment on the road, at the miserable stations for changing horses, was of the most homely description, being literally nothing more or less than "corn bread and common doings."

The coach was drawn by four horses, and contained nine inside passengers, including a lady (for they are all ladies in this country) and a four months' child, the incessant screaming and squalling of which dear little dumpnosed darling, did not contribute much to enliven the wearisomeness of the journey.

I saw a tremendous rattlesnake on this prairie; and on another occasion, when gathering some prairie flowers, a large black snake glided through my fingers, in a way that effectually cured me of botanizing for the remainder of the journey. And what a journey it was! Sometimes we went over layers of pine trees, called corduroy roads, that made our very teeth clatter again; sometimes we stuck fast for an hour or two in a morass, being, as the driver said, "in a pretty considerable d—d enormous fix;" and occasionally we crossed creaking bridges that threatened every instant to give way beneath us. When we came to a morass, the driver would open the door and say, "Now, gentlemen, I guess you'll do *that thing* for me." That thing was to get out and walk almost knee deep in mud, until he succeeded in getting the coach through; but scarcely had we again resumed our seats, when with a jerk that sent us flying out of our places, and made the four months' child scream till it was literally black in the face, the coach would drop into a mud-hole, some three feet deep, and open would come the door again. "Now, gentlemen, I guess you'll do the other thing for me." The *other thing* was, to get out, lay hold of the wheels, and pull the darned coach out of the hole by main force; and we had no alternative. The last night the lamps went out, and we crept stealthily along at the rate of a mile an hour; and right glad was I, on reaching Chicago, to submit myself to

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

A few years ago, Chicago was but a small village. It is now a good sized town, full of life and business.

They are a very free and easy set of people in many of these western towns, and their notions of equality too often lead them into the error of mistaking a quiet tone of insolence for independence. One day when I was inhaling a cigar, "my custom always of an afternoon," a man with a cheek full of Virginia, who had been very attentively regarding me for some time previously, at last abruptly said, "Well now, stranger, I reckon you're a Britisher." I admitted the soft impeachment, and wishing to please him observed. "What a splendid country yours is!" "Con-siderable," said he, after a prolonged pause. "It whips yourn all to smash."

Voyage Round the Large Lakes.

On Saturday morning, July the 1st, I embarked from Chicago on board the Great Western Steamer, on an excursion of twelve hundred and fifteen

miles, round the large lakes to Buffalo, the intermediate distances being as follows :—

	Miles.
Chicago to Milwaukie, Wisconsin territory.	90
Fort Machinac	485
Fort Gratio	258
Detroit, Michigan	71
Amherstburg, Upper Canada	18
Sandusky	52
Cleveland	54
Ashtabula, Ohio	62
Erie	39
Dunkirk	53
Buffalo	33
	1215

The accommodations on board were equal to those of a first-rate hotel. We had a military band, and four or five hundred passengers; the voyage occupied five days, and the fare throughout, including meals, was only eight dollars, or about seven shillings a day; but there is no dependence to be placed on the fares for any length of time; they are constantly changing them. In this instance there was a violent opposition, and the fare to Buffalo was reduced, fortunately for me, the very day I embarked, from fifteen dollars to eight, and the Captain said they were losing money at the latter sum.

The voyage round these large inland seas is somewhat monotonous, owing to their immense extent. We frequently lost sight of land altogether, and the steamer was steered by the compass.

I shall give their dimensions from the table on my map, which I understand is perfectly correct. We went the whole extent of Lake Michigan, which is about three hundred miles long, and fifty wide, with a large inlet at its northwest corner, called Green Bay, about one hundred miles long, and some twenty broad. We then passed the pretty island of Machinac, and entered Lake Huron, which is on the boundary between the United States and Canada, and is two hundred and fifty miles long, and one hundred and eighty broad. Besides the waters of Lake Michigan, Lake Huron receives those of Lake Superior, which is four hundred and fifty-nine miles long, by about two hundred in width; and these congregated waters pass down the river St. Clair into the St. Clair lake, which is about ninety miles in circumference. From the latter they pass through the river Detroit into Lake Erie, which is on the boundary line between the United States and Upper Canada, and is two hundred and ninety miles long, by sixty in width, at its widest part. The whole of this tremendous mass of water then enters the Niagara river, which connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, thunders over the falls, and passes into the ocean by the river St. Lawrence.

One of the most important places we landed at in our voyage round the lakes, was Cleveland, on Lake Erie, a thriving, bustling place, at which all the steam-packets touch. What a great extent of steam navigation there is in this country! You may now actually go from New York to New Orleans, two thousand six hundred and thirty-five miles, entirely by water.

	Miles.
New York, by the Hudson river, to Albany,	150
Albany, by the New York and Erie Canal, to Buffalo	363
Buffalo, by Lake Erie, to Cleveland	200
Cleveland, by Canal, to Portsmouth	309
Portsmouth, by Ohio river, to Cincinnati	113
Cincinnati, by the Mississippi, to New Orleans	1,500
	2,635

Another interesting spot we landed at for several hours, in the course of our voyage, was Detroit, prettily situated on the river of that name, which divides the United States from our Canadian possessions. The town was all life and bustle. It was the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, a day which is kept as a holiday throughout the States. Bands of music paraded the streets, playing with all their might the national air of "Yankee Doodle." Bonfires were blazing, and guns, pistols, and crackers, exploding under one's very nose. The star-spangled banner floated in the breeze: gin-slings, smashers, cocktails, and juleps, were drank with enthusiastic ardour; and, upon the whole, I never saw people more independently drunk than on this great occasion. The Detroit Fencibles, with their colours flying, made a desperate attempt to march in double file, but were far too drunk to succeed; and the serjeant himself, in a vain attempt to rally his men, fell down three times, with his drawn sword in his hand. The chewing was great, and so was the spitting; and not wishing to appear singular, I threw up my cap, and cheered with the loudest.

A party of gentlemen on this occasion waited upon me, the only Englishman, with an invitation to dine and celebrate the memorable day, and which, as I had no objection to a good dinner, and a bottle or two of champagne gratis, I at once accepted. A band of music played appropriate airs between the patriotic songs and speeches, and the night drove on "wi' sangs and clatter." After the preliminary toasts had been disposed of, I gave the health of the American ladies, which was drank amid deafening cheers.

AIR.—"Timber Doodle."

The next toast proposed, was the health of the Colonel, and prosperity to England.

AIR.—"Rule Britannia."

As soon as the music had ceased, I got up to return thanks for the honour that had been done the country; and, unaccustomed as I was to public speaking, spoke a long time nevertheless, appearing as much overpowered by my feelings as decency required; and having expressed my delight at the cordiality and friendship that they and their countrymen generally entertained towards England, (which, by the by, was a dreadful fib, as they hate us like the very devil,) I concluded by proposing the health of the officers of the American army and navy.

AIR.—"The Star-spangled Banner."

As there was no officer present to return thanks, the serjeant of the Detroit Fencibles did so, as well as he was able.

Now, as the wine circulated, greater freedom of discussion ensued, and their abominable self-conceit became more apparent. The worthy Vice rose, and made a long rigmarole speech, through his nose, about England, and "God Almighty's free and independent States." "We are," he remarked, "a great people, that's a fact. There are some here," he said, looking with an eye of pity upon me, "that aint a notion what a free country is." ("Hear, hear," I called out.) "Now, by the tarnal," said he, warming with his subject, "We have a pretty considerable first-rate country, as rich as cream, with a legislature, such as none on the face of the airth can equal." (Hear, hear," I reiterated.) "Our great-grandmother England, is pretty well used up now, I reckon; and I do calculate some, that although we are descended from the old country, we are an Almighty improvement upon the old stock," (tremendous cheering.) "*Tu es exquisitus, tu es,*" said I. "Why what on airth's that," he inquired. "You're a nice man, you are," I said was the translation. Shortly after this, one of the company sang, through his nose, the popular melody of Yankee Doodle, the whole party, band and all, joining heart and soul in the chorus.

Yankee doodle is a tune,
That is 'nation handy:
All the British ran away,
At Yankee doodle dandy.

FULL CHORUS.

Yankee doodle borrows cash,
Yankee doodle spends it;
Then he snaps his fingers at
The jolly flat as lends it.

The appearance of Buffalo, from the water, is very imposing, and it certainly is one of the most beautiful cities in the Union. The harbour was full of magnificent steamers, and other vessels. Many of the public buildings are exceedingly handsome, especially the American hotel, one of the most splendid in the Union, and at which the charges for board were only six shillings per day. We were just in time to visit the theatre; which was well attended, but I can't say much in favour of the performance. The play-bills called it a tragedy, but I laughed more heartily at it than I have done at many a comedy; and well I might, for the ghost of Hamlet's father had its left cheek so full of Virginia, that it could scarcely speak for expectoration. It is only those who have seen a ghost in such a fix, that can form any adequate idea how very ridiculous it looks. Then what havoc they made with the text of our beloved Shakspere. It is surprising how the author's meaning may be perverted by simply laying the emphasis on the wrong word. In the play of *The Tempest*, for instance, the actor has to say, in a low desponding tone,—

"As he is very potent with such spirits,
He abuses me to damn me."

But the fellow who performed the character roared out at the top of his voice,—

"As he is very potent with such spirits,
He abuses *me, too*, damme."

FORSYTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY; AND OBSERVATIONS ON GENESIS.*

To the citizens of Edinburgh, and the people of Scotland in general, this posthumous volume requires no introduction. Through a long life, its author was, among them, well known, and highly esteemed as an eminent lawyer, and as a man of learning and general science: the author of several works that have attained celebrity, though of none so well calculated as that on our table directly to advance the interests of religion and virtue. And we are not sure but that the history of Mr. Forsyth's life, of his early struggles, indomitable perseverance, and final triumph over great difficulties, may not afford even more effectual lessons than his Sermons and Commentaries. His personal history is one which is almost peculiar to his native country; for in what other land could the son of "very poor parents," without patrons, and with nothing to rely upon save his own exertions, have trode the same arduous path and attained the same distinction? Mr. Forsyth has related his early history in an autobiography full of interest and instruction, though the reader may wish that it had been more expanded and circumstantial. But the author considered it great presumption in a man to dwell upon the history of his own life, pleasant as it is to look back upon past trials and pleasures; and his notes are therefore brief and scanty. It is, however, written, so far as it goes, with the brevity and modest, manly grace of Franklin. He was born at Biggar; and though he attained the age of nearly four score, was so delicate a child that he was not expected to survive. He was far advanced in life before he wrote down the particulars of his early career, which seems to have been vividly remembered. Of himself in childhood, he says,—

"I had slow talents, but great fits of application. I was an only child, and my parents were extremely poor, but they resolved to make me a minister, if in their power. I assented to whatever was proposed. I was of a soft timid disposition in childhood — kept down by a sense of poverty, and the evident preference given at school to the children of wealthy parents. Occasionally, however, starts of fearlessness occurred in my conduct; but I soon relapsed.

"I was taught to read English by my mother—began Latin at a parish school at seven years old, and continued till twelve, learning very little. We were kept in school in summer from ten A.M. till two P.M., and then from three to six or seven o'clock: in winter from ten A.M. till dark. Going to school I often looked at grown-up persons, and wondered if the time of blessedness would ever arrive when I would be allowed to walk about like them, without being subjected to the misery of sitting all day in school.

* Observations on the Books of Genesis and Exodus; with Sermons. By the late Robert Forsyth, Esq. Advocate. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author. Small octavo, pp. 203. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

"Our family consisted of my father and his mother and his wife. I loved my mother greatly. She was proud but silent. With much difficulty, on account of poverty, I was sent to Lanark school, eleven miles distant, at twelve or thirteen years old. I went on Monday morning, and returned home on Saturdays. The schoolmaster, Robert Thomson, the husband of the sister of the author of the Seasons, was an excellent teacher, except as to Latin prosody. Under him I became a zealous scholar, and from January to August learned more than I had done in five years before.

"But I was well prepared. I had read many books. John Cree, a gardener, lent me various tale books, such as the Persian and Turkish, &c. In the winter nights I often sat beside Robin Rannie, a shoemaker, and read to him such books as he had. I recollect Milton's Paradise Lost, and the History of the Devil. I had also terrified myself with Satan's Invisible World, and such books. I had read Knox's History, Josephus, Cruikshanks, and Ross's View of all Religions, mentioned by Hudibras. I could repeat most of Allan Ramsay's Poems and Penycuik's Collection. But Young's Night Thoughts was my favourite, which I could almost repeat. Observe, my father had a notion that a child should never be caused to commit to memory any thing that he could not understand, and hence I learned few questions —only the Shorter Catechism, for decency. He said, it made a riddle of a child's memory to cause him to repeat what he did not understand. So it was that I took great pleasure in committing verses to memory, and could at one time repeat most of the Scottish songs and ballads. I had also read some voyages and geography; so that, by my parents encouraging me to read, and praising me for it, and for all my rehearsals of poetry, I became tolerably fond of literature, and sufficiently prepared to take advantage of better teaching at Lanark.

"I was sent to Glasgow College at fourteen. On the day I entered, my grandmother died, aged ninety-six. I was a great favourite with her. On Saturdays, when I was expected from Lanark, she sat by the wayside impatiently scolding me for delaying my arrival; but I no sooner appeared than she seized me with great delight, and my delays,—pillaging crows' nests, perhaps, at Carstairs,—were forgotten. My grandmother, who possessed a very vigorous mind, and was a zealous Presbyterian and Whig of those days, has fixed deeply in my mind the memory of herself, her sayings and opinions.

Proudly may we say,—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeurs rise;"

and we should have great pleasure in tracing out the whole progress of the poor, young, studious collegian; with the "silent, proud" mother; a father, probably only a hand-loom weaver or shoemaker, but who yet knew that it could not benefit his child to become a parrot; and a grandmother, born after the battle of "Bothwell Brig," and not unlike Mause Headrigg. At the first Christmas recess of his college, the student walked home thirty miles to spend a week with his parents, and he then saw his mother for the last time. He says he learned little at college; and gained more by reading *moderately* and thinking *much*, than by listening to lectures. The minister of his native parish procured him, while still a mere boy, a situation as tutor in a gentleman's family, and he filled the same office in three different families. Before the age of twenty, he became a licentiate or probationer of the Church of Scotland. Of this period he says,—

"I had few sermons, but these I could repeat correctly, and therefore never used notes, but spoke vehemently and somewhat rhetorically. I could add a part of one sermon to a part of another so as to multiply them.

"The year before I became a preacher, I went to reside with a family in the country, as tutor. Having much leisure time, I became restless and impatient of my inactive situation, and the foundation was laid for that impatience which led to a change of profession. About this time I was seized with much delicacy of stomach, which did not go off for a year or two. Having, from impatience or ambition, left the country and taken a licence to preach, I preached in most of the Edinburgh churches, and in the neighbourhood. I took much pleasure in doing so. But it so happened that, in about two years, all the churches became vacant of which I was thought to have a prospect. I was uniformly disappointed by some interest or other. Wauchope of Niddry at one time, and at another Gillespie the snuff-merchant, prevailed with Henry Dundas to give churches to my competitors. I was soon regarded as very unlucky, and became angry with my profession. I lay awake a whole night deliberating, whether I would be a doctor of medicine or an advocate. I thought if I became a medical man, I must go abroad and desert my old father. This last idea decided the point, and I resolved to study law. My eyes were delicate. I therefore resolved to dine every day on rice and milk, which I did for a year, and that removed the tendency to inflammation in the eye-balls, which had teazed me. I resolved, at the same time, to conceal my views, that I might preserve the power of taking the situation of a parish minister, if it should come in my way."

The secrecy which Mr. Forsyth found it necessary to maintain, prevented him from obtaining needful direction as to the course of his legal studies. He therefore missed the royal road found in commentators, abridgments, and compendiums; but the toilsome one which he took, probably helped to lay the sure foundation of his future eminence as a thorough-bred lawyer. He was the member of a law student's club, in which "Mr. Walter Scott showed good sense, but no unusual powers." And, certainly, Scott's unsuspected powers did not lie in that direction.

The obstacles, paltry and ridiculous in themselves, which Mr. Forsyth had to encounter, before being admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates, are still well remembered in Edinburgh. He thus briefly touches upon events which went far to break up the monopoly, or to quash the petty, exclusive spirit of Scottish gentlemen of the long robe.

"I presented to the Court of Session a petition to be remitted to trial by the Faculty of Advocates. That body were terrified, lest, on my example, a multitude of preachers should profane and ruin their profession. There existed at that time also a high aristocratical spirit in the body. They were offended that a poor man's son should presume to intrude into their body. I was therefore opposed. But a restless energy had, by this time, arisen in my mind. With great feeling and modesty, even to bashfulness, I was fearless and intrepid if brought into public view. I complained to the Court. The objection was, that I was a preacher, and must renounce that profession. I resisted this, and made a long speech at the bar. The Court decided that I must resign my privilege as a preacher or licentiate of the Church of Scotland. It was supposed that, in the face of opposition by the Faculty to my admission to the bar, I would not venture to do so; but I immediately tendered my resignation to the Presbytery that had granted my licence. It was objected that such a licence could not be resigned, as in the Presbyterian Church every individual may preach and exhort, and a licence is merely a certificate of a man's morals and literature, certifying that he is qualified to teach, and may safely be ordained a clergyman. My resignation was, however, ultimately accepted.

"September 19. Still the Faculty resisted; but the

Lord President (Islay Campbell) insisted that they were now acting improperly. I was admitted to trial, and passed" (in 1792.)

"Then almost immediately came the French Revolution. I was solicited to join the Society of Friends of the People. I entered very sanguinely into the notions of the first French Reformers. I did not see that I could do much in aid of what I thought the cause of freedom, or that my countenance to it was important. Still I was conscientious. I said to myself, what if for such a time as this I have been brought forward and made somewhat conspicuous? So I joined that society. We were all inexperienced in politics, and had no intention of opposing force to the government. I soon became an object of grievous persecution. Nobody was thought in safety to intrust a cause to me. So I, with difficulty, supported myself by teaching law, and some very trifling employment at the bar. I kept free of debt, and employed myself in the study of Chemistry, Mechanics, &c. I sunk into total obscurity for years, but at last began to write a little in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' In the meanwhile my father died (1798) without my having been able to do any thing of importance towards the comfort of his old age, which mortified me very grievously.

"At last Pitt's ministry ended, and I hoped for better times. I had become attached to a young lady, now my wife, and ventured to marry; all went well, and I gradually prospered. I wrote for some time for the booksellers; but getting into business at the bar, I desisted from that laborious employment.

"These details are quite vague and general, and give no precise idea of my character."

The memoir here breaks off, and at a critical juncture. It is well-known that the young Jacobin afterwards took to the directly opposite, but more thriving political extreme of high Toryism; that in fact his strong and stern mind finally received some taint of the usual bitterness of the renegade. Mr. Forsyth had received a religious education, and was even tinctured with not the finest part of the spirit of the Covenanters. He had the hardness of the old Presbyterians, without their devotional enthusiasm; and this made him, though most conscientiously, the determined maintainer of Catholic disabilities, and indeed of all ecclesiastical things "as they are."

His sermons are not in any way remarkable, save that at a time when Blair may be presumed to have given the tone to young preachers, they show more of the style now usually termed "Evangelical." His dissertations and commentaries on the book of Genesis, display learning, and contain many ingenious hypotheses and original speculations; and there can be no question, that this shrewd man, this acute theological student and able lawyer, was deeply imbued with the truth of the leading doctrines of the Christian system, and had strong impressions of the importance of religion. We quote, as more convincing than any assertion, an extract from his private notes, of date July 1821, when Mr. Forsyth must have been in full practice as a lawyer, and probably looking forward to the bench as no unmerited reward of his distinguished professional abilities.

"Nothing tends so much to make young people pious, or even old people, as to induce them to pray — not to repeat forms of prayer, but to pray from the suggestions of their own minds. It is an attempt, as it were, to converse with God. I never wrote a prayer, and when I was a preacher my prayers were said extempore. This was presumptuous in a young man, not, or little above twenty years of age. I recollect an expression I frequently used, 'We ask not of thee the riches, the honours, or the passing pleasures of this mortal existence. Give us such things as it is worthy of thyself to bestow, and of mortal natures to receive — minds still rising higher in progressive excellence—advancing from strength to strength, still nearer and nearer, through endless ages, to the throne of God. Spirit of the Universe! we are thine — make us what thou wouldst have us to be.'"

Again, in 1839, in a prayer evidently intended for his own use, he expresses his feelings thus:—"Eternal Spirit—maker of thousands of worlds, what is man that thou art mindful of him?—still more, what are individuals of our race that thou shouldst advert to them? — yet sure it is, that thy providence *does* watch over them. This even natural religion teaches. But the revelation by Christ Jesus demonstrates far higher kindness—sinks, yet exalts our race, and shows an interest taken in us which no gratitude can appreciate. I am overawed by the sentiment that we, that I, should especially be an object of regard and beneficence, in the sight of whom?—I cannot think of it:—yet He who laid help on one mighty to save — who gave for us a being denominated his own Son — mysteriously, therefore, himself — will with him freely give us all things. Yes, after that, I *may* address him — I may pray to him — to whom? — Eternal Spirit, to thee — to the Omnipresent fountain of life — the supporter of all that is — who hast been, and will be, for ever, the same unchangeable in wisdom, power, and goodness, diffusing life and joy immeasureable to a family innumerable."

The habits of self-reliance acquired by the circumstances of his early life, appear to have made Mr. Forsyth somewhat obstinate, or opinionated. If he went right, it was by his own impulse or judgment; for his friends alleged that "no one else could keep him right." But this unyielding temper might have been more in manner than in feeling. The man must not have been very severe who could conscientiously say of himself—

"I hope, and rather believe, that though my manners are somewhat abrupt and rough, yet I never treated a human being with contempt. I was early taught to respect the aged and the wise. This last was unnecessary, because high intelligence forces respect. I was also taught that the meanest being in the human form may hereafter be an angel, because Christ died for all. Then came the applauded sentiments in the classics:

"Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."
"Homo sum et nil humanum a me alienum puto."

Then also came the doctrine of the perfectibility of mind, of which I was early fond to a degree of enthusiasm of which I have cooled. I still look forward, and hope that for the human race here and hereafter Providence has much in store; but I rely on the operation of an immortal wisdom and intellect, to which one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Mr. Forsyth had, like many more ingenious young men of his day, probably been the disciple of Condorcet and Godwin. These early opinions were, by this time, modified. Revering, in his latter years, every thing as "by law established," his attachment to the Church of Scotland, and to the letter of Protestantism, irrespective of its spirit, was carried almost to the length of bigotry. When the Catholic claims were, in 1829, about to be conceded, he wrote in his Diary—

"I have joined in petitioning against granting political power or seats in Parliament to Papists. My reason chiefly is, that Popery is hostile to freedom and the improvement of mankind. That religion establishes an aristocracy or vast incorporation of men sworn to celi-

bacy. This body is ambitious, and its members have no interest but to augment the influence of the corporation. Their instruments are the superstition and the ignorance of mankind. They gradually absorb all power and property in a country. They assume all forms, from lordly nobles and splendid priests, to begging monks. In every shape their effort is to spread ignorance and superstition, and to prevent the progress of mankind in intelligence.

He did discharge his conscience on this occasion, by publishing a volume of essays, entitled "Political Fragments," which were probably not much read, and three letters to "The Protestants of Scotland," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. If, at the conclusion of the last century, Mr. Forsyth had outstripped the march of opinion, and run into extravagance, it had now got as far a-head of him; and his voice could neither make it turn back, nor arrest what he considered its dangerous progress.

While neglected by those who dispensed church preferment, and persecuted by the aristocratic spirit of the bar, Mr. Forsyth, in gaining a living by "grinding" law students, and by his pen, produced some useful books, and was also a voluminous contributor to the first edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica. His writings were chiefly historical, or scientific; but no subject came wrong. He wrote on agriculture, and on the principles of moral science; and his descriptive work, "The Beauties of Scotland," in five volumes, still remains a kind of standard book. His illustrations of the books of Genesis and Exodus, here given, are, we imagine, part of a great design which he had formed, in early life, of elucidating the whole Bible, but from which grand project the profession which he adopted withdrew him. This, from the manner in which the beginning of the work is executed, is to be regretted, as "Forsyth's Commentaries" are quite of an original kind.

As a specimen of Mr. Forsyth's style, and of his views on one great point, instead of borrowing any part of his sermons, or even of his observations on Genesis, we shall quote from his private notes what is subjoined, on the excellence of Christianity, and its superiority to all systems of philosophy:—

"1830. Dec. 26. It this morning occurred to me, while in bed, as a remarkable circumstance, that while the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, a violent persecutor of the Christians, but of correct private habits, was, by the aid of the highest science of his time, endeavouring to attain to principles of action which might lead to high virtue and the exaltation of his character and nature, the meanest of those persons (the Christians,) whom he despised as superstitious, and persecuted as levelling innovators and enemies of all established and sacred institutions sanctioned by law and religion — did truly possess sounder principles, better calculated to lead them to virtue and worth, to a prouder science than had been reached by their imperial master, aided not only by all the wisdom of antiquity, but by friends and kindred, as he has said, of a virtuous character. He so far reasoned well, that to act according to nature is the best employment of a rational being; that is, to acquiesce in the purposes of the Creator of the universe; to submit without repining to the arrangements he has adopted with regard to our fortunes, and with constancy and energy to employ ourselves, as he is employed, in acts of beneficence. Antoninus held, that such conduct must be acceptable to the gods; that it is the happiest as well as the most dignified course of life, and ought to form its own reward. To this, however, it is greatly doubted that his practice reached, and that, like the vulgar, he dreaded the evils of fortune, and consulted soothsayers and auguries. On the other hand, the Christians had learned that the eternal Fountain of Life has prepared for man the high destiny of an immortal existence — that man is unable to attain to the purity and worth necessary to that state, and would naturally perish; but a plan has been devised to obviate the evil. The secondary Divine Person, of the same essence and nature, and so styled the Son of the Highest, and by whose agency the worlds were made, had, with boundless beneficence, condescended to produce and to unite himself, one of our race, a pure and upright man, who submitted to assume a humble station—to become our teacher, and finally to suffer death by torture, in order to purchase for himself a right to send the Third Divine Nature, or Holy Spirit, to purify and improve the character and nature of such individuals as he might select as heirs of immortality. The meanest Christian knew this, and that, if sensible of his own incapacity to create purity and excellence in himself, he should entreat of the Creator to be admitted into a participation of the benefit resulting from the sacrifice of his Son, and should earnestly persist in his entreaty, by sincere prayer and efforts to assimilate his character to that of the beneficent Saviour, his request would infallibly be granted; the Divine Spirit would, in such measure as might be suitable, sanctify, enlighten, and improve his character, and ultimately prepare him for the high destiny which awaits those who, on a day when the dead shall be raised, will be claimed by the Saviour as his own, and thereby rescued from eternal death. These extraordinary truths had remained unknown to the wisest men of antiquity, and were unknown to the imperial philosopher Antoninus. But being known to the meanest Christian whom he put to death, that Christian was far above the master of the Roman world and all his teachers, in high as well as practical science. Why it was so, and why this sublime knowledge was ushered into the world by illiterate fishermen of Palestine, and apparently degraded by its Author, their acknowledged teacher, a carpenter, having suffered the death of a slave and a criminal, can only be resolved, by saying that such was the will of God. Jesus had said, 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight,' (Luke, x. 21.)

"Nay, independent of the general doctrine, it is clear that a man, looking forward to a promise of immortality, and believing habitually that a superior Power is watching over and assisting to prepare him for it by the improvement of his character, will necessarily make higher progress in moral worth, than he could possibly attain by acting under the influence of a barren philosophical speculation. Christianity affords principles of action and a science level to the meanest capacity; which tends to intimidate the worthless, to animate and encourage the well-intentioned, and, at the same time, to exalt the views of the most enlightened and the best of mankind." . . . . . "We all foster a proud spirit of self-dependence under the name of philosophy, and lose sight of the truest and most sublime philosophy — that light which has shone from the hill of Zion."

This posthumous work, which contains many passages of the sort cited above, though from its nature fragmentary, will, we think, amply fulfil the object of its publication. Its contents will be found profitable for many purposes, but especially as they indicate what were the favourite pursuits and the private thoughts of a man of distinguished abilities and varied learning, who, amidst the toils of an arduous profession, the excitements of professional ambition, and an influx of worldly prosperity, ever felt that "one thing more was needful."

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. A ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH THORNTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE MARCHIONESS," "LADY ALICE," &c.

(*Continued from page 322 of our May number.*)

CHAPTER V.

SLOWLY and cautiously the travellers continued to follow the white and fluttering beacon borne by the youthful guide, who preceded them through the wild and perilous ravine, after stopping to caution and instruct them how to proceed.

As they paused to listen to her instructions at one of those spots of more than common difficulty, where the rock dipped so suddenly and perpendicularly, as to render a descent both difficult and dangerous, she said, "I am grieved to be forced to lead you through such a road, and, in good truth, it is one that has scarcely before been traversed by horses; but I did not dare to bring you down by any other, lest we should fall in with my uncle and Pedrillo. I knew the dogs would take to the other side of the mountain, for there lie the woods where they are used to hunt."

"And why," said Herman, willing to get a little more information, "should you fear to meet your uncle and Pedrillo?"

"They would endeavour to stop you," she answered; "you would resist. There would be fighting—perhaps bloodshed!"

"What motive have they for wishing to detain us?" again inquired Herman.

"They do not wish to detain *you*: but they know the lady, and hope to benefit by detaining *her*."

Herman, whose curiosity had been gradually augmenting, longed to say, "Who then is the lady?" but the lady herself was at that moment supported by his arm, and must have heard the question had it been uttered. She had not thought fit to make this known to him, and he felt it would be little in accordance with the delicacy due to her, in her present strange and comfortless position, to make her reveal what perhaps she wished to keep secret.

In a short time they stopped again, for the moon was now wholly obscured by dark and heavy clouds, which covered the sky, and threatened a storm; but the cold was greatly mitigated. A gusty and tempestuous wind swept by at intervals, whistling, or howling, as it forced its way through the narrow fissures of the rocks, or rushed in a broad column through the gully they were traversing.

At length a torrent of rain fell, and they were fain to take shelter under a shelving rock, which fortunately presented a temporary refuge. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed, ere the moon again shone out bright and clear, though but for a short time, lighting up the wild scenery around.

The place where they stood, was a broad ledge of rock, forming a platform, in front of which rose a group of giant cork trees. At the back it was overhung by a rugged cliff, shelving backward to a narrow rent; but at the entrance, high enough to admit of their standing erect within its cavernous recess, and to contemplate at leisure the scene, where all around was "chaos come again." The black rocks piled on each other in such mighty masses—such rude and shapeless forms, as if nature had collected materials wherewith to form a world, but had not yet applied the moulding hand to fashion them.

"What a scene!" exclaimed the lady, as the stormy wind again swept by, the cork trees bending and quivering as it passed along.

"This is nature in her stern and sterile grandeur. Wild, lone, and desolate, yet how sublime! I would not for the world have lost a scene like this!"

There was a glow upon her cheek, a bright enthusiasm in her eye, as she stepped forward into the moonlight to look around, that fixed the admiring gaze of Herman on her; and again for the twentieth time, he said to himself, "Who is this woman?"

She had advanced to the very verge of the rocky platform; Tornalina stood near him. The opportunity was tempting: forbearance gave way, and curiosity triumphed.

"Who is this lady?" he said to the young Spaniard, in a low voice.

Tornalina, regarding him with a look of bewildered astonishment, after a moment's pause exclaimed, "Mother of mercy! Do you not know? *You*—her guide—her sole protector? If she has not thought fit to tell you this, the blessed Mary forbid I should presume to do so!"

Herman, thus doomed to remain in ignorance, was now anxious to proceed on his journey: but the Spanish maiden opposed it. "Not yet, not yet," she said: "It is coming again—we could not stand against its fury: 'tis but a mountain *borrasca*, and will soon be over."

As she spoke, the moon was again hidden behind a dark cloud, and another torrent of rain and wind drove them back to the sheltering cave. Scarcely had he retreated as far as the shelving cliff allowed, ere he felt his leg suddenly grasped, and as suddenly released by some one. Not absolutely frightened, but greatly startled, his first idea was that it was some wild animal; and he promptly changed his position to face the spot from whence he had been assailed; but in this dark recess he could see nothing. Fritz was never destitute of flint and steel, and having intimated to him the necessity of reconnoitering, he inquired of Tornalina if there were many wolves in these mountains.

"There are some," she replied, "but they are seldom found on this side, or so high up, for they would get nothing to eat."

"And bandits?" said Herman, the idea suddenly suggesting itself that this place was a most proper spot for the retreat of robbers.

"Ah! they say so. The peasants of the valleys tell marvellous stories at times about them: but I believe more than half of them are untrue. The mountains are not more unsafe than other places."

As she uttered this, thanks to the operations of Fritz, a heap of dried leaves and branches from the cork trees, which had been driven by eddying winds to the back of the cave, or collected by some benighted traveller for a bivouac, took fire. A bright blaze lighted up the wild cavern and the group which occupied it. To heighten the romantic interest of the scene, scarcely had the leaves caught fire, when, with a scream of terror, the unknown assailant scrambled from her retreat and stood among them, in the form of a pale, emaciated female, with an old and tattered *mantilla* thrown over her head and shoulders, the rusty black colour of which gave an almost ghastly expression to her pallid cheek and wild and wandering eye.

"Ah! it is Monna, poor Monna Daras!" exclaimed Tornalina.

On hearing her name pronounced, the woman turned her eyes towards her, and apparently recognised her, for she crept to her side and ceased to tremble.

"What art thou doing here, so far from home?" inquired Tornalina.

"I was trying to find the way to heaven," she answered quietly. "Teresa and Perez are always quarrelling about it. I have inquired of Padre Pablo and Lopez, of the *religiosas* of Santa Catarina, but none of them seem to know; so, as the moon was up, I thought I would go to the top of the mountain and try to find the right road myself. But it was very cold and I was weary—I think I must have been asleep; I will go on now."

"Not to-night, Monna! It is too late. Thou must return with me, my poor Monna!" said Tornalina, in a tone of gentle kindness.

The female quietly acquiesced in this proposal; and, as the storm had passed, they all quitted the cave together. The rain had unfortunately added another difficulty to their path, by covering the rock in places with a thin coating of wet and slippery clay. Fortunately the distance was short; in less than half-an-hour they were again on the high road; and Tornalina, giving them all necessary directions, prepared to take her leave.

"Surely, maiden, thou wilt not again traverse that dreadful road—and alone, too? Come with us rather, we will take care of thee!" exclaimed the lady.

"I humbly thank you, madam," she replied, "but I must not leave my uncle thus. I must return, but not by the same path. I could not climb unaided those steep and difficult places perhaps. Fear not for me, madam, I have none for myself. I am a native of the mountains, and not wholly without defence," she added, smiling, as she drew a short dagger from her belt. "I am most happy to have guided you so far safely on your journey."

"Well, *ma mignonne*, thou shalt do as thou willest," said the lady. "But I am greatly beholden to thee. If I live we shall meet again. But tell me, maiden," she inquired in a low voice, as Tornalina respectfully kissed her hand, "who is this unhappy creature?"

"She is one of the new light people, madam," she replied. "Harmless and quiet, but who has lost her reason in consequence of the terrible disputes among her children and relations on religious subjects. Her home is in the *Val de Puercos*, at the foot of the mountains."

The travellers now mounted, and continued their journey at a rapid rate till the moon went down, when they were obliged to slacken their speed, not only on account of the darkness, but also for the sake of their horses, which began to show symptoms of distress.

In a short time the darkness gave place to the gray twilight of returning day, and they found themselves nearly at the base of the mountains, with a sandy plain lying before them, traversed by a narrow stream, across which extended a wooden bridge. At length this bridge was passed, and Herman, turning to the lady with a joyful face, exclaimed, "God and the blessed Mary be praised, madam, we are now within the French dominions!"

The lady bent her head in silence, as if mentally joining in the thanksgiving; but her face was grave and sad. After a short time she said, looking round her, "Once again I am on my native soil. Dear, unhappy France! once so proud, so distinguished among the nations—now weeping and desolate, trailing her banner in the dust—her laurels withered—her king a captive—her chivalry destroyed. Fatal, fatal to my poor country was the battle of Pavia!"

Again she relapsed into silence, until some low straggling houses were passed, and they were approaching the walls of Oleron; when on Herman's saying, "Passports will be demanded here," she replied, "Yes," but added nothing more, and appeared to be absorbed in thought.

It was yet early morning when Herman stopped before a house at the entrance of the town, to deliver his passport to the officer who demanded it. After examining it with great attention, looking up from time to time to see that it tallied with the appearance of himself and Fritz, he returned it, saying, "It is regular and satisfactory, but there is no mention of any female in it. Your passport, madam!" he added, addressing the lady. "Doubtless you have one?"

To this she replied evasively, "I cannot show a passport, sir. I am a French woman. Surely you run little risk by admitting a single female into your town."

"I am allowed no discretionary power in this respect, madam," said the officer. "My orders are positive to admit no one without a passport. You come from Spain or Navarre, which is now nearly the same; we look for nothing good from

that quarter. If you have no passport you cannot enter the town."

"I have a passport," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "but I have weighty reasons for refusing to produce it, and I request you will send me, (guarded, if you think it necessary,) to the town *bailli* or the military commandant."

"They are both in their beds; you could not see them, even were I disposed to pursue a plan so irregular, madam."

"Let them be called up, sir! Be assured they will show no displeasure, when I explain to them why it has been done."

"I dare say not, mistress," said the officer, with a leering laugh. "No doubt you think your handsome face a sufficient passport to either of these gentlemen. I dare say I should think so myself, if I were in their places. But as I am not so independent, I tell you frankly that I will not run the risk of being placed under arrest, or perhaps dismissed the service—even to oblige you, my beauty!"

The lady coloured at the jeering freedom of this speech, and drew up her head with a graceful, but grave, and somewhat haughty dignity, which appeared to produce its effect, for he stopped in the middle of a coarse compliment and remained silent.

She, on her part, seemed for a moment embarrassed and undecided what to do, but quickly said, "Madame de Merival—the mother of the commandant—does she not reside somewhere in this neighbourhood?"

"Madame la Marquise de Merival resides in *la Rue Haute*," he replied.

"Will you take me to her?" inquired the lady.

The man looked surprised; and, although he refused the request, it was in a civil and respectful tone.

"At any rate, you cannot object to send a message."

To this he assented.

Taking from her pocket some small ivory tablets, she wrote a few lines and gave them to him. After a short absence he returned, announcing, with a low bow and a most respectful air, that Madame la Marquise de Merival would come herself to conduct the lady to her house.

"Oh, my good friend, let us pass, I entreat you!" she exclaimed. "Time is precious, and much must necessarily be lost, ere the litter of Madame de Merival can be made ready. Be assured, sir," she added, seeing that he still hesitated, notwithstanding the profound respect with which he now treated her, "be assured, sir, you will better promote the interests of your country by complying with my request, than by refusing it."

The officer made no farther objection; but, escorting them himself to the *hôtel* of Madame de Merival, with another low bow departed.

They were ushered into a large saloon. The Marchioness almost immediately entered, and received her guest with a deference as humble as that evinced by Tornalina, although with a polished and courtlike dignity of manner very different from the rustic simplicity of the Spanish maiden.

No sooner had the usual forms of etiquette been observed, and the necessary speeches exchanged, than the unknown lady turned to Herman, and said, with that sweet and gracious smile which so peculiarly distinguished her, "And now I have only my thanks and gratitude to offer my gallant guide and protector, for services which have laid me under a weight of obligation to him. I trust he will not refuse to keep this ring in remembrance of one who owes him so much."

Herman could not but know this courteous speech was his dismissal. But his curiosity was strongly excited, and he replied, as she drew the ring from her finger, and offered it to him:—

"You must pardon my freedom, madam, if I confess I should be more flattered by being made acquainted with the name of the lady I have had the pleasure of aiding."

"It is but just. Your request is a reasonable one,—your curiosity is—natural," she said, speaking slowly, and with something of hesitation in her manner. "I am—one of the household, and live in the *hôtel* of the Duchesse D'Alençon, the king's sister. I have some little influence at the court of France, and should be most happy to use it, sir, on your behalf. Should you ever need a friend, or aid, inquire for the Lady Marguerite. Do not refuse the ring, as the gift of a lady whom you have served at her need. Who knows," she added, again smiling, "but that, at some future time, it may prove a talisman of sovereign power to help you through a difficulty."

Herman took the ring, kissed the hand which was extended to him, and, with a low bow, departed; his head, if not his heart, occupied by the lovely and graceful form and face of the Lady Marguerite, no longer his unknown and mysterious protegée.

"What a woman!" he exclaimed, as he quitted the *hôtel* de Merival, and slowly passed on to the *auberge* where he proposed to rest, and refresh himself, his man, and the weary steeds, who had all done somewhat hard service during the last day and night.

"What a woman! no wonder she has influence at the court to which she belongs. How fluently she speaks the Spanish language, and German too, which, they say, is guttural and harsh in its sound. Ah, they would not think it so if they heard it issuing from her lips. Latin, too, I am sure she undertands. And yet, with all her learning, and the dignity of manner which distinguishes her, she is a gentle feminine creature, a very woman! I should like to know whether she will remain long here, or hasten forward on her journey to Paris."

As he finished this soliloquy, he found himself at the entrance of the *auberge;* when, forgetting both hunger and fatigue, instead of entering, he flung the bridle, as he dismounted, to Fritz, and hastily returned, on foot, to *la Rue Haute.*

The inhabitants of the *Hôtel* Merival appeared to be in considerable commotion. Doors were opening and shutting; servants running in and out. Presently the great gates of the court-yard

were thrown open, and another of those cumbrous machines called carriages came forth.

Within it sat the Lady Marguerite, the Marchioness de Merival, and a young man in a military uniform. It was drawn by six strong horses, and surrounded by a host of outriders in the splendid livery of the house of Merival. As it passed rapidly through the gates, and dashed off at a gallop, a low bow from a gentleman, in a general's uniform, (and who Herman ascertained was the commandant,) was returned by the lady with a smiling and graceful bend of the head. But quickly the smile vanished, giving place to a grave and pensive expression. The next moment her eye kindled and her cheek dimpled again, as she caught sight of Herman, and again she bent her head in sign of salutation. He saw, too, by the motion of her lips, and her leaning forward, that she addressed some words to him as the carriage rushed by: but the motion was too swift to admit of his catching their import; and in another minute the whole cavalcade had disappeared.

"What a woman!" he again repeated, as once more he slowly returned to the inn he had so hastily quitted. Fortunate it certainly was for Herman that the Lady Marguerite no longer remained in the town, since it was necessary that he should leave it. For, as faithful historians, we are bound to confess his head was so filled with thoughts of her that his heart also was in some danger of deserting its lawful sovereign and going over to the enemy. For Herman was already a lover, and a very devoted one, according to the creed of man, which does not absolutely and sternly forbid occasional wanderings; the heart of man being a capacious mansion, where there is room for many.

The next three days, as he traversed the naked vineyards, and the russet woods of Gascony and Auvergne, on his way to Germany, he thought of little else save the graces and accomplishments of his late protegée.

But, as he entered Alsace, the scenery through which he passed became widely different; and, with its altered features, changed the current of his thoughts. As he approached Strasburg, and caught a view of the Rhine, the image of the Lady Marguerite began to fade, and give place to one less brilliant, but longer known and more firmly established in its empire over his heart.

By the time he arrived in the duchy of Baden, (then a part of the Palatinate,) where lay his and her home, he had discovered that his gentle and interesting cousin, Blanche, was, altogether, a more lovely and loveable creature than her temporary rival; and so impatient he became again to behold her and a home from which he had been absent more than a year, that he scarcely allowed himself time for refreshment or repose.

At length he caught sight of the Neckar, in the neighbourhood of which lay Kohlhof and Felsenberg, the domains of his ancestors, and his own early haunts.

Herman, descending from a mixed race, half German half French, resembled both in some degree. Open-hearted, sincere, and honourable as the former, he possessed also much of the gay vivacity and agreeable amenity of manner which distinguish the latter.

Kind and affectionate in his disposition, and fondly attached to his family, his heart warmed and his eye sparkled at the thought of the meeting so soon to take place. Sixteen months had elapsed since he had seen any of them, and they had received no intimation of his coming; for in those steamless and mail-coachless days, the passage of letters was uncertain and precarious.

"How pleased they will be to see me!" he said to himself, as he slowly climbed the mountain road. "My mother, my dear mother, she will be wild with joy! Gertrude, too, that romping, laughing sister of mine — she must be now seventeen; and Blanche, *my* Blanche! my betrothed, my affectionate Blanche!"

His soliloquy now ceased, and he sank into one of those reveries to which lovers are addicted. He had now attained an elevation which commanded a full view of the Neckar flowing rapidly over its rocky bed, and hemmed in by mountains rising steeply on each side, with the town of Heidelberg reposing in their gorge.

The day had been bright and warm, and, although so late in the year, the setting sun was shining on the castle, burnishing its windows and lighting up the masses of red sand-stone with which it is built; displaying, in all their beauty, its terraces and gardens, stretching along the mountain side, covered with vines and woods, which yet bore their autumnal colouring, and gave variety to the landscape.

The scene was splendid and beautiful. It recalled to the mind of the traveller the transactions of his boyish days — the sorrows and the joys of childhood; for in this neighbourhood had he been born, and here had passed events which, occurring in early life, make the strongest impression on the memory. He thought of his father—of his death. His mother, like himself, descending from a mixed race, half French half German, like him, too, inherited the qualities which characterize them both: but in her they were marked by excess.

To describe her, I must be allowed to say that, though born in Germany and educated in France, she was, in character and disposition, a true Irishwoman; warm-hearted, generous, affectionate, but rash, impetuous, and imprudent; loving those she loved with her whole heart, and hating those she hated with her whole soul; ready to sacrifice herself to benefit a friend, or—injure an enemy. Possessing considerable ability, her understanding was, nevertheless, often obscured; for the heart governed the head. She suffered herself to be duped and deceived by persons very inferior to herself in intellect, because they found means to interest her affections.

Left in her early youth an orphan heiress, she had, at the age of fifteen, bestowed herself, and the estates she inherited from her ancestors, with the title of Graf von Felsenberg, (which, as her husband, he assumed by right of the tenure by which the estates were held as a fief of the empire,) on a Frenchman, with little more to recommend

him than a handsome face and a name not yet dishonoured. So persevering were the efforts of the new made count in the pursuit of pleasure, that, at the birth of Herman, the heir, the property was already seriously embarrassed. Two more years scarcely elapsed when the Graf von Felsenberg found himself compelled, like many other improvident people, (falsely called generous, liberal,) to resort to expedients the meanest, most degrading and dishonest, in order to supply his reckless expenditure.

Fortunately for his family, a career which threatened them with utter ruin, was suddenly terminated. He had taken up his abode at a hunting lodge in the Odenwald, where a fatiguing chase had been succeeded, as usual, by a gross debauch, during which the building was set on fire. Helpless from intoxication, abandoned by his servants and companions, who could only have secured his safety by risking their own, (which none were disposed to do,) he perished in the flames; leaving the Gräfin, at the age of twenty, a widow, with a son and daughter, to struggle with the poverty and privations he had bequeathed them.

The loss of such a man could not be much lamented. The widow put on her weeds with an air of calm resignation; the vassals and dependents openly rejoiced. A few years of economy and good management, on the part of a faithful steward, restored something like its original prosperity; and the castle of Felsenberg became once again the abode of peace, comfort, and rational hospitality.

At the age of sixteen, Herman, as a vassal of the empire, donned the military costume, and became a soldier. Young and inexperienced as he was, he had, nevertheless, found means to distinguish himself at the battle of Pavia, where the army of the young emperor, Charles the Fifth, had so completely triumphed.

CHAPTER VI.

Just as the sun sank below the horizon, Herman stopped at a little *bierhaus* or inn by the roadside, from which came forth, what is often found in Germany, the female hostler, with a knife and a huge brown loaf, from which she proceeded to cut slices and feed the weary horses.

The little inn was on his mother's domain, and he began to question this nymph of the stable and the stall, with an anxious face and a beating heart, relative to the inmates of the castle.

This tremulous hail of the long-absent mariner, just entering his native port, was answered with the welcome "All's well," and again he rode on with a rejoicing spirit, and a sparkling eye. It was dark ere he reached his home. He alighted in the court-yard, passed on to the entrance, and without being recognised was informed that the Grăfin and the young ladies were in the saloon; and he was about to give a fictitious name for announcement, but the ancient domestic, after gazing at him for a moment with a doubtful face, uttered a cry of joy, and was hurrying forward to communicate the glad tidings; when Herman stopped him, and stepping past him, entered the room and closed the door.

His mother was sitting with her elbow on the table, her head leaning on her hand in a thoughtful attitude. At the same table sat Gertrude and Blanche, occupied with some needle-work. Herman stood still, contemplating the loved group, when Blanche looked up, turned pale and trembled, but said not a word. Her agitation apparently attracted the attention of the countess, for she turned sharply round, and fixed for a moment a half-doubting, keenly inquiring eye on him; as he stood near the door; then springing from her seat with a wild cry, rushed across the room, flang her arms round his neck, and burst into a passion of tears and sobs, that seemed to shake her frame.

Herman affectionately caressing her continued to support her for some time, for she appeared to be quite unable to support herself; and then placing her on a seat, turned to look for Blanche; but Blanche had disappeared. His sister stood beside him, with a face like an April morn, covered with smiles and tears. A warm greeting was hardly exchanged between them when their attention was recalled to their mother, who had now again sunk back on her seat in a paroxysm of convulsive sobbing.

"Mother! dear mother!" he said, affectionately kissing her hand and bending over her, "restrain yourself. Those sobs and tears bear the semblance of grief, rather than joy. Are you grieved that I am come back to you?"

"No,—oh no! I am glad—very glad. Yes, I am—rejoiced to—to see you," she replied slowly, as if gasping for breath.

"Check your tears then, mother," he said gravely, "if you would not have me think I am an unwelcome guest."

"I will! I will!" she said, struggling for composure. "God bless you, my boy! I was overpowered by the sight of you so unexpectedly," she added when she was somewhat calmer: but her lips still quivered, and her eyes filled with tears, as she fixed them on him at times during the evening.

Herman was puzzled to account for such a reception. He knew the ardent and impetuous character of the countess, and he was prepared for some outbreak of emotion at the sight of him on her part. But never before had he seen joy expressed in a manner bearing so strongly the stamp of sorrow, as that she had shown this evening; and, on her quitting the room for a short time, he questioned his sister on the subject of her health.

"Has our mother been ill?" he inquired, "or has any thing occurred to disturb her?"

"N–o," she replied with something of hesitation in her manner. "I think her health has been pretty good, but you came upon us so suddenly."

"This, then, I suppose," he observed, "is the reason why Blanche also has fled, without offering me a word of welcome. Really it seems that women are strange creatures, who either run away or go into fits at the sight of those who are dear to them, unless they have due notice of their approach."

The Gräfin now returned, and supper was served. As they were about to take their places at table, Blanche entered. Herman, who had been anxiously watching for her, advanced and took her hand, saying in a low voice, as he led her forward, "Am I so wholly forgotten that you have not even a look of welcome to bestow upon me, Blanche?"

She blushed, but neither spoke nor raised her eyes.

Many and interesting were the inquiries made, and answered, by the different members of the family during the supper, and for many hours after it; each had so much to ask, so much to tell, (except Blanche, who scarcely spoke, and soon again retired,) that it was long past midnight ere they separated.

Notwithstanding the late hour at which he had gone to bed, Herman was up again early in the morning, anxious to revisit the scenes endeared to him by the recollection of his childhood. It was a cheerful bracing morning. Bright, if not warm, sunbeams were sparkling on the frosty efflorescence that covered the fading foliage of the woods; for, in this airy and elevated spot, the season was far less advanced than in the sunny regions he had lately passed. The fallen leaves, crisped by the frost, rustled under his feet, and the birds were flitting from bough to bough.

Presently the well-known sound of the swineherd's horn saluted his ear, and he followed almost mechanically the herd, as he had often done in childhood, to see them disperse in the forest in search of their food,—the acorns, the beechmast, and chestnuts, with which it abounded.

The dairy-women came forth with their pails, in search of the kine, and the bleachers bearing baskets of linen, to the bleaching ground on the "*Engelswiese*:"* the huntsman, with his baying hounds, also bearing away for the woods, in search of game to supply the lady's table; the falconer with his hawks, bent on the same errand, but directing his course to the open plain, where no tree gave shelter to the quarry.

All seemed fresh and fair, and welcome to the eyes of the young heir. Every object, animate and inanimate, interested and delighted him.

With friendly kindness, and a gay and smiling face, he saluted the humble dependants of his house, as they passed to their daily occupations; and with a joyous spirit he returned to the castle to seek again those who were yet more dear to him.

As he entered the room where the breakfast was placed, he saw that his mother and sister were standing on the lawn before the open window, occupied apparently with some plants. A little apart from them also stood Blanche. Unseen by them, he remained some time silently commenting on their appearance.

"Blanche!" he said to himself, "my pretty Blanche is grown taller and more womanly, since I saw her last. Gertrude, too, how her slight form is filling-up, and swelling into the roundness of womanhood! But with their girlish form they seem to have lost much of their girlish gaiety. There is a gravity in the faces of both, to which I am unaccustomed, and I do not like the change! My mother! my dear mother, how young and handsome she still is! She looks like the elder sister of the others; but she is paler and thinner, I think, than when I left her. Where could one find three such women?" he exclaimed aloud, with affectionate exultation, as he bounded through the open window and stood beside them.

Another joyous greeting passed between them, and they returned together to seat themselves at the breakfast table—to ask and to answer in turn ten thousand new questions alike interesting to all. But Blanche again took little part in the conversation, and as soon as the breakfast was finished, hastily left the room. The countess soon after also left them, and Gertrude and Herman were again alone.

Surprised and somewhat piqued, at what appeared like a systematic avoidance of him, on the part of his betrothed, Herman determined to have an explanation, and sent Gertrude to request an interview. In a short time she came, something paler than usual, he thought, but with a grave and quiet face.

"Blanche," he said, taking her hand, "have you forgotten that this was pledged to me at parting? I am come to claim it! Are you prepared to fulfil your promise?"

She looked up at him earnestly, but hesitated, and seemed undecided how to reply; at length she said,—"I think it would be better to wait. We are both very young."

"We are nearly a year and a-half older, than when you consented to accept me for your future husband," he replied. "You are not sincere with me, Blanche. You have some other motive for proposing delay. Has any obstacle arisen with which I am unacquainted, to render our union less desirable?"

After a pause of silence, she said, "Our relative position is altered since you were here before. You have distinguished yourself in the army, and are said to be favoured by the emperor. The Gräfin may no longer wish to see you united to a nearly portionless girl."

"And is this your only reason for wishing our marriage to be postponed?" he inquired, fixing a scrutinizing eye upon her face. "Look up and answer me."

She did look up, but *her* eye said nothing,—it made "no sign,"—nor did her lips for some time. At length she said, "No! I have no other objection."

"I am to understand, then, that if my mother make no objection to our union, you also consent to it?"

Again, with an earnest look and an anxious face, he waited for an answer, which came, after another pause, in a faint "Yes," coldly, almost reluctantly, uttered.

* *Engelswiese*, (the angel's meadow,) a green field on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, where, according to a traditionary tale, an angel alighted in a visit to earth, to save a poor but honest man, sorely assailed by the evil one.

But little satisfied with this interview, he repaired to what was called his mother's morning-room. He found her seated at a table covered with rolls of linen and woollen cloth, which two women were cutting-up into garments of different sizes and shapes. She sat in precisely the same attitude as that in which he had first seen her on his arrival; her head leaning on her hand, her face wearing the same look of deep thought. As he entered, she roused herself and gaily inquired whether he came to make one of the petticoat council. "No, mother," he replied, as the two women quitted the room, "I am come on a more serious, more important errand."

The smile with which she had addressed him faded from her face, and was replaced by a disturbed and uneasy expression, as she looked at him with a gaze of eager but mute inquiry.

"You know," he said, "that I am betrothed to Blanche. I come to tell you, I am anxious our marriage should take place now, before I be again called away by military duty. Peace being now established between France and the emperor, I may reasonably reckon on staying with you some months. Therefore I consider no fitter time than the present can be found."

She remained silent some time after he ceased speaking, but at length said, "Herman, this affair should be first discussed with Blanche. Hear first what she says to this arrangement!"

"I *have* heard what she says. I have her consent, provided you make no objection."

"Indeed!" she said, with an air of surprise. "Has Blanche consented to become your wife?"

"Why should you be so surprised at this?" he inquired.

Finding she made no answer, he added, "She *has* given her consent; I now request yours."

"Herman, you deceive yourself. Be assured Blanche neither wishes, nor will agree to this marriage."

After a pause she added: "Nor do *I* now wish it to take place, for I now believe it would not make either of you happy."

"And why not? What has occurred to render it less desirable now, than it was a year since?"

"If the consent of Blanche should be feigned—You would not make a woman your wife, who married you unwillingly, and who did not love you?"

"No, not if she were a princess!" he said, hastily. "But why do you think Blanche has ceased to love me? For surely her affection was mine. Have I a rival? Has her heart been won from me during my absence? Have I a rival?" he repeated, impetuously. "I will not listen to surmises. Do you *know* I have a rival,—that she loves another?"

A low and faltering "No," uttered in a husky voice, and with a heightened colour on her cheek, was the answer made by the countess to this question.

"Mother," he said, anxiously, with an earnest gaze fixed on her changing countenance, "you are not candid with me. You do know,—what you will not tell me. You are not frank with me."

"My dear Herman," she replied, "I can tell you nothing. I *believe* Blanche has no wish to complete her engagement. If I am wrong, you will soon be able to ascertain the fact. Be content to wait a little, and judge for yourself."

Vexed and dissatisfied, he now sought his sister, hoping to obtain from her some elucidation of an affair that appeared to be enveloped in mystery. He found her with her bonnet and cloak on, prepared for a walk, in which he gladly joined her. They had scarcely quitted the house, ere he said,—"Tell me, Gertrude, I entreat you, do you think Blanche is still attached to me, or have I been superseded in her affection during my absence from Felsenberg?"

"Indeed, I know not, Herman," she replied. "I am not in her confidence."

"Not in her confidence! Why, you scarcely decided on the colour of your curl-papers formerly without a mutual consultation. What has made this change?"

"Blanche is much altered since you left us. She is become more grave, and less communicative, and passes much of her time alone."

"Be it so! She has told you nothing. But you have eyes and ears: have they told you nothing? Do you not know that some one has stolen her affections?"

"No," said Gertrude, "I do not. Once I thought so; but I found I was mistaken."

"Indeed! You think then she still loves me?" said he, the deep gloom on his face changing to a bright smile.

"N-o,—I don't know,—I can't tell," she said, speaking slowly and reluctantly.

"You are like my mother!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "You know, and you do not know. You torture me with the doubts you raise; you vex and harass me with insinuations, and yet will tell me nothing by which I might hope to explain them."

"Dear Herman," said Gertrude, greatly distressed by his agitation, and the gloomy shade which again clouded his face, "What can I say? for indeed, indeed, I *know* nothing; and as to vague fears and surmises, what would it avail to make you acquainted with them?"

"Much, much!" he answered. "Through them I might find a clew to this mystery. For something mysterious there is in the manner of both my mother and Blanche."

"Well, Herman, I admit there is, and perhaps it is better I should tell all I can, that you may form your own opinion on the circumstances. The Blessed Mary knows it will be a great relief to me to do so—to have some one to whom I may utter my thoughts, my suspicions, my fears. I should at once have spoken to you on the subject; but I thought it would be cruel and unkind to raise doubts and suspicions in your mind, when perhaps, with a little patience, all would come right again. But you shall hear all I can tell you.

"Very soon after you left us, about a week, I think, Madame de Mühlhausen came to make us a visit. You know she seldom moves without

some gentleman in her train. On this occasion she had two. She presented them as the Chevalier de Sablons and Monsieur Durochet, both from France, travelling for amusement, and then on a visit to the Baron, her husband. De Sablons is young, very handsome, of polished and prepossessing manners, accomplished, and clever. In fact, a man few women could resist, I think, if he determined to win their affection."

"You speak warmly, Gertrude," said Herman, looking at her earnestly. "You describe a dangerous man; you have found him such?"

"Alas, yes, I fear so!" she said, with a sigh.

"Why should you fear it? is he not a gentleman? Madame de Mühlhausen would surely not have presented him had he been a low-born or meanly-connected man."

"Oh, no; of course not. It is not on that account I fear him. Madame de Mühlhausen spoke of him, and his friend Durochet, as men of family and fortune, whose estates lay in Alsace and Franche Comté, and evidently entertained a high opinion of them both."

"Well, then," said Herman, "if he be of good birth, rich, handsome, and accomplished, what, in the name of all the saints, would you have more, and why should you be afraid of loving him?"

"Of loving him!" she repeated, staring at him with astonishment; "of loving *him! I* love him? —no! I hate, but I also fear him."

"For the mercy of Heaven, Gertrude," he said, impatiently, "go on with your tale; for, instead of clearing up the mystery which seems to envelop the whole family, it deepens on me at every step I make for its investigation. Go on, I beseech you!"

"Well, then," she continued, "as I was telling you, he and his friend Durochet, a pleasant and gentlemanly man in his manners and appearance, but no otherwise distinguished, and at least ten years older than his companion, who cannot be more than five or six-and-twenty; — these gentlemen, arriving in the train of La Baronne de Mühlhausen, staid the whole day with us, and made themselves so welcome by their gaiety, good humour, and conversational powers, that we were all charmed with them. That they were equally prepossessed in our favour, was evident by the frequent repetition of their visits. They also greatly admired the romantic beauty of our mountain scenery. Numerous parties were made for the purpose of seeing the most remarkable places, and scarcely a day elapsed without a meeting.

"A month passed in this way, while they continued to reside at Elsenbach, as the Baron's guests, when they declared their intention of remaining some time amidst the splendid magnificence of 'this home of the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful,' as the Chevalier designated our wild, forest-clad mountains. For this purpose, they established themselves at the village of Langendorf, which, being midway between Elsenbach and our house, facilitated their intercourse with the two families. Often, now, they passed whole days with us, and, when the weather was bad, stayed all night. About this time, I began to think Blanche's affection for you had somewhat cooled. Although still greatly interested in all that related to you, she had ceased to regret your absence. She came no more (as she had done when you first left us) to my bedside, to sit and talk of you, and sometimes weep, for hours after I was in bed, before she retired to her own.

"I half suspected that one of these strangers had made her inconstant; but nothing transpired to confirm the suspicion. Their attentions were so equally divided between my mother and her, that no one could say which was preferred. That the handsome Chevalier greatly admired Blanche, I knew by the sparkling of his eyes at her approach, and sometimes a sort of involuntary exclamation of delight at the sight of her; still——"

"No doubt! Yes. No doubt he admired her. Who would not?" exclaimed Herman, breaking in upon the narrative. "He has seduced her affection. I see it all now. Her indifference, her avoidance of me, my mother's mysterious manner, — fickle, faithless woman," he added bitterly, while his eyes were filled with tears. "Why should I regret the loss of one so light, so ready to change, to forget the solemn vows she pledged to me?"

"You are too hasty in your judgment, Herman. I do not *now* believe that Blanche loves him, although I acknowledge I once thought she did. Indeed, I am sure she does not, from some expressions I heard her utter a short time since, which spoke any thing but love."

"How, then, do you account for her conduct, and what is the meaning of all this mystery?" said he, hope again reviving in his heart.

"I have already told you I cannot account for it; that I can give no explanation. I can only relate what I have seen and heard. You must yourself draw the inferences. Let me go on."

"Do,—do! Let me hear all," he said, relapsing into gloomy silence. Then, as if he had found some sudden relief, he added,—"If Blanche spoke slightingly of him, she cannot care for him. Whatever other faults she may possess, insincerity, dissimulation, is not among them."

"No, surely not. Blanche is sincere, upright, and honourable." She then continued:—

"This constant intercourse between these strangers and our family, had been established some time, before I perceived that the Chevalier had obtained an extraordinary influence over my mother, that she was almost entirely guided by his counsel and advice. I knew this influence had been obtained principally by the great interest he appeared to take in your fate and fortune, and which he had tact enough to perceive was the most direct road to my mother's heart, perhaps also to mine and Blanche's.

"They had always appeared to regard me as a child, and, I think, suffered me to see and hear many things they would not have allowed others to see and hear. I was much given, as you know, to romping and laughing; and I believe I passed for a foolish creature, not quite idiotical, perhaps, but something bordering on it.

"The Chevalier de Sablons affected to hold a very high code of morality, and sent forth, from time to time, very fine phrases on the subjects of Virtue, Honour, Constancy, &c. One day that he had given utterance to some very high-flown sentiment, with a very grave face, Durochet put his handkerchief to his mouth to hide a laugh which I saw revelling in his eye, as he directed a glance towards his friend; who, in his turn, was obliged to cover his face and cough, to account for the shaking of his frame, which was convulsed with laughter.

"From that time I watched them both: for I began to change my opinion of them, to believe them hypocrites, and to tremble at the daily increasing influence they were obtaining in our house. Once again, a little while after, I detected the same excess of risibility, which they endeavoured to hide, at the mention of an uncle of the Chevalier, in the service of the emperor, of whom they had often spoken, as possessing great power with his imperial master, and which power was to be employed for your benefit. In short, I began to entertain a very ill opinion of them; and I tried hard to infuse a little of my suspicion into the mind of my mother; but I never succeeded. She believed them your friends, and that secured their power over her.

"Thus passed the winter. With the sunshine and the flowers of returning spring, were resumed our excursions about the neighbourhood. One day, in the beginning of May, we had climbed to the top of a mountain, all except my mother, who complained of fatigue, and seated herself at a distance from the summit, under some trees. Monsieur de Sablons immediately descended again and seated himself beside her. We were all somewhat weary, and were comfortably reclining on the ground, with the splendid landscape spread before us. But I had now made it my business to watch these traitors; for such I believed them to be; and I also returned to the same place, where, thanks to the shelter of the woods, I could see without being seen. My mother's face was radiant with joy at the contents of a letter he was reading to her. As he finished reading, he kissed her hand, and I saw her eyes were full of tears. Curious to know what could have occasioned such emotion, and relying on my character of romp for an excuse for my frolic, I crept softly behind them, and, snatching the letter from his hand, ran off to read it.

"He instantly pursued me, and forced it from me with unmanly violence, and an air absolutely savage. His handsome features were distorted with rage and malice, and when he again held the letter in his hand, there was a fiend-like grin on his face, and an expression in his eye, that was frightful. He took the letter from me, but not till I had read it."

Here Gertrude paused, was silent a moment, and then burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Herman looked at her with astonishment. When she had recovered her gravity, she continued:—

"The letter which occasioned such powerful emotion, and filled my mother's eyes with tears, I protest, Herman, that letter was neither more nor less than a tailor's bill."

And again she broke forth into a merry peal, in which Herman now joined her. Notwithstanding the doubts and perplexities by which he was beset, there was something so ridiculous in this transaction, that it was quite impossible to resist it.

Let the Chesterfields say what they will on the subject, I maintain that a hearty laugh is "a great medicine." No "blue devils" can stand against it. Only shake a man's sides, by tickling his fancy, and the demon of melancholy flies at once. This was the case with Herman. The laugh was beneficial to him. He saw things in a more cheerful light; and he listened quietly as she continued her relation of circumstances.

"My spirit was roused by his violence. I went straight to my mother, and told her the truth. She laughed at the ridiculous conceit, as she named it; called me madcap and foolish romp; but gave no credence to my assertion. I said, seriously, 'Mother, I entreat you to believe me! I am not jesting. I know not what you have been told that letter contains; but I solemnly declare there is no mention of any thing, save articles of dress, with the prices of each attached in ducats, crowns, and deniers: nothing whatever, except velvet doublets with satin puffings and slashed sleeves, trunk hosen, double facings, bodkins, points, and fringes.' I spoke earnestly, for I wished to convince her. But I did not succeed, for I could not prevail on her to insist on seeing the letter.

"From this time, they were more on their guard with me, and Durochet began to be very assiduous in his attention to me. Whether for the purpose of concealing the tactics of his friend from my observation, or that the man really had the misfortune to conceive a liking for me, I know not; but certainly, if it were the latter, he was much to be pitied, for never did lover thrive less. I disliked them both; and I took no pains to conceal my sentiments.

"Affairs went on thus some months. Blanche seemed greatly altered. She was silent, uncommunicative, and at times I thought I saw that she was unhappy. One morning, as she was about to quit the room after breakfast, a paper fell from her dress, which my mother picked up, and, calling to her, held it carelessly in her hand without looking at it. But as Blanche turned and hastily advanced to take it from her, my mother suddenly withheld it, saying, 'Your face evinces that this is no common paper, Blanche. You should be more careful of such precious documents.'

"As she said this, she turned her eyes to the paper, looked surprised, hastily unfolded it, and read a part of the contents. The blood flushed in her face; she became crimson: then ebbed and left it pale as death; and she sank back on her seat overpowered with agitation. Amazed, I looked at Blanche. She, too, was pale, trembling, and scarcely able to stand.

"Again my mother's face flushed, and her

strength seemed suddenly to return. Crushing the paper in her hands, she arose from her seat, and taking Blanche by the arm, without uttering another word, drew her from the room."

"Blessed Mary!" exclaimed Herman. "By whom could that paper have been written? It would seem as if — as if —— Do you not know whose writing my mother recognised? Could they be rivals? — my mother and my wife?" he said in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible.

"No, no. I think not!" replied Gertrude. "I know nothing certainly; but I think not. Dear Herman, be calm, and let me tell you all I can. My mother and Blanche were shut up together for nearly three hours, and what passed I know not; but once, in my anxiety to see what they were doing, as I approached the door, I heard Blanche sobbing in great grief apparently, and from my mother the words, 'a wretch! heartless deceiver!' After they had been some time together, Father Saldorf was summoned, and Blanche quitted the room, still weeping. I saw neither of them till supper. They were then calm, but evidently unhappy. They ate nothing, and soon retired.

"From that day, there was a marked difference in the manner of Blanche and my mother towards each other. My mother, indeed, treated Blanche with the same kindness she had always done; but there was an evident estrangement between them.

"Blanche no longer flew, as she had once done, to render her those little services she had been in the habit of sharing with me, like another daughter, — services she had seemed to regard as privileges, and jealously guarded as such. After this affair, she appeared to regard my mother with a sort of shy timidity, and passed more than half her time alone. My mother also was greatly changed; she lost her gay spirits, became grave and thoughtful. Many times I found her with a melancholy air, deeply ruminating, and so absorbed, as to be unaware of my approach till I roused her by my voice.

"About a week after this transaction, De Sablons and Durochet, who had been some time absent, returned, and came as usual to make us a visit. We were all in the saloon when they were announced. Blanche hastily left the room. My mother, I thought, looked pale, and seemed agitated, although she contrained herself to appear calm. Durochet, after we had sat some time silent, and, as it were, under a sort of general embarrassment, requested me to show him something in the garden. I refused, under the pretext that I was in haste to finish the work with which I was occupied. 'Go, Gertrude,' said my mother, 'and show Monsieur Durochet the bees.' I obeyed; and we were absent nearly an hour. When we returned, her face bore the traces of strong emotion. It was still flushed as with anger; and yet the feeling most legibly impressed on it was grief. Almost immediately after, they took their leave, announcing their intention of returning to France.

"My mother returned to her room, and I saw her no more till the evening, when I thought she looked unwell; but she would not admit that she was so."

CHAPTER VII.

"I was hardly in bed, when Esther came to tell me she was alarmingly ill. I hurried on my clothes; and as I passed Blanche's door, I stopped to beg she would get up and follow me. I opened the door; but, astonished at the scene which presented itself, stood still at the entrance. Blanche, the gentle, quiet Blanche, was standing in the middle of the room, her cheek flushed, and her eye sparkling with indignation, looking down with lofty disdain on the Chevalier De Sablons, who was kneeling at her feet!"

Herman groaned. "Oh, tell me no more!" he exclaimed; "I have already heard too much! Faithless, shameless woman!"

"No, no, Herman. You wrong her! On my soul you do! Hear me out. Do not condemn her till you have heard all."

He made no reply; but listened in gloomy silence as she went on.

"Neither of them saw me. Blanche was speaking.—'For *her* sake,' she said, 'I have forborn to rouse the household.' 'Oh, Blanche,' he exclaimed, 'for mercy's sake listen to me for a moment; will you not suffer me to explain?'— 'No, sir,' she replied with cold scorn, unmoved by the energy of passion which was depicted in his face. 'I know already how high, how noble, and how pure are your sentiments, and also how well your actions tally with them; and you have dared——' What she would have added, I know not, for at this instant De Sablons saw me, rushed past me, and disappeared. 'Ask me no questions, Gertrude,' she said, 'for I can tell you nothing.'— 'I came not to ask questions,' I replied, 'but to tell you my mother is ill.'

"She followed me in silence, and watched the whole night with unwearied patience and affection beside the bed on which my mother lay. She had been attacked by a convulsive shivering, to which had succeeded fever and delirium. Many times she uttered sentences that for me had no meaning; but, from Blanche's changing, suffering face, I believed conveyed ideas and excited feelings that to her were very painful. Towards morning the fever and delirium subsided, and my mother fell asleep. When she awoke, Blanche was sitting at the bedside. 'Blanche, my poor Blanche,' she said, 'I am glad to see thee beside me!' Blanche kissed her hand, burst into tears, and hastily quitted the room.

"What caused the estrangement between them I know not; but I am sure they were, and still are, greatly attached to each other. This, Herman, is all I have to tell."

"Well," he said, "I confess I am somewhat relieved. There is much that is strange and mysterious in the conduct of Blanche,—much that tells me my mother is right in the advice she gives me to wait. I shall do so until the strange influence this man appears to have held over her—

until these midnight meetings are fully and satisfactorily explained.

"Things do not wear a face so terrible as I feared. Whatever may have been the danger, it appears now to have passed. Whatever may have been the schemes of these gentlemen, they are now apparently abandoned, since they have quitted the country and returned to France."

"Alas, I fear, not!" said Gertrude. "I fear their plans are not relinquished, although their operations are for a time suspended."

"What is it then you apprehend, and for whom do you fear?" he inquired, again alarmed. "You say you do not believe Blanche has any regard for this handsome Chevalier?"

"No no," she said. "It is rather for my mother I am uneasy. I fear — I greatly fear he has designs on her — that he possesses a powerful influence over her. That influence will destroy her comfort. Already she is unhappy; I am sure she is, although she strives to hide it under a false gaiety whenever she thinks herself observed. You know that Father Saldorf went to the Baths some time since on account of his health. Two days after his departure, and about a week after these gentlemen had quitted the country, a stranger arrived and requested to see him. On learning his absence, he inquired for my mother. They had a long conference; and when I first saw her after his departure, I was struck with the terrible change in her face. It was wan and haggard even. She looked ten years older.

"From that time she has been, alas! I am too sure, unhappy — very unhappy. These men are gone; but they will return — too certainly they will. There was an expression of insolent malice in the faces of both — of triumphant villany, I might almost say — when they took their leave, that was stamped on my memory with terrible force. I fear — oh yes, I fear him; — that handsome, fascinating De Sablons! He comes ever to my mind as the bad genius of our family, like a fallen angel delighting in evil, and with untamed ambition seeking to subjugate and to destroy.

"Oh, how I strove to make my mother share my suspicions — my fears; and sometimes I thought I had succeeded in shaking his power over her. But no sooner had he conversed an hour with her, than all his influence appeared to be restored. Blanche, I am almost sure, although she is so silent and uncommunicative, thinks of him as I do. I say him; because it has always appeared to me that Durochet is merely an agent to aid the other's plans, whatever they may be."

"Heaven be praised," said Herman, greatly relieved by this information relative to Blanche; "Heaven be praised it is no worse! I confess my mind is more easy since I have heard the whole. I do not see things in the light you do, nor do I share your gloomy forebodings. I think I can now understand the state of affairs sufficiently to account for much that before appeared mysterious. My mother is attached to this Chevalier De Sablons, and wishes to marry him. There is nothing extraordinary in this, nor unreasonable. He is, you say, five or six-and-twenty; she is not more than thirty-three, — no great disparity of age. Handsome and agreeable as she is, it is but reasonable she should wish to marry again. It would be selfish and unjust on our part to attempt to control her."

"Heaven forbid we should wish to control her in any thing!" exclaimed Gertrude. "A kinder, a more affectionate mother, a less selfish woman, never existed. Nobody would rejoice more sincerely than I should to see her married to the man of her choice, were there reasonable hopes of happiness for her. But to think of her as the wife of this man — I acknowledge it is a subject on which I cannot speak—I cannot think coolly."

"No, indeed — I perceive you cannot;" said Herman, smiling. "You resemble very strongly our mother in this respect. You can neither love nor hate with moderation. A middle course is little palatable to either of you. My mother cannot see a fault in those she loves: she makes angels of them. You, having conceived a prejudice against this gentleman, turn him into a demon.

"As to the tailor's bill," he added, laughing, "so ably converted into a battery for the destruction of the besieged fortress — all stratagems, you know, are fair in love and war!"

Heaven grant I may be wrong in this affair!" she said, with a sigh, "and in my opinion of this man. Most certainly he is my *bête noire*. How do you account for my mother's evident unhappiness? — you who see every thing in a light so cheerful."

"She is struggling against her affection for the Chevalier, because she probably thinks a second marriage will be injurious to the interests of her family, to my interest especially."

"And will it not be so?"

"Perhaps it may. It will reduce my income, probably, and my expectations also. But I have no doubt some arrangement may be made, satisfactory to all parties," he replied, with a cheerful face. "But tell me, Gertrude, when is the dear old Father Saldorf expected back? I do so miss him!"

"So do we all. We are, however, in hopes soon to have him back among us; for the last accounts of his health were much more favourable."

The conversation now changed to other and less interesting subjects, and soon after they returned home.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLES ON THE SUTLEJ.

A voice is on the wind : Arise !
  And Song, from lulling lays
Awakes, to sun her eager eyes
  In glory's sudden blaze.
The light has touched her from the East,
The echoing triumph thrills her breast
  With melodies of praise !

No conqueror's lust of others' good,
  — Begins the joyous song —
No haste to quench in others' blood
  The anger born of wrong,
Our victory stains ! unchallenged rose,
In mad despite, invading foes ;—
  And Right hath made us strong !

The nations that before her shrunk
  When England's voice was loud,
They said that England's sun had sunk ;
  That England's might was bowed :—
And while they said, a murmur came,
A thunder-quake, a flash of flame
  From yonder eastern cloud !

There rolled and swelled the tawny host ;—
  Before their wild attack
Hot thunder roared, and flags were tost
  Like foam when seas grow black.
What terror parts the surging swarm ?
What havoc plies the avenger's arm ?
  The Lion rends the pack !

Nor once, nor twice :— the frantic crowd,
  Repulsed, the fight renew :
For many were the host, and proud,
  And England's swords were few.
Full fiercely, step by step, recoil
The plunderers on the bloody soil
  Their countless slain bestrew.

But firm and swift, though one to ten,
  Amidst the dire mellay,
Still forwards strove those English Men,
  Till night o'ertook the fray :
And on the ground they won, their posts
Hard on the still resisting host's,
  The weary warriors lay.

Then to the crowning fight awoke
  The heroes, hero-led :
Then, crushed with Britain's thunder-stroke,
  The pride of Asia fled :—
The stream they crossed but yesterday,
With boastful rage, in bright array,
  Rolls bloody with their dead.

The fire is quenched. Like chastened hounds,
  The outlaws peace implore.
The sword has traced our empire bounds,
  With precious blood, once more,—
Of Youth, just roused by glory's lights,—
Of Age, that rests from fifty fights,
  On yonder sultry shore.

No tear ! For aught august or high,
  No vulgar price is found.
And well the soldiers rest, that lie
  Where honour strews the ground
With spells sublime, whose power shall live
While England's heart and might survive,
  And England's songs resound !

Nor sleep they all ! From yonder strand
  What brighten'd spirits rise,
And hover o'er the native land
  That hails their victories ?

Ye warrior souls ! rejoice ! and read
The glory of your deathless deed
  In Albion's queenly eyes !

White Albion ! what a rapture stirred
  Her inmost bosom through,
When first the swelling tale she heard !
  How bright her aspect grew,
When from the birth-place of the day,
The triumph, like a meteor ray,
  Its radiance o'er her threw !

She rose ; and to the eastern sky
  She turned, with steadfast gaze,
And towering head, and flashing eye,—
  And briefly spoke her praise ;—
What fuller words can Fame declare ?—
"These are my English, as they were
  In past illustrious days."

To you, strong winners of the prize,
  Undaunted men, to you
This noble height in Albion's eyes,
  This high approof is due ;
That, worthy of your arms and race,
From field to field, in honour's place,
  Your valour forward flew.

Sons of the Land the first in light,
  The bravest of the bold,
Ye knew what blazonries make bright
  The banner ye uphold :
What names it bears, that yours shall crown,
What Spirits of her old renown
  It wraps in every fold !

Nor this alone hath cheered you on;
  Ye knew the trust and pride
Of all at home ye call your own,
  Were breathing at your side;
Ye knew what hopes your fathers warm,
What pulses thrill for every arm,
  What love your perils tried !

The veteran in the chimney seat,
  Whose day of war is done,
Warms to your deeds with youthful heat,
  Like eagles in the sun.
With quivering lip and thirsty ears
He drinks the tale; nor feels his years
  While telling how ye won.

And where the noble story comes,
  Through hamlet, mart, or aisle,
Where'er on England's haunts and homes
  Her matchless women smile,—
White bosoms heave, the bright tear starts
In rapture from the angel hearts
  That bless your native isle !

Come back ! they sigh, from India's sky,
  To find the welcome here,
The brave deserve from Beauty's eye,
  The true, from lips sincere;
Come back ! for Love to valour pays
A dearer boon than monarch's grace,
  Or crowd or senate's cheer !

And Song, the bird of heaven, that loves
  To bask in glory's light,
Shall hasten to its parent groves,
  To bring with joyous flight,
Their laurels fresh with purest dew,
To wreathe the roll of Fame, for you,
  That History's pen shall write !

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

Of this History there is published only the earlier portion: but it contains sufficient assurance that the work will be the greatest regarding that most momentous epoch in the development of humanity, which Europe has yet produced. In requisite knowledge and the power of appreciating it, in complete acquaintance with the materials on which the history of Greece must be founded, and in the capacity to sift these with the sagacity of the true critic, and to arrange, value, and expose them, according to the laws of the highest art, Mr. Grote is inferior to none of his illustrious predecessors. In that universal sympathy with the throbbings of man's heart in all circumstances and conditions, without which no one can be a historian, he is as accomplished as the best. But he superadds a knowledge of practical affairs, and the concomitant ability to select what is important in history, to descry the MOVING and DETERMINING CAUSE in the progress of a people, and to separate it from simply concurrent and comparatively unimportant phenomena, which, among the writers on Greece, we have hitherto sought in vain.

It were the worst of ingratitude to speak, even by implication, slightingly of BISHOP THIRLWALL'S very meritorious work. Until that elaborate book was written, we had nothing in England to which the title of the History of Greece could be given, without a profanation of the name. GILLIES'S is a mere compilation, and that by a man—worthy enough, as matters go, of the station of royal historiographer, or, if chance had so ordered it, even of poet laureate—who, during his whole existence, never cherished a thought which could lead to any Infinite larger than the contents of his "foursquare" Study; and MITFORD only cared for the Greeks in so far as they could render the acceptable service of, through their mistakes and the failure of their earnest struggles, aiding him in eternizing a wretched Pitt politics:—the immortal sacrifice of Leonidas, and the heroic, though despairing bursts of Demosthenic invective and trumpet-tongued summonses even to a hopeless resistance, smelling democratic in his eyes and offensive to that selfish, sceptical, utterly negative, and all-shivering aristocraticism which they called the *conservatism*, (save the mark!) of the idol of the then statesmen of England! Thirlwall, in brave and indignant recoil, spurned these puerilities and desecrations utterly away, and tried to know Greece, so that, without regard to passing events, by that great people he might himself be taught:—he is a man of a large heart, and therefore ever open to instruction by any tidings from the universe. He did not indeed—although also well able—write books on ὁς or το; through which mistake he is now lean Bishop of St. David's, instead of swelling with the purple and turtle of the See of London; being quite able, notwithstanding, to comprehend Greece. But his History, with its manifold excellencies, belongs to the Academy and the Scholar. Not that he is blameable for being a Scholar; but the HISTORIAN, who should involve and master the SCHOLAR, has not, in this case, quite accomplished the latter feat. Much of his important work belongs accordingly to his cell at Cambridge; and when reading many of its chapters, one might easily be deceived into the feeling that he was gathering most admirable lore from an article in the *Classical Museum*. In the early part of it especially, and, indeed, all through, we have Archæology instead of History. Not that his right-hearted sympathies with what is worthy and noble ever flag: but by not enough subjugating his scholarly nature, so much is often given to critical and laborious inquiry as to particular facts, that the great order and march of his History seems overlaid. How painfully, for instance, or rather in one sense how meritoriously, does he dissert on all those shadowy tribes which, at the dawn of the Greek world, came from one knows not where, and concurred in peopling the Hellenic lands! And yet what boots it? In so far as there explained, these separate people had no cognizable separate or distinct peculiarities, which, afterwards unfolding themselves, made Greece what it was. No doubt they, too, like all human races, had especial characteristics, and as little doubt that the sum of them conspired to produce the final, harmonious whole; but, unless such characteristics can be discerned, and their consequences traced, it is of value only to the Antiquary or Ethnographer, to be informed, through laborious research, in what valley these people previously lived, or through what mountain pass they emigrated to novel seats. Bishop Thirlwall's work will long be valued as a storehouse not of authentic facts merely, but of acute and enlarged criticism, though for the foregoing reasons we cannot regard it in the historical line as a book of finished art.

This early portion of Mr. Grote's history is perhaps the most difficult and trying of all, as the beginning of a long development; and it is occupied with the *Myths*, that in colours, dazzling and varied as light reflected by the fresh dewdrop, filled the morning of Greece. But at this very outset we have the strongest proof of the historian's practical sense; for at once, and without disguise, he presents these old tales of gods and men, the genealogies acts and functions of the deities, and the legends of the toils of demi-gods, and the wars of heroes, simply and avowedly as mythic and legendary, and not historical at all. It is true, this idea, at the present time, involves no originality; but the acceptance, or, at least, presentation of it, in its due completeness, has not been common in our latest and best histories. While stating the truth, writers hitherto have felt it necessary to say much, like NIEBUHR, in demonstration of it; and unless, perhaps, in

* A History of Greece: I. Legendary Greece; II. Grecian History to the reign of Peisistratus at Athens. By George Grote. 2 vols. London: Murray.

the case of ARNOLD, the reality of the myth or legend, has been so mixed up with discussions on its pretended historical grounds, that, in company, they have both vanished as shadows. The Myths, however, are no shadows here. They are subjected to examination indeed, but only that the tradition may be represented as it was, and those august images exactly reproduced, out of belief in which the Greek intellect worked its long and glorious course. Uranos, Kronos and the Titans, Zeus, Apollo, and Athênê, Prometheus the god-defier, demi-gods without number, the fearful Pelopids, the Argonauts, the wars of Thebes, and the legend of Troy divine,—all are here, robed in majesty, even as we knew and lived among them while young, before our faith, so full and confiding, in Helen's youth and beauty, and in the struggles, and victories, and wanderings, and fateful doom of the confederated heroes, was questioned by the angular demonstrations of the foolish, ruthless, ice-begotten DIO!

Not only, however, is the mythology *unhistorical*, but it must be accepted, with Mr. Grote, as a *primary* and *inexplicable* fact in the history of that people. It were as easy to say why a Greek was not a Celt or Negro, as why, instead of enclosing victims in an osier tower for a holocaust, or worshipping some devilish fetish, he peopled the world with riant deities, conversed with nymphs and naiads, listened with reverence to the voice of Pan as the old forests swung in the breeze, or saw the great god Helios careering through the sky in his chariot, and gazing all the while on favourite haunts, where his beautiful cattle grazed. As the mythology is, so we must take it; just as we accept the seed from which the tree is to spring, nor look deeper into the mysteries of its organization. From the nature of the tree, it is no more possible to deduce the character and organization of the seed, than, from the nature of the Greek race, to evolve its primary notions concerning the gods. These notions are, in fact, among our first discernible elements of its nature, which we must take as we find it, springing up inexplicably, but gifted with power unsurpassed, and a freshness never known before — amid some obscure valleys in a nook of Europe. How the phenomenon came, tell we cannot; nor, indeed, is it easy to comprehend it after it has appeared. We approach it only by recalling—he who can —the springtime of his own youth. To the early Greek, the daisy spoke as to the child; the murmur of the stream was a companion voice; God bent the rainbow, and frowned in the storm. Alas! that through the weight of custom, those joyous reminiscences become so faded, that the Greek mythology has sunk with most, not merely into what is scientifically false—for so are the realest of childhood's inspirations—but into the chaos of *bizarre* and unintelligible things!

> The pansy at my feet
> Doth the same tale repeat:
> Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
> Where is it now—the glory and the dream?

But we esteem Mr. Grote's account of the *critical* position of the Greek mythology, of less moment than his thorough conviction of its import as the root of subsequent Greek development. With every people, indeed, where the higher and imaginative faculties preponderate, whether they are practically unfolded or not (the Romans were very little such) some system of myths and legends is the source from which the most important phenomena of their subsequent existence spring. As an extreme instance, look at the JEWS. The religion of that people has long been essentially mythical. For all purposes of reality, what was universal in Judaism—those universal features in the age of their patriarchs, and the grand lessons of their seers and lyrists, has, for its votaries, ceased to exist; having given way before interpretations of certain parts of the Sacred Volume, having no more true foundation than one may find among the legends of old Britain concerning the return of Arthur and Excalibur: and yet, through the weight of these myths, this people has for centuries been voluntarily extruded from amongst other nations, and with all its great and undeniable qualities consented to remain as a *spectacle*. Not, even in circumstances most favourable for their extermination, can old mythologies be easily rooted out and rendered ineffectual over future events. A novel creed regarding divine things, impressed by a more enlightened people,—which is certainly the most powerful of all means of change,—has so seldom full effect, that we rather find the old mythology transplanting into the midst of the new belief its more fixed forms and ideas, and claiming, among its systems and traditions, a place under new appellations, for the ancient heroes. Pagan Europe, for instance, became Christian; but then Christianity became more than half Pagan, of which potent relics still exist in the tiara of the Pope and the Emperor's triple crown. But the Greek mythology was never disturbed or affected by external influence. It remained during their entire existence, as their first inheritance from the unknown; and it was the effort through all succeeding epochs of their philosophy, poetry, and art, to reconcile it to themselves, and themselves to it, in their interpretations of the manifold experiences regarding the material order of nature, and the moral, social, and political feelings and requirements of Man, which sprang up with the growth of civilisation. The part of Mr. Grote's work which unquestionably struck us most, is that elaborate sixteenth chapter, in which he unfolds the leading principles of this progress in all its phases. The following extract is, in many points of view, very emphatic, and is a good specimen of his labours. He is unfolding the phenomena of the growing scission of the spirit of physical inquiry and the Homeric mythology.

> Nor was it alone as an ethical and social critic that Xenophanês stood distinguished. He was one of a great and eminent triad—Thalês and Pythagoras being the others—who, in the sixth century before the Christian era, first opened up those veins of speculative philosophy which occupied afterwards so large a portion of Grecian intellectual energy. Of the material differences between the three, I do not here speak; I regard them only in

reference to the Homeric and Hesiodic philosophy which preceded them, and from which all three deviated by a step, perhaps the most remarkable in all the history of philosophy. In the scheme of ideas common to Homer and to the Hesiodic Theogony (as has been already stated,) we find nature distributed into a variety of personal agencies, administered according to the free-will of different Beings more or less analogous to man; each of these Beings having his own character, attributes, and powers, his own sources of pain and pleasure, and his own especial sympathies or antipathies with human individuals; each being determined to act or forbear, to grant favour or inflict injury in his own department of phenomena, according as men, or perhaps other Beings analogous to himself, might conciliate or offend him. The Gods, properly so called, (those who bore a proper name and received some public or family worship,) were the most commanding and capital members amidst this vast network of agents, visible and invisible, spread over the universe. The whole view of nature was purely religious and subjective, the spontaneous suggestion of the early mind: it proceeded from the instinctive tendencies of the feelings and imagination to transport, to the world without, the familiar type of free-will and conscious personal action: above all, it took deep hold of the emotions, from the widely extended sympathy which it so perpetually called forth between man and nature.

The first attempt to disenthral the philosophic intellect from this all-personifying religious faith, and to constitute a method of interpreting nature distinct from the spontaneous inspirations of untaught minds, is to be found in Thalês, Xenophanês and Pythagoras, in the sixth century before the Christian era. It is in them that we first find the idea of Person tacitly set aside or limited, and an impersonal Nature conceived as the object of study. The divine husband and wife, Oceanus and Têthys, parents of many gods and of the Oceanic nymphs, together with the avenging goddess Styx, are translated into the material substance *water*, or, as we ought rather to say, the Fluid: and Thalês set himself to prove that water was the primitive element, out of which all the different natural substances had been formed. He, as well as Xenophanês and Pythagoras, started the problem of physical philosophy, with its objective character and invariable laws, to be discoverable by a proper and methodical application of the human intellect.

The Greek word φύσις, denoting *nature*, and its derivatives *physics* and *physiology*, unknown in that large sense to Homer, or Hesiod, as well as the word *Kosmos* to denote the mundane system, first appears with these philosophers. The elemental analysis of Thalês — the one unchangeable cosmic substance, varying only in appearance, but not in reality, as suggested by Xenophanês, — and the geometrical and arithmetical combinations of Pythagoras, — all these were different ways of approaching the explanation of physical phenomena, and each gave rise to a distinct school or succession of philosophers. But they all agreed in departing from the primitive method, and in recognising determinate properties, invariable sequences, and objective truth, in nature — either independent of willing or designing agents, or serving to these latter at once as an indispensable subject-matter and as a limiting condition. Xenophanês disclaimed openly all knowledge respecting the gods, and pronounced that no man could have any means of ascertaining when he was right and when he was wrong, in affirmations respecting them: while Pythagoras represents in part the scientific tendencies of his age, in part also the spirit of mysticism and of special fraternities for religious and ascetic observance, which became diffused throughout Greece in the sixth century before the Christian era: this was another point which placed him in antipathy with the simple, unconscious and demonstrative faith of the old poets, as well as with the current legends.

If these distinguished men, when they ceased to follow the primitive instinct of tracing the phenomena of nature to personal and designing agents, passed over, not at once to induction and observation, but to a misemployment of abstract words, substituting metaphysical *eidôla* in the place of polytheism, and to an exaggerated application of certain narrow physical theories, we are to remember that nothing else could be expected from the scanty stock of facts then accessible, and that the most profound study of the human mind points out such transition as an inevitable law of intellectual progress. At present we have to compare them only with that state of the Greek mind which they partially superseded, and with which they were in decided opposition. The rudiments of physical science were conceived and developed among superior men; but the religious feeling of the mass was averse to them; and the aversion, though gradually mitigated, never wholly died away. Some of the philosophers were not backward in charging others with irreligion; while the multitude seems to have felt the same sentiment more or less towards all — or towards that postulate of constant sequences, with determinate conditions of occurrence, which scientific study implies, and which they could not reconcile with their belief in the agency of the gods, to whom they were constantly praying for special succour and blessings.

The discrepancy between the scientific and the religious point of view was dealt with differently by different philosophers. Thus Socratês openly admitted it, and assigned to each a distinct and independent province. He distributed phenomena into two classes: one wherein the connexion of antecedent and consequent was invariable and ascertainable by human study, and therefore future results accessible to a well-instructed foresight; the other, and those, too, the most comprehensive and important, which the gods had reserved for themselves and their own unconditional agency, wherein there was no invariable or ascertainable sequence, and where the result could only be foreknown by some omen, prophecy, or other special inspired communication from themselves. Each of these classes was essentially distinct, and required to be looked at and dealt with in a manner radically incompatible with the other. Socratês held it wrong to apply the scientific interpretation to the latter, or the theological interpretation to the former. Physics and astronomy, in his opinion, belonged to the divine class of phenomena, in which human research was insane, fruitless, and impious.

On the other hand, Hippocratês, the contemporary of Socratês, denied the discrepancy, and merged into one those two classes of phenomena, — the divine and the scientifically determinable, — which the latter had put asunder. Hippocratês treated all phenomena as at once both divine and scientifically determinable. In discussing certain peculiar bodily disorders found among the Scythians, he observes, "The Scythians themselves ascribe the cause of this to God, and reverence and bow down to such sufferers, each man fearing that he may suffer the like: and I myself think too that these affections, as well as all others, are divine: no one among them is either more divine or more human than another, but all are on the same footing, and all divine; nevertheless each of them has its own physical conditions, and not one occurs without such physical conditions."

A third distinguished philosopher of the same day, Anaxagoras, allegorized Zeus and the other personal gods, and proclaimed the doctrine of one common pervading Mind, as having first established order and system in the mundane aggregate, which had once been in a state of chaos, — and as still manifesting its uninterrupted agency for wise and good purposes. This general doctrine obtained much admiration from Plato and Aristotle: but they at the same time remarked with surprise, that Anaxagoras never made any use at all of his own general doctrine for the explanation of the phenomena of nature; that he looked for nothing but physical causes and connecting laws, so that in fact the spirit of his particular researches was not materially different from those of Democritus or Leucippus, whatever might be the difference in their general theories. His investigations in meteorology and astronomy, treating the heavenly bodies as subjects for calculation, have been already noticed as offensive, not only to the gene-

ral public of Greece, but even to Socratês himself among them: he was tried at Athens, and seems to have escaped condemnation only by voluntary exile.

The three eminent men just named, all essentially different from each other, may be taken as illustrations of the philosophical mind of Greece during the last half of the fifth century B.C. Scientific pursuits had acquired a powerful hold, and adjusted themselves in various ways with the prevalent religious feelings of the age. Both Hippocratês and Anaxagoras modified their ideas of the divine agency so as to suit their thirst for scientific research. According to the former, the gods were the really efficient agents in the production of all phenomena, — the mean and indifferent not less than the terrific or tutelary: being thus alike connected with all phenomena, they were specially associated with none; and the proper task of the inquirer was, to find out those rules and conditions by which (he assumed) their agency was always determined, and according to which it might be foretold. And this led naturally to the proceeding which Plato and Aristotle remark in Anaxagoras,—that the all-governing and Infinite Mind, having been announced in sublime language at the beginning of his treatise, was afterwards led out of sight, and never applied to the explanation of particular phenomena, being as much consistent with one modification of nature as with another. Now such a view of the divine agency could never be reconciled with the religious feelings of the ordinary Grecian believer, even as they stood in the time of Anaxagoras; still less could it have been reconciled with those of the Homeric man, more than three centuries earlier. To him Zeus and Athênê were conceived as definite Persons, objects of special reverence, hopes, and fears, and animated with peculiar feelings, sometimes of favour, sometimes of wrath, towards himself or his family or country; they were propitiated by his prayers, and prevailed upon to lend him succour in danger, while they were offended and disposed to bring evil upon him if he omitted to render thanks or sacrifice: this sense of individual communion with, and dependence upon them, was the essence of his faith. And with that faith, the all-pervading Mind proclaimed by Anaxagoras, — which had no more concern with one man or one phenomenon than with another, — could never be brought into harmony; nor could the believer, while he prayed with sincerity for special blessings or protection from the gods, acquiesce in the doctrine of Hippocratês, that their agency was governed by constant laws and physical conditions.

That radical discord between the mental impulses of science and religion, which manifests itself so decisively during the most cultivated ages of Greece, and which harassed more or less so many of the philosophers, produced its most afflicting result in the condemnation of Socratês by the Athenians. According to the remarkable passage recently cited from Xenophôn, it will appear that Socratês agreed with his countrymen in denouncing physical speculations as impious, — that he recognised the religious process of discovery as a peculiar branch, co-ordinate with the scientific, — and that he laid down a theory, of which the basis was, the confessed divergence of these two processes from the beginning, thereby seemingly satisfying the exigencies of religious hopes and fears on the one hand, and those of reason, in her ardour for ascertaining the invariable laws of phenomena, on the other. We may remark that the theory of this religious and extra-scientific process of discovery was at that time sufficiently complete; for Socratês could point out, that those anomalous phenomena which the gods had reserved for themselves, and into which science was forbidden to pry, were yet accessible to the seekings of the pious man, through oracles, omens, and other exceptional means of communication which divine benevolence vouchsafed to keep open. Considering thus to how great an extent Socratês was identified in feeling with the religious public of Athens, and considering moreover that his performance of open religious duties was assiduous, we might wonder, as Xenophôn does wonder, how it could have happened that the Athenian dikasts mistook him at the end of his life for an irreligious man. But we see, by the defence which Xenophôn as well as Plato gives for him, that the Athenian public really considered him, in spite of his own disclaimer, as homogeneous with Anaxagoras and the other physical inquirers, because he had applied similar scientific reasonings to moral and social phenomena: they looked upon him with the same displeasure as he himself felt towards the physical philosophers, and we cannot but admit that in this respect they were more unfortunately consistent than he was. It is true that the mode of defence adopted by Socratês contributed much to the verdict found against him, and that he was further weighed down by private offence given to powerful individuals and coteries; but all these separate antipathies found their best account in swelling the cry against him as an over-curious sceptic and as an impious innovator.

Now the scission thus produced between the superior minds and the multitude, in consequence of the development of science and the scientific point of view, is a fact of great moment in the history of Greek progress, and forms an important contrast between the age of Homer and Hesiod and that of Thucydidês; though in point of fact even the multitude, during this later age, were partially modified by those very scientific views which they regarded with disfavour. And we must keep in view the primitive religious faith, once universal and unobstructed, but subsequently disturbed by the intrusions of science; we must follow the great change, as well in respect to enlarged intelligence as to refinement of social and ethical feeling, among the Greeks, from the Hesiodic times downward, in order to render some account of the altered manner in which the ancient mythes came to be dealt with. These mythes, the spontaneous growth of a creative and personifying interpretation of nature, had struck root in Grecian associations at a time when the national faith required no support from what we call evidence. They were *now* submitted, not simply to a feeling, imagining, and believing public, but also to special classes of instructed men, — philosophers, historians, ethical teachers, and critics, — and to a public partially modified by their ideas as well as improved by a wider practical experience. They were not intended for such an audience; they had ceased to be in complete harmony even with the lower strata of intellect and sentiment,—much more so with the higher. But they were the cherished inheritance of a past time; they were interwoven in a thousand ways with the religious faith, the patriotic retrospect, and the national worship, of every Grecian community; the general type of the mythe was the ancient, familiar, and universal form of Grecian thought, which even the most cultivated men had imbibed in their childhood from the poets, and by which they were to a certain degree unconsciously enslaved. Taken as a whole, the mythes had acquired prescriptive and ineffaceable possession: to attack, call in question, or repudiate the entire bundle of them, was a task painful even to undertake, and far beyond the power of any one to accomplish.

The thoughtful reader will easily recognise, in this passage, not a mere narrative of facts, but a complete command over the causes of the struggles of the mind of Greece. It is a sketch merely, but one by a master, and foreshadows the historian's full picture, when he shall deal in detail with the most momentous period of the ancient philosophy. At one thing alone we are inclined to demur: Mr. Grote clearly adopts M. Comte's three historical epochs — the religious, or rather the *mythical*, the metaphysical, and the positive, as characteristic of all the transitions of human thought regarding the universe; and he signalizes the Greeks as having reached, and remained at, the metaphysical age. M. Comte's view, even in regard to the progress of philosophy *en masse*, is

incomplete, inasmuch as his *positive* epoch is not, and cannot be the *last*. Perfect as a representation of the representible or phantasmal, it yet leaves us amidst a display of mere orderly and associated forms and phantasms; nor goes one step towards replying to a question which, being unanswered, leaves philosophy a *caput mortuum*, and incapable of ever satisfying the essential and primary demands which the human spirit makes of it;—the question, viz., where and whence is the *reality* of these shadows, how are they joined with the ABSOLUTE and UNREPRESENTIBLE—their sequences changed into *connexions*, and their outward order into *effects* springing, like the human mind, from an unchangeable and enduring *cause?* The epoch whose characteristic shall be, the search for and philosophic definition of this necessary connexion, has never yet historically developed itself: but, inasmuch as the minds and speculations of the highest thinkers are not limited to any process of mere historic evolution, and seeing that even epochs themselves are actually never pure, but rather exhibit, in reality, a *preponderance* only of some particular method or idea,—it is, in our view, a question of grave doubt, whether Plato, and some others of the grand intellects of Greece, have not often passed through M. Comte's positive era, not indeed experimentally, but with a perfect appreciation of its spirit, and settled with vigorous unmythic method among the grander and solemn inquiries occupying that farther period, which, in so far as we yet see, is the highest and the last.

One more extract tempts us: it is a view ofhe efforts of the poets to develop the mythology.

Pindar repudiates some stories and transforms others, because they are inconsistent with his conceptions of the gods. Thus he formally protests against the tale that Pelops had been killed and served up at table by his father, for the immortal gods to eat; he shrinks from the idea of imputing to them so horrid an appetite; he pronounces the tale to have been originally fabricated by a slanderous neighbour. Nor can he bring himself to recount the quarrels between different Gods. The amours of Zeus and Apollo are noway displeasing to him; but he occasionally suppresses some of the simple details of the old mythe, as deficient in dignity: thus, according to the Hesiodic narrative, Apollo was informed by a raven of the infidelity of the nymph Corônis: but the mention of the raven did not appear to Pindar consistent with the majesty of the god, and he therefore wraps up the mode of detection in vague and mysterious language. He feels considerable repugnance to the character of Odysseus, and intimates more than once that Homer has unduly exalted him, by force of poetical artifice: with the character of the Æacid Ajax, on the other hand, he has the deepest sympathy, as well as with his untimely and inglorious death, occasioned by the undeserved preference of a less worthy rival. He appeals for his authority usually to the Muse, but sometimes to "ancient sayings of men," accompanied with a general allusion to story-tellers and bards; but he occasionally admits that these stories present great discrepancy, and sometimes that they are false. The marvellous and the supernatural, however, afford no ground whatever for rejecting a story: Pindar makes an express declaration to this effect in reference to the romantic adventures of Perseus and the Gorgon's head. He treats even those mythical characters, which conflict the most palpably with positive experience, as connected by a real genealogical thread with the world before him: not merely the heroes of Troy and Thêbes, and the demigod seamen of Jasôn and the ship Argô, but also the Centaur Cheirôn, the hundred-headed Typhôs, the giant Alcyoneus, Antæus, Bellerophôn and Pegasus, the Chimæra, the Amazons and the Hyperboreans, all appear painted on the same canvass, and touched with the same colours, as the men of the recent and recorded past, Phalaris and Krœsus; only they are thrown back to a greater distance in the perspective. The heroic ancestors of those great Æginetan, Thessalian, Thêban, Argeian, &c. families, whose present members the poet celebrates for their agonistic victories, sympathize with the exploits and second the efforts of their descendants: the inestimable value of a privileged breed and of the stamp of nature is powerfully contrasted with the impotence of unassisted teaching and practice. The power and skill of the Argeian Theæus and his relatives as wrestlers, are ascribed partly to the fact that their ancestor Pamphaês in aforetime had hospitably entertained the Tyndarids Castôr and Pollux. Perhaps however the strongest proof of the sincerity of Pindar's mythical faith is afforded when he notices a guilty incident with shame and repugnance, but with an unwilling confession of its truth, as in the case of the fratricide committed on Phocus by his brothers Pêleus and Telamôn.

Æschylus and Sophoclês exhibit the same spontaneous and uninquiring faith as Pindar in the legendary antiquities of Greece, taken as a whole; but they allow themselves greater license as to the details. It was indispensable to the success of their compositions that they should recast and group anew the legendary events, preserving the names and general understood relation of those characters whom they introduced: the demand for novelty of combination increased with the multiplication of tragic spectacles at Athens: moreover the feelings of the Athenians, ethical as well as political, had become too critical to tolerate the literal reproduction of many among the ancient stories.

Both of them exalted rather than lowered the dignity of the mythical world, as something divine and heroic rather than human: indeed the Promêtheus of Æschylus is a far more exalted conception than his keen-witted namesake in Hesiod: and the more homely details of the ancient Thêbaïs and Œdipodia were in like manner modified by Sophoclês. The religious agencies of the old epic are constantly kept prominent, and the paternal curse,—the wrath of deceased persons against those from whom they have sustained wrong,—the judgments of Erinnys against guilty or foredoomed persons, sometimes inflicted directly, sometimes brought about through dementation of the sufferer himself (like the Homeric Ate,)—are frequent in their tragedies. Æschylus in two of his remaining pieces brings forward the gods as the chief personages; and far from sharing the objection of Pindar to dwell upon dissensions of the gods, he introduces Promêtheus and Zeus in the one, Apollo and the Eumenidês in the other, in marked opposition. The dialogue, first superinduced by him upon the primitive Chorus, gradually became the most important portion of the drama, and is more elaborated in Sophoclês than in Æschylus: even in Sophoclês, however, it still generally retains its ideal majesty as contrasted with the rhetorical and forensic tone which afterwards crept in; it grows out of the piece, and addresses itself to the emotions more than to the reason of the audience. Nevertheless, the effect of Athenian political discussion and democratical feeling is visible in both these dramatists: the idea of rights and legitimate privileges as opposed to usurping force, is applied by Æschylus even to the society of the gods: the Eumenidês accuse Apollo of having, with the insolence of youthful ambition, "ridden down" their old prerogatives, while the Titan Promêtheus, the champion of suffering humanity against the unfriendly dispositions of Zeus, ventures to depict the latter as a recent usurper reigning only by his superior strength, exalted by one successful revolution, and destined at some future time to be overthrown by another,—a fate which cannot be averted except through warnings communicable only by Promêtheus himself. It is commonly understood that Æschylus disapproved

of the march of democracy at Athens during his later years, and that the Eumenidês is intended as an indirect manifestation in favour of the senate of Areiopagus: without inquiring at present whether such a special purpose can be distinctly made out, we may plainly see that the poet introduces, into the relations of the gods with each other, a feeling of political justice, arising out of the times in which he lived and the debates of which he was a witness. But though Æschylus incurred reproaches of impiety from Plato, and seemingly also from the Athenian public, for particular speeches and incidents in his tragedies, and though he does not adhere to the received vein of religious tradition with the same strictness as Sophoclês, yet the ascendency and interference of the gods is never out of sight; and the solemnity with which they are represented, set off by a bold, figurative, and elliptical style of expression (often but imperfectly intelligible to modern readers,) reaches its maximum in his tragedies. As he throws round the gods a kind of airy grandeur, so neither do his men or heroes appear like tenants of the common earth: the mythical world from which he borrows his characters is peopled only with "the immediate seed of the gods, in close contact with Zeus, in whom the divine blood has not yet had time to degenerate:" his individuals are taken, not from the iron race whom Hesiod acknowledges with shame as his contemporaries, but from the extinct heroic race which had fought at Troy and Thêbes. It is to them that his conceptions aspire; and he is even chargeable with frequent straining, beyond the limits of poetical taste, to realize his picture; if he does not consistently succeed in it, the reason is because consistency in such a matter is unattainable, since, after all, the analogies of common humanity, the only materials which the most creative imagination has to work upon, obtrude themselves involuntarily, and the lineaments of the man are thus seen even under a dress which promises superhuman proportions.

Mr. Grote having followed up his exposition of the mythic dawn of Greece by a repudiation of the efforts of chronology to fix the epochs of that morning, and, as we think, a very masterly demolition of the theory of Mr. Clinton, proceeds to turn the legends to farther preliminary use, by extracting and methodizing the valuable information they give on the state of primitive Greek Society and Manners, and the character of its intellect as unfolded in its immortal Epics. These inquiries occupy the first half of the second volume; and although our space will not permit us to follow the historian's steps, we must state, as eminently due to him, that he has thoroughly possessed himself of every fact and characteristic in the life and belief of that fundamental epoch, which, partly by subsequent self-development, and partly by modifications springing from the action and reaction between them and external circumstances and people, shaped their long subsequent growth, and evolved their culture. The latter half of the second volume passes beyond the mythic epoch: but for the most part it is also didactic, involving a long and very elaborate account of the laws and institutions of Lycurgus. For the succeeding parts of the work, we shall wait with no slight impatience, as they will better test Mr. Grote's narrative style. Clear it must be; and, we should think, stirring with the occasion: and if so, the author cannot fail to produce one of the very few GREAT PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORIES that are yet found in the literature of the World.

QUACKS.

INSCRIBED TO THE "SOUTHWARK LITERARY SOCIETY," WHOSE MOTTO IS STILL,

"And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true."—*The Tempest.*

In fields of peace and war
There have been, and still are
Quacks not a few,
Willing to satisfy man's everlasting cry
For something new.

Although the Hebrew King
Said there was no such thing
Beneath the sun;
Who dares, with Jews'-harp tune, deny that 'neath the moon,
New tricks are done?

Once, ladies far and wide,
On broomsticks used to ride,
When nights were wild;
And fairies, too, would come to the young mother's home
And change the child.

And Satan has been known,
(Rarely of late, I own,)
Where owlets hoot,
Beneath the moon, to ride, although he could not hide
The cloven foot.

Thus, man will ever find
Amusements for his kind,
Made to their wish:—
In a mouse-singing age, why not a watery cage
Of singing fish?

Though we may most despise
(Whate'er their grade or guise)
Religious quacks;
Whether, with "unknown tongue," they sing their idle song,
Or "Oxford Tracts:"

Some slight contempt may fall
Even on Doctor Gall,
Now that his plan
Is, with becoming pride, explain'd and ratified
By *D——!*

This lecturer employs
Two artless little boys,
(And gets 'em cheap,)
To teach the dullest dunce how he may learn at once
To read and sleep!

What knowledge we may reap
From such a wondrous sleep!
How nobly slake
The spirit's thirst from streams, of which he little dreams
Who's "wide awake."

What instrument affords,
With all its keys and chords,
Such sweet response
As Mesmerists command, who strike, with master hand,
A lady's sconce?

E'en Paddy D——,
Here "more or less than man,"
The cream or scum
Of Nature's milk, or soup, if he again could stoop
To beat a drum.

With all Apollo's fire,
Who would not strike the lyre
Thus sweetly lull'd,
And let the gaping crowd, with admiration loud,
Be gladly gull'd!

L. D.

MARSHALL ON IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF SOLDIERS.*

Is the amelioration of the army, and especially of the condition of private soldiers, to be one of the numerous attendant blessings of prolonged peace? Humanity would lead us to hope as much, and to receive the volume before us as an indication of decided tendency to improvement; for we happily begin to live in an age when evils and grievances affecting large bodies of men, require only to be pointed out to receive the attention and patient investigation which must lead to their ultimate redress. Those who have listened to the pleadings and remonstrances of the friends of the negro slaves, and who redressed their wrongs, cannot much longer turn a deaf ear to the advocates of men whom, by a kind of insulting mockery, while treating them with unwise harshness, and even with positive injustice, we term our "brave defenders." Fortunately, these ill-used or neglected "brave defenders," have themselves some defenders, some champions; and more fortunately still, they are proved to deserve the friends who, as in the instance of Mr. Marshall, are generally found among those that, from actual experience and observation, may be presumed to be best acquainted with their character and condition; with their virtues and their faults. Among this small but increasing number, Mr. Marshall, in his own department, as an impartial exposer of errors, and an enlightened suggester of remedies, eminently deserves the name of "The Soldier's Friend;" and, though we fear that he has been infelicitous in the title chosen for his book, we cannot believe that this trivial circumstance will ultimately mar the effect of a sterling work, which, instead of its vague and indefinite name, might, without a shadow of assumption, have borne the designation of "A History of the Constitution and Usages of the Army, with suggestions for Ameliorating the Moral and Physical Condition of Soldiers," or something of this sort, significant of the specific, and the practical and benevolent character of the work.

Though the important object of improving the moral and social condition of the soldier is never lost sight of, the reader in search of information and entertainment is not to be alarmed or warned off by the dread of utilitarian hardness, or dryness of reasoning and detail. On the contrary, richness and variety of illustration, and an exuberance of curious facts, render the book exceedingly amusing; and thus it is, in one sense, aptly enough named a "Miscellany." ——It sets out with a historical sketch of the recruiting of the army, in which we find nothing more interesting than the first training of the Puritans into soldiers, prior to the civil wars,—or about 1641 :—

> These trainings were originally very irksome to weary artisans and thrifty shopkeepers, there being a general muster once a year, while the drilling of individual companies took place four times a year, and lasted two days each time. The Puritans at first abhorred these warlike musters in the Artillery Gardens; but when they were taught from the pulpit, that their projected reformation could be accomplished only by carnal weapons, they crowded to the exercise with alacrity. The proud cavaliers laughed scornfully at these new displays of Cockney chivalry, and were wont to declare, that it took a Puritan two years to discharge a musket without winking. But the laugh was turned against themselves after the civil wars commenced, when the pikes and guns of the civic militia scattered the fiery cavalry of Prince Rupert, and bore down all before them.
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> When these Puritans were converted into actual soldiers, they "marched to the field in high-crowned hats, collared bands, great loose coats, long tucks under them, and calves' leather boots: they used to sing a psalm, fall on, and beat all opposition to the devil." The moral force of an army of this kind, could not be effectually resisted by mercenary troops. . . . .
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> The forces of the Parliament were at first hardly a match for those of the King, and were repeatedly, if not invariably, defeated. Cromwell soon discovered the cause of their inferiority as soldiers. "Your troops," said he to Hampden, "are most of them old, decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; the King's forces are composed of gentlemen's younger sons and persons of good quality; and do you think that the mean spirits of such base and low fellows as ours will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour and courage and resolution in them?—You must get men who have the fear of God before them, and some conscience of what they do,—men of a spirit that is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go,—or else, I am sure, you will be beaten, as you have hitherto been, in every encounter." On this principle Cromwell acted: he began with a troop of horse, enlisting the sons of farmers and freeholders, and incorporating among these all the most zealous fanatics he could find. He soon augmented his troop of horse to a regiment. Thus was formed that iron band which charged with such resistless fury at Marston and Naseby, at Dunbar and Worcester,—"that unconquered and unconquerable soldiery, for discipline and self-government as yet unrivalled upon earth."

An act of parliament was passed, in 1744, legalizing the recruiting of the army by impressment. In the enforcement of this statute, no very scrupulous regard was paid to persons, or to the rights of the subject; and constables and churchwardens were converted into crimps, by receiving a reward of one pound for every able-bodied man that this law enabled them to secure for the king's service, "Papists and Irishmen" always excepted. As Jacobitism was then rampant, "the Pope and the Pretender" in full force, and rebellion impending, this description of recruits, whether pressed or voluntary, must have been considered doubly dangerous; and indeed peace had been restored, and several years had elapsed, before Lord Chatham ventured the bold and wise experiment of recruiting from the Highland clans. Much oppression and gross injustice were perpetrated by country magistrates under the above act, which would now be most useful to game-preserving squires, as an easy means of getting rid of poachers. Mr. Mar-

* "Military Miscellany; comprehending a History of the Recruiting of the Army, Military Punishments," &c. &c. By Henry Marshall, F.R.S.E., Deputy Inspector of Army Hospitals, author of "Notes on Ceylon," and on "The Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers," &c. &c. Octavo, pp. 375. London: John Murray.

shall gives one remarkable instance of the flagrant abuse of this detestable statute: —

In 1744, the Vicar of Burstal thought it justifiable to rid the parish of a man who preached with more zeal and more effect than himself, and readily lent his assistance to have him pressed as a soldier. The man was brought before the Commissioners at Halifax, (where the Vicar was upon the bench,) who refused to hear him plead his cause, saying, "We have already heard enough of you from the minister of the parish." "So, gentlemen," said Nelson, the name of the preacher, "I see there is neither law nor justice for a man that is called a Methodist;" and addressing the Vicar by his name, he said, "What do you know of me that is evil? whom have I defrauded? or where have I contracted a debt I cannot pay?" "*You have no visible means of getting your living,*" was the reply. He was forthwith marched off to Bradford, and confined in a dungeon, where there was not even a stone to sit upon.

It is well remarked by Mr. Marshall, who enriches his narratives by the interspersing of many similar sentiments and reflections, that,—

Civil liberty and national morality appear to have been at a very low ebb at this time, when so much injustice could be committed under the sanction of law. The immoralities of a Government have a powerful influence in suppressing the monitions of conscience, and tend to keep down the morality of a whole people.

In a page immediately succeeding, reference is made to a justification of the "Pressing, or Vagrant Act," by a man with the high reputation for enlightenment and liberality of Lord Kames, who fancied this oppressive and arbitrary statute, "entitled to immortality," "a sovereign remedy against mobs and riots, diseases of a free country full of people and manufactures." What would Lord Kames have said of the country now, with its doubled population, and manufactures increased ten and an hundred fold? The corollary of Mr. Marshall is,—

There is a strong propensity in some men, even among those who have a fair character for honesty and liberality, to rob and oppress one another according to law. Lord Kames virtually advocates one law for the rich, and another for the poor. A law which sanctions the arbitrary dooming or adjudging young men to incur all the pains and penalties of a military life, against their will, implies a much greater degree of oppression and bondage than the conscription law, as administered in France, or the law in Prussia, by which every able-bodied youth is obliged to become a soldier for a specified time, where there is no exception of rank, and where substitutes are but rarely, if ever, allowed.

The Vagrant or Pressing Act did not work well. The sagacity of Lord Kames was at fault, as happily all human wisdom is found to be, when opposed to the eternal principles of justice.——Bad as the condition of soldiers in many respects still is, it has, even within the present century, been considerably ameliorated by the humane efforts of both public men and private individuals. Mr. Wyndham, while Secretary at War, proposed, and in the face of considerable opposition, and we may as well say of prejudice and ignorance, carried several measures, which, without impairing, nay while positively improving the discipline of the Army, assimilated the condition of the soldier somewhat more to that of the citizen of the same rank. Mr. Marshall goes fully into those measures, and into those subsequently suggested for the same valuable objects.

A section of the volume upon "*The moral and physical qualities of recruits,*" shows that a considerable proportion of the army consists either of orphans, or children deserted by their parents; and that "from thirty to fifty per cent of the men who enlist, are "unable to read with profit and satisfaction, or at any rate without difficulty." There is too much of a kind of reading which satisfies statists, while it does not deserve to be called ability to read with any advantage to its possessor. But although a little elementary education may be found among soldiers, the present constitution of the British army is radically bad. And why? because the soldier's life is wholly unsuited to young men of good principles and good habits. On this head, Sir John Macdonald, as cited by Mr. Marshall, says, "Few of the better classes of young men enlist in this country, except from quarrels with relations; and when they do become soldiers, they are presumed by their friends to commit moral suicide." In corroboration of this opinion, the Duke of Wellington said in evidence, that he did not think a better class of men than at present could be induced voluntarily to enter the army; and Mr. Marshall represents the case truly when he concludes that —

The army is unpopular in this country, not so much in consequence of the severity of military punishments, as on account of the necessary restraints upon the habits of the man who becomes a soldier, and on account of the severity of the service and duties which he performs, namely, service for life, at very moderate pay, — far from home and friends, — in unhealthy climates, — with great risk to health and life. . . . . With the exception of the native army in India, wherever troops are levied by voluntary enlistment, the ranks are chiefly recruited by the least prudent and most destitute class of the population. Military pay being usually lower than the wages of common labourers, and far below those of artificers, industrious respectable persons rarely enlist. . . . . There are many circumstances inseparably connected with the constitution, discipline, and services of the British army, which must ever effectually deter respectable, industrious, and tolerably well educated men from enlisting. Military discipline, for one thing, it is alleged, must be rigorous among British soldiers; they being excessively prone to commit offences, from their spirit of independence and the numerous temptations to which they are exposed. Inconsiderate lads, who enlist with the hope of being exempt from cares, or of gratifying their appetites, demand that the discipline should be strict and unremitting. Discipline, to be good, must be habitual: there must be no relaxation, even at times when the soldier is not afraid of being seen by a commissioned officer.

Mr. Marshall thus recognises, to the utmost extent, the necessity of maintaining the strictest discipline; but he also perceives, that were the army properly organized, were soldiers properly educated, and wisely and kindly treated, there would be comparatively little occasion for the harsh and arbitrary enforcement of discipline. On this head he remarks,—

The crimes of soldiers chiefly arise from the constitution of their profession. To disregard the verbal order of a commissioned officer, or even of a non-commissioned officer — a Corporal, for example — is insubordination, and renders a man as liable to be tried by a court-martial, and punished, as if he were to commit a breach of the Mutiny Act or the Articles of War. Soldiers are

also liable to be punished for constructive offences, such as alleged disrespect to a superior officer. It is difficult, therefore, to escape from the net of military law, its meshes being closed against the exit of the minutest fry of delinquencies. A court-martial may sentence a soldier to suffer corporal punishment, not extending, however, to "life or limb, for *immorality, misbehaviour*, and *neglect of duty*." The vague generalities of this article literally annul the benefits of a written code. . . . . In such cases the will of the Judge or Court is the law. Well-educated persons, individuals whose parents belong to a respectable class of society, and who have undergone careful moral training, find the thraldom and usages of the service as irksome, and are as liable to military "misbehaviour," as the uneducated and low-born class of soldiers; perhaps they are, indeed, more liable to fail in respect to their immediate superiors, whose conduct they may consider arrogant or oppressive. Implicit, unquestioning obedience, is an indispensable requisite in every soldier, according to the institutions and customs of the army; and this is perhaps more irksome to well-informed men than to the uneducated.

There can be no doubt of this. The irksome and useless customs and exactions referred to, prove that "continual dropping" which irritates a quick and generous nature much more readily than greater evils and hardships, however patiently such petty torments may be endured by the sluggish and slavish.

Mr. Marshall decidedly disapproves both of long terms of military service and the system of punishment, which, though now greatly mitigated, still prevails in the army, and still finds a few advocates among officers of some experience in the service. He also considers the remuneration allowed to soldiers as inadequate; and the provision made for the wounded and disabled, and those who have spent their best years and lost their health in the service, as altogether disproportioned to their proper maintenance; and hence offering no encouragement to respectable and steady young men to enter the army from the certainty of being decently provided for in their old age. And a soldier soon becomes old. It is here stated, that by the time soldiers in infantry corps reach forty years of age, or have served for twenty years, ninety-five per cent have either died, deserted, or been discharged as unfit for service; whereas the rate of mortality among pensioners, though older men, is only four per cent. Of long periods of service, it is said—

> Life-bondage has, I believe, the effect of suppressing individual improvement — of, in some measure, stultifying the human mind. Why are we tenacious of liberty, but because it gives us an open field for that exertion of our minds and bodies, whence alone pleasure can proceed! And divinely is it instituted that the activity of our faculties should constitute our happiness, whilst what blesses the individual enriches the species.

The Chapter relating to punishments in the army, presents us with many curious facts regarding whimsical and obsolete modes of punishment that have been employed in civil as well as in military society. Flogging, which is now principally employed in the British army as a secondary punishment, Mr. Marshall imagines may be derived from the gauntlet of the Roman soldiers; though flogging, as now practised, is a much more severe punishment than the *bastinado*, whether inflicted with rods or by the culprit running the gauntlet. Mr. Marshall heaps up instances and illustrations of the bad effects of this brutalizing mode of punishment, which, instead of reforming the culprit, too often, if not always, only hardens and farther depraves him. "The worst use to which you can turn a soldier," it is remarked, "is to make a flogging-block of him for the example of others." We shall give a few of the many facts by which this assertion is proved.

Private Flanagan, —— regiment, was a fine-looking soldier, about six feet one inch in height. He had excellent natural talents, and had received a tolerably good education. He had acquired a knowledge of Latin, and could speak the French language. When the regiment went to India, he was in a short time able to communicate with the natives in several of the languages of the country. Although Flanagan was a smart clever soldier, he was liable to commit slight breaches of military discipline, and his name was consequently sometimes entered in the Defaulter Books. Being a man of high spirit and violent temper, he could ill bear the reproaches of the Adjutant, who repeatedly censured him for his irregularities. On one occasion he became so irritated with the rebuke he was receiving, that he impatiently pushed the Adjutant from him with the back of his arm. Flanagan was forthwith tried by a court-martial for offering violence to the Adjutant, and sentenced to suffer death. When the sentence was communicated to him, he simply observed that he thought the award of the court was severe. On the day of the execution he preserved the most remarkable firmness, and conducted himself with the strictest decorum. The square having been formed, he, by permission, addressed the company to which he belonged. Having reached the fatal spot, the Fort-Adjutant commenced to read the proceedings of the court-martial; but having lost self-possession, his tongue faltered, which being observed by Flanagan, he addressed him by saying, "I see, sir, that you are agitated; pray allow me to read the proceedings for you." No notice was, of course, taken of this offer. He then begged that he should not be blindfolded, and that he might be permitted to give the word of command to the execution party; both of which requests were granted. He finally gave the word of command, with as firm a voice as a Sergeant-Major is accustomed to do on a drill parade. Flanagan's untimely fate took place in June, 1828, at Trichinopoly — he having, in all probability, fallen a victim to the unwise, injudicious, and harassing treatment of a superior officer. . . . . We learn from Dr. Hamilton, that private Anthony Gregory, of the 10th Foot, was punished with a hundred lashes, for suffering the queue of his hair to drop off when on duty, which, perhaps, he had that morning rather carelessly tied on; and I have, as late as 1811, seen an African recruit, who did not know a word of our language, brought to a drum-head court-martial and flogged, in consequence of some of his appointments being less clean than they ought to have been. Unsteadiness in the ranks, caused, perhaps, by a man brushing a fly from his face, and the disgraceful offence of stealing from a comrade, met with a similar chastisement, differing, perhaps, a little in the amount of infliction, but the same in ignominy. By these means the moral judgments of officers were in some measure confounded, as offences which received the same kind of punishment come to be considered as of the same guilt. . . . . "I have known," says an Old Soldier, (*Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life,*) "regiments entirely demoralized by a system of flogging. In a particular corps that came under my observation, and which for some time bore the nickname of the *bloody regiment*, the consequence of this system was, that all sense of shame was lost, and every blackguard made it a boast of manhood that he had received thousands of lashes on his back, and on the calves of his legs, nay, on the *fleshy part of*

his thighs; he who could name the greatest number considered himself the most honourable soldier."

On the other hand, I have known regiments in which a drummer had scarcely ever been subjected to the hated duty of being an executioner; the good men were so happily encouraged, that vice was put out of countenance, and found no refuge in opinion; every man became a censor and a juror, answerable for the conduct of his comrades, and active in supporting the honour of his *corps*. . . . . .

Flogging was carried to a greater extent at this time than at any future period. "When at Jersey, in the year 1808, it was my painful duty," says Lieutenant Shipp, "to witness the infliction of corporal punishment almost every week. One of the battalions of the 60th, which was chiefly composed of foreigners, including a number of Frenchmen, was then stationed at Jersey. Many of the men deserted, and most of them were taken in the attempt. Being tried for desertion, they were sentenced to receive one thousand lashes each. According to my authority, this punishment was rigidly inflicted, with the additional torture which must have resulted from the number of *five* being slowly counted between each lash; consequently the space of three hours and twenty minutes was occupied in inflicting the total punishment, as though one thousand lashes were not of themselves a sufficiently awful sentence without so cruel and unnecessary a prolongation of misery. Many of these poor creatures fainted several times: but, having been restored to their senses by medicinal application, the moment they could move their heads the castigation was recommenced in all its rigour. Numbers of them were taken down and carried from the square in a state of utter insensibility. The spectacle, altogether, instead of operating as an example to others, created disgust and abhorrence in the breast of every soldier present who was worthy of the name of man."

After relating other cases of the cruel, wanton, and capricious infliction of this degrading, and hence demoralizing punishment, it is asked—

Does it ever excite a culprit to reform his conduct, to become sober, honest, obedient, and zealous? When it fails to operate beneficially upon a delinquent, and upon the minds of the men in general, I fear

It hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

The hardening effect of corporal punishment is strikingly illustrated by the result of a case which is recorded by the late Dr. Gordon Smith. "Private P——, 12th Dragoons," says Dr. Smith, "was sentenced to receive a thousand lashes, which amount of punishment he bore without a complaint; as soon as he was taken down he turned round and addressed the officers as follows:—'Gentlemen, you have seen me take my punishment like a soldier, I hope you will give me my discharge; and if you don't, I will vex you all.' He was as good as his word, inasmuch as, for the space of about two years afterwards, he lived chiefly in the guard-house, being seldom, if ever, out of a drunken scrape." He was at length discharged, and subsequently obtained employment as a *valet*.

The consequences of the "frequent infliction" of corporal punishment are graphically described by General Stewart.

The subject of flogging was prominently brought forward by Sir Robert Wilson in 1804; and his example has since been followed both by distinguished officers and members of the legislature. At a much later period Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Charles Napier have, among others, raised their voices against excessive punishment, as uncalled-for, and defeating its alleged object. We hear of humane and sensible officers adopting other modes of punishment, one of which is *blistering*, which has been employed to reclaim drunkards. A commanding officer, stationed in Guernsey, said that he would not flog for drunkenness, but trust to the self-respect of his men for their observance of the rules of temperance, in a place where liquor was very cheap.

We are informed by Sir Charles Napier that blistering was successfully tried as a substitute for flogging in two corps, and he is not aware that this mode of punishment was adopted in any other regiment. The commanding officer of one of the regiments in question, then stationed in Guernsey, where liquor is cheap, determined to try to put a stop to the crime of drunkenness on duty, by an appeal to the honourable feelings of soldiers, and at the same time to make drunkenness as unpleasant as possible, but without the lash. He gave out an order to say that he would not flog, but trust to the soldier's self-respect for keeping sober on duty. Next day a man was drunk and confined. The colonel, accompanied by the surgeon, went to the guard-house, and felt the drunkard's pulse. He was declared to be in a fever. Nothing could be more true. He was therefore put into a blanket, and four soldiers bore him through the barracks, his comrades all laughing at the care taken of him. On reaching the hospital, the patient was put to bed and *blistered* between the shoulders, fed on bread and water for a week, and then discharged cured. He was then brought on the parade, when the commanding officer congratulated him on his recovery from the fever, and sent him to join his company, when he was laughed at and jeered by his comrades during the space of a week. Many others underwent the same treatment; but the joke, though very amusing to the sober soldiers, soon began to be none to the drunkards. There was considerable pain and uneasiness—some bread, plenty of water; but no pitying comrades—no commiseration—no mercy. The experiment was completely successful. Not a man of that regiment was flogged in Guernsey from the time the men were treated with blisters; and after a fortnight there was no such thing as a man drunk for guard or parade. Now, *this regiment had been in an infamous state.*

The following anecdote is not exactly in point, nor are we sure that it may not be somewhat apocryphal; but it is diverting, and, if true, does credit to the good-nature, and sense of justice, of the convivial old Colonel, at a period when it is stated, that the efficiency of an officer to command, was measured by his rigour in inflicting punishment.

Colonel Dickson, when he commanded the 42d Regiment, was one day superintending the punishment of an old soldier, who had been sentenced to receive corporal punishment in consequence of his being, as he himself said, a "*wee fou.*" The man complained much under the infliction, and begged frequently to be taken down; but the Colonel showed no disposition to remit any of the sentence. He made another appeal to the Colonel's humanity, and exclaimed. "Oh, Colonel, take me down! for *ye ken I'm just a puir auld drunken bodie like yoursel.*" The justice of the remark was universally admitted, and military discipline could hardly restrain the risible faculties of the officers and men. The soldier was forthwith taken down. His punishment evidently did much more harm than any benefit which could have been expected from it.

But grave and solid matter is mingled with the piquant seasoning for the general appetite, which is found in anecdotes of this sort. Thus we are told,—

A low degree of discipline not unfrequently exists with a high degree of flogging—a circumstance which shows that the discipline which depends upon the fear of the lash is precarious, little to be trusted, and will not stand the test of temptation—even the temptation to render the Commanding Officer ridiculous. Major ——, while he commanded the African corps—a corps

which was always notorious for corporal punishment, was one Sunday reading the morning service of the Church to the men, who were formed into a square. The Major, who was from north of the Tweed, spoke and read the English language with the broad accent of the natives of one of the counties in the north of Scotland. Upon reading the Creed, and pronouncing, in his own queer way, the words, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate," a wag in the ranks, well known for his uncontrollable propensity to joking and fun, exclaimed, "Wha's Ponshews Peelate, I wonder?" The Major paused, and laying aside the Prayer Book, said, "Ah, John, is that you at your jokes again? just come out here, my man." The soldier stepped forward, a drum-head court-martial was held, the triangles rigged out, and John received a hundred lashes without saying a word. The flogging having been completed, the Major resumed the Prayer Book, and finished the service of the day. . . . . .

It is a notorious fact, that when flogging was at its height, it was counted no great disgrace; indeed it was sometimes made a boast of, and instances have occurred where to have suffered from the lash was reckoned a qualification necessary for becoming a good comrade. A soldier who had been frequently punished, was ordered to strip to receive another flagellation. He refused at first to take off his clothes; but when coercive measures were resorted to, he submitted, and received his quantum of punishment without complaining; and when taken down, he said to the Colonel, "Colonel, honey! if you will give me six drams of liquor, I will take six hundred lashes more."

Mr. Marshall either hints at, or gently touches upon, other sources of abuse in the army. The "Articles of War," are not in all respects the perfection of human wisdom, nor are Courts Martial always the most immaculate of human tribunals. Again, some of what are reckoned the more lenient secondary punishments, intended to supersede the use of the lash, are not always well adapted to their purpose. Ignominious punishments, like branding, are denounced; and little could be gained by sparing a brave man's back, only to outrage and wound his spirit, and destroy his sense of honour and self-respect, by a shame as public and as indelible as flogging. As a medical man, Mr. Marshall, upon what seems irrefragrable grounds, condemns the favourite punishment of starvation; and his remarks on this subject are as applicable to many of the prisoners in civil Jails and Penitentiaries, as to military offenders. He rightly thinks, that the diet of prisoners in health, should not be left to the discretion of the surgeon, nor to any other functionary of such institutions. In administering punishment, he to the fullest extent applies the principles of Christian ethics, which "desire not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live." It is held, that the starving system operates unfavourably to moral improvement; and besides,—

It is, perhaps, as hurtful to the intellectual as the moral part of the human mind. A soldier who is enduring great privations in regard to food, as a punishment, must be but little disposed to form good resolutions, or to attend to the lessons of discipline. "There can be no doubt," says Dr. Malcolmson, "of the truth of the principle, that no punishment can be just, or in the eye of God lawful, which tends to impair the efficiency, injure the health, and shorten the life, of the soldier; or which produces any effects that cannot be estimated by the judges when they assign a punishment for an offence." Let us recollect, that soldiers are men of like appetites and passions with ourselves, and let us act towards them according to the dictates of humanity and the lessons of experience. Military law and military usages, when wisely and justly administered, like the law of God, do not "*desire the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.*" An adequate quantity of food, sufficiently varied, and exercise, must be allowed to prisoners, if it be intended that they should afterwards be useful to their country or themselves. . . . . With regard to the diet of soldiers undergoing punishment, I presume the object is, that they should have enough for nourishment and health, and very little more. How much and what quantity of food will suffice for that purpose, has not, hitherto, been correctly ascertained by experiment.

Until the exact quantity can be ascertained, starvation cannot be safely used as a punishment; and for many good reasons, soldiers in particular, while undergoing punishment, should, it is contended, not be limited either in the quantity or quality of their food.

But all this may be regarded as merely preliminary matter, and subsidiary to the great object of elevating the moral and social condition of soldiers, by preventives, instead of punishments; so that the work may, in some respects, be held only to commence with the valuable Chapter on the Education of Soldiers. The term is employed in no restricted sense, but comprehends much if not all that is requisite to train the ignorant or vicious "defender of his country," into a moral and intelligent being. It is a remarkable, and certainly not an honourable fact, to military commanders, that out of two hundred and fourteen officers who, so late as 1834, were requested by the General Commanding-in-Chief, to suggest what they considered the best means of eradicating in the army that fruitful source of military crimes, drunkenness, only two, Sir George Arthur, and Colonel Oglander, suggested what Mr. Marshall felicitously terms, "the schoolmaster's drill," while a multitude of ingenious punishments were devised. Were such a query to be issued now, we might confidently anticipate many very different responses. Mr. Marshall adopts the reply of Sir George Arthur, who attributed this propensity, which there is much in the slavish and uncared-for condition of the soldier to palliate, to ignorance and evil habit. "If," said Sir George,

it be essential, as it is, that the Sergeant should drill the clumsy lout into an active soldier, it is equally so that the teacher should meet with the same encouragement in giving him mind; that is, he should be equally supported in his exertions, if mental culture were equally prized with personal appearance.

"But," adds our author, "the mental culture of soldiers never has been equally prized with the art of handling arms." And he might have said, with many inferior petty arts and observances, by which the soldier is teased and annoyed. Formerly, officers in general were extremely jealous of the privates acquiring education, which was imagined to render them discontented and mutinous, and perhaps anonymous correspondents of newspapers. Some old officers still entertain this prejudice; and it is remarked, that officers who have risen from the ranks, like slaves promoted to be drivers, have little consideration for the feelings of those who

were lately their fellows, and are very jealous of the "schoolmaster." In the abstract, however, few men now, whether military or civil, venture, in the face of public opinion, to object to educating soldiers; and the superiority of the corps of Sappers and Miners, the only department of the service in which recruits are systematically and thoroughly educated, demonstrates, not alone the utility, but the practicability of converting the young, raw, ignorant recruit into an intelligent, steady, and well-informed man, as well as a good soldier; a soldier certainly far more to be relied on, in every emergency, than the reckless blackguard who formed the beau-ideal of the British soldier of Lord Melville and others, forty years since. It is surely no longer necessary to insist upon the advantages of mental cultivation to the soldier, whether for the benefit of the individual, or of the service. Mr. Marshall points out how France, Prussia, and even Russia, have taken the lead of England in this important matter. But the Emperor of Russia has also abolished the bastinado, except in very rare and aggravated cases; and so has the King of Prussia.

The officers of the French army in particular, take interest and pride in the men committed to their care not only attending the regimental schools, but benefiting by the instruction given. They tell the soldier that "talents and information confer the right to command;" and Mr. Marshall contends that education, — that is, the acquisition of elementary learning, and training in morals and manners, — is more required in the British than in the French army, as, from the effects of the conscription, the mixture of ranks in a French regiment has a beneficial influence on the general tone of manners, and a tendency to elevate the common standard. And surely men who, in early youth, have made a voluntary surrender of themselves to the country, who have given up freedom and the right of independent action to the State, have a strong claim on its kindness. But it is superfluous to argue this point farther; and we come at once to what Mr. Marshall conceives should be done to improve the condition of soldiers. We must refer to his volume for the full details of his benevolent projects, and necessarily limit ourselves to their substance. First, he says,—

I would strongly recommend that an adult school should be established in every regiment, and that the Institution should be under the superintendence of a commissioned officer, who might, as in the French army, be assisted by a monitor. . . . . There is one branch of knowledge which I would recommend to be communicated to soldiers — namely, the conditions upon which health depends, the advantage of cleanliness, &c. Much useful information might, with great advantage, be imparted to soldiers in regard to the means of preventing disease and preserving health. So early as 1788, Dr. Chausier, an eminent medical officer in the French army, recommended to the French Government to direct the Surgeons of regiments to deliver a course of lectures occasionally to the officers and soldiers of the corps to which they belonged, upon the best means of preserving their own health and that of others.

The valuable suggestions of Sir George Arthur, given in to an official Commission appointed to inquire into the means of improving the Moral and Intellectual condition of all grades of the Army, are cited at length by Mr. Marshall, and with unqualified approbation.

Kind treatment, benevolent care, and in all circumstances urbanity of deportment in the officers to the men, is insisted upon; and the French army is, in this respect, again held up for imitation. Much care is taken in the French army to preserve inviolate the sense of honour of the meanest private in the ranks.

In the *Military Regulations* it is stated, that "an instructor shall not touch a recruit, even to rectify his faulty position, unless his want of intellect require it." "If an officer were to strike a soldier, and the man were to run him through, I imagine (says a French officer,) the soldier would not suffer for it; he would, at least, be fully authorized to strike him again. A superior striking an inferior, makes the inferior his equal."

In a memorandum from the Horse Guards, dated some years back, it is stated that —

"Many cases of what is called mutinous conduct arise from the improper way in which non-commissioned officers speak or give orders to the men."—*Memorandum —Horse Guards, 24th June*, 1830.

Mr. Marshall adds—

Non-commissioned officers are commonly much influenced by the example of their superiors in the treatment of soldiers.

Mr. Marshall draws attention to the exceedingly uncomfortable condition of soldiers in their crowded barracks, and to the farther annoyance of useless barrack regulations, such as the soldier not being allowed to smoke a pipe, or mend his shoes, in his only home. The lodging of the Dorsetshire labourers, the byword and reproach of England, seems luxury by comparison; for the inmates may, at their pleasure, step into the free air of heaven, desert the premises, or within doors occupy themselves as they please. Ten or twelve men in one barrack-room appears a sufficient number: but we hear of sixty and seventy,—the peace, comfort, and morals of the whole number at the mercy of four or five blackguards that may chance to be among them. But the married soldier, or non-commissioned officer, may have, and generally has, no other lodging, even for his wife than the barrack-room. Mr. Marshall recommends small barrack-rooms, as making the best of what is perhaps an unavoidable evil. He says,—

When the rooms are small and the men selected, a sort of harmony and good fellowship follows, which tends to keep the men in barracks, and out of the pot-house. Some of the barrack-rooms in this country have no fire even in winter; and they all want many of the conveniences which are considered indispensable in very ordinary dwellings.

Much more attention should also be paid to the furnishing of soldiers with the means of ablution in barracks. For want of all convenience of this kind, soldiers frequently wash their hands and face by filling a small tin with water at the pump, from which a man takes a mouthful, which is squirted out into his hands, and subsequently applied to the face. With such a want of artificial means of ablution, how can it be expected that soldiers should acquire habits of tidiness and cleanliness? Another subject deserving consideration is, the condition of the soldiers' wives. When females receive the sanction of the Commanding Officers to reside in barracks, decency demands that some conveniences should be

especially provided for them. In many respects, the condition of females in barracks is deplorable; and although it would be difficult to render it comfortable, it might, without much trouble or expense, be greatly meliorated.

Greater attention might also be paid, with advantage, to the diet of soldiers. Due care has for a long time been directed to their wants, in as far as the providing of breakfast and dinner is concerned. With respect to the dinner, it may be observed, that in this country it is commonly excellent in quality and abundant in quantity; but it is unvarying—the same kind of articles, cooked in the same manner, from the 1st January to the 31st December—

> Que le vent souffle au nord, ou qu'il souffle au midi,
> C'est toujours du bouilli, mais jamais du rôti.

This might be altered with advantage both to the health and enjoyment of the soldier; and I would suggest that it should be rendered imperative to furnish soldiers with an evening meal. Old officers may recollect the time when no care was taken to provide them even with breakfast. At present, the dinner hour is usually about one o'clock; and no arrangement is commonly made to furnish the men with any article of food till breakfast next morning, being a period of about nineteen hours. I am aware that some Commanding Officers have, with the consent of the men, sanctioned the appropriation of a portion of their surplus pay to furnish a cup of coffee, with a little bread, as a supper; but I would have the measure made compulsory. The advantage of an evening meal, even as regards the discipline of a corps, is of much importance: it helps to keep the men together, and to prevent their lounging about the canteen or pot-house, where, if they get a little spirits when their stomach is empty, they are very liable to become intoxicated.

I attribute many of the offences of soldiers to want of comfort in barracks, and want of hope of being discharged after a specified period.

Besides the improvement that may be confidently anticipated from education, kind and courteous treatment, the abolition of arbitrary cruel and degrading punishments, greater attention to the comfort of the soldier in his food and lodgings, and to the means of personal cleanliness, and to the preservation of the decencies of civilized life,—Mr. Marshall relies upon the good effects of pensioning soldiers; the grand rule of remuneration to be the length of service, or injuries received in action. He would also grant temporary pensions, under certain conditions and in specified circumstances. The great object of this system of rewards is to excite a willingness to serve. The outline of the scheme is this:—

Under this system, a soldier might be permitted to have the option of claiming and obtaining his discharge after ten years' service, and, under suitable regulations, at any subsequent period. After eleven years' service, he should have a claim of right to receive his discharge, and a gratuity of £5; and, from eleven to fifteen years, a free discharge and a gratuity of £5 for each year's service between these periods. After fifteen years' service, a soldier should receive an annuity for life of 4d. a day; after sixteen years, 4½d.; after seventeen years, 5d.; after eighteen years, 7d.; after nineteen years, 8½d.; after twenty years, 10d.; and after twenty-one years, 1s.

Mr. Marshall concludes—

I am greatly disposed to think that permanent pensions should be granted only to men who have been wounded and disabled before the enemy, and men who have completed a specified period of service; and that conditional or temporary pensions should be awarded to those who are discharged in consequence of being deemed unfit for service, and who have not served the number of years which would entitle them to a permanent annuity.

In one of the many valuable statistical tables which have a place in the volume, the difference between soldiers and sailors as to Pay, Rations, and Pensions, is exhibited, and is seen to be greatly to the advantage of the naval service. But for this there are special reasons, to which Mr. Marshall does not sufficiently advert. He is the soldier's advocate; his sympathies are with the land-force, though he denounces, without reservation, the barbarous punishments inflicted upon seamen; of which he gives some most painful, and indeed revolting examples. Something has of late been attempted by the Admiralty to "abolish cruelty and restrain severity;" but, according to the Official returns, without much effect. The average number of punishments and lashes appears much the same in 1839 and in 1843. About two thousand seamen in each year, receive nearly sixty-two thousand stripes, ascending from three to sixty, and a hundred strokes of the lash, inflicted at one time.* And these strokes may be alternately suspended and renewed, so as to prolong the agony and render it more acute. "You British boast of your humanity," said an aged monk, who witnessed the sentence of "flogging round the fleet" executed at Port Mahon. "What is there in all the tortures that your nation truly or falsely impute to the Inquisition, more protracted or inhuman than this proceeding? Why do you suspend the lash but to increase the agony? What worse torture could disgrace the prisons of Algiers?"

We must take leave of Mr. Marshall's meritorious book, without having touched upon many of the topics upon which it disserts. Apart from its author's enlightened and philanthropic views, and regarding it merely as the accumulation of a patient gleaner, who, modestly forbearing to place his individual opinions in a prominent light, yet enforces and corroborates them by citing the kindred sentiments of many influential thinkers and writers, and of the most distinguished living names connected with the military service,—we are bound to give the work the highest praise; and for the sake of humanity to wish that its influence may be commensurate with its worth, and the excellence of the motives to which it owes its origin. It may not be a clever piece of book-making in the merely literary artistic sense; but it is something infinitely better.

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* Those of our readers who wish to know what flogging in the navy, or "flogging round the fleet," means, are referred to *Tait's Magazine* for 1834, page 320.

OVER-POPULATION AND ITS REMEDY.*

Were Mr. Thornton's Inquiry very inferior, in all respects, to what it is, or were it merely a dull, well-meaning book, instead of being a body of most instructive and clearly-stated facts and cogent arguments, we should yet consider it entitled to the most respectful attention, from the philanthropic motives which have led the writer to the choice of his subject. Well may Mr. Thornton say, "Instead of pleading the claims of the poor to an earnest investigation of their distresses, one would be almost rather disposed to wonder that any other subject can be esteemed of national interest while this most momentous subject remains unsolved." He makes no pretensions to being the herald of any new discovery in political science,—but, strongly impressed with the importance of the cause he pleads, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth hath spoken." Mr. Thornton is, in short, an earnest and zealous man, wholly absorbed in one subject; and that, as he says, the most momentous that can engage the heart or the head of any man who takes an interest in the welfare of his fellow-creatures. The author of "The Inquiry" appears to have lain by on the watch, for years, eagerly collecting facts bearing on his subject, from every variety of source; from statistical reports, blue books, the reports of parliamentary commissions, and statements in pamphlets, speeches, magazines, books of travels; and, indeed, wherever any thing could be found to elucidate his positions, so that the nature and multiplicity of the facts so diligently collected would be sufficient to give interest to the treatise, independently of the vital importance of its objects. It is not the number of individuals living in any country which Mr. Thornton considers the true test of over-population, but the difficulty, or impossibility, of the labouring part of those individuals, those whose industry must support so many besides themselves, obtaining "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Neither is destitution considered the true test of over-population; as this may proceed from indolence, or from bodily or mental infirmity. Mr. Thornton's definition of over-population is, "A deficiency of employment for those who live by labour, or a redundancy of the labouring class above the number that the fund applied to the remuneration of labour can maintain in comfort."

This condition is an evil greater than war or pestilence, as its pressure is continually felt, and as moral debasement, and consequent social degradation, is in general the sure attendant of physical suffering. Having stated at large these inevitable consequences of poverty it is said,

> Now, if this be the condition of the working class, it is no proof of national prosperity that the rest of the people are wealthy and civilized. A nation may be pre-eminent in power and grandeur, and equally distinguished in the arts of war and peace; native industry and foreign commerce may supply in abundance every requisite for ease and luxury; and to these solid materials of enjoyment may be superadded all the resources of literature and science: still, if these advantages contribute only to the happiness of the few, while the many are sunk in bodily and mental destitution, the lot of such a people is any thing but an enviable one. With all their civilisation and refinement, their condition would not be ill exchanged for that of the rudest horde of wandering Tartars, whose numbers are better proportioned to their means of subsistence. The balance of happiness is apparently in favour of the latter.

Now, this condition, though certainly not that of the majority of the labourers of the United Kingdom, is that of too many of the number, including much of Ireland, and nearly all the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Yet extreme destitution is not confined to these regions. Among the population of great towns, and in such agricultural localities as Dorsetshire, and other southern counties, it is felt in the extreme. As Mr. Thornton's facts are only obtained at second-hand, implicit reliance cannot be placed on every separate statement, yet all are, we believe, substantially correct; though we fear that some part of the highly prosperous condition of the labourers of the Lowlands of Scotland, and of the English northern border, is rather comparatively than absolutely true.

Pauperism on the Continent, and the condition of the labourers in different continental states, are investigated at length, and there is an ample description of the condition of the English peasantry as far back as written annals reach. Indeed, taken as a whole, we have in the volume, a view of the labouring classes of the most of Europe.—Mr. Thornton is an avowed Malthusian, so far as relates to premature or improvident marriages; and he even attacks Mr. M'Culloch and Mr. Laing for shirking the question. On this head it is said,

> I will not be drawn into a regular defence of Mr. Malthus against his opponents, though the temptation is great to show that the poor have no more right than the rich to indulge in luxuries which they cannot afford, and that it is decidedly immoral to bring children into the world to starve. I will confine myself to one or two observations. Malthus asserts, that people ought not to marry until they are able to maintain the children they are likely to have. This is the great maxim which he labours to establish, the end to which all his reasonings point, the sole practical deduction to be drawn from his doctrines. Do his opponents maintain the contrary? Do Messrs. M'Culloch, Alison, and Laing—does any one, in short, except doting mammas, impatient to behold their children's children, or young ladies still dreaming of love in a cottage, think that people ought to marry before they can afford to do so? If they do not think this, they are as much Malthusians as the founder of the sect; for Malthus himself has said no more. It is, indeed, his great defect that he has confined himself to this,—that he has said so little, not that he has said so much.

In a more advanced stage of the treatise he resumes this subject, remarking,

> At the risk of being made to smile, the reader must now be reminded, that the final purpose for which free

* Over-Population and its Remedy; or an Inquiry into the Extent and Causes of the Distress prevailing among the Labouring Classes of the British Islands, and into the means of remedying it. By William Thomas Thornton. Octavo. Pp. 446. Longman & Co.

trade, the allotment system, education, and sundry other expedients, have been so strongly recommended, is neither more nor less than to diminish the frequency of marriage. The immediate object is indeed to improve the condition of the poor; but the improvement would be very short-lived, if it did not serve to check the progress of population. No community can long remain prosperous, if marriage does more than preserve the proportion between the numbers of the people and their means of subsistence, — if the former increase more rapidly than the latter,—or if the former increase at all, when the latter are stationary. In this last case, population should altogether cease to advance, and ought only to be prevented from receding. The poor are therefore to be placed in a situation of comfort, in order that they may abstain from marrying until they can do so without imprudence. So hard a condition may seem perhaps to destroy the value of the boon. That may appear a very dull, prosaic state of existence, in which marriages are only permissible in order to prevent depopulation; in which youths and maidens can only gaze at each other "through the grate of the preventive check;" and no one can succeed to the privilege of matrimony, except by the death of another. Such, however, is the inevitable fate reserved for mankind. . . .

The natural increase of the species never proceeds too rapidly except in rural districts, and the redundant population of towns consist almost entirely of overflowings from the country. If this view be correct, it is clear that it is only necessary to confine the population of the latter within due bounds, in order to make that of the former return to its proper level. Make the country people happy, and they will not flock in to partake of the misery of towns.

Mr. Thornton is a hard-headed if not a hard-hearted reformer of social ills, for he goes the length of upholding the new Poor Law, even in what are considered its harshest provisions. "In what," he inquires, "does the discipline of the workhouse consist?"

The most tender-hearted philanthropist cannot disapprove of the inmates being required to observe regular hours, to practise habits of cleanliness, and to perform stated tasks when able to work. There are, in fact, only two regulations to which any specious objection can be made. Paupers, with the exception of the aged (to whom considerable indulgence is allowed,) are in general confined strictly to the workhouse premises, so long as they choose to reside there, and are also restrained from associating with relatives or companions of the other sex. These rules have incurred the most vehement censure. Why, it is asked, should not free egress be permitted at stated hours, so far as the preservation of order in the establishment would permit? Simply because workhouses are designed solely for the relief of genuine want, and are not intended to be boarding-houses for labourers in general, as Mr. Wakley perhaps would have them, and as they would certainly become if such liberty were granted. As habitations, they are far preferable to cottages of the very best description. What cottager then would refuse to avail himself of their advantages, if he could do so unconditionally. . . Unless there were some irksomeness to counterbalance its recommendations, a residence in the workhouse would be much more anxiously desiderated than it is now eschewed; workmen would be continually leaving their employers, and the parish would be the only popular master. The separation of the sexes, and particularly of husband and wife, has incurred the largest share of odium. The practice, although usual in hospitals and similar charitable institutions, has been styled inhuman and unnatural, and it has also been called an impious defiance of the Divine injunction, "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder." Of course, those who so strangely misapply our Saviour's reprobation of divorce, are not indebted for the quotation to their own biblical researches; but, even if the words really had the meaning attributed to them, they would be equally inapplicable. Whether it be or be not allowable, in any circumstances, forcibly to separate man and wife, no one will dispute that they have a right to part of their own accord, if any considerations of convenience render a temporary sacrifice of each other's society desirable. But the separation which takes place in the workhouse is a spontaneous arrangement of this sort. No compulsion is used: the parties are quite at liberty to live together at home, if they can afford to do so; but if they cannot support themselves, and apply to the parish for subsistence, the parish has a right to dictate its own terms; and no conditions can be more reasonable than that, being themselves a burden to the public, they shall not employ their leisure in accumulating an additional burden.

There is no doubt a show of reason in this.

Although it is needful, in the first place, to expose in the broadest light the ills and extent of poverty and destitution in society, the preventives and remedies are of much nearer concernment. Those upon which Mr. Thornton mainly relies, are free-trade, agricultural improvements, small farms, and cottage allotments; while little is expected from emigration. Subsidiary to the above, though flowing from them, are better modes of education and moral training; more comfortable and healthy dwellings, and the higher moral tone consequent upon better wages, greater leisure, and an altogether improved social condition.

Most of the topics discussed, are treated in relation to the respective conditions of the urbane and the rural labourers, whether of England, Ireland, or Scotland, as the same kind of remedies do not apply to all of these cases alike. For example, the reduction of the hours of labour, which is needed in the English factories, would require to be reversed in Ireland, where the hours of labour, from various causes, besides the want of employment, are too few. But Ireland is altogether an anomalous case, to which ordinary remedies do not apply; and it is so considered. The main suggestions for Ireland, are a better tenure of possessing land; leases, in short, even for the smallest holdings, and numerous small farms, enjoyed by a tenure which may give the occupiers a permanent as well as immediate interest in their minute and perfect cultivation. The idea, not indeed a new one, is also thrown out, which we leave Mr. Thornton to develop in his own words.

If two or three acres of reclaimed marsh can furnish plentiful subsistence to one family, 600,000 acres would do as much for 200,000 families; that is to say, for one-fourth part of the Irish peasantry, which is as large a proportion as can well be supposed unable to procure a competent livelihood. According to the most recent accounts, there are considerably more than six millions of acres of land lying waste in Ireland; of which about three-fifths are acknowledged to be improvable. These waste lands have long been looked upon as a grand resource for the poor, and almost every one of the numerous parliamentary committees and gets of commissioners successively appointed to deliberate on Irish affairs, has strongly recommended their reclamation, as a means of affording occupation for the unemployed, as well as of locating vagrant and destitute families. Instead, however, of promoting the work in the manner proposed, viz. by loans to landowners and ambitious speculators, who would probably be the sole gainers by their operations, it would be a shorter as well as a surer plan, to permit the poor to reclaim the land themselves, and to keep it when reclaimed. No doubt need be entertained of their perfect ability to perform the task proposed for them.

It has been said, that the colonists ought to be allowed to retain permanent possession of the spots reclaimed by them. To employ them "as labourers in bringing the land into a remunerative condition," in order that it may then be let to some one else, while they are sent to shift for themselves where they can, may be an excellent mode of enriching the landlord, but must eventually aggravate the sufferings of the poor. It is probably because this plan has been generally practised, that the reclamation of waste land has hitherto done nothing for the benefit of the Irish peasantry. If the latter are to derive any advantage from it, such of them as may be located on the waste should receive perpetual leases of their respective allotments—should be made freeholders, in fact, or at least perpetual tenants at a quit-rent. Such an appropriation of waste land would, of course, require that compensation should be made to all who previously possessed any interest in it. But the value of a legal interest in land, which cannot be enclosed or cultivated without permission of the legislature, can only be proportionate to the actual yearly produce; and as land in a natural state yields little or nothing, all legal claims upon it might be bought up at a trifling expense, or might be commuted for a very small annual payment to be made by the settlers. Of the perfect competence of Parliament to direct some arrangement of this kind, there can be no question.

We hope so; as of its necessity and utility there can be no question. The same arguments apply to many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, where the very same state of things exists. Mr. Thornton calculates, that in Ireland alone, 200,000 pauper families may thus at once be established upon waste lands, and speedily converted into a body of industrious and orderly yeomen.

Mr. Thornton corroborates his argument for small farms, *crofts*, and minute cultivation, by contrasting the condition of the adjoining counties of Sutherland and Caithness; the former, the most magnificent field of experimenting on large farms, and extensive sheep-walks; and the latter, still in the condition in which it has been for centuries, and the subject of no violent or wholesale attempts at what is imagined improvement. More than enough has of late been heard of the condition of the peasantry and small occupiers in the *improved* county; so we may at once pass to that on which little capital, save the labour of the peasant-farmers, has been expended, and no force has been used to make all things new.

The natural advantages of Caithness, the adjoining county, are not much greater than those of Sutherland. Three-eighths of its surface are barren and mountainous, and the remainder—the best portion, though perfectly flat, is so bleak and exposed, that trees will not grow, and, though containing a few fertile spots, consists chiefly of moss and moorish soil covered with heath. Instead, however, of being converted into interminable sheep walks, it has been divided amongst a numerous body of small farmers, occupying on an average not more than twenty acres each, which they hold on moderate terms and on lease. What is the consequence? The annual rental assessed to the property-tax, which in 1815 was only about £35,000, very little more than that of Sutherland, is now about £76,000, or considerably more than double its former amount. Surely no better proof can be required of the advantages of small farms, so far as landlords are concerned. The evidence respecting their influence on the peasantry is not less satisfactory. Instead of the turf-built, mud-floored, chimneyless hovels of Sutherland, the great plain of Caithness is dotted with good stone cottages, with signs of comfort about them, and frequently with trim little flower gardens in front. The whole land seems to be under cultivation. Instead of dawdling about for want of work, every one is busily employed. Scarcely a field can be seen without men and horses labouring in it; and labour is so well rewarded, that even women can earn sixpence or eightpence a day, in weeding and stone-picking.

The substance of this is gleaned from the report of *The Times'* Commissioner. We would draw attention to another and very important fact. No northern county, and hardly indeed any Scottish county, of its population, annually exports so many young men and women, intelligent, active, frugal, and keenly industrious, who come up to Edinburgh, and other southern towns, as mechanics, small shopkeepers, and domestic servants, as does Caithness, from the nurseries of these small farms. We would unhesitatingly challenge comparison between them, and the natives of any of the other Highland counties, and the issue would bear out Mr. Thornton's argument for small farms. This admitted superiority we have heard attributed to difference of race, the population of the Scottish peninsula being alleged to be more Scandinavian than Celtic. But this is a fanciful distinction. The population of Caithness has long been, at all events, inextricably mixed; and we must look rather to their present and past social condition, than to their race, as the cause of their moral and physical superiority.

But we must abruptly stop; having gone farther than is permissible with a work of this serious character. Serious indeed—coming home to all men's bosoms who have hearts to which appeal can be made—yet any thing rather than dull; the mere accumulation of the diversified facts so clearly stated, giving vital interest to every page. Mr. Thornton, we have said, sets up no pretensions to original discovery in political science, nor indeed to discovery of any sort; but he is well entitled to every praise that can be awarded to a man of fair abilities, earnestly devoted to the promotion of the good of his species.

HOMŒOPATHY; ITS PRINCIPLE, THEORY, AND PRACTICE.*

The homœopathists are entitled to all credit for their zeal, activity, and perseverance in what they believe a good cause; though their zeal, like that of other theorists, may sometimes outrun, if not exactly their discretion, at least their forbearance with those who are either altogether sceptical, or who require farther evidence, and a longer track of enlarged experience. If medical science—or what is now termed *Allopathy*—after the lapse of centuries, is still uncertain; if its most enlightened practitioners candidly confess as much, and frankly avow that they differ with each other on

* By M. B. Sampson. Published under the superintendence of the English Homœopathic Association. Octavo. Pp. 218. London: Samuel Highley.

many essential points; it is too much to expect that a novel and comparatively untried system should be received, all at once, as one complete and perfect. The present state of medical science, its acknowledged abuses, particularly in the excessive administration of drugs, and slow improvement, afford cogent reasons for the investigation of its principles, but offer no apology for the dogmatism of new sects. This much, in general, of those broaching new hypotheses, whether in medicine or any other science, who sometimes, by an excess of zeal, defeat their own objects, if these be only to spread light and truth. The work before us can have no other object, and has thus special claims to consideration. It is not the production of a professional man; and may, therefore, be presumed above the prejudice or bias almost inseparable from professional training and habits; and it is to be regarded as the deliberate manifesto of "The English Homœopathic Association," which numbers many intelligent individuals quite unconnected with medicine as a science. As this body appointed Mr. Sampson to write the popular exposition of the principles of Homœopathy, which is published under their authority, it may be regarded as their "Confession of Faith;" and the able manner in which the treatise is executed justifies their choice of a popular expounder of their doctrines. Mr. Sampson skilfully sets out with a sketch of the life of the founder of the sect; whose excellent and amiable character, and honest enthusiasm, go far to recommend his doctrines. But much fuller memoirs of Hahnemann have already been given to the world by his disciples. Here we find nothing new, save that Hahnemann, in his seventy-ninth year, married a French lady, one of his patients; and, leaving Germany, settled in Paris, where he practised Homœopathy until his eighty-ninth year, and, to his last hour, preserved "his moral energy and activity."

Mr. Sampson commences his task by setting forth, at great length, and with much ingenuity, the many imperfections of medical science; enumerating numerous diseases upon which practitioners hold discordant, and sometimes directly opposite opinions. But may not those who differ in many special cases be each in the right, and the difference lie mainly in words? The physician who treated every case of a particular disease in the same manner, and directed, for all of them, the self-same remedies, could be little better than a Sangrado, with his two grand specifics. The detailed extracts from *The Lancet*, by which Mr. Sampson has illustrated the uncertainty and discrepancies of medical judgments, do not, we think, go for much; but the exhibition of the fatal results attending the use of certain medicines in cases related, are more striking. To non-professional readers they are, indeed, quite frightful. One is absolutely appalled, not alone by the effects of such drugs as prussic acid, mercury, and foxglove, but by insipid magnesia, and innocent chalk-mixture; and thus far Mr. Sampson makes out his case against the doctors triumphantly. The evidences of the truth of homœopathy, and the efficacy of homœopathic treatment, is a more difficult chapter, though many important facts are adduced in support of both. The list of cures in the Homœopathic, and in the regular hospitals, must be considered a good test; and by the tables given, numbers are found to be immensely upon the side of the new sect. It is but fair to let Mr. Sampson speak here for himself; and the following passage, as dealing in "facts and figures," is among the most weighty in his treatise. Cholera, which raged so fatally in Europe, in 1831,—a disease of which the regular physicians appeared to know little more at its close than at its commencement,—is here stated to have yielded, in a remarkable degree, to homœopathic treatment:—

> While Dr. Joseph Brown, by whom the course of the disease was observed at Sunderland from its commencement in October to its cessation in January, states the mortality to have been 202 out of 534 attacked, or 38 per cent, he speaks of a mortality of only 22¾ per cent in the epidemic which prevailed in the Presidency of Madras from 1818 to 1822, as "a proud monument to the skill of the medical men employed, and to medical science in general." Now the results of the Homœopathic treatment of this disease in Europe in 1831, show a total of 2753 cured out of 3017 persons attacked, being a mortality of only 8¼ per cent; and must be held therefore, if the eulogium of Dr. Brown on the practitioners of Madras is in any way deserved, as a "proud monument" of the skill of the Homœopathic practitioners and to the "science in general," by which their practice had been guided.
>
> It will perhaps be urged, that, as the mortality of cholera varied much in different localities, it does not follow but that the above cases may have been of a singularly favourable kind; but there is no reason whatever for such an assumption. The documents on which the calculation has been made were furnished from Russia, Austria, Berlin, and Paris; so that the treatment was evidently not confined to localities especially favoured; and, moreover, a statement has been furnished from the territory of Raab in Hungary, where the disease raged with great violence, which serves to show the results of the Homœopathic and Allopathic treatment in the same district. . .
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> Further evidence of the success of the system in the severest cases, is furnished by the reports of the Homœopathic Hospital at Vienna: showing a mortality in cases of inflammation of the lungs, of about 6¾ per cent.; while the mortality under the ordinary method of treatment is about 23¼ per cent.; in cases of inflammation of the pleura, a mortality of 1¼ per cent against 12½ per cent; and in inflammations of the peritoneum, 4¾ per cent against 27½ per cent.
>
> Thus much with regard to acute disease of the most malignant kind. With regard to the power of the Homœopathic system in chronic cases, the evidence appears to be equally strong. The London Homœopathic Institution, in its report of cases (both acute and chronic) from October 1839 to 1st May, 1845, shows a large number of cures of diseases, for the most part deemed incurable under the old system; and which cures, therefore, (the results of the ordinary practice not admitting of any *comparative* statements of mortality) are each to be taken as confirmatory evidence of the strongest description. The cases discharged cured from this institution, during the above period, we find to be, —Cerebral affections, Apoplexy, Encephalitis, 42.—Epilepsy, Paralysis, Mental affections, &c. 55.—Amaurosis, Deafness, Deaf and Dumb, 31.—Cataract, Fungus, and Fistula, 7.—Ophthalmia, and Scrofulous Ophthalmia, 63.—Gastritis (Dyspepsia,) 191.—Enteritis, 31.—Uterine, Ovarian affections, 87.—Gastro-enteritis, 94.—Gastro-entero-metritis, 57.—Gastro-entero-bronchitis, 210.—Pneumonia, Hydrothorax, Pleuritis and Bron-

chitis, 57.—Hooping-cough, 40.—Phthisis, 75.—Dysentery, 36.—Quinsy, &c. 14.—Cutaneous, Scirrhous, and Cancerous affections, 97.—Rheumatism, &c. 21.—Erysipelas, Small-pox, and Scarlatina, 40.—Typhus Fever, 13.—Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, and Genital Organs, 5.—Mechanical Injuries, Bruises, Sprains and Spinal affections, 6.—Scrofulous affections, 39.—Syphilitic and Mercurial affections, 50.

Of these, it will be seen, a large proportion are cases towards the cure of which the old practice is admitted to be powerless. Regarding epilepsy, for instance, it has been stated by one who was formerly physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, "I know that most persons who go to St. Thomas's Hospital are *relieved*, but I believe none are *cured*." Of the various forms of dyspepsia we have the testimony of Dr. Craigie, that "medicine is never adequate to the final and permanent cure of the disease." Cataract, fistula, amaurosis, scrofulous ophthalmia, scirrhous and cancerous affections, are all known also for their unfavourable terminations; yet not only do these diseases appear to have been successfully dealt with, but we find also that in no less than seventy-five cases a cure has been effected of that disease which carries off one-fifth of our population, and which, more than any other, forms the opprobrium of medical practice. The number of cases of phthisis, in the above list, forms one of its most striking features, and is of itself a point of evidence entitling the system under which it has been furnished to the very fullest consideration.

All this seems, at least to the unprofessional, remarkable, and becomes more worthy of consideration when we learn that most of the cases were those of patients dismissed from the London hospitals as "incurables." One proof in favour of homœopathy, is said to be the adoption of some of its new remedies by regular practitioners; though we hear only of one, tincture of arnica, for sprains. But if this is evidence for the truth of homœopathy, it is, on the other hand, evidence that the Allopathists are not so utterly prejudiced and blinded, in their hostility to homœopathy, as the Homœopathists allege. They can adopt what they see to be right, though the good thing should "come from Galilee."

In support of the existence, the absolute truth of the alleged great homœopathic law,—the principle of which every body now understands, whether they believe in it or not,—Mr. Sampson cites many remarkable cases; but the whole phenomena of disease is confessed to be replete with real and apparent marvels, and perplexing anomalies; and we cannot perceive that the cases adduced, curious though they may be, make much either for or against Homœopathy. The minute, the microscopic doses of medicine administered in Homœopathic practice, is, to the profane vulgar, the greatest absurdity, and the most vulnerable point of the new system. We can only enter so far into this section of the treatise as to show how the small doses came to be adopted:—

When Hahnemann, having become satisfied of the truth of his discovery, first attempted to apply it in practice, he administered such medicines as he thought proper to prescribe, in doses of the usual amount. This was obviously the course natural for him to take, but a little experience soon convinced him that the effects thus produced were too strong; that there was a much greater susceptibility of the system to medicines administered in accordance with the symptoms than in opposition to them, or in disregard of them, and that it would consequently be necessary to lower the dose to an amount which, while it would eventually be followed by a perceptible improvement in the condition of the patient, would produce in its first action no distressing or dangerous results. This step answered his expectations; and proceeding gradually in his reductions as he found them warranted by experience, he was induced to resort to a mode of attenuating medicinal substances, which finally led him to results of the most surprising kind.

This process of attenuation, which has since been universally adopted in Homœopathic practice, consists as follows: With all mineral substances the process commences with trituration, by which they are reduced to a fine powder. One grain of this powder is put into a small porcelain mortar, with 33 grains of sugar of milk; and after being mixed with a bone spatula, the mixture is pounded for a few minutes (six is the number used by Hahnemann, and, for the sake of uniformity, that number is generally adopted;) after which it is detached from the bottom and sides of the mortar, and again pounded for six minutes more; 33 grains of the sugar of milk are then added, and the process is repeated as in the first instance; after which another quantity of 33 grains of sugar of milk is added, and the same course pursued; thus making the attenuation 1.100. In this manner the attenuation is carried to the one-millionth part of a grain; and when a greater attenuation is required, the powders are dissolved in a mixture of alcohol and water. Vegetable juices or extracts are reduced to the state of a concentrated alcoholic tincture, of which one drop is mixed with 99 of alcohol, and then shaken; one drop of the dilution thus effected, is next mixed with 99 drops of alcohol, and again shaken; and the same process is repeated until the required degree of dilution is obtained. In general the dilution is carried to the decillionth part of a grain.

Now, it is alleged by Hahnemann, and the allegation is confirmed by the testimony of every other physician by whom the Homœopathic principle has been recognised, that medicines attenuated in this way, when administered in harmony with existing symptoms, are not only found effectual to the cure of disease, but that they are more safe and effectual in this form than in any other. It is also alleged, that although the lower dilutions manifest themselves by a more speedy action on the system than the higher ones, their effects are much less permanent and searching, and hence that many cases of deep-seated disease are observed to yield to medicines administered in high dilutions, such as the decillionth part of a grain, towards the removal of which, the low dilutions, such as the hundredth or thousandth part of a grain, would be found comparatively powerless.

A matter of this sort would seem to be one simply to be determined by experiment. As observations on the effects of medicines prepared in this way have never been made, or properly recorded, except by the practitioners who testify to the results just mentioned, of course these parties can alone be qualified to speak as to their relative effects. This testimony is of the most satisfactory kind, and the minute doses are therefore generally employed.

But it must be repeated, that the knowledge of the amount of the dose proper to be administered, can have no bearing on the question of the existence of the Homœopathic principle, any more indeed than the knowledge of the amount of force requisite to project an object to a given point could bear on the question of the existence of the law of gravitation.

Having detailed many remarkable instances of the astonishing effects arising from exceedingly minute quantities of different substances employed in medicine, Mr. Sampson proceeds:—

The facts and considerations brought forward in this chapter lead to the conclusion that the mode of practice adopted by the Homœopathists is consistent in all its parts with reason and experience, and that the ordinary mode must necessarily be attended with a high degree of uncertainty and danger. But apart from the conviction which we thus arrive at, by a reference to reason and facts, there is an indirect testimony to the

advantages of the infinitesimal doses, of a very striking kind.

This indirect testimony is the ridicule of opponents, contrasted with the persistence of Homœopathists, in defiance of the prevailing outcry.

Mr. Sampson would not have completed his work, unless he had attempted to refute the medical writers who have attacked Homœopathy. He considers Dr. Wood of Edinburgh, and Mr. Edwin Lee, as the leaders in these attacks. But Dr. Pereira also, and that bold and swaggering, clever innovator, Dr. Dickson, are not easily let off; and what is considered the persecution of Mr. Newman, surgeon to the Wells Poor-law Union, and of Dr. Curie, and the squabbles between Dr. Epps and Mr. Wakley, are discussed at length. Impartial, non-professional bystanders, must, we think, like "ignorant nurses," conclude that the case of Dr. Curie, however ungenerously he may have been treated, was one which required defence.

Having thus ably discharged an appointed, and probably a welcome duty, by a lucid statement of doctrines, and a well sustained argument in their support, Mr. Sampson exhorts all believers, all who recognise the principle of Hahnemann as a great discovery, and all who have benefited by Homœopathic treatment, freely to bestow on others the blessings they have freely received.

One eminent and unequivocal advantage of the promulgation of these doctrines, and the extension of the Homœopathic practice, is putting the regular practitioners on their mettle, and stirring up, almost of necessity, or in self-defence, the spirit of investigation. There may be few complete converts among regular practitioners; but by earnest inquirers something must be learned, to enlarge, if not to change, their views, and even in important respects to modify their practice.

LITERARY REGISTER.

A Year and a Day in the East; or, Wanderings over Land and Sea. By Mrs. Eliot Montauban. London: Longman & Co.

NOTHING is *lengthy* in this volume except its title. It is the production of a lively and clever woman, a shrewd observer, who relates the pith of what she has noted in her wanderings, in a neat, graphic, and remarkably concise style. The fatigues of travelling, and the cribbing and confinement of ill-regulated steam vessels, with their endless discomforts and annoyances, seem to have tried her temper at the outset; and, if not absolutely satirical, she is somewhat saucy, but in no ungraceful way. Thus at Moulins, she says in warning—

In Murray's Guide-book the Hotel d'Allier is described as "very good, and moderate." To this I can only answer, "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" Moderate it is indeed, save in dirt and fleas, and it abounds in odours vile. The fare was indifferent, and attendance bad. . . We started for Marseilles in a machine fit to convey the doomed to purgatory; a huge unwieldy diligence, with six wheels. . . . . There were about twenty passengers on board the fine vessel which conveyed us to Malta; a few French, and many English: among the latter a young officer, who, at the advanced age of twenty-one, informed us "he had lived to be weary of every thing on earth, had not piety enough to turn his thoughts to heaven, and was utterly *blasé*." He had evidently acquired a considerable proficiency in the art of flirtation, and met with a kindred spirit in a handsome daughter of Eve, homeward bound to Malta; a ruthless destroyer of every *h* in her mother tongue, but gifted with good looks, which acted as a passport in her favour every where. There was one matronly dame on board, whose vulgarity was such as Bulwer terms "deep scarlet." A loving couple, fresh from "the hymeneal altar," and a few whose "lights and shades of character" were not very striking. These various members of the human family were well accommodated in the good ship.

As a specimen of the lady's facility in portraiture, take this captain of a French government steamer, going from Malta to Syria—

The commander of the vessel was a curious contrast in manner to his compatriots in general: frigid as winter at the north pole; dismal as London in a November fog; clad in a suit of most impenetrable buckram; an evident enemy to the social principle, and shunning all interchange of thought with those around him, as if an idea imparted was a diamond lost. A motley company of Germans, Swiss, and French, whose appearance indicated a sovereign contempt for the cleansing properties of water, were our fellow-passengers. None of the privileged "first class" but ourselves, for whom the fat stewardess reserved her sweetest smiles, hoping, with gracious looks, winning ways, (and large donations of hot water,) to merit a handsome silvery acknowledgment at parting.

THE SQUARE OF ALEXANDRIA.

The square is thronged with people, morning and evening. Men of business, monthly mail passengers, curiosity hunters, sight seers, news collectors, noble, humble, gentle, and simple; and womankind in every variety of grotesque costume: generally speaking, the latter are more than ugly, hideous in the extreme. The greater number wear a silk or thread net over the bridge of the nose, fastened to each side of the head, and descending, in the shape of a jelly-bag, below the knees. Some, clad in white garments from head to foot, look as if they were shrouded already for the grave. Others, of higher rank, wear graceful flowing draperies of silk. The Levantine ladies, when mounted on donkeys, ride through the streets in a most extraordinary attitude, sitting astride, holding up their arms almost to a level with the top of the head, to support the weighty folds of silk that fall over the head and shoulders, descending nearly to the feet. They ride with stirrups, but resign the reins to a servant.

With the same rapid and firm touch Cairo is despatched and the Desert is passed. There is nothing inviting in the description of the filthy beds, bad water, and half-starved chickens, which await travellers at the different Stations on the route to Suez; but the landscape is finely touched.

Only two small trees are to be met with in the desert, a space of eighty-four miles, one of which is decorated with, and consecrated to, the rags of the pious pilgrims who cross the sandy and rocky waste over which we passed; they *en route* to Mecca, we to a less holy shrine. The tree is thickly covered with pendent fragments of the well-worn garments of countless pilgrims, deposited there in memory of their desert journey.

The only remarkable sights *en route* are numerous skeletons of camels bleaching in the sun, and occasional heaps of stones, covering the remains of the wild warriors of the desert who have perished in battle, a few weeds scattered here and there, barren rocks in the distance, and a vast plain of sand. The mirage was beautiful; sometimes assuming the appearance of a harbour, at others of a lake, reflecting various objects in the vicinity on its surface. At night the profound and solemn stillness was only broken by the occasional sound of the cricket. We encountered a party of armed Bedouins on the third day's journey, a fine-looking set of powerful men: thanks to the Pacha, they are no longer seen with dread by the traveller in the desert.

The human freight bound for India is inventoried in this lively and graphic way:—

After passing seven days at Suez we went on board the Bombay mail steamer. It was crowded with much of human and animal life, and countless things inanimate, and largely supplied with means for mortifying the flesh and deranging the good order and economy of the inner man; the commander possessing but an infinitesimal portion of the milk and honey of human kindness. A dashing young surgeon, for whom music and the sister arts, poetry and painting, had greater charms than the anatomy of the body, or the administration of medicinal herbs. Of lieutenants Nos. 1. and 2., and other naval *et ceteras*, no mention need be made. The passengers, amounting to double the number lawful in such space, or rather absence of space, as their present narrow fold, came from all parts of the three kingdoms. There were three damsels still entitled to the virgin snood: one "fat, fair and forty:" another in the "sere and yellow leaf:" and last, as well as least in form, one worthy to retain her "single blessedness" for ever and a day: but such is man's craving for the sweets of wedded life, that even these, with forlorn hope inscribed on every wrinkle, had each made captive a gallant knight, and were then *en route* to *l'isola bella* of Hymen!

Three was a magic number on board the steam prison. A triumvirate of brides were daring the perils of the deep with their favoured Benedicks, edifying the passengers in general with a daily exhibition of the art of cooing and wooing in all its branches and various moods and degrees.

Three fair daughters of Eve appeared in that suffering condition which our immortal bard, in the bliss of ignorance, terms "the pleasing punishment that women bear."

Three happy wives were *en route* to their expectant lords, and twice three happier still in the presence of their devoted *sposo's;* and three fair lassies, rich in the bloom of girlhood's beauty, sheltered under the protecting wings of elderly *chaperones*, were bound for the great matrimonial mart of the East.

Three eligible bachelors, full of buoyant hope and youthful expectation, were journeying to the El-dorado of their separate dreams; and three, in the evening hour of life, forsaking the joys of wedded and filial love, to wander afar in search of gold.

Of the fare which the happy community on board enjoyed, a brief description might amuse the reader more than the reality pleased the passenger. Fowls, that looked as if they had departed this life in the last stage of atrophy; turkeys, which evidently had not lived on the fat of the land; and instead of that "pretty-looking mutton, on which the soul of Peter Pindar could turn glutton," the most ancient patriarchs of the flock were provided for our sustenance; nor could they, under the form of hash, stew, harico, or ragout, be converted into "savoury meat." Impenetrable biscuits, with dry fragments of old rusks (which, from their antiquity, had doubtless undergone a previous voyage round the world,) were our substitutes for the staff of life. Wine and beer were given *à discretion;* and for such thirsty souls as these on board our vessel, the Heidelberg Tun would hardly have furnished too generous a supply. Of the broths manufactured for the sick (*alias* hot water plentifully supplied with grease;) of the infusion of senna and snuff, dignified with the name of tea; and other cordials prepared for weak stomachs, the journalist would record a grateful remembrance.

The floor of the saloon at night was thickly strewed with dark, dirty, dingy Portuguese servants, and natives of the East, extended full length in every direction; and not one step could be taken without treading on their mahogany arms or legs. Some of the cabins were untenantable from suffocating heat; and two or three lady sufferers were thankful to share the saloon table (a bed of down in a garden of roses,) sleeping with their heads directly under the windsail. During the day also the atmosphere was such as might be anticipated in the regions of Pluto; and this was the plea for an infringement of decorum, rare even on board a steamer, where a *sans façon* style always prevails. Some of the modest wives and mothers of England seemed to perform the duties of the toilet entirely for the edification of the public; and, with the door and window of their cabins open, initiated passengers of both sexes into the mysteries of their morning ablutions, hair-dressing, corset-lacing, &c. Even English propriety, pre-eminent every where, dissolved under the fervent heat encountered on the Red Sea. With three hundred living souls on board a vessel small for the accommodaton of half that number, the boiler out of repair, a chimney continually on fire, the keel worn out, and the most ungracious captain that ever commanded "a skimmer of the seas," our powers of endurance were heavily taxed.

In this lively and succinct style a vast deal of ground is gone over; and, by a few felicitous strokes, the reader's mind is stored with oriental ideas and images. A journey was made from Bombay to Delhi, and these splendid cities are finely described. A farther regimental march from Delhi, through the Protected Sikh States, to Umballa, presents a strange picture of camp and military life in India, where the troops are always attended by multitudinous and motley groups of camp-followers.

Among the poorer classes, a father may frequently be observed carrying one or two children in baskets suspended to a bamboo, like the bangy boxes before described, or conveying one child on his hip, and another on the nape of the neck. The women often carry their babes in a bag shaped like a hood, and slung over their shoulders.

The ladies [European] in camp generally proceed in advance of the *cortège* just described; some in a very *recherché* morning costume; others *en papillote*, and bonnets *de nuit*. Occasionally a bold-spirited equestrian may be seen; but palankeens and carriages are the general conveyances.

The regiment is welcomed to its encamping ground by a fakeer (or religious enthusiast,) who beats his drum vigorously in honour of its arrival. A flag waves proudly over this distinguished gentleman, and is discernible at some distance. He hails the regiment with a noisy shout that baffles all description:—"Long life to the company and regiment! may they never want one to sing forth their praise!"

We may as well follow the ladies, namely, the officers' wives, daughters, and sisters, to their head-quarters at Umballa, then, and still, in a political point of view, a most important position.

The neighbouring country is very richly cultivated; and, when completed, the cantonments will be among the best and prettiest in the upper provinces. The snowy range of the Himmalaya mountains was visible from our camp,—a very tantalizing prospect to those who are obliged to endure the miseries of the hot season in the plains.

Three miles from the cantonments is the native town. Its streets are constructed with arched colonnades; and the bazaar is a livelier scene than is generally met with in a small Indian town. . . . Two days during the week an excellent band played, belonging to a European regiment stationed at Umballa, and attrac-

ted all the nobility, gentry, beauty and fashion of the vicinity.

The ladies in camp were here reinforced by a party from Simla; and finally we mustered twelve very prepossessing daughters of Eve. Four young lassies, as fair as ever graced a London drawing-room; and among those who had long since entered into the holy state of matrimony, were wives and mothers who would have secured the happiness of any home. Among the assembled fair ones were several amateurs of music, whose sweet warblings enlivened many evenings in camp.

Not long after our arrival, the monotony of our life was relieved by the presence of the commander-in-chief, his family, and suite. A station ball was given in honour of the event, and a barrack metamorphosed into a *salle de danse*. The names of all the victorious engagements in which Sir——had won renown—in the Peninsula, the Celestial Empire, and India—were painted on the walls, surrounded by festoons of laurel. The huge figure of a grenadier of the 87th regiment decorated one side of the room, and the arms of the commander-in-chief were opposite. Candelabras elaborately gilt were suspended from the ceiling; and cloth *couleur de rose* was spread on the floor for the fairy feet of the *danseuses*.

About twenty ladies graced the evening entertainment; and four times that number of officers were present. A handsome supper was provided; and every arrangement (made *à la hâte*) met with the gracious approval of his Excellency, Lady——, and their fair daughter. . . . . The camp of the commander-in-chief and staff is a sight worth observation and record. The order and regularity that prevails in every department; the beauty of the tents, particularly those of his Excellency, deserves a particular description. They are magnificent pavilions, fitted up with every requisite comfort. The reception-room was richly carpeted, furnished with as much taste as any drawing-room at the Presidencies, and, in the evening, brilliantly illuminated. A piano was one of the portable luxuries in Lady——'s tent, most particularly envied by those who march with only an abundant supply of the necessaries of life, but few such refined indulgencies.

A brilliant review of the troops at the station took place during Sir——'s visit at Umballa.

The adjutant-general kindly sent his finest elephant for the especial use of the illustrious writer of these pages. From the eminence to which she was raised *pro tempore*, every part of the ground chosen, and every movement and manœuvre, were distinctly visible.

Houses were scarce, and consequently dear at this station, but furniture was obtained at a low price, as in many places of India; and besides the supply of European goods and of all useful articles found in the bazaars, the *bos wallahs*, or pedlars, were frequent visiters here, as at all camps and cantonments, and cunningly spread their tempting wares before the ladies.

Rich specimens of the Indian loom, and costly embroidery from Delhi, mingled with faded silks and satins from France and England. Mock lace and yellow blonde, refuse muslins and printed cottons of British manufacture. Rusty papers of pins, needles, and scissors. Genuine brown Windsor soap. Rowland's matchless kalydor. Elegantly embossed paper, of every sentimental *nuance; couleur de rose*, celestial blue, emerald green, and evening primrose tint, suited to the most fastidious taste, of writers of *billets-doux*. All, and more than all these, are proudly displayed, to tempt the vanity of woman; the vender squatting on the ground in the approved attitude of the East, expatiating on the incomparable beauty and worth of each article, and demanding the most exorbitant price (whether Parsee, Mussulman, or Hindoo), with all the *sang froid* of a Jew.

Occasionally a wandering musician, with a nondescript instrument, neither guitar, lyre, sackbut, psaltery, or dulcimer, favours the dwellers in tents with such proofs of genius, and specimens of skill and taste, as are rarely met with in Europe. The *artiste*, with his feet drawn under his knees, squats complacently on the carpet, and draws forth the most excruciating sounds from his ancient instrument; making at the same time grimaces worthy of that master in the art, his serene highness the chimpanzee, of zoological notoriety. Lays of all lands are deliberately murdered.

The exhibitions of the roving Nautch girls meet with no more mercy. Indeed, in Mrs. Eliot Montauban's pages, orientalism is often exhibited with the seamy-side outmost. Some good, she thinks, may be done by the circulation of the Bible in India; but "conversions," nominal or otherwise, make very slow progress, and they occur chiefly among the native orphan children of the schools at the various stations.

At Loodianah, the number of natives converted to Christianity, in a period of eight years, amounted to about fifteen. Among those were two women, and some of the orphan children, under the care of the kind-hearted and zealous Americans established there.

Some specimens of the letter-writing of the natives, "after years of instruction and study," are given for the amusement of English readers. They contrast unfavourably with the epistles of the converted New Zealanders to their spiritual teachers.

The fair traveller, on her return, descended the Sutlej and the Indus through Scinde, and thus to Bombay, whence the usual route to England was pursued on to Marseilles, where she embarked for Italy. Genoa "the Superb," is summarily dismissed.

The landing at the quay is dirty and wretched in the extreme; it is infested with hordes of idle, noisy, ragged, dirty, Italian boys. On entering the town we were freed from this walking pestilence, and gazed with delight at the handsome faces of the Genoese women, with snow-white muslin veils folded gracefully over their heads. At the hotel named La Croix de Malte, we found an excellent *table d'hôte*; but the house was scarcely endurable from the odours vile in all quarters.

Italy was run over. Its monuments of art are duly if briefly celebrated, and its fleas, bugs, and "vile odours," not neglected. We are glad to get to the Tyrol, through which country and Bavaria the travellers wended homeward, spending some time at a Hydropathic Institution, established at the old convent of Marienberg, near Boppart on the Rhine. Apart from the Cold Water, Marienberg might be made a very tolerable temporary home for tourists. The numerous guests consisted of Germans, Belgians, French, Dutch, and Danish specimens, but few English and Scots, and no Irish. In this wise the patients lived; and yet life at Marienberg is an improvement on life at Graffenberg:—

Very primitive hours and simple fare prevailed at the Hydropathic Institution. Cold water, and cold milk, rye bread, and "milch brod," and fresh butter, were liberally dispensed to appease the keen appetites of early risers, returning to breakfast, from a morning ramble on the mountains, at an hour when lazy citizens are pleading for a little more sleep as the sweetest nectar of life.

At one o'clock the sonorous voice of a huge gong summoned the community to a frugal repast. The soup most in vogue, a kind of innocent imitation of gruel, rendered more *piquante* by a copious allowance of barley husks. The *bouillie* of an agreeable toughness, and cubical portions of *rôtie* followed. A generous allotment of good farinaceous and esculent vegetables, with preserved fruits *à discretion*. The *Abend Tafel* groaned under the same weight of edible luxuries as at breakfast, and the *Morgen's früh trink* again rejoiced the noble heart of man. Water for ever, hurrah!

——erfrischt das Blut,
Und schafft die Herzen mild und gut.

The weakest disciple of the hydropathic faith daily imbibed eight or ten tumblers of Adam's potent ale. Even young maidens evinced their zeal in the good cause, to the amount of twenty-eight similar inflictions *per diem!* whilst the bolder energy of man was exhibited to the miraculous extent of fifty glasses. I have heard of some enthusiastic followers of Priessnitz adding ten to that number.

A day of hydropathic diversions begins at 4 A. M. when the patient, even if arrived at years of discretion, submits to a sort of swaddling process with infantine docility, which, under other circumstances, would be stoutly resisted, as an undue infringement of the liberties of the subject.

But the horrid morning mysteries of hydropathy have been often described, and are nearly the same every where. The *Cure de Raisins* is both more novel and more agreeable.

The treatment of the *Cure de Raisins* is a *bonne bouche* reserved for autumnal days, and considered by the worthy physician a very important branch of his healing art. The quantity is more seriously regarded than the quality of the fruit. The patient is exhorted to eat 10lbs. daily, and on no account to waste the invaluable seeds and precious skins, both being highly conducive to the restoration of his bodily health. *Les Raisins* are not considered in the light of a *don d'amitié*, but form a lucrative extra in the bill of fare, and exercise a most economical influence in the doctor's favour, reducing the patient's appetite for more costly fare.

The expenses incurred at the establishment varied of course with the nature of the accommodation. For £10 per month all requisite comfort was attainable, and the fee generally given for the doctor's attendance very moderate.

The reader has by this time comprehended that the sprightly lady, who in two hundred pages has contrived to tell so much of her wanderings in many lands, is neither an enthusiast nor yet a philosopher; but she is often amusing as well as informing, and never once tedious.

A Book of Highland Minstrelsy. By Mrs. D. Ogilvy; with illustrations by R. R. M'Ian. London: Nickisson.

"Highland Minstrelsy" is a handsome small quarto volume, of smooth and flowing verses, on legends, superstitions, and traditionary tales, connected with the Highlands of Scotland. Each poem is ushered in by a prefixed note, explanatory of its subject. The poetry may not be of a very high character; but, as every piece either tells a brave, a wild, marvellous, or pathetic tale, or embodies some Celtic superstition, romantic ancient usage, or delicate strain of sentiment, the poems are occasionally effective, and always pleasing. Among the twenty-nine poems, the selection of a specimen is somewhat difficult. It may, however, be presumed, that the poetess thought well of the piece with which she opens her collection; and, as we agree in the judgment, we shall copy out most of the stanzas of

THE EXILE AT CULLODEN.

There was tempest on the waters, there was darkness on the earth,
When a single Danish schooner struggled up the Moray Firth;
Looming large the Ross-shire mountains frown'd unfriendly on its track,
Shriek'd the wind along their gorges, like a sufferer on the rack;
And the utmost deeps were shaken by the stunning thunder-peal—
'Twas a steady hand, I trow ye, that was needed at the wheel!

Though the billows flew about till the mast was hid in spray,
Though the timbers strain'd beneath them, still they bore upon their way,
Till they reach'd a fisher-village, where their vessel they could moor—
Every head was on its pillow, when they landed on the shore;
And a man of noble presence bade the crew, "Wait here for me,
I will come back in the morning, when the sun has left the sea."

He was yet in manly vigour, though his lips were ashen white,
On his brow were early furrows, in his eyes a clouded light;—
Firm his step, withal, and hasty, through the blinding mist so sure,
That he found himself by dawning on a wild and lonesome muir,
Mark'd by dykes and undulations, barren both of house and wood;
And he knew the purple ridges,—'t was Culloden where he stood!

He had known it well aforetime,—not as now, so drear and quiet;
Then astir with battle's horror, reeling with destruction's riot;
Now so peacefully unconscious, that the orphan'd and exiled
Was unmanned to see its calmness, weeping weakly as a child;
And a thought arose of madness, and his hand was on his sword;
But he crush'd the coward impulse, and he spake the bitter word:

"I am here, O sons of Scotland,—ye who perish'd for your king!
In the misty wreaths before me, I can see your tartans swing;—
I can hear your slogan, comrades, who to Saxon never knelt;
Oh! that I had died among ye, with the fortunes of the Celt!
There he rode, our princely warrior, and his features wore the same
Pallid cast of dark foreboding as the First One of his name;
Ay, as gloomy is his sunset, though no Scot his life betray'd:
Better plunge in bloody glory than go down in shame and shade!"

. . . . . .

So he pluck'd a tuft of heather, that was blooming at his foot,
That was nourish'd by dead kinsmen, and their bones were at its root:
With a sigh he took the blossom ere he strode unto the strand,
Where the Danish crew awaited with a motley fisher band:—
Brief the parley, swift his sailing with the tide, and ne'er again
Saw the Moray Firth that stranger, or the schooner of the Dane.

The poem next in order is entitled "*The Lady Lovat*," and tells the well-known story of the anomalous monster, Simon Fraser, and his last unhappy wife.

Dunfallandy, which comes next, is a tale much more characteristic of the Highlands; as there are, or were, husbands of Lovat's kind in all communities. It opens with spirit.

In the good old stirring time
Celt and Saxon lived at feud,
Oft their hands in foulest crime
By that variance were imbrued;—
Passions then were falsely large,
Love impulsive, fierce desire,—
Hate bequeath'd in dying charge,
To the children from the sire.

. . . . .

The Imprecation by the Cradle, seems a version of the Curse of Moy, and a rather tame one. *A Tale of Forres Town*, opens thus prettily:—

Oh, bonny are the Cloven hills
By Forres town that lie,
As brothers guard a sister fair,
Who grows beneath their eye;
Fair Forres of the sunny streets,
Far glancing o'er the deep,
Where old Ben Wyvis shakes the snows
From off his winter sleep!

This must suffice for this pretty and very elegant volume, which may well fill an Annual's place on any southern drawing-room table. We cannot say much for the illustrations of Mr. M'Ian. They have even less of Celtic physiognomy,—less of national character, than the southern lady's poetry which they are intended to illustrate.

The Pleasures of Home; or, Domestic Scenes and Affections of the Circle round the Hearth. By Stuart Farquharson, D.C.L. London: Grant & Griffith.

We have had the "Pleasures of Imagination," of "Memory," of "Hope," of "Nature," and many more "Pleasures;" and surely *Home* is as redolent of pure, true, and exalted pleasure, as any one of those themes, if it is not the birth-place and sanctuary of them all. In a gracefully-written preface, Mr. Farquharson gives his readers his own ideas of poetry as an art, before proceeding to exemplify them. This he does, in Part I., in a series of elegantly-versified and lovely pictures of the common incidents of domestic life, in the happy rural home of cultivated middle-life, gladdened by the voice of childhood, and elevated by refined sentiment and kindly social feelings. Part II. is more expansive and ambitious in character; but not, as we think, more pleasing than the more strictly home-pictures. A few lyrical pieces interspersed, give grace and relief to the principal poem. As a brief specimen — which we regret is all that our narrow limits can at present afford — we select the Christmas festivities of the Devonshire Home:—

Awake! awake! 'tis early Christmas morn;
And deck the cheerful hearth with holly green:
The merry minstrels at your window scorn
The biting cold of Winter's frozen scene,
And Christmas Carols joyously begin.

. . . . .

Sweet rest ye, happy Christians!
'Tis early Christmas day,
When Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Became the sinner's stay:
Arise, and for such benefits,
His precepts all obey!
Joyful tidings let us sing,
Christ our Refuge, Christ our King,
To hallow Christmas day.

. . . . . .

But ere festivities shall crown the day
With famed Sir Loin, and toast in humming Ale,
In wassail-bowl, and jocund roundelay;
Such are the pleasantries that will regale
The Christmas revelries, and still prevail
Where friends are met the oft-told jest to tell:
Yet ere we pass the cup, and pleasure hail,
Let holier thoughts the conscious bosom swell,
Nor pass unheeding by where tolls the solemn bell.

We pass the Church service, and the homeward winter-walk, and get within doors.

The ancient Yule log blazes on the fire,
The branching mistletoe hangs in the hall,
The stolen kiss, and maiden's bashful ire,
With merry struggle, and the harmless fall,—
Each has its laughter loud, and will recall
The good old times of revelry and joke;
For Mirth has Liberty,—and blameless all
Such freedom of the heart,—and will invoke
Both Innocence and Love, nor envious thought provoke.

All flock to Wassail now the Apple-tree,
The song to sing, and throw the magic toast,
Ensuring next year's cup shall plenteous be,
Our orchard's wonder and the rustic's boast;
Or listening now, in admiration lost,
As hoary elders will recite the tale,
How on this night, when birds are on their roosts,
And all lie sleeping, see the brimming pail
Of water changed to wine: such miracles prevail.

A CAROL, WASSAILING THE APPLE-TREE.

Oh! the tree! the tree!
The orchard tree!
Good friends, and all, now come with me.
The song I sing, the toast I fling,
That thou next year shalt fruitful be.—
Then sing the song right merrily!
Good neighbours ye,
Oh, come with me!
Oh, come with me!
Let's go and Wassail the Apple-tree:
Oh, come with me!

The new-baked cake shall never mouldy grow,
But last in sweetness on from year to year:——
The tales are hush'd, for with a curious show
Fantastic figures in rude guise appear:
The Mummers come, our childhood's love and fear,
With gaudy colours clad, of various hue,
And glittering spangle, sword and warrior's spear;
And well the way to please each one they knew,
And acted dramas strange, and sung their carols too.

. . . . . .

Each in his character was proudly great;—
Alas! we now grow wiser, and have paid
For polish'd manners and the high estate,
Much that was innocent, and pleasures made:
The branching Palm and Primrose, neatly laid
On oaken sideboard, are no longer seen;
The ponderous Candle, and the berries red
Of Holly branch, with Cymlet cake between,
Had each and all their share to make the happy scene.

Oh, transient hours! how oft your Memory gleams
In pleasing fancies as our course we run,
A musing picture of our waking dreams;
Then boyhood's days had only just begun,
Nor bronzed the manlier brow beneath the sun.

. . . . . .

Some hunt the slipper, some the trencher twirl,
Amidst the circle round with noise and glee;
Or blindman's buff, as thrice the youngest girl
Turns round to guess who first may hooded be.

. . . . . .

Our picture is very incomplete; but there is no help for it. The farther merry games and carols, the marshalling of the Boar's Head with "garlands gay" and "rosemary," and the mazy, frolic dance which concludes the thrice-happy night, must be left to the reader's imagination until he becomes the fortunate possessor of "The Pleasures of Home."

The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud; or, Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans. Compiled from Arabic sources, and compared with Jewish traditions. By Dr. G. Weil, Librarian to the University of Heidelberg, &c. &c. Translated from the German. Longman & Company.

Much that is curious is found in these fanciful legends, and little that is merely edifying. Most of them are a kind of rude paraphrase of Scripture narratives, made subservient to the faith of the Prophet. Thus Mohamed figures in the creation of Adam; and the marriage-gift which the Father of mankind required with Eve, was that twenty times she should pray for Mohamed, whose soul had dwelt in Allah's presence thousands of years before the world was made. There is much oriental and extravagant fancy in the history of the Temptation and Fall. The remorseful tears streaming from Adam's right eye, we are told, started the Euphrates, and those which fell from his left eye set the Tigris in motion. It must, however, be remembered, that his stature was so prodigious that his head touched the heavens, and he accordingly could hear what the angels were talking about. But a few sentences will better explain the nature of these extravagant legends than all we could say.

When at last the whole universe grew loud with lamentation, and all created beings, from the smallest insect up to the angels who hold whole worlds in one hand, were weeping with Adam, Allah sent Gabriel to him with the words which were destined to save also the prophet Jonah in the whale's belly:—

"There is no God besides thee. I have sinned; forgive me through Mohamed, thy last and greatest prophet, whose name is engraved upon thy holy throne."

As soon as Adam had pronounced these words with penitent heart, the portals of heaven were opened to him again, and Gabriel cried, "Allah has accepted thy repentance. Pray to him, and he will grant all thy requests, and even restore thee to Paradise at the appointed time." Adam prayed:—

"Defend me against the future artifices of Iblis my foe!"

Allah replied:—

"Say continually there is no God but one, and thou shalt wound him as with a poisoned arrow."

"Will not the meats and drinks of the earth, and its dwellings ensnare me?"

"Drink water, eat clean animals slain in the name of Allah, and build mosques for thy abode; so shall Iblis have no power over thee."

"But if he pursue me with evil thoughts and dreams in the night?"

"Then rise from thy couch and pray."

"Oh, Allah, how shall I always distinguish between good and evil?"

"I will grant thee my guidance—two angels shall dwell in thy heart; one to warn thee against sin, the other to lead thee to the practice of good."

"Lord, assure me of thy pardon also for my future sins."

"This thou canst only gain by works of righteousness! —I shall punish sin but once, and reward sevenfold the good which thou shalt do."

At the same time the angel Michael was sent to Eve, announcing to her also the mercy of Allah.

"With what weapons," inquired she, "shall I who am weak in heart and mind fight against sin?"

"Allah has endued thee with the feeling of shame, and through its power thou shalt subdue thy passions, even as man conquers his own by faith."

"Who shall protect me against the power of man, who is not only stronger in body and mind, but whom also the law prefers as heir and witness?"

"His love and compassion towards thee, which I have put into his heart."

"Will Allah grant me no other token of his favour?"

"Thou shalt be rewarded for all the pains of motherhood, and the death of a woman in childbed shall be accounted as martyrdom." . . . . .

Allah then made a covenant with the descendants of Adam. He touched Adam's back, and lo! the whole human family which shall be born to the end of time issued forth from it, as small as ants, and ranged themselves right and left.

At the head of the former stood Mohamed with the prophets and the rest of the faithful, whose radiant whiteness distinguished them from the sinners who were standing on Adam's left, headed by Kabil, [Cain,] the murderer of his brother.

Allah then acquainted the progenitor of man with the names and destinies of each individual; and when it came to King David the prophet's turn, to whom was originally assigned a lifetime of only thirty years, Adam inquired, "How many years are appointed to me?"

"One thousand!" was the answer.

"I will renounce seventy if thou wilt add them to the life of David!"

Allah consented; but aware of Adam's forgetfulness, directed this grant to be recorded on a parchment, which Gabriel and Michael signed as witnesses.

Allah then cried to the assembled human family, "Confess that I am the only God, and that Mohamed is my messenger." The hosts to the right made their confession immediately; but those to the left hesitated, some repeating but one half of Allah's words, and others remaining entirely silent. And Allah continued:— "The disobedient and impenitent shall suffer the pains of eternal fire, but the faithful shall be blessed in Paradise!"

"So be it!" responded Adam; who shall call every man by name in the day of the resurrection, and pronounce his sentence according as the balance of justice shall decide.

When the covenant was concluded, Allah once more touched Adam's back, and the whole human race returned to him.

HOW THE BEASTS LOST THE POWER OF SPEECH.

While Adam was one day working in the field, his plough suddenly stopped, nor were all the exertions of his cattle able to move it. Adam struck the oxen, and the eldest of them said to him:

"Why dost thou strike me? did Allah strike thee when thou wast disobedient?"

Adam prayed. "O Allah! after thou hast forgiven my sin, shall every beast of the field be permitted to reprove me?"

Allah heard him, and from that moment the brute creation lost the power of speech. Meanwhile, as the plough still remained immovable, Adam opened the ground, and found the still distinguishable remains of his son Abel.

At the time of harvest, Gabriel came again and instructed Eve in making bread. Adam then built an oven, and Gabriel brought fire from hell, but first washed it seventy times in the sea, otherwise it would have consumed the earth with all that it contained. When the bread was baked, he said to Adam:

"This shall be thy and thy children's chief nourishment."

Although Adam had shed so many tears over the labour of the plough, that they served instead of rain to moisten and to fructify the seed, yet were his descendants doomed to still greater toil by reason of their iniquities. Even in the days of (Enoch,) Idris, the grain of wheat was no larger than a goose's egg: in those of Elias it shrunk to the size of a hen's egg: when the Jews attempted to kill Christ, it became like a pigeon's egg: and, finally, under Uzier's (Esdras's) rule, it took its present bulk.

When Adam and Eve were fully instructed in agriculture and cookery, the angel Gabriel brought a lamb, and taught Adam to kill it in the name of Allah, to shear its wool, to strip its hide, and to tan it. Eve

spun and wove under the angel's direction, making a veil for herself, and a garment for Adam, and both Adam and Eve imparted the information which they had received from Gabriel, to their grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, in number forty, or according to others, seventy thousand.

After the death of Abel and Cain, the latter of whom was slain by the blood-avenging angel, Eve gave birth to a third son, whom she called Sheth; he became the father of many sons and daughters, and is the ancestor of all prophets.

The 930th year of Adam's life came at last to its close; and the Angel of Death appeared to him in the shape of an unsightly he-goat, and demanded his soul: while the earth opened under his feet, and demanded his body. Adam trembled with fear, and said to the Angel of Death, "Allah has promised me a lifetime of a thousand years: thou hast come too soon." "Hast thou not granted seventy years of thy life to David?" replied the Angel. Adam denied it, for he had indeed forgotten the circumstance; but the Angel of Death drew forth from his beard the parchment in which the grant was written, and spread it out before Adam, who, on seeing it, willingly gave up his soul.

Some few legends are connected with New Testament narratives. In one of these a skull takes form and voice, and among other things describes to Christ, who is said to be a prophet of Allah, this seven-floored Hell.

"Know," continued the skull, "O prophet of Allah! that hell consists of seven floors, one below the other.—The uppermost is for hypocrites, the second for Jews, the third for Christians, the fourth for the Magi, the fifth for those who call the prophets liars, the sixth for idolaters, and the seventh for the sinners of the people of the prophet Mohamed, who shall appear in later times. The last-mentioned abode is least terrible, and sinners are saved from it through the intercession of Mohamed; but in the others the torture and agony are so great, that if thou, O prophet of Allah! shouldst but see it, thou wouldest weep with compassion as a woman who has lost her only child. The outer part of hell is of copper, and the inner part of lead. Its floor is punishment, and the wrath of the Almighty its ceiling. The walls are of fire, not clear and luminous, but black fire, and diffusing a close disgusting stench, being fed with men and idols."

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Translated from the original, by Thomas Roscoe. London: Bohn's Standard Library. 2 vols. post 8vo.

This is a reprint of a good translation of an excellent work. The Historian of France, and of the Italian republics, delivered the substance of it as lectures at Geneva; and, published in 1813, it has contributed much to the diffusion, especially in France, of an acquaintance both with interesting facts and with important principles in the history of literature. It is in Provençal and Italian poetry that its value is chiefly to be found. Its view of Spanish and Portuguese literature is much less full and critical; and, in regard to the prose literature of all the three tongues, it contains but little. In its own walk, the work well deserves the reputation it possesses. It is manly, speculative, and well digested; eloquent, and often highly imaginative, in its appreciation of poetical beauty. Altogether we know of no more attractive or useful guide to the student of Southern poetry; and the neat edition now before us makes the work available at a price which would have been called marvellously small in any age or country but ours, and which, even for our time and place, is, we trust, small enough to tempt many book buyers.

Thoughts on Finance and Colonies. By Publius. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

We are at a loss whether to describe this volume as an Essay on Political Economy of a peculiar sort, and written by a religious man, or a eulogy on Sir Robert Peel and the Peel Free-Trade policy, not forgetting the statesmanship of Lord Aberdeen. We have long been hopeful of Sir Robert Peel, and not slow to accord him the praise to which he holds the sure and grateful title of eminent desert. The paltry spirit of detraction, animated by the meanest party jealousy, which is still directed against this great and useful minister by the ignoble portion of what is called "the Liberal press," has in some instances been carried to that indiscreet excess which defeats its own base purpose. But, freely admitting this, we must also confess that *Publius*, who seems a sincere if enthusiastic man, fairly outstrips all sober admiration of the great reforming Premier. Of Sir Robert it is said, after recapitulating what he has done, "He has begun a great, a glorious, an enduring work; a '*monumentum ære perennius*,' and we humbly hope he will live to carry it out to perfection; and fulfil the high mission which a gracious Providence has intrusted to him. . . . . In the galaxy of England's resplendent greatness, the future night-star of Sir Robert Peel will be contemplated by our children and our children's children of many a generation, as one of the first order; lofty, brilliant, genial and pure. . . . . In the annals of England, when the question in after ages shall be asked, which of all her Prime Ministers, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, was her greatest benefactor; History, which has no interests or objects but those of telling the truth and pointing out examples to copy, will, 'when the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' emblazon her pages with the name of Sir Robert Peel."—Let us all hope so, as it is very much the common interest that Sir Robert Peel should no more fail than falter; and of the last there is no fear.

Lives of the Kings of England; from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts. Now first published from Official Records and other Authentic Documents. By Thomas Roscoe. Vol. I. Post 8vo, Pp. 415; with a Portrait of William the Conqueror, &c. &c. London: Colburn.

The repletion, the absolute satiety, produced by a surfeit of mediocre novels and romances, seem to have excited among the lovers of "light reading," an appetite for the romance of History, as something, if not much more solid, yet, upon the whole, as more satisfactory. As genuine pictures of life and manners, the various embellished "Lives" of royal personages which have of late been so popular, may not be much less imaginary than the representations of the avowed romance; but they beguile into that belief in the real and the true which is ever grateful to the human mind. We should fear, however, that the "Lives" of conquerors and warriors, are not so well adapted to this species of composition as those of queens and princesses. Mr. Roscoe's "Life of William the Conqueror," for example, which fills the first volume of this intended series, contains fewer of those details of costume which charm the fair admirers of this new species, or hybrid between biography and romance. The Life of the Conqueror, which we cannot describe as the composition of an impartial historian, and much less as that of a philosopher,

has evidently cost the author great pains, both in reading and research; and the result, making due allowance for Mr. Roscoe's Norman prepossessions, is a highly entertaining volume, filled with matter which might have been diffused through three. The subsequent "Lives," are, however, we understand, to be still more condensed. Few Kings of England can fill the same space as the founder of the Norman dynasty.

Livonian Tales. By the Author of "Letters from the Baltic.

These Tales, of which some at any rate are reprints, form a Part of "Murray's Colonial Library." Their charm lies in their resemblance to "The Letters" in the side glances which they give of the manners of Livonia. And they are very pleasant tales at the same time.

The Mission of the German Catholics. By G. G. Gervinus, Professor of History in the University of Heidelberg. Translated from the German. London: Chapman, Brothers.

The German Catholics, in this instance, designate Ronge, Czerski, and their allies and followers; and the tract gives a philosophic view of the character and supposed tendencies of the movement. It is favourable, but perhaps sanguine.

The Chronicles of Clovernook, with some Account of the Hermit of Bellyfulls. By Douglas Jerrold. Small octavo. Published at the *Punch Office.*

Our readers must be, one and all, aware that this clever and good-natured satire on some of the usages and modes of thinking of the "best of possible" Englands, has already appeared, by instalments, in a certain pungent periodical. Here it comes forth in a very neat small volume, with manifest advantage to the impatient reader, and also to the design of the author, which was impaired, if not marred, by fragmentary publication. A very little of Mrs. Caudle's eloquence sufficed for one sitting; and the whole delivered at once proved surfeiting; but the philosophy of the "Chronicles" and the lucubrations of "the Hermit" suffered grievously from being interrupted, if not mutilated.

The Philosophy of the Water-Cure; a Development of the True Principles of Health and Longevity. By John Balbirnie, M.A., M.D. Small octavo. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

So far as regards the Water-cure, this is just the old story over again, with a more imposing name. Has not the philosophy been generally comprehended by previous writers on hydropathy, in the practice? Has not the rationale of the cures been given along with their history? But the Water-cure is but one topic in the volume, which is a discourse on the Healing Art in general, on Diet, Exercise, and the Preservation of Health, &c. &c.

The Black Gown Papers. By L. Mariotti, in two volumes. London: Wiley & Putnam.

The tales and sketches for which the above quaint name is assumed, are written by an Italian gentleman, a refugee, and the author of a work entitled "Italy; its History, Religion, Politics, Literature, and Art," which has been warmly admired by excellent judges, and well received by the public. "The Black Gown Papers," are inscribed to Lady Morgan, in that fervid style, which breathes of "the sweet south," and yet engages the sympathies of the most frigid. The tales are not long; and those which interest us the most, are the reminiscences of the land of the writer's youth. Yet Mr. Mariotti feels himself sufficiently "anglicised," or acclimated in thought and feeling, to venture upon American, if not upon English ground, and that without slipping. The volumes are beautifully illustrated by Leslie. They are the production of a man of warm imagination and fine taste, and cannot fail to be appreciated by the most cultivated class of English readers. The pictures they give of domestic, common, everyday Italian life, are vivid and real.

A Practical Treatise on Weaving, by Hand and Power Looms: intended as a Text-book for Manufacturers by Hand and Power Looms, and Power Loom Engineers; and especially designed to forward the extension of Machinery to all kinds of plain weaving, with numerous illustrations of the machinery and implements as they should be used in weaving, according to the acknowledged principles of the art. By George White. Octavo. Pp. 362, with numerous illustrative engravings. Glasgow: Niven. London: Whittaker & Co. Manchester: J. & J. Thomson. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

Here, at all events, is a title-page so comprehensive as to spare the duty of saying any thing upon a subject with which it would be presumption to interfere. The book is intended solely for the classes specified in its title-page, and to them we announce its appearance. We form our opinion of its worth from a section of which every one is qualified to judge.

A large manufacturing establishment should present in the whole combination of its operations, an epitome of the principles of political economy. Its professed object is to turn out the greatest produce at the least cost. Its agency and means are, therefore, to be the best and the cheapest. But in many cases the exemplification of the principle is restricted to the cheapest as to money price that can possibly be worked with. The labour is supposed to be cheap if it be purchased, in any circumstances, at the lowest rate; and from the same mistaken policy, the machinery is good enough if it can be got for little money. In many cases, accordingly, the looms are hardly worth house room. Nor does it seem to be sufficiently considered that under-paid labour inevitably weakens the recoil of individual energy, and that in every case a narrow niggardly economy defeats its own object. Articles insufficient for the purpose are dear at any price: no management can render their employment profitable.

In the selecting of the yarn for manufacturing purposes, a greater error can hardly be made than the preference of indifferent to good yarn for the difference in the price. Such a practice is inevitably attended with faultiness in the workmanship, and increased waste of stuff in the working of it up.

The yarn, to be used with the best economy, should be adapted to the work required of it in the weaving. Fine yarn for overwefted work in fine reeds, should be of the best quality that can be made, and so should very fine yarn for any reed.

But there is a great difference in the quality of the best yarn as produced, even by the best spinners, at different times, dependent chiefly on the selection of the raw material. In spinning, the selection and preparation of the wool are almost every thing. Those, therefore, who have large establishments, and make extensive purchases of the raw material, from which they can select the best that can possibly be had on all occasions for fine spinning, by disposing of the inferior sort for coarser purposes — such as Mr. Thomas Houldsworth of Manchester — possess advantages in the making of the article with which it is hard to compete.

Missionary Labours and Travels in Southern Africa. By Robert Moffat, Twenty-three years an agent of the London Missionary Society in that continent. With portrait of the author, and numerous wood engravings. London: Snow.

This is a low-priced edition of a very popular work, which we had the pleasure of making known, as it deserved, to our readers, some years since. The animated narrative of the heroic Missionary has been quite as popular as we then anticipated.

Guide for the Writing-Desk; or, the Young Author and Secretary's Friend; with Instructions and Examples in Pure Composition and Punctuation, &c. &c. London: Mitchell.

This is a very brief treatise: but it is one which fulfils its promise, as far as its limits permit.

A Winter with Robert Burns; being Annals of his Patrons and Associates in Edinburgh, during the Year 1786-7, and Details of his Inauguration as Poet Laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Free Masons.

This volume is intended to illustrate Mr. Stewart Watson's grand historical painting. It contains descriptions, sketches, and anecdotes, of all the friends and associates of Burns who figure in the picture, and of the other Edinburgh or Scottish celebrities of that period, whom the artist has, by hook or crook, pressed into the service. The volume will greatly entertain natives of Edinburgh who take an interest in the past generation.

The Grievances of the Working Classes, and the Causes of the Pauperism and Crime of Glasgow. By J. Smith, M.A. Glasgow: Smith.

This well-intended little volume consists of a series of detached papers and miscellaneous statements relative to the condition of the poor of Glasgow, of nearly the same character with those found in statistical and other reports on the same subject. Nor is the volume limited to these. It closes with suggesting different means of improvement, and with an appeal to masters, ministers, and the local authorities.

"My Own A. B. C." Edinburgh: Milne.

This Alphabet is what Winifred Jenkins called "larning to the taste" of little ones, though it is not, like hers, administered in gingerbread letters, but in the more intellectual mode of pictures. And in these days nothing goes down in Education unless it be "intellectual." In "My Own A. B. C.," *A* is an *Arab*, *C* a *Cossack*, *E* an *Esquimaux*, *H* a *Highlander*, and so on, the costume being faithfully preserved. The engravings, which are well executed by Sutcliffe, are from spirited designs; and the little work, taken altogether, is well calculated to gratify the little folk, while it helps them over the first and greatest difficulty in the path of learning.

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

Rhymes by a Poetaster. Saunders & Otley.

Poems Rural and Miscellaneous. By David Holt, Jun. Manchester: Gillet.

Barnard; a Modern Romance. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The Squire's Daughter; a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Andrew Park. Longman & Co.

Belisarius; a Tragedy in Five Acts. By William R. Scott.

SERIAL WORKS.

Bells and Pomegranates, No. VIII. Saint Lucia and a Soul's tragedy. By Robert Browning, Author of "Paracelsus."

The Art Union. Part XCIV.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace. Part III.

Old England's Worthies. Part IX.

A Treatise on the Steam Engine. Part XXIII.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

A Letter to the Agriculturists of North Northumberland; being a Supplement to Six Letters addressed to them in 1836, by John Donaldson Selby, Esq., of Cheswick.—Ten years since, the writer of this letter told the same gentlemen whom he now addresses, many wholesome, if then unpalatable truths regarding the effects of the Corn Laws, especially as they affected tenant-farmers. Mr. Selby goes over the whole argument for and against Free Trade, and he casts a retrospective glance upon the "Agricultural distress" which has occurred since the period of his first letters, and shows what "Protection" has done—or rather failed to do—for its alleviation; and, finally, he exults in the progress of those Free-Trade principles to which he was an early convert, and which he now sees triumphant.

Observations on a Work entitled, Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, by Sir John Barrow, &c. &c.—This pamphlet is a refutation, by Sir John Ross, of numerous alleged misrepresentations, affecting his personal and professional character, which occur in Sir John Barrow's "Voyages."

Discours de M. Thiers, sur les Députés Fonctionaires; prononces dans la Seance de la Chambre des Deputes, du 17 Mars, 1846.—M. Thiers here makes a long and elaborate speech in favour of Parliamentary Reform; though he can perceive nothing in the representative system of England suitable to France, or worthy of imitation. His speech displays commanding historical knowledge.

Free Trade and Taxation, and the Principles of Sir Robert Peel's New Tariff examined.—The author of this pamphlet considers the Peel principle "unsound and ruinous."

The Dressmaker; a prize essay. By the Rev. W. M'Ilwaine of Belfast.

The Duty and Advantage of Learning to Sing; a Lecture. By John Hullah, Professor of Vocal Music, in King's College, London.—We consider this tract well worthy of attention, as every thing must be which tends to spread the love and the study of vocal music among the people.

Road Reform; a plan for abolishing turnpike tolls and statute-labour assessments, and for providing funds necessary for the public roads by an annual rate on horses. By William Pagan, writer.—Mr. Pagan makes out a good case; and there never was a time more favourable for bringing forward any rational plan of Reform. That of Mr. Pagan is recommended by its simplicity and completeness. The leading principle is to sweep away at once the whole of the present complicated machinery, consolidate the different road trusts of a county or a district, and to pay off arrears and maintain the roads, bridges, &c., by a tax of thirty shillings a-year upon every horse in the kingdom.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

THE LORDS ON THEIR TRIAL.

THE Lords are now upon their trial. It is the second time within our recollection; the Reform Bill session was the first. They will yield now, as they yielded then; and the more quickly and cheerfully they submit to the necessity, with the better grace will they do it. There is no hostility to the titled portion of the aristocracy in this country—to the hereditary aristocracy. On the contrary, no men so anxious to be led by lords as your middle-class shopocracy, and Chartist agitators of the manufacturing districts. At the great banquet, which was the first visible gathering of *The League* in Manchester, when Colonel Thompson and Mr. Warburton, and others of the same stamp, rose, they were received with the conventional civilities of such occasions, and before they sat down, their powers extorted hearty and enthusiastic applause; but when a young (and now, alas! lamented) friend, unknown to fame, and of no peculiarly eminent talents, but to whose name the magic "Honourable," was prefixed, came forward, there was a general sensation,—"Who is he?" "Pray introduce me!"—among the cotton lords. Feargus O'Connor, and even "slashing Tom Duncombe," are followed by Chartists, because they are "gentlemen." The good-humoured blarney of the one, and the genial benevolent elegance of the other, in an equal, could not maintain them in their respective positions. The masses, rich and poor, like to have lords among them. And the reflecting few see some good, and no great evil in this necessary law. Even among those, who, in their inmost souls, bow to no patents of nobility but those "held directly from Heaven," there is a kindly feeling towards our old English aristocracy. They gladly leave to them, in general, the discharge of those functions which make an aristocracy a reality, and tolerable; for any thing more noxious and degrading than mere titles, without civil powers and duties to exercise and discharge, such as abound in foreign courts, cannot be imagined. But to this tolerance of aristocratic power, on all hands—love of it among many—there is a limit. The aristocracy must discharge its functions in the same spirit that pervades the nation. If the aristocracy set themselves in opposition to the People, it is the old story of the potsherd rebelling against the potter—for a People makes its aristocracy as surely as the African idolater makes his Fetish—and the end will be the same.

It is needless conjecturing, at the time of the month when we write, what the Lords can do. But there may yet be time to remind them of a few facts before they commit themselves in opposition to the total abolition of the corn-laws. On the third reading of the corn-law bill, only two hundred and thirty-one votes (including tellers) could, by every exertion, be mustered against it. The opposition is confined to the old Tory section, (with a few equivocal recruits, such as the versatile and brilliant D'Israeli, and the equally versatile but less brilliant Colquhoun,) of the Conservative party of 1841. When the two hundred and forty gentlemen, who are understood to represent this section of the Conservative party, in the House of Commons, boast that only one hundred and twelve of their former colleagues adhere to the minister, they entirely forget how it was that they, the two hundred and forty, got into the house. At the first election after the Reform Bill, where were they and their party? What turned the scale and sent them back to the House of Commons, from which they had been so unceremoniously ejected *en masse?* It was partly the secession, from the ranks of the liberal voters, of many timid and more corrupted supporters of the Reform Bill. The Conservative party, out of doors, was composed, to the amount of fully one half, of these recruits. One trembled for the church,—another was afraid of Chartists and Socialists,—a third had some petty personal interest in view. But these men, in proving false to their party, could not put off their opinions. They were among the Tories, not of them. Eager and repeated were their professions that they still were true to liberal principles and measures,—that they wished to see them carried, but not with "rash haste,"—not by "unsafe leaders." And their Tory allies affected the same language, in the hope that their chaff would attract more silly birds. If the Tory members, returned by the Conservative party to Parliament, bear so large a proportion to the Liberal Conservatives, it is because among public men, though not in society at large, they were more numerous. Public men cannot quit the ranks of a party so easily as private individuals. Ratting, among public men, has been pretty extensive; but nothing like what it has been among voters. The Conservative party has been resolved into its elements by the emergence of one of those plain, practical, commonsense questions upon which *conformers* to Toryism take their stand. They will not go against such a measure as the Premier's, and they are obliged to fall back upon their old friends. The proportional number of Free-Trade and Protectionist Conservatives in the House is no indication of their proportional numbers out of doors. Here the ratio is inverted. Were a banquet to be given to Sir Robert Peel, in Glasgow, now, as in the year when he was elected rector of the university, ninety-nine in the hundred of those who attended the first would be there again; and their numbers would be doubled by the accession of Whigs and Radicals. Of the two hundred and forty Protectionists, one half are members of Parliament at this moment because there has been no election on the Corn-law question. The Conservatives came into office because the Whigs would undertake no great reform that carried with it the approbation of the community. In the absence of any object great enough to stimulate united action among the People, electioneering tactics triumphed. This may be the case again; though, looking at the present aspect of public affairs, it seems unlikely to happen for some years to come; but such miserable tactics stand no chance when a question like Corn-law abolition is on the *tapis*, which has rallied round it the *juste milieu* of Whiggery, with the liberal conformists to Toryism and the earnest Radicals.

The very debates on the Corn Bill have shown that its opponents in the House of Commons knew that resistance is hopeless—that their struggle against it is factitious, merely to keep up appearances. The little they had to say against it was talked out long before the debates were allowed to close. It is an inadequate expression to say, that no new arguments were produced by the Protectionists during the talk on the third reading:—no arguments at all were brought forward. Their discourses were mere words uttered against time,

languidly and listlessly. Mr. D'Israeli let out the secret of their insincerity on the last night of the debate: he proclaimed aloud the Protectionists' real cause of inveteracy against Sir Robert Peel. It is not that he is going to establish the Corn-law, but that he has not "made a better bargain" for them. "The noble lord, the member for Lynn," said Mr. D'Israeli, "in a moment of frank conversation assured me he trusted in the right honourable baronet, because he believed he could make the best bargain for the Protectionists." The Protectionists knew, then, from the beginning, that they had no chance—that the protective system was doomed. They did not dream that Sir Robert Peel or any body could uphold it: they only hoped that he would exact a higher price for their giving their assent than any other minister. They oppose him, they calumniate him, they make bad jokes about him, they do every thing mean, ludicrous, and revolting, that small spite can suggest, not because they think Protection can be supported, or fear that Free Trade will ruin even themselves, much less the nation, but because Sir Robert Peel has not persuaded the country to bribe them with some high price to give way a year or a month sooner than is absolutely necessary. They have made up their minds to submit to the establishment of Free Trade, but they wish to be paid for doing so. All this pother in Protectionist clubs — this tempest in a tea-pot—is not for a principle, but for a gratuity. It is like the strike of the London footmen when *vails* were abolished.

What is obvious to the Protectionist Commoners, is not likely to be hidden from the Protectionist Lords. The Duke of Richmond, like Lord George Bentinck, has only quarrelled with Sir Robert Peel, because the minister has not "made the best bargain that, under the circumstances, could be hoped for;" has failed in "the important work," as Mr. D'Israeli calls it. The Duke must see that, now the secret is out, he has no chance. Impatient as the country is to see the Corn Law abolished, rather than pay the Duke of Richmond one farthing for its abolition, now that it is aware that with him consenting to repeal is only a question of time, it will wait a little longer. The Duke, however, may not find it safe to gratify his spleen by procrastination, now that money is out of the question. The People may follow his example, and set up a claim for "demurrage," against the Protectionist obstructives. The defendants in the great plea of People against Corn-growers, may be cast in costs for vexatious and quibbling evasions of judgment. Instead of receiving payment for giving up compensation, they may be called upon to make compensation for having retained it so long. The People, as well as the Protectionists, may take it into their heads to pick a quarrel with the minister, under an impression, true or false, that he has not "made the best bargain that, under the circumstances, could be hoped for." We to the Lords, if they protract the struggle too long for popular patience. We have all read, in the school-books, of a devout idolater, who, wearied with praying in vain to his idol for wealth, threw it down, and, by breaking, discovered and became master of the treasure concealed in its hollow form.

Whatever the Lords may think, and whatever the Lords may do, the People are at ease. They look upon the bill as already law. They know that the only question is, whether the Lords will pass it at once, in full house, by a majority a little greater or a little less, or allow it to pass a few months later by crowded ministerial benches, confronted by untenanted opposition benches, in the presence of a jostling, jeering throng of members, from the Lower House. This was all they gained by a protracted opposition to the Reform Bill: this is all they can gain by a protracted opposition to the Corn-Law-Abolition Bill.

So certain do the People feel of this, that, with the exception of the mercantile and manufacturing interest, who feel the direct pressure arising from the unsettled state of our commercial legislation, comparatively little thought is wasted upon the Corn-Law-Abolition Bill. That measure is regarded by the general public and political speculators with the calm apathy of a *fait accompli*. *Quidnuncs*, and even rational beings, are asking themselves, "What next?" Conjectures as to future political combinations are rife. Lord George Bentinck extends one hand to Mr. Smith O'Brien, the other to the Baldwin-Lafontaine party in Canada. Lord John Manners speaks of co-operation on the part of himself, Feargus O'Conner, and Mr. Thomas Duncombe; a most promising political *pot-pourri*. If we take no count of Mr. D'Israeli, it is because his interest in the fray is not political: since he dismissed the vision of being "offered some slight office — all that he expected," (his own words,) he has taken part in the struggle like a volunteer artist who serves a campaign to find materials for battle pictures. Alike when Mr. D'Israeli is prompting his associates in secret conclave, or joining in the public debate of the Commons, his mind is intent upon one object. He is spying character, and arranging melodramatic tableaux for his next novel. In less than half-a-year we shall have the last field of Protection idealized into a Third Part of Coningsby and Sybil; in which, be sure, full justice will be done to the character which shadows forth the author.

Nor is speculation respecting the future combinations of parties confined to these *flocci, nanci, nihili pili* —those "curious impirtinents" and excrescences of the political drama. The dull prosaic men of business are also taxing their more ponderous and inert imaginations to conjecture the future. Their guesses are as wild, though less amusing and brilliant than those of the sentimental, earnest Lord John Manners, or the witty sceptical D'Israeli. They leave the People out of account: now, without allowing for the People, all their conjectural anticipations are unreal. And the state of public opinion, though at this time animated with intense life, is as yet too formless to admit of a rational guess as to its future. We are not of those who take pleasure in misty conjecture: our sphere is the world of broad daylight and definite form. We will not trouble ourselves with conjecturing what shape chaos is to assume, but wait to make the most of it when it develops itself. We cannot, however, refrain from a brief passing notice of the appearances made on the night when the Corn-bill was read a third time, by two men who, under any circumstances, must play an important part in all future combinations.

The tone and spirit of Lord John Russell's speech was the reverse of creditable. He rose immediately after Mr. D'Israeli had concluded one of his laboured, brilliant, and impertinent attacks upon Sir Robert Peel. Lord John could not dissemble the intense pleasure with which he had listened to the member for Shrewsbury. With elaborate parade he waived the consideration of the philippic against the minister, in words that implied admiration and approbation of it. He hinted that it

might have been in place, and perfectly just, had the question been "Whether we shall pass a censure on the first minister of the crown." He spoke of himself as "rather a spectator than a party concerned;" as if any really earnest and magnanimous politician could be unconcerned, when a great statesman was maliciously depreciated and misrepresented with a view to weaken their common cause. And, more flattering still for Mr. D'Israeli, Lord John set himself to reply gravely and minutely to every point of a long, crude, dull exposition of fallacies in political economy; the fruits of three weeks' hard "cramming," by a brilliant but superficial genius. Mr. D'Israeli and every body saw that Lord John's good will had been gained, and his better judgment disturbed, by a clever libel on Sir Robert Peel. Never was there a more painful display of littleness in a popular leader. It confirmed the surmises, that personal antipathy on Lord John's part, by preventing a more cordial support on the part of the Whigs, has materially added to the difficulties of the Premier. This will not more strengthen Lord John's claim to the leadership of a new liberal party, than the "infirmity of purpose" with which he so soon threw up the cards after undertaking to form a ministry; a display of weak rashness which the country cannot easily forget, and which we have no right to expect that the sovereign who had so unreservedly placed herself at his disposal, will soon forgive.

On the other hand, Sir Robert Peel contrived, as he has done on every great occasion of the three months' discussion which has followed the introduction of his measures, to raise himself still higher in public estimation. It may be, as his detractors insinuate, acting; but it is such acting as no vulgar or ungenerous mind could devise. The sentiment must be there, to prompt words and conduct so apt to the occasion. On the most unfavourable supposition, the man is committed, knows he is committed, and has pride and tenacity of purpose enough to enable him to "play out the play." But we believe that he is in earnest, and is one of those characters that rises with the occasion. When Sir Robert developed his Free-trade scheme, he evinced power to estimate aright the actual position and wants of the country. When, in the course of the discussion, he declared his conviction that his policy was just as well as expedient, he took up high moral ground. And his concluding declarations, on the night of the third reading, encourage the people of this country to hope that the roll of the benefits they are to receive at the hands of Robert Peel is not closed with Catholic Emancipation, Law Reform, Judicial Purity, and Free Trade. Never before, we will be bold to say, did an English minister make such a sublime and touching profession of principle as was made by Sir Robert Peel on the morning of the 16th of May.

"My earnest wish has been, during my tenure of power, to impress the people of this country with a belief that the Legislature was animated by a sincere desire to frame its legislation upon the principles of equity and justice. (Cheers.) I have a strong belief that the greatest object which we or any other Government can contemplate, should be to elevate the social condition of that class of the people with whom we are brought into no direct relationship by the exercise of the elective franchise. (Cheers.) I wish to convince them that our object has been so to apportion taxation, that we shall relieve industry and labour from any undue burden, and transfer it, so far as is consistent with the public good, to those who are better enabled to bear it. I look to the present peace of this country; I look to the absence of all sedition—to the absence of any commitment for a seditious offence; I look to the calm that prevails in the public mind; I look to the absence of all disaffection; I look to the increased and growing public confidence on account of the course you have taken, in relieving trade from restrictions, and industry from unjust burdens. Where there was dissatisfaction, I see contentment; where there was turbulence, I see peace; where there was disloyalty, I see loyalty; I see the disposition to confide in you, and not to agitate questions that are at the foundations of your institutions. Deprive me of power to-morrow; you cannot deprive me of the consciousness that I have exercised the powers committed to me from no corrupt or interested motives, (loud cheers,) nor for the gratification of ambition or any personal object. (Continued cheers.) But I have laboured to maintain peace abroad consistently with national honour and dignity,—to uphold every public right,—to increase public confidence in the justice of your decisions,—and, by the means of equal law, to dispense with all coercive powers, relying on the attachment and loyalty of the great body of the people, (Loud and protracted cheering.)"

To establish peace abroad—to protect the rights of industry at home—to proportion the burden of the cost of government to the means of those who bear it—to make a people contented by governing them for their good—these are truly great aims. Well might Mr. Villiers say, while the words we have quoted were still ringing in his ears, "He believed the measure an honest one; and ministers had had great advantage in advocating it, because they advocated it honestly. The country was under great obligations to the government for proposing such a measure; and that obligation was enhanced by the spirit and courage with which it had been pressed."

Our party is the party of the People. Our aim is to promote the utmost simplification of the machinery of effective government compatible with the actual state of public opinion. We must be content to accept such leaders as can be got to head our party—to undertake the reforms which we conscientiously believe to be necessary. We may again find ourselves in opposition to Sir Robert Peel: but never can we forget the humane and generous part he has taken, the utter abnegation of self he has displayed, the moral and intellectual power he has put forth, in emancipating the national energies from the Protective system. As for Lord John Russell, emergencies may arise when we shall have to follow his lead again, as we have followed it before; but if Peel is to be the opponent—with somewhat of the feelings of the Irishman after the battle of the Boyne—"Change generals, and we'll beat you yet."

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

The French and English bullies are mollified. Lord Palmerston has done the agreeable at Paris, and been received with *empressement*. This is a more unequivocal expression of *entente cordiale* than the interchange of visits between the royalties of France and England. No one imagined that Louis Philippe or Victoria bore any

grudge against the other, or were ambitious of military glory. Their amicable meetings implied no sacrifice of hostile feelings at the altar of peace. But Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers—the British lion and the Gallic cock—the Coryphaei of warlike bluster in the safe recesses of their respective senates and studies—when they embraced like Peachum and Lockitt, one was reminded of the good fairy of a melo-drama making grim warriors drop their swords by a touch of her wand.

It is well that the war-orators and war-scribblers of London and Paris have resolved to cultivate a more pacific—an Arcadian style. It may not be useless to draw a moral from their abrupt transition. The war faction in England is insignificant in every respect; but the war faction of Paris, if not more respectable or intelligent, is more powerful for evil. There never was a more dishonest knot of declaimers. Not one of them really feels that aversion to and distrust of England which they habitually affect. The anti-Anglican diatribes of France emanate solely from the *littérateurs* of the *salons*. It is not meant by this that the mass of the French people have a very cordial feeling towards Englishmen: quite the contrary. The middle and lower classes of France and England rarely come into contact: they know nothing of each other; they regard the unknown with suspicion and coldness. But in England these classes are too much engrossed with industrial pursuits to be quarrelsome. Their minds are sufficiently occupied: they do not require the stimulus of war, and tales of warlike adventure, as is the case with agricultural or pastoral nations, much of whose time hangs heavy on their hands. And the wealthier among them have so much to lose by war, that they regard it with positive distaste. Similar classes are growing up in France. The great industrial centres, Lyons, Nantes, Rouen, Mulhouse, &c., with their ever-working swarms, and substantial capitalists, constitute a strong and growing peace interest. They have no great love for Englishmen—perhaps look grudgingly upon them as rivals in trade—but they have too much sense to think of wasting time and money in fighting them. This interest is already beginning to make itself felt in the elections, and with every year its influence over the public mind of France grows stronger. The war faction in France consists of the adventurers who support themselves by saying (or writing) smart things. They are the lions of the *salons*, but the *salons* are Anglicised. It is with the luxurious and intellectual classes of Paris only, that Englishmen come much into contact; and in their circles the wealthy, intelligent *gauche*, it may be, but decorous and high-spirited Englishman, is a favourite guest. The re-unions of Paris would lose half their attractions by a war that would banish the numerous English who frequent them; and this the Parisians could never forgive the political party who should provoke one. The diatribes in the Journals and Chambers of Paris have been written and delivered by men whose position in society depends upon their reception in these circles. Their philippics had no more of earnestness and sincerity in them than a *feuilleton roman*. They were not meant to be believed in France; they were merely meant to show how much cleverer things the Opposition could say than the ministry, in order to bring that Opposition into place. To Englishmen there was something inexpressibly revolting in the hebetude to self-respect evinced by these grimacers, who, after belying every thing English from their tribune or press, expected that it should pass with Englishmen as a mere trick of trade—that they should be met in society as the friends and admirers of England,—they, its mercenary calumniators. Nor were they as harmless as frivolous. From the habitudes of Parisian society, still too exclusively possessed of political power in France, mere cleverness and show can too easily acquire political power; and, once possessed of it by the centralization of administrative government, can exercise a dangerous control over elections. It has ever been possible that the war faction might talk itself into power; that from a miserable consistency it might act as it had spoken; and that its mendacious denunciations of England might have produced an effect on the ignorant peasantry, raw lads from college, the army, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the *salons*.

Lord Palmerston is too old a *habitué* of fashionable circles here and abroad not to have known the exact value of the French war-faction, and the true method of disarming it. He knew its hollowness; knew that its vapouring about hatred to England, was merely assumed to make money by; knew that by convincing these *farceurs* more was to be gained to trying another line; he could easily change their note; knew that this might be done by cultivating the friendship of the material interests of France and its shrewd pacific monarch. But this, though the tranquillity and interest of England required it, was not Palmerston's game. Whiggery was weak on all domestic questions, and he sought to make a difficult foreign question that might lead men to think the Whig Foreign Secretary's presence in Downing Street indispensable. If the King of the French and his ministers would have become partisans of the Whigs, Lord Palmerston would have been for peace with France, and would have estimated the war-faction at its real value. But the King of the French and his ministers were willing to accept any ministry that England and Queen Victoria might prefer, and Lord Palmerston resolved to deal with them as enemies. With the habitual slanderers of his country he could not decently make alliance: he therefore broke with all France. His anti-Gallican policy was a mere trick of trade to keep his party in office. English electors mind home politics more than foreign; Lord Palmerston perilled the game on the weakest card an English political gambler can hold, and he lost it. He now says that he never was a war-minister: we believe him; he did not wish to charge himself with the terrible labour and responsibility of war: but he coquetted with the crime: he made-believe to be a war minister, under circumstances when, to be believed one, was almost as dangerous as to be one. Without absolutely wishing for war, he was willing to plunge his country into one, provided his own selfish ends could thereby be saved.

The risk of war between France and England has passed away for the present. The eagerness with which the Thiersites in France, and the Palmerstonians in England disclaim warlike wishes—protest, at the hazard of singing their already mangey reputations, that they never in earnest wished for war—is a proof of this. With the limited and peculiar constituency of France, it would be rash to prophesy that the war-faction in that country will not again resume their yelping. But that kind of talk has been effectually silenced in England. Lord Palmerston is muzzled. The Whigs still look forward to make a lodgment in Downing Street at no distant date; and with a view to that event, Lord Palmerston has been brought to book. It is most likely that in the next Whig ministry he will be foreign

secretary, but so manacled with pledges and explicit explanations as to prevent his steering his old reckless and mischievous course. This will not make him an efficient or respectable foreign secretary; it will not make the party to which he is indispensable strong and esteemed; but it will remove the danger there otherwise might have been in allowing the Whigs to take their turn among the numerous ephemeral ministries, which are likely to precede the organisation of a national party with a real man for a Premier at its head. Lord Palmerston's tricks abroad will no longer furnish a pretext to a French war-party, and the evangels of common sense will have time to diffuse itself from Lyons and other strong-holds of faith in international peace.

France is the only European nation with which we risk a collision; Spain, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and the Baltic States, are too weak,—Germany and Italy too disunited,—the other powers too remote to quarrel with us. It is only to the North American United States that attention is turned with any anticipation of a possible war. Though we did at one time think that matters were beginning to look serious in this quarter, we have been at no time entirely without hope that the black cloud would pass without breaking. The sources of danger in America have been very different from those in France. In both countries the most intelligent and moral portion of the community were disinclined to war. But in France an actually indifferent, though excitable population was stimulated by the white-kid gloved demagogues of the *salons;* in the United States the tone was given to the demagogues by the cravings of the lazy, lounging, excitement-wanting loafers, and irregular industrials of the backwoods. The desire for war was really spontaneous among a considerable and energetic portion of the American population, and this made the danger greater. It has been a difficult game the real statesmen of America have had to play. We will not say that the panderers to the mere passion and prejudice of the least instructed part of the population in that country are more rascally than their counterparts in France; but there is a grossness, an avowed and shameless ostentation of money-greed about them, that renders them more revolting. The peace party in the Union has been powerful only in the New England States, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, part of Virginia, and Washington. The cotton growers on the sea-coasts have been its allies rather than an integral part of it. And all the Canadian frontier, the New States of the far west, the inland and less accessible parts of the Southern States, have been of the war party. Their insane desire has been echoed and stimulated by candidates for office, whose provincial ignorance and inexperience alone can palliate the tone they have assumed. The democratic leaders lent themselves most shamefully to the popular delusion; even the chief magistrate desecrated the chair of Washington by lending himself to be its mouth-piece. The struggle between the educated honest politicians of the Union, and ignorant popular passion, has been the life-and-death struggle of intelligent man with a wild courser; but they appear to have bitted their brute. Assuming that the resolutions to give notice of the termination of the joint occupancy of Oregon become law this session, and the forms of the legislative bodies may yet prevent it, the resolution has been stripped of all that is insulting or indicative of a desire to thrust a quarrel upon Britain. If the Union do not resolve to give the notice, we ought: for it is in the unsettled state of the Oregon question that the hazard consists. A bad settlement will be better than none; for men will acquiesce in what has once been decided, even when dissatisfied with the decision, whereas they will wrangle and quibble on until judgment is pronounced. It is for the interest of both nations that Oregon should no longer be an apple of discord between them. We would rather that the resolution to give notice came from America, for then no complaints of being unduly hurried on could be made in that quarter; but if they do not, we ought to press for an immediate settlement. It is a proof how entirely the war clamour in the United States has originated with the ignorant and unthinking — how insincere and time-serving has been the pandering to this urgency on the part of the intelligent leaders of the democratic party — that while England has been studiously and systematically provoked to hostilities, no preparations to arm have been made in America. President Polk is as well aware as Mr. Webster or Mr. Calhoun, that if there is to be war between his country and ours, Oregon, though the cause, will not be the field of battle. They would not be allowed to Jackson or Braddock us. England, reluctantly forced to war, would choose her own ground. Strong fleets would be assembled at Halifax, Bermuda, and Nassau; blockading (perhaps bombarding squadrons) despatched to Boston, New York, Baltimore, the Chesapeake, and New Orleans; and the communication between those ocean citadels and troops kept up by moveable columns of cruisers. England has the ships and their munitions in readiness. America has no force to meet them, no means to purchase, and would be allowed no time to build. This is well known to every merchant in the Old States, and to every public man in Washington. They are not in earnest when they speak of war; they are merely talking at their constituents to gain time, and put the negociations into such a shape as may least endanger their re-election.

In so far as war really deserving the name is concerned—war with nations, our equals in race and civilization — we feel pretty confident, all but absolutely certain, there will be none for many years to come. And every year gained for peace is a year gained to make new converts to the belief in the criminality of war. But the circumstances of our Empire leave us exposed to desultory, yet destructive hostilities, with brave or intelligent races of inferior civilization, such as the Sikhs, Affghans, or Chinese; to murderous struggles with races still less advanced in civil organization and knowledge —such as the New Zealanders; or to civil wars with Colonial fellow subjects — as with the *habitans* of Canada.

We are too apt, when arguing about the rights of the citizen and national policy, to arrive at erroneous conclusions, by deducing consequences from too narrow a basis. We talk of the British empire, but we think only of the British islands. In form the Imperial government of England is a monarchy, in which the sovereign through his ministers administers in the modes prescribed by Parliament. In fact it is an oligarchy, in which the leaders of the electoral body in England, Scotland, and Ireland, govern the inhabitants of these islands and of the whole of our colonies and dependencies. The real rulers of England are the ministers supported for the time being by a majority in the House of Commons. Their subjects are not the homogeneous race — the men holding in the main the same religious and moral opinions, trained from childhood to conform their actions as well as they can to the same laws, living from day to

day in the practice of the same customs. Their subjects vary more widely in moral than in physical constitution, and more widely still in their views and habits of political life. For an intelligent man of average firmness of purpose, it would be comparatively an easy task to govern the British islands—Ireland not excepted—with that avowed deference for the personal rights of private individuals, and that determination to avoid involving his country in the miseries of war which is now, in theory at least, the creed of all British statesmen. The mass of the people are animated by these views: the civilized nations by whom we are surrounded are daily becoming more subjected to their influence. But in India, the rulers of the British empire have a wide and thickly peopled province, whose inhabitants — the most advanced in civilization among them—are incapable of any government more nearly approximated to what a sound theory of government recommends, than that of Austria. In the colonies we have men of our own race as capable of *self*-government as we are: but remoteness interposes difficulties in the way of governing them exactly on the principles of the British constitution. Both in India and the colonies, there are intermingled with the more civilized races, tribes not yet advanced beyond a savage state — the means of governing which in accordance with the dictates of humanity, and at the same time with due regard for the rights of their more civilized fellow-subjects, is the most difficult problem of government. Lastly, those "out-lying" possessions border not upon civilized nations, animated in the main by the same principles and feelings as ourselves, but upon tribes animated by the restless spirit of warlike aggression, which characterized all the European nations of the middle ages — the lust of plunder which was the principle of action with our own moss-troopers, or the mad dream of universal domination which sent forth Tamerlanes and Genghis Khans to desolate a world.

Realms and peoples of such characters, and so locally circumstanced as we have described, cannot be ruled exactly as the people of England. The great apostle of rational — of utilitarian — legislation and government, not only avowed, but acted upon this principle. He propounded his ideal constitution of government, towards a capacity for which it was, in his opinion, the great end and aim of civilization to elevate men. But he recognized the necessity of acting with and through *de facto* governments. Any government was, in his estimation, better than none; it was the beginning of the good work of knitting up chaotic anarchy into civil form. The government which existed in any country was demonstrated, by the bare fact of its existence, to be the form of government of which that country was naturally capable. There were two ways of advancing the cause of humanity in any country of imperfect civilization and imperfectly developed forms of government. The one was, by winning the government to legislate and administer law as nearly as possible in accordance with the great principles of utility; the other was to teach the people to aim at constructing a government which, by the necessity of its nature, must legislate and administer law in accordance with these principles. Bentham not only taught this doctrine, — he practised it. By his writings, he instructed and exhorted the people to frame constitutional governments; he volunteered his services to the United States democracy, to frame codes of law in harmony with their institutions; he volunteered his services to the Emperor of Russia, to codify the laws which were adapted to the social and political relations of his autocratic empire. It is in this Catholic and comprehensive spirit of true Benthamism — of rational radicalism, that it is incumbent upon the rulers of the British empire, at this crisis, to act: every part of their widely extended, and diversely characterized empire, ought to be administered upon sound utilitarian principles, in the best way that the local relations and peculiar stage of civilization attained by its subjects admits of.

To this end the colonies and dependencies must be clearly distinguished from each other. In the colonies, the predominating race is the British; or, at all events, the European, with a strong and increasing admixture of the British. India is, properly, our only dependency: the rest are mere garrisons, like Gibraltar; or burdens, like the Ionian Islands, which John Bull has, good-naturedly, allowed his sly continental neighbours to lay upon his shoulders. In India, the predominating races are the feudal Mahomedans, Rajpoots, and other Indian tribes. They are compelled to live peacefully together in relations approaching to political equality, simply by the control of the comparatively few English who hold the reins of government. They are as yet incapable of self-government. The only guarantee for mutual religious toleration, and the security of private personal rights in India, is the strong hand of the Anglo-Indian government. The influence of these "outlying" parts of our empire upon our foreign relations, is as different as the constitution of their internal society. With the exception of Canada and Guiana, none of our colonies or dependencies bring us into frontier relations with states of the European type of civilization. None of our colonies bring us into contact with any people sufficiently civilized to be regarded as nations. But our great dependency brings us into contact with warlike, ambitious, and restless tribes, to whom European international law is a sealed book.

It is necessary to cast a retrospective glance at the origin and growth of our transmarine territories, in order to entertain a true and distinct conception of the necessity that unites us into one state and nation, and obtain a just notion of the manner in which they ought to be governed.

When the progress of mercantile enterprise and discovery brought the European nations of the most perfect type of civilization yet known upon earth — that of which the Christian religion, Roman law and discipline, and Greek science and literature, are the elements—into contact with people of less perfect civilizations, such as Mahometans, Hindoos, Chinese and Tartars, Mexicans and Peruvians, and purely savage tribes; the instinct of self-defence, quite as much as the spirit of conquest, prompted them to acquire foreign possessions. These were of two kinds — the factory and the colony. The object of both was at first simply to provide a secure asylum for the merchants of the country establishing them, among tribes who either were inimical, or animated by friendly dispositions of uncertain endurance. The factory was a mere garrisoned fort, within which *depôts* of merchandise were established. The colony was, in addition, an agricultural settlement of emigrants, whose object was to cultivate food for their trading countrymen, or some rare and valuable product of the soil. Factories were of more frequent occurrence among the powerful nations. Venetians and Genoese had them in the Turkish dominions. Colonies were founded among scattered nomade tribes, where supplies of food were scarce, and

where there was no organized general government to prohibit their establishment. Wars with nations — in which the fault was not so uniformly on the side of the Europeans as some fanciful speculators would persuade us — have in several instances combined straggling colonies or factories into extensive dependent states, in the internal organization of which their respective origins may still be traced. In the colonial dependencies, the European race predominates, and retains the rights of citizenship. In the dependencies of factory origin, the not numerous ruling class alone are of European origin, and possess the full rights of citizenship. The natives of all our colonies are British citizens in the most ample sense of the word. If possessed of wealth, talent, and ambition, there is no office in the state which is not as patent to them as to rivals born in Britain. Their merchants and producers are the partners, the agents, or the employers, of the same classes in Britain. Britain is their metropolis, which many of them inhabit permanently, without feeling themselves in a foreign land. The colonists and the inhabitants of the old islands, have not only opinions and sentiments, they have property in common. This is the case also with the dominant class in India. By this designation is intended, not merely the civil and military officers of government in India, but all proprietors of India stock. That stock is the capital that was advanced to establish an English government in India; the tributes annually remitted from India, to pay the dividends on this stock, is the interest of the capital lent for that purpose. India stock is the national debt of India; and considering how infinitely superior, with all its faults, the Anglo-Indian government is to any former government in Hindostan, India has more to show for its debt than Great Britain has. The dominant race in India, and their kindred traders, who have here and there established *quasi* colonies in our Indian dominions, are, like the colonists, in virtue of their birth full citizens of Britain. The Anglo-Indian and the colonist are not governed in their respective provinces, exactly as the citizens of London are; but neither are the citizens of London who settle in these provinces permanently, or for a time, so governed. On the other hand, the Anglo-Indian or colonist who establishes his domicile in Middlesex, enjoys the same rights and privileges as the native of the country. The politically powerful, the full-citizen class in the mother country, the colonies, and the dependency, are one nation. The British nation has outgrown the narrow limits of the islands, in which its institutions and all its peculiarities were developed: but with the exception of the eighteen millions, who inhabit the United States, it is still one nation.

Is it expedient that this one nation should continue to be ruled by one central government? There is both good and evil arising out of such an arrangement. On the adverse side may be reckoned the greater risk of war, in consequence of an extended frontier bringing us into contact with restless and warlike neighbours; and the paralysis with which the remoteness of the central government has at times struck the exercise of its functions in distant dependencies. On the other side, the union of so many colonies and dependencies under one central government, has a tendency to diminish wars. The great impediment to the substitution of arbitration for war as a means of terminating international controversies, has been found to be the want of a judge armed with authority to enforce his awards. Nations of the same race, are as liable to go to war, for want of such a common sovereign, as those of different races; witness England and the United States. A very feeble central authority at Washington has proved sufficient to prevent the States of the Union, which are in reality each sovereign within itself, from going to war. Were Anglo-India and the various colonial groups, to be erected into independent states, the chances of war among them would be multiplied: it is the common acknowledgment of the authority of the British crown that enables them to settle their bickerings without blows. Again, as to what concerns internal administration, the alternate bad government and no government of our colonies and dependencies, has been the consequence of the central authorities interfering unnecessarily in the management of local affairs. The local government in the colonies ought to be left entirely to the colonists; the mother country, like the President and Congress at Washington, reserving to itself merely the direction of her imperial diplomatic relations, the maintenance and application of our defensive forces, by sea and land, and an appellate jurisdiction in all controversies between colony and colony, or colony and the mother country. This concession of extended local self-government, would not weaken the empire: the last colony which joined the Union, driven, by mad mismanagement of the ministers and sovereign of the day, was the most democratic, the most entirely self-governed among them. India, where a bureaucratic oligarchy prevails, cannot, at this time, benefit by the boon of self-government. The imperial authorities require to stand between the dominant and the subject castes. But in proportion as more and more indigo and sugar and cotton planters, of English origin, settle in India, and an educated half-caste and Anglicised Indian caste grows up, self-government may be gradually introduced, and India in time placed on the same footing as the colonies. The aim of Britain ought to be to organize the islands, the colonies, and dependencies, in a union analogous to that which subsists among the States of the American Union.

This is the only bond that can much longer hold the various parts of the empire together. Imaginary advantages from monopoly, have bribed influential colonists to connive at local misgovernment. The Corn and Customs Bill will put an end to this unworthy compromise. Good government, in other words, local self-government, must now be conceded to all the colonies. The concession will be amply repaid by the perpetuation of national power. It was the aggregate wealth of Britain, India, and the Colonies, the aggregate numbers of their population, that carried us triumphantly through the French revolutionary war. It is the knowledge that this mass of human beings and property, are still under our flag, that would deter assailants, and leave us to mature our peaceful policy. Under English public opinion, our uncivilized fellow-citizens are more humanely treated than under American public opinion: our missionaries of religion, and our missionaries of trade, are safe. But the only condition upon which the union of all parts of pre-existing British empire can be perpetuated, is the extension of local self-government, with the least possible delay, to all its provinces.

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SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

PERHAPS the leading authors of the age may be divided into three classes. 1*st*, Those who have written avowedly and entirely for the few. 2*dly*, Those who have written principally for the many. And, 3*dly*, Those who have sought their audience in both classes, and have succeeded in forming, to some extent, at once an exoteric and an esoteric school of admirers. Of the first class, Coleridge and Wordsworth are the most distinguished specimens. Scott and Dickens stand at the head of the second; and Byron and Bulwer are *facile principes* of the third. Both these last named writers commenced their career by appealing to the sympathies of the multitude; but by and bye, either satiated by their too easy success, or driven onward by the rapid and gigantic progress of their own minds, they aimed at higher things, and sought, nor sought in vain, a more select audience. Byron's mind, in itself essentially unspeculative, was forced upwards upon those rugged and dangerous tracts of thought, where he has gathered the rarest of his beauties, by intimacy with Shelley, by envious emulation of his Lake contemporaries, and, above all, by the pale hand of his misery, unveiling to him heights and depths in his nature and genius, which were previously unknown and unsuspected, and beckoning him onward through their grim and shadowy regions. He grew, at once, and equally, in guilt, misery, and power. An intruder too, on domains, where some other thinkers had long fixed their calm and permanent dwelling, his appearance was the more startling. Here was a dandy discussing the great questions of natural and moral evil; a *roué* in silk stockings meditating suicide, and mouthing blasphemy on an Alpine rock; a brilliant and popular wit and poet, setting Spinoza to music, and satirizing the principalities and powers of heaven, as bitterly as he had done the bards and reviewers of earth. Into those giddy and terrible heights where Milton had entered a permitted guest, in privilege of virtue; where Goethe had walked in like a passionless and prying cherub, forgetting to worship in his absorbing desire to know; and on which Shelley was wrecked and stranded, in the storm of his fanatical unbelief; Byron is upborne by the presumption and the despair of his mental misery. Unable to see through the high walls which bound and beset our limited faculties and little life, he can at least dash his head against them. Hence, in "Manfred," "Cain," "Heaven and Earth," and "The Vision of Judgment," we have him calling upon the higher minds of his age to be as miserable as he was, just as he had in his first poems addressed the same sad message, less energetically, and less earnestly, to the community at large. And were it not unspeakably painful to contemplate a noble mind engaged in this profitless "apostleship of affliction," this thankless gospel of proclamation to men, that because they are miserable, it is their duty to become more so; that because they are bad, they are bound to be worse; we might be moved to laughter by its striking resemblance to the old story of the fox who had lost his tail.

In the career of Bulwer, we find a faint yet traceable resemblance to that of Byron. Like him, he began with wit, satire, and persiflage. Like him, he affected, for a season, a melodramatic earnestness. Like him, he was at last stung into genuine sincerity, and shot upwards into a higher sphere of thought and feeling. The three periods in Byron's history, are distinctly marked by the three works, "English Bards," "Childe Harold," and "Cain." So "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," and "Zanoni," accurately mete out the stages in Bulwer's progress. Minor points of resemblance might be noted between the pair. Both sprang from the aristocracy; and one, at least, was prouder of what he deduced from Norman blood, than from nature. Bulwer, like Byron, is a distinguished dandy. Like him, too, he has been separated from his wife. Like him, he is liberal in his politics. And while Byron, by way of doing penance, threw his jaded system into the Greek war, Bulwer has with better result leaped into a tub of cold water!

Point and brilliance are at once perceived to be the leading qualities of Bulwer's writing. His style is vicious from excess of virtue, weak from repletion of strength. Every word is a point, every clause a beauty, the close of every sentence a climax. He is as sedulous of his every stroke, as if the effect of the whole depended upon it. His pages are all sparkling with minute and insulated splendours; not suffused with a uniform and sober glow, nor shown in the reflected light of one solitary and surpassing beauty. Some writers peril their reputation upon one long difficult leap, and it accomplished, walk on at their leisure. With others, writing is a succession of hops, steps,

and jumps. This in general is productive of a feeling of tedium. It teases and fatigues the mind of the reader. It is like crying perpetually upon a hearer, who is attending with all his might, to attend more carefully. It at once wearies and provokes, insults the reader, and betrays a fear of conscious weakness on the part of the author. If in Bulwer's writings we weary less than in others, it is owing to the artistic skill with which he intermingles his points of humour with those of sententious reflection or vivid narrative. All is point: but the point perpetually varies from gay to grave, from lively to severe; including in it raillery and reasoning, light dialogue and earnest discussion, bursts of political feeling and raptures of poetical description; here a sarcasm, almost worthy of that "*inspired monkey*," Voltaire, and there a passage of pensive grandeur, which Rousseau might have written in his tears. To keep up this perpetual play of varied excellence, required at once great vigour, and great versatility of talents: for Bulwer never walks through his part, never proses, is never tame, and seldom indeed substitutes sound for sense, or mere flummery for force and fire. He generally writes his best; and our great quarrel, indeed, with him is, that he is too uniformly erect in the stirrups, too conscious of himself of his exquisite management, of his complete equipment, of the speed with which he devours the dust; and seldom exhibits the careless grandeur of one who is riding at the pace of the whirlwind, with perfect self-oblivion, and with perfect security.

Bulwer reminds us less of an Englishman Frenchified, than of a Frenchman partially Anglicized. The original powers and tendencies of his mind, his eloquence, wit, sentiments, and feelings, his talents and his opinions, his taste and style, are those of a modern Frenchman. But these, long subjected to English influences, and long trained to be candidates for an English popularity, have been modified and altered from their native bent. In all his writings, however, you breathe a foreign atmosphere, and find very slight sympathy with the habits, manners, or tastes of his native country. Not Zanoni alone, of his heroes, is cut off from country, as by a chasm, or if held to it, held only by ties, which might with equal strength bind him to other planets: all his leading characters, whatever their own pretensions, or whatever their creator may assert of them, are in reality citizens of the world, and have no more genuine relation to the land whence they spring, than have the winds, which linger not over its loveliest landscapes, and hurry past its most endeared and consecrated spots. Eugene Aram is not an Englishman; Rienzi is hardly an Italian. Bulwer is perhaps the first instance of a great novelist obtaining popularity without a particle of nationality in his spirit, or in his writings. We do not question his attachment to his own principles in his native country; but of that tide of national prejudice, which Burns says, "shall boil on in his breast till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest," he betrays not one drop. His novels might all have appeared as translations from a foreign language, and have lost but little of their interest or verisimilitude. This is the more remarkable, as his reign exactly divides the space between that of two others, who have obtained boundless fame, greatly in consequence of the very quality, in varied forms, which Bulwer lacks. Scott's knowledge and love of Scotland, Dickens' knowledge and love of London, stand in curious antithesis to Bulwer's intense cosmopolitanism, and ideal indifference.

Akin to this, and connected either as cause or as effect with it, is a certain dignified independence of thought and feeling, inseparable from the motion of Bulwer's mind. He is not a great original thinker; on no one subject can he be called profound, but on all, he thinks and speaks for himself. He belongs to no school either in literature or in politics, and he has created no school. He is too proud for a Radical, and too wide-minded for a Tory. He is too definite and decisive to belong to the mystic school of letters; too impetuous and impulsive to cling to the classical; too liberal to be blind to the beauties of either. He has attained, thus, an insulated and original position, and may be viewed as a separate, nor yet a small estate, in our intellectual realm. He may take up for motto, "*Nullius jurare addictus in verba magistri;*" — he may emblazon on his shield Desdichado. Some are torn, by violence, from the sympathies and attachments of their native soil, without seeking to take root elsewhere; others are early transplanted, in heart and intellect, to other countries; a few, again, seem born, rooted up, and remain so for ever. To this last class we conceive Bulwer to belong. In the present day, the demand for earnestness, in its leading minds, has become incessant and imperative. Men speak of it as if it had been lately erected into a new test of admission into the privileges alike of St. Stephens and of Parnassus. A large and formidable jury, with Thomas Carlyle for foreman, are diligently occupied in trying each new aspirant, as well as *back-speiring* the old, on this question: "Earnest or a sham? Heroic or hearsay? Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die." Concerning this cry for earnestness, we can only say, *en passant*, that it is not, strictly speaking, new, but old; as old, surely, as that great question of Deborah's to recreant Reuben, — "Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds to hear the bleating of the flocks?" or that more awful query of the Tishbite's,—"How long halt ye between two opinions?" That it is, in theory, a robust truth; and sometimes, in application, an exaggeration and a fallacy; and that, unless preceded by the words "enlightened" and "virtuous," earnestness is a quality no more intrinsically admirable, nay, as blind and brutal, as the rush of a bull upon his foeman, or as the foaming fury of a madman. Bulwer is not, we fear, in the full sense of the term, an earnest man: nay, we have heard of the great modern prophet of the quality, pronouncing him the most thoroughly false man of the age; and another, of the same school, christens him "a double distilled scent-bottle of cant." In spite of this, however, we deem him to possess, along with much that is affected, much, also, that is true,

and much that is deeply sympathetic with sincerity, although no devouring fire of purpose has hitherto filled his being, or been seen to glare in his eye. And, as we hinted before, his later writings exhibit sometimes in mournful and melancholy forms, — a growing depth and truth of feeling. Few, indeed, can even sportively wear, for a long time, the yoke of genius, without its iron entering into the soul, and eliciting that cry which becomes immortal.

Bulwer, as a novelist, has, from a compound of conflicting and imported materials, reared to himself an independent structure. He has united many of the qualities of the fashionable novel, of the Godwin philosophical novel, and of the Waverley tale. He has the levity and thoroughbred air of the first; much of the mental anatomy and philosophical thought which often overpower the narrative in the second; and a portion of the dramatic liveliness, the historical interest, and the elaborate costume of the third. If, on the other hand, he is destitute of the long, solemn, overwhelming swell of Godwin's style of writing, and of the variety, the sweet, natural, and healthy tone of Scott's, he has some qualities peculiar to himself, — point, polish — at times a classical elegance — at times a barbaric brilliance, and a perpetual mint of short sententious reflections, — compact, rounded, and shining as new-made sovereigns. We know no novelist from whose writings we could extract so many striking sentences containing fine thoughts, chased in imagery, "apples of gold in pictures of silver." The wisdom of Scott's sage reflections is homely but commonplace; Godwin beats his gold thin, and you gather his philosophical acumen rather from the whole conduct and tone of the story, and his commentary upon it, than from single and separate thoughts. Dickens, whenever he moralizes, in his own person, becomes insufferably tame and feeble. But it is Bulwer's beauty that he abounds in fine, though not far gleams of insight; and it is his fault that sometimes, while watching these, he allows the story to stand still, or to drag heavily, and sinks the character of novelist in that of brilliant essay-writer, or inditer of smart moral and political apothegms. In fact, his works are too varied and versatile. They are not novels or romances so much as compounds of the newspaper article, the essay, the political squib, the gay and rapid dissertation; which, along with the necessary ingredients of fiction, combine to form a junction, without constituting a true artistic whole.

Reserving a few remarks upon one or two other of his works till afterwards, we recur to the three which seem to typify the stages of his progress; "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," and "Zanoni." "Pelham," like "Anastasius," begins with a prodigious affectation of wit. For several pages the reading is as gay and as wearisome as a jest-book. You sigh for a simple sentence, and would willingly dig even for dulness as for hid treasure. The wit, too, is not an irrepressible and involuntary issue, like that from the teeming brain of Hood; it is an artificial and forced flow; and the author and his reader are equally relieved, when the clear path of the tale at length breaks away from the luxuriant shrubbery in which it is at first buried, and strikes into more open and elevated ground. It is the same with "Anastasius;" but "Pelham," we must admit, does not reach those heights of tenderness, of nervous description, and of solemn moralizing, which have rendered the other the prose "Don Juan," and something better. It is, at most, a series, or rather string, of clever, dashing, disconnected sketches; and the moral problem it works out seems to be no more than this, that, under the corsets of a dandy, there sometimes beats a heart.

In "Eugene Aram," Bulwer evidently aims at a higher mark; and, in his own opinion, with considerable success. We gather his estimate of this work from the fact that he inscribes a laboured and glowing panegyric on Scott with the words, "The Author of Eugene Aram." *Now*, probably he would exchange this for "The Author of Zanoni." Nor should we, at least, nor, we think, the public, object to the alteration. "Eugene Aram" seems, to us, as lamentable a perversion of talent as the literature of the age has exhibited. It is one of those works in which an unfortunate choice of subject neutralizes eloquence, genius, and even interest. It is with it as with the "Curse of Kehama," and the "Cenci," where the more splendid the decorations which surround the disgusting object, the more disgusting it becomes. It is, at best, deformity jewelled and enthroned. Not content with the native difficulties of the subject—the triteness of the story — its recent date — its dead level of certainty—the author has, in a sort of daring perversity, created new difficulties for himself to cope withal. He has not bid the real pallid murderer to sit to his pencil, and trusted for success to the severe accuracy of the portraiture. Him he has spirited away, and has substituted the most fantastic of all human fiends, resembling the more hideous of heraldic devices, or the more unearthly of fossil remains. Call him rather a graft from Godwin's Falkland, upon the rough reality of the actual "Eugene Aram;" for the worst of the matter is, that, after fabricating a being entirely new, he is compelled, at last, to clash him with the old pettifogging murderer, till the compound monstrosity is complete and intolerable. The philosopher, the poet, the lover, the sublime victim fighting with "more devils than vast hell can hold," sinks, in the trial scene, where precisely he should have risen up like a "pyramid of fire," into a sophister so mean and shallow, that you are reminded of the toad into which the lost archangel dwindled his giant stature. The morality, too, of the tale, seems to us detestable. The feelings with which you rise from its perusal, or, at least, with which the author seems to wish you to rise, are of regret and indignation, that, for the sin of an hour, such a noble being should perish, as if he would insinuate the wisdom of quarrel (how vain!) with those austere and awful laws, by which moments of crime expand into centuries of punishment! It is not wonderful that, in the struggle with such self-made difficulties, Bulwer has been defeated. The wonder is, that he has

been able to cover his retreat amid such a cloud of beauties; and to attach an interest, almost human, and even profound, to a being whom we cannot, in our wildest dreams, identify with mankind. The whole tale is one of those hazardous experiments which have become so common of late years, in which a scanty success is sought at an infinite peril; like a wild-flower, of no great worth, snatched, by a hardy wanderer, from the very jaws of danger and death. We notice in it, however, with pleasure, the absence of that early levity which marked his writing, the shooting germ of a nobler purpose, and an air of sincerity fast becoming more than an air.

In saying that "Zanoni" is our chief favourite among Bulwer's writings, we consciously expose ourselves to the charge of paradox. If we err, however, on this matter, we err in company with the author himself; and, we believe, with all Germany, and with many enlightened enthusiasts at home. We refer, too, in our approbation, more to the spirit than to the execution of the work. As a whole, as a broad and brilliant picture of a period, and its hero, "Rienzi" is perhaps his greatest work, and "that shield, he may hold up against all his enemies." "The Last Days of Pompeii," on the other hand, is calculated to enchant classical scholars, and the book glows like a cinder from Vesuvius, and most gorgeously are the reelings of that fiery drunkard depicted. The "Last of the Barons," again, as a cautious, yet skilful filling up of the vast skeleton of Shakspere, is attractive to all who relish English story. But we are mistaken, if in that class who love to see the Unknown, the Invisible, and the Eternal, looking in upon them, through the loops and windows of the present; whose footsteps turn instinctively toward the thick, and the dark places of the "wilderness of this world;" or who, by deep disappointment, or solemn sorrow, have been driven to take up their permanent mental abode upon the perilous verge of the unseen world, if "Zanoni," do not, on such, exert a mightier spell, and to their feelings be not more sweetly attuned, than any other of this writer's books. It is a book not to be read in the drawing-room, but in the fields—not in the sunshine, but in the twilight shade—not in the sunshine, unless indeed that sunshine has been saddened, and sheathed by a recent sorrow. *Then* will its wild and mystic measures, its pathos, and its grandeur, steal in like music, and mingle with the soul's emotions; till, like music, they seem a part of the soul itself.

No term has been more frequently abused than that of religious novel. This, as commonly employed, describes an equivocal birth, if not a monster, of which the worst and most popular specimen, is "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," where a perfect and perfectly insipid gentleman goes out in search of, and succeeds in finding a perfect and perfectly insipid lady. It is amusing to see how its authoress deals with the fictitious part of her book. Holding it with a half shudder, and at arm's-length, as she might a phial of poison, she pours in the other and the other infusion of prose criticism, commonplace moralizing, sage aphorism &c., till it is fairly diluted down to her standard of utility and safety. But a religious novel, in the high and true sense of the term, is a noble thought: a parable of solemn truth, some great moral law, written out as it were in flowers: a principle, old as Deity, wreathed with beauty, dramatized in action, incarnated in life, purified by suffering and death. And we confess that to this ideal, we know no novel in this our country, that approaches so nearly as "Zanoni." An intense spirituality, a yearning earnestness, a deep religious feeling, lie like the "soft shadow of an angel's wing," upon its every page. Its beauties are not of the "earth earthy." Its very faults, cloudy, colossal, tower above our petty judgment-seats, towards some higher tribunal.

Best of all is that shade of mournful grandeur which rests upon it. Granting all its blemishes, the improbabilities of its story, the occasional extravagancies of its language, let it have its praise, for its pictures of love and grief, of a love leading its votary to sacrifice stupendous privileges, and reminding you of that which made angels resign their starry thrones for the "daughters of men;" and of a grief, too deep for tears, too sacred for lamentation, the grief which he increaseth that increaseth knowledge, the grief which not earthly immortality, which death only can cure. The tears which the most beautiful and melting close of the tale wrings from our eyes, are not those which wet the last pages of ordinary novels: they come from a deeper source; and as the lovers are united in death, to part no more, triumph blends with the tenderness with which we witness the sad yet glorious union. Bulwer, in the last scene, has apparently in his eye the conclusion of the "Revolt of Islam," where Laon and Laone, springing in spirit from the funeral pile, are united in a happier region, in the "calm dwellings of the mighty dead," where on a fairer landscape rests a "holier day," and where the lesson awaits them, that

> "Virtue though obscured on earth, no less
> Survives all mortal change, in lasting loveliness."

Amid the prodigious number of Bulwer's other productions, we may mention one or two "dearer than the rest." The "Student," from its disconnected plan, and the fact that the majority of its papers appeared previously, has seemed to many a mere published portfolio, if not an aimless collection of its author's study-sweepings. This, however, is not a fair or correct estimate of its merits. It in reality contains the cream of Bulwer's periodical writings. And the *New Monthly Magazine*, during his editorship, approached our ideal of a perfect Magazine; combining as it did impartiality, variety, and power. His "Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health," though hardly equal to the dialogues of Plato, contain many rich meditations and criticisms, suspended round a simple and affecting story. The word "ambitious," however, is unfortunate; for what student is not, and should not be ambitious? To study, is to climb "higher still, and higher, like a cloud of fire." Talk of an ambitious chamois, or of an ambitious lark, as lief as of an ambitious student. The

allegories in the "Student," strike us as eminently fine, with glimpses of a more creative imagination, than we can find in any of his writings, save "Zanoni." We have often regretted, that the serious allegory, once too much affected, is now almost obsolete. Why should it be so? why should not more heads be laid down upon John Bunyan's pillow, to see more visions and dream more dreams? Shall truth no more have its mounts of transfiguration? Must Mirza no more be overheard in his soliloquies? And is the road to the "Den," lost for ever? We trust, we trow not. In the "Student," too, occurs his far-famed attack upon the anonymous in periodical writing. We do not coincide with him in this. We do not think that the use of the anonymous either could, or should be relinquished. It is, to be sure, in some measure relinquished, as it is. The tidings of the authorship of any article of consequence, in a Review or Magazine, often now pass with the speed of lightning, through the literary world, till it is as well known in the book-shop of the country town, or the post-office of the country village, as in Albemarle or George Street.

But, in the first place, the anonymous forms a very profitable exercise for the acuteness of our young critics, who become, through it, masters in the science of internal evidence, and learn to detect the fine Roman hand of this and the other writer, even in the strokes of his t's, and the dots of his i's. Besides, secondly, the anonymous forms for the author an ideal character, fixes him in an ideal position as it were, projects him out of himself; and hence many writers have surpassed themselves, both in power and popularity, while writing under its shelter. So with Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub;" Pascal, Junius, Sydney Smith, Isaac Taylor, Walter Scott; Addison, too, was never so good as when he put on the short face of the *Spectator*. Wilson is never so good, as when he assumes the glorious *alias* of Christopher North. And, thirdly, the anonymous, when preserved, piques the curiosity of the reader, mystifies him into interest; and, on the other hand, sometimes allows a bold and honest writer, to shoot folly, expose error, strip false pretension, and denounce wrong, with greater safety and effect. A time may come, when the anonymous will require to be abandoned: but we are very doubtful if that time has yet arrived.

In pursuing, at the commencement of this paper, a parallel between Byron and Bulwer, we omitted to note a stage, the last in the former's literary progress. Toward the close of his career, his wild shrieking earnestness, subsided into Epicurean derision. He became dissolved into one contemptuous and unhappy sneer. Beginning with the satiric bitterness of "English Bards," he ended with the fiendish gaiety of "Don Juan." He laughed at first that he "might not weep;" but ultimately this miserable mirth drowned his enthusiasm, his heart, and put out the few flickering embers of his natural piety. The deep tragedy dissolved in a "poor pickle herring," yet mournful farce. We trust that our novelist will not complete his resemblance to the poet, by sinking into a satirist. 'Tis indeed a pitiful sight that, of one who has passed the meridian of life and reputation, grinning back in helpless mockery, and toothless laughter, upon the brilliant way which he has traversed, but to which he can return no more. We anticipate for Bulwer a better destiny. He who has mated with the mighty spirit, which had almost reared again the fallen Titanic form of republican Rome; whose genius has travelled up the Rhine, like a breeze of music, "stealing and giving odour;" who in "Paul Clifford," has searched some "dark bosoms," and not in vain, for pathos and for poetry; who in "England and the English," has cast a rapid but vigorous glance upon the tendencies of our wondrous age; who, in his verse, has so admirably pictured the stages of romance in Milton's story; who has gone down a "diver lean and strong," after Schiller, into the "innermost main," lifting with a fearless hand, the "veil that is woven with Night and with Terror;" and in "Zanoni," has essayed to relume the mystic fires of the Rosicracians, and to reveal the dread secrets of the spiritual world; must worthily close a career so illustrious. May the clouds and mists of detraction, against which he strove so long, not fail, (to use the words of Hall,) "to form, at evening, a magnificent theatre for his reception, and to surround with augmented glories, the luminary which they cannot hide!"

A STUDENT'S FANCY.

Oh! could I write as I can think,
My words would burn the very soul—
Promethean fire must furnish ink,
And earnest mind afford the scroll.

No worldly song should wake my lyre,
No Pœan to please wayward youth;
The master-hand should still aspire
To tune the chords to hymns of truth.

As David soothed the Jewish king,
At first I'd calm the troubled mind,—
Some dear domestic ballad sing,
Whose echo childhood leaves behind.

And when the storm of rebel thought
Had spent its force in contrite tears;
And mem'ry had the picture brought
Of all the hopes of early years;

I'd bid prophetic record tell
God's promise to the race of Shem,
And sing the marvels that befel
Upon the plains of Bethlehem.

My fingers, which at first might creep
With thoughtful pauses o'er the strings,
Anon with fuller burst would sweep
A torrent of imaginings.

The mighty tide of perfect love
Would overwhelm imperfect words,
And Feeling's voice soar far above
The cold response of Music's chords.

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University, Durham. TOGATUS.

GLANCE AT THE WORKS OF MACKINTOSH.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THIS collection comprehends, with one exception, (viz., the History of England, which is published separately,) all that is of permanent value in the writings of Sir James Mackintosh. The editor is the writer's son; and he, confident in powers for higher things, has not very carefully executed the minor duties of his undertaking. He has contributed valuable notes; but he has overlooked some important errors of the press, and he has made separate errors of his own. At page 387, vol. ii., Charles VII. is described as King of *Sweden*, meaning clearly King of Denmark. At page 557, of the same volume, Sir James, having referred to "a writer now alive in England," as one who had "published doctrines not dissimilar to those which Madame de Staël ascribes to Schelling," the editor suggests that probably the person in his eye was Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. This is the most unaccountable of blunders. Mr. Taylor of Norwich was among the earliest English students of German, and so far his name connects itself naturally with a notice of the *De l'Allemagne*. But, on the other hand, he never trespassed into the fields of metaphysics. He did not present any "allurements" in a "singular character," nor in "an unintelligible style;" neither was he the author of any "paradoxes." The editor is probably thinking of Taylor the Platonist, who was far more distinguished for absurdity, and is now equally illustrious for obscurity. But that either of these Taylors, or both, or even *nine* of them, acting with the unanimity of one man, ever could have founded "a sect," is so entirely preposterous, that the accomplished editor must pardon my stopping for half a minute to laugh. The writer, whom Sir James indicated, was probably "Walking Stewart;" a most interesting man whom personally I knew; eloquent in conversation; contemplative, if *that* is possible, in excess; crazy beyond all reach of hellebore; three Anticyræ would not have cured him; yet sublime and divinely benignant in his visionariness; the man who, as a pedestrian traveller, had seen more of the earth's surface, and communicated more extensively with the children of the earth, than any man before or since; the writer also who published more books (all intelligible by fits and starts,) than any Englishman, except perhaps Richard Baxter, who is said to have published three hundred and sixty-five, *plus* one, the extra one being probably meantfor leap-year. Walking Stewart answers entirely to the description of Sir James's unknown philosopher; his character was most "singular;" his style tending always to the "unintelligible;" his privacy, in the midst of eternal publication, most absolute; his disposition to martyrdom, had any body attempted it, ready and cheerful; and as the "founder of a sect," considering his intense cloudiness, I am not at all sure but he might have answered as well as the Grecian Heracleitus, as Spinosa the Jew, or even as Schelling the Teutonic Professor. *His* plantations were quite as thriving as theirs; but the three foreigners fell upon happier times, or at least (as regards the last of them,) upon a soil more kindly, and a climate more hopeful for metaphysical growths. Not only has the editor done that which he ought *not* to have done, but too often he has left undone that which he *ought* to have done. The political tracts of the third volume require abundant explanations to the readers of this generation; and yet the notes are rare as well as slight.

There is no need, at this time of day, to take the altitude, intellectually, of Sir James Mackintosh. His position in public life was that of Burke; he stood as a mediator between the world of philosophy and the world of moving politics. The interest in the two men was the same in kind, but differently balanced. As a statesman, Burke had prodigiously the advantage; not only through the unrivalled elasticity of his intellect, which in that respect was an intellect absolutely *sui generis*, but because his philosophy was of a nature to express and incarnate itself in political speculation. On the other hand, Sir James was far better qualified, by nature as well as by training, for the culture of pure abstract metaphysics. It is sometimes made a matter of regret that Burke should have missed the Professor's chair which he sought. This is injudicious: as an academic lecturer on philosophy, or a speculator in ontological novelties, Burke would have failed. Not so Mackintosh. As to *him*, the regret would be reasonable: by detaching him from the cares of public business, a chair of philosophy would have widened the sphere of those higher speculations which, under *his* management, could not have been less than permanently profitable to the world.

To review so extensive a collection is clearly impossible within any short compass. I content myself with a flying glance at those papers which are likely to prove the most interesting.

MACKINTOSH ON STRUENSEE.

The case of Count Struensee is to this hour wrapped in some degree of darkness: but, even under those circumstances of darkness, it is full of instruction. The doubts respect Struensee himself, and the unhappy young queen, Matilda; were *they* criminal in the way alleged by their profligate enemies? So far there is a cloud of mystery resting on the case: but, as to those enemies, as to the baseness of their motives, and the lawlessness of their acts, there is no doubt at all, and no shadow of mystery. This being so,

* The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. In Three Volumes, 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

it being absolutely certain that the accusers were the vilest of intriguers, and unworthy of belief, for a moment, when at any point they passed the boundary line of judicial proof, certified to Christendom by public oaths of neutral parties,—it follows, that the accused are every where entitled to the benefit of any doubt, any jealousy, any umbrage, suspicion, or possibility, against the charge which *has* arisen, *shall* arise, or *ought* to arise, in the brain of the most hair-splitting special pleader. They, that ruined better people than themselves by the wickedest of special pleading, cannot have too much of it: let *them* perish, as regards history and reputation, by the arts which they practised.

King Christian, the Seventh of Denmark, came over to London early in the reign of George the Third:

——"It was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

He came by contract, to fall in love with our Princess Matilda. But he had the misfortune to be "imbecile," which is a word of vague meaning; in fact, he was partially an idiot, and, at times, a refractory madman. It has been remarked, in connexion with Mr. Galt's excellent novels, that at one time, (of course not the present time,) too large a proportion of the Scottish lairds were secretly, and in ways best known to their households, daft; and in such a degree, that, if not born gentlemen, they would certainly, by course of law, have been *cognosced*.* Perhaps the same tendency, and developed in part by the same defects of training, at that time affected the royal houses of Europe. Christian VII. if, instead of being a king, he had been a Scottish labourer, would certainly have been "cognosced." Amongst other eccentricities, that recoiled eventually upon others, he insisted on his friend's thumping him, kicking him, knocking him down, and scratching him severely: and, if his friend declined to do so, then he accused him of high treason. Really you had difficult cards to play with this daft laird of Copenhagen. If you positively refused to thump him, then you were a rebel: an absolute monarch had insisted on your doing a thing, and you had mutinously disobeyed. If you thumped him, and soundly, (which was the course taken by his friend Brandt,) then you were a traitor; you had assaulted the Lord's anointed, and were liable to question from the *lex majestatis*. To London did this madman come; perhaps on the principle laid down by the grave-digger in Hamlet—that in England all men are mad; so that madness is not much remarked. The king saw London; and London saw *him*. But a black day it was for some people, when he first set his face towards St. James's. The poor young princess Matilda, sister to George III. and then only seventeen years old, became his unhappy wife; and Struensee, a young physician, whom he had picked up at Altona, about the same time received the fatal distinction of becoming his favourite, and his minister. The frail personal tenure of such a situation, dependent on the caprices of a man, imbecile, equally as regarded intellect and as regarded energy of will, suggested to a cabal of court rivals the obvious means for overthrowing and supplanting the favourite. To possess themselves suddenly of the king's person, was to possess themselves of the state authority. Five minutes sufficed to use this authority for the arrest of Struensee,—after which, as a matter of course, followed his close confinement, with circumstances of cruelty, now banished every where, even from the treatment of felons; to that succeeded his pretended trial, his pretended penitence, his pretended confession, and, finally, his execution.

Sir James Mackintosh notices the *external* grounds of suspicion applying to the publications against Struensee, and particularly the doubtful position in respect to the conspirators of Dr. Munter, the spiritual assistant of the prisoner. This man was employed by the government: was he not used as a decoy, and a calumniating traitor? That point is still dark. He certainly published what he had no right to publish. Sir James is disposed, on the other hand, to find *internal* marks of sincerity in the doctor's account of his conversations with Struensee. But were not these in their very nature confidential? And Sir James himself remarks, that nobody knows what became latterly of Munter himself; so that the vouchers for his veracity, which might have been found in subsequent respectability of life, are entirely wanting. General Falkenskiold's Memoirs, make us acquainted with the artifices used to obtain from the unhappy young queen a confession of adulterous intercourse with Struensee. And, if these artifices had been even unknown to us, it must strike every body, that such a confession being so gratuitously mischievous to the queen, is not likely to have been made by her, in any case, where she was free from coercion, or free from gross delusion. Equally on the hypothesis of her guilt or her innocence, the poor lady could have had no rational motive for inculpating herself, except such as would imply stratagems and frauds in the conspirators. The case seems to tell its own story. It was thought necessary to include Matilda in the ruin of Struensee, because else there was no certainty of *his* ruin; and upon *that* depended not only the prosperity of the intrigue, but the safety of the intriguers. The destruction recoiled upon themselves, if the young queen regained the king's ear. But this could be prevented certainly by nothing short of her removal for ever from the court. And *that* could be accomplished only by a successful charge of adultery. Else, besides other consequences, the cabal feared the summary interposition of England. But of adultery, as they had no proof, or vestige of a proof, it became necessary to invent one, by obtaining a confession from the queen herself. And this was obtained by practising on her credulity, and her womanly feelings of compassion for the unfortunate. She was told by the knaves about her, that an acknowledg-

* "*Cognosced.*"—A term well known to Scottish law, and therefore to Roman law. It means *judicially reviewed and reported*, no matter in reference to what. But, in common conversation, it has come elliptically to mean—*duly returned as an idiot*. *Cognosco*, it must be remembered, is the appropriate word, in classical Latin, for judicial review and investigation.

ment of guilt would save the life of the perishing minister.

There is something in this atrocious falsehood as to Struensee, a part of the story which is not denied by any party, reminding one of the famous anecdote about Colonel Kirke, in connexion with Monmouth's rebellion: a fable no doubt in *his* case, but realized by the Danish conspirators. They won their poor victim to what she abhorred, by a promise that could have offered no temptation except to a generous nature; and, having thus gained their villainous object, they did not even counterfeit an effort to fulfil the promise. A confession obtained under circumstances like these, would weigh little with the just and the considerate.* But where is the proof that the queen *did* make such a confession? No body of state-commissioners ever received any thing of the kind from her own hands: nothing remains to attest it but the two first letters of her name, having written which, she is said to have fainted away: but who wrote the words *above* her fraction of a signature, without which the signature is unmeaning, and *when* they were written, whether before or after that fractional signature, nothing survives to show. Besides, if Munter's account of penitential confessions in prison (many of which argue rather the abject depression from a bread-and-water diet, and from savage ill-treatment, than any sincere or natural compunction) are to be received against Struensee, much more ought we to receive the dying declarations of the young queen; for these were open to no suspicions of fraud. Three years after her pretended confession, she declared to her spiritual attendant, M. Roques, that, although conscious of imprudences, she never had been criminal. This was her solemn declaration, in the midst of voluntary penitential expressions, and at a moment when she knew herself to be dying. Strange indeed, considering her youth, and her unhappy position amongst enemies, knaves, and a lunatic husband, if she had *not* fallen into some imprudences.

Meantime, Sir James Mackintosh is almost certainly wrong in his view of the course adopted by the English government. He imagines that, from mere excess of indisposition to all warlike movements at that time, this government shrank from effectual interference. But evidently the case was one for diplomatic management. And in that way it was effectually conducted to the best possible solution, by the British ambassador, Sir Robert Murray, who frightened the guilty intriguers out of their wits. Once satisfied that nothing would be attempted against the life of the queen, England had no motive for farther interference, nor any grounds to go upon. She could not have said,—"I declare war against you, because you have called a daughter of England by the foul name of adulteress." The case was too delicate, and too doubtful. Even now, after some light has been obtained, the grounds for a legal judgment are insufficient on either side: *then*, they were much more so. The English *government* must also have been entirely controlled, in such a case, by the private wishes of the royal family; and it was a natural feeling for *them*, when no prospect existed of a fair judicial inquiry, amongst those, who, in fighting against the queen, would be fighting for their own lives, to retire from a feud that could only terminate in fixing the attention of Europe upon the miserable charges and scandals; charges that arose in self-interest, and scandals that were propagated by malice.

The moral of the story seems to lie in its exposure of the ruins, and the absolute chaos worked by a pure despotism. All hangs by the thread of the sovereign's personal character. Here is a stranger to the land suddenly raised from the dust into a station of absolute control over the destinies of the people. *His* rise, so sudden and unmerited, calls forth rival adventurers: and an ancient kingdom becomes a prize for a handful of desperate fortune-hunters. Is there no great interest in the country that might rally itself, and show front against this insufferable insult? There is none. Had the case arisen in the old despotisms of France or of Spain, it could have been redressed: for each of them possessed ancient political institutions, that would perhaps have revived themselves under such a provocation. But in Denmark there were no similar resources. The body of the people, having no political functions, through any mode of representation, were utterly without interest in public affairs: they had no *will* to move. The aristocracy had no *power*, unless in concert with the king. And the king was a lunatic. All centred therefore in half-a-dozen ruffians and their creatures; and the decencies of public justice, the interests of the innocent, with the honours of an ancient throne, went to wreck in their private brawls.

MACKINTOSH'S DISSERTATION ON THE PROGRESS OF ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY.

This is the most valuable of all the twenty-eight tracts here collected. At the outset, however, (p. 10,) it shocks the sense of just logic not a little to find Sir James laying down the distinction between the Moral and the Physical Sciences, as though "the purpose of the Physical were to answer the question — *What is?* the purpose of the Moral to answer the question — *What ought to be?*" Yet at p. 238, Sir James himself makes it the praise† of a modern writer, that he professes to have treated the moral affections "rather physiologically than ethically; as parts of our mental constitution, not as involving the fulfilment or violation of duties." Now, this is exactly the same thing as saying that he has translated

* Sir J. M. though manifestly inclined to adopt this account of the pretended confession, a little weakens the case by saying, — "*If* General Falkenskiold was rightly informed," as though the invalidation of the confession were conditional upon the accuracy of the General. But in fact, if *his* account were withdrawn, the conspirators are in a still worse position: for the unfinished signature, *confessedly* completed surreptitiously by some alien hand, points strongly towards a physical compulsion exercised upon the queen,—such as had given way, and naturally *would* give way, under a violent struggle, after one or two letters had been extorted by forcibly guiding her hand.

† "*The praise*:" and even the special or separate praise of that writer; which is far indeed from being true.

the inquiry from the *ought* to the *is:* which translation Sir James views as an important change; and not, as may be fancied, important for the general field of philosophy, but expressly for "the territory of Ethics." In reality, the merest *practical* guide to morals cannot evade continual glimpses into regions of pure theory. And, confining ourselves to the great *polemic* systems of morality, amongst which it is that Sir James's business lies, we must all be aware that their differences are not with respect to what should be done and left undone, but with respect to the *grounds* of doing and forbearing, or with respect to the method of deducing these grounds. It was a mistake of the same nature which led Coleridge to speak scornfully of a man's fancying any room, at this time of day, for innovation in Ethics, whether in the way of improvement or addition. To be novel, to be original, was upon this view unavoidably to be false: and no road, it seems, is open to truth in morals, except through the monotony of ancient common-places. But all this I vehemently deny. In days of old, the Academic, the Peripatetic, the Stoic, the Epicurean, sought for originality — not by patronizing separate modes of action, but by deriving from separate principles the same modes, or by unfolding the various relations of objects that were still the same.* Not one of them dissented from the praise of patriotic zeal, of justice, of temperance, of veracity. You hear of nobody but a scoundrel Spartan (always too illiterate to write on Ethics) that ever thought of recommending immodesty to young women, or the picking of pockets to boys, or the flagellation of innocent children as an agreeable gymnastic exercise to grown-up gentlemen. Allowing for these denaturalized wretches on the banks of the Eurotas, all Greeks had *practically* the same final views in Ethics. What they differed in was the way of arriving at these final views; from what fountains they were to be derived; and, in passing down from these fountains, through what particular obstructions or collisions of principle they had to fight their way. It is the will, the *ought*, the practical, which is concerned in the final maxims of Ethics; but it is the intellect, the *is*, the theoretic, which is concerned chiefly in the early stages of its deduction.

One consequence, and an unfortunate consequence, from what I have here noticed as an oversight in Sir James, is, that he has not examined the various opinions among the ancient Greek schools as to the *Summum Bonum;* nor apparently has adverted to the importance of such an examination. These conflicting opinions formed for *them* the rudders, or regulative principles, of their moral theories. We in Christendom have two concurrent sets of such theories: one of worldly ethics, in which "vice" and "virtue" are the prevailing terms; another of Christian ethics, in which the terms are "sin" and "holiness." And singular it is, that these separate systems flow oftentimes quite apart, each deaf to the other, and nobody taking any notice of their collisions, or seeking for any harmony between them. The first class reposes chiefly on good sense, and the prudential experience of life; the second, upon the revealed will of God. But, upon any graver or more solemn interest of morals coming forward, recourse is usually had to some principles or other, more or less truly stated, professing to derive themselves from revelation. So that, in modern Europe, the Scriptures are a primary source of morals to some theorists, and a supplementary source to all. But the ancients, it must be remembered, had no such resource in revelation. Real or pretended revelation never existed for *them;* consequently, the revealed will of God, which at once settles, amongst *us*, what is the true *summum bonum* for man and his race, could not be appealed to, either as furnishing a foundation for ethical systems, or as furnishing their integration. In default of such a resource, never, in fact, having heard or conceived of such a resource, which way could the Greeks turn themselves? Naturally, and indeed necessarily, they set themselves to investigate the *summum bonum*, so far as it was fitted for a human nature. What was the supreme object after which man should strive? Was it pleasure, was it power, wisdom, happiness, or freedom from passion? Because, according to the decision, arose a corresponding economy of morals. The supreme good, whatever *that* were found to be, formed the *nucleus* around which the system of moralities crystallized and arranged themselves. Sir James regrets, with reason, the wrecked condition in

* In speaking of Ethics, and of the room which it allows for vast variety of views, I confine myself naturally in the text to the part which concerns theory and speculation; that being the part with which Sir James is occupied, and that being precisely the part which Coleridge overlooked in the passage referred to. But, even as regards the practical part, I cannot forbear calling the reader's attention to the gross blindness of that common sentiment which bids us look for nothing new in Ethics. What an instance of "seeing but not perceiving, hearing but not understanding!" So far from being stationary, Ethics, even as a *practical* system, is *always* moving and advancing; and without aid, or needing aid, from colleges or professors. A great part of our political life and struggling is but one vast laboratory for sifting and ascertaining the rights, the interests, the duties, of the unnumbered and increasing parties to our complex form of social life. Questions of rights (and consequently of duties) that were never heard of one and two centuries ago, rights of captives, rights of public criminals, rights of pauperism, rights of daily labour, rights of private property amongst belligerents, rights of children born in camps, rights of creditors, rights of debtors, rights of colonists as against the mother country, rights of colonists as against the aborigines of their new country, rights of the aborigines as against the colonists, — these questions, with countless others of the same class, are rising by germs and fractions in every newspaper that one takes up. Civil society is a vast irregular encampment, that even now, whilst we speak, is but beginning to take up its ground scientifically, to distribute its own parts, and to understand its own economy. In this view, one may quote with pleasure a sentence from David Hartley, which is justly praised by Sir James Mackintosh,—"The rule of life, drawn from the practice and opinions of mankind, corrects and improves itself perpetually." And as it does this by visiting, searching, trying, purifying, every section and angle of the social system, it happens in the end that this very system, which had been the great *nidus* of evil and wrong, becomes itself a machinery for educating the moral sense. With this eternal expansion in new duties arising, or old ones ascertained, combine also the unlimited invitation held out by growing knowledge to the recasting as to parts, or the resettlement as to foundations, of ethical theories, — and you begin to look with amazement upon the precipitate judgment of Coleridge. If there is any part of knowledge that could be really condemned to stagnation, probably it would soon die altogether.

which all the elder systems of Greek ethics are now lying. Excepting the Platonic remains generally, and the two works of Aristotle on this subject, we have no authentic documents to steer by. But by collecting all the fragments, and looking back to the presiding view of the *summum bonum*, we might rebuild the outlines of the old ethics; at least, as a fossil megatherium is rebuilt,—not so as to display its living power, but enough of its structure to furnish a basis for comparison.

It is singular that Sir James, with all his scholastic subtlety, should not have remarked the confusion which Paley and others of his faction make between utility as a *test* or *criterion* of morality, and utility as a *ground* of morality. Taking it even in the limited sense of a test, (that is, as the means by which we *know* an act to be moral, but not therefore as any ground or reason which *makes* the act to be moral,) the doctrine is a mere barren theorem, perfectly inert and without value for practical application; since the consequences of all important actions expand themselves through a series of alternate undulations, expressing successively good and evil; and of this series no summation is possible to a finite intellect. In its earliest and instant effects, a given act shall be useful: in its secondary effects, which we may distinguish as the undulation B, it shall become perhaps mischievous (mischievous, I mean, now that it has reached a new order of subjects:) in C, the tertiary undulation, it shall revive into beneficial agencies; and in remoter cycles travel again into evil. Take for instance the French Revolution, or any single act by which a disinterested man should have deliberately hastened on that awful event; in what blindness must he have stood at the time, say about 1789, as to the ultimate results of his own daring step! First came a smiling dawn and the loveliest promise of good for man. Next came a dreadful overcasting, in which nothing could be seen distinctly; storms and darkness, under cover of which innocent blood was shed like water, fields were fought, frenzies of hatred gathered amongst nations, such as cried to heaven for help and for retribution. That wo is past; the second undulation is gone by: and now, when the third is below our eyes, we are becoming sensible that all that havock and fury, though sad to witness or to remember, were not thrown away; the chaos has settled into order, and a new morning with a new prospect has arisen for man. Yet even here the series of undulations is not complete. It is perhaps barely beginning: other undulations, moving through other revolutions, and perhaps fiercer revolutions, will soon begin to travel forward. And if a man should fancy that he would wait for the final result, before he made up his mind as to the question of moral verdict to be pronounced upon the original movement, he would make a resolution like that of a child who proposes to chase the rainbow.

As a *criterion*, therefore, the principle of utility could not be of any *practical* value for appraising an act or system of acts; since this utility is never known, even by approximation, until long after the election of the act must have been made. But a worse fault in Paley is, that he has mistaken his own position, and lost in his perplexity the real object which he was then in search of. This was exactly what the schoolmen would have called the *form*, *i. e.* formal principle or essence of virtue; the *ratio essendi*; what, in fact, it is that constitutes the common ground, or internal principle of agreement between two acts (one, suppose, an act of justice, one an act of temperance,) so as to bring them equally under the common denomination of virtue.*

Perhaps the perfection of acuteness appears in Sir James Mackintosh's refutation of Paley upon the law of honour. Rarely has a false idea been more suddenly caused to founder and to show out. At one sling it is dispersed into smoke. And the reader is the more gratified, because in fact Paley was doing a bit of sycophancy to public cant when he said the thing which Mackintosh exposes. What he said was this:—the principle called *the law of honour* countenances many criminal acts. An ordinary debt, for instance, to a tradesman may be neglected with no wound to a man's honour: not so a gaming debt; this becomes an obligation of honour. And very properly: because the latter sort of debt cannot be recovered compulsorily; but the other may. This power in the creditor, though it does not relieve you from the duty of paying him, most properly relieves you from the stress upon your honour. Honour creates a sanctity in that only which is confided to the keeping and sanction of honour. It is good for so much as it undertakes. But, if this were even otherwise, how is Paley entitled to presume, in any law, a countenance to crimes of which that law simply takes no cognizance? "His chapter," (says Sir James,) "on what he calls the Law of Honour, is unjust even in its own small sphere, because it supposes Honour to *allow* what it *does not forbid*; though the truth be that the vices enumerated by him are only not forbidden because they are not within its jurisdiction." Honour tells a man to repay a friend who lent him money at a critical moment of distress, and who holds no voucher for that money: but

* Paley's error was therefore, when scholastically expressed, a confusion between the *ratio essendi*, and the *ratio cognoscendi*. About a hundred years ago, Daries and some other followers of Leibnitz and Wolff, made an effort to recal this important distinction; that is, to force the attention upon the importance of keeping apart the *index* or *criterion* of any object from its *essential or differential principle*. Some readers may fancy it more easy to keep these ideas apart, than systematically to confound them. But very many cases, and this of Paley's in particular, show that there is a natural tendency to such a confusion. And upon looking more rigorously, I perceive that Sir James Mackintosh has *not* overlooked it; he has in fact expressed it repeatedly; but always in terms that would hardly have conveyed the full meaning to my mind, if I had not been expressly seeking for such a meaning. At p. 14, (vol. i.) he thus distinguishes: — "These momentous inquiries relate to at least two perfectly distinct subjects:—I. The nature of the distinction between Right and Wrong in human conduct; and, II. The nature of those feelings with which Right and Wrong are contemplated by human beings. — The discrimination has seldom been made by moral philosophers; the difference between the two problems has never been uniformly observed by any of them." At p. 15, he taxes both Paley and Bentham with having confounded them; and subsequently, at p. 193, he taxes the latter still more pointedly with this capital confusion.

honour never told a man *not* to pay his shoemaker. That sort of debt indeed honour does not enforce, though far from discountenancing its payment, simply because such a case does not fall within its proper cognizance. But as well might the court of Chancery be reproached for not trying the crime of murder, or the chief justice of the Queen's Bench for not lecturing defendants in cases of Crim. Con.

There are two most weighty remarks at p. 106, connected by Sir James, with this subject of Paley. One is — that, even if the law of honour ceased as a separate mode of obligation (not contradicting general moral laws, but only unequally enforcing them,) still there would remain a natural and transcendent law of sexual morality, as much distinct from the higher ethics as the worldly principle of honour, viz., that morality which makes the characteristic virtue of a man to lie in courage, of a woman in chastity. Great good is done, and much of social welfare is upheld, by such a morality; and also, as by the rule of honour, some wrong — because much practical partiality, and oftentimes much disproportion in our judgments. Yet here is a mode of morality, imperfect as honour is imperfect, but not therefore false, and which still works for good, and which all the Paleys in this world will fortunately never be able to shake.

The other remark concerns the *tendency* of Paley's philosophy, which, having little grandeur or enthusiasm to support it, was morbidly disposed to compromise with evil, and to "go for" as much good as seemed conveniently to be got. Most justly does Mackintosh tax it with looking in the same direction as the worst ethics of the Roman Catholics, that is, the ethics of Escobar and the most intensely worldly amongst the Jesuits. Upon that he argues that no philosophy can be so unfitted for the training of the moral sense, or for the culture of the noble and the enthusiastic, as it exists in early manhood. Oxford, but more especially Cambridge, as carried by old connexion too naturally to an exaggerated estimate of Paley, would do well to think of this. Paley's talents, within lower spheres of speculation, were prodigious. But he wanted every thing that should have fitted him for what is subtlest in philosophy, or what is grandest in ethics. Continue to honour the man as the most philosophic amongst the essentially worldly-minded: but do not ratify and countersign his *hybrid* morality by making it a chief text of your ethics, and an examination-book for the young aristocracy of England.

MACKINTOSH ON MACHIAVEL.

There is a short but fine and very important exordium * to the paper on Machiavel, exposing the relations of literature to science, to ethics, and to speculative philosophy. That function of literature, by which it reacts upon all these great interests, so as to diffuse them, to popularize them, to protect them, and to root them, is apt enough to escape the notice of most men, who regard literature as a mere embellishment of life, not as one of its deep-sunk props. And yet, as Sir James truly remarks, in times when the whole philosophic speculation of a country gathers itself into cloistral retreats, and when as yet there is no general literature to diffuse its results and to naturalize its capital problems amongst the people, nothing is more liable to sudden blights than such insulated advances in culture; which, on the other hand, become ineradicable when once they have knit themselves on to the general mind of the people by the intertexture of literature. Spinning this kind of *nidus* for itself, the larva of the future chrysalis becomes safe; whilst otherwise it is in constant peril.

What suggests this train of thought is the fact that Machiavel was amongst the first who "stooped to conquer," by laying aside the pomps of a learned language: being an Italian, he wrote Italian; he adapted himself to the popular mind amongst his countrymen; he spoke to them in their mother-tongue. By such an effort a man sacrifices a little momentary rank in the estimate of critics, to regain it a hundred-fold in an influence wide and lasting over the general heart. The choice of Machiavel was wise; and yet, perhaps, not made in the spirit of wisdom, but of rancorous passions. He could not reach his enemies by his republican patriotism, or his fierce miso-tramontanism *without* Italian; he could not reach his friends by counsels that should guide their exterminating swords, unless through a familiar dialect. The same malicious and destroying wisdom, in the same service of a vindictive heart, burns in the most famous of his works, *The Prince*. This work it is, and the true interpretation of its reckless insensibility to the wickedness of the machinery by which it works, that probably constituted the reason to Sir James Mackintosh for at all turning his attention upon Machiavel.

It has always been a riddle whether *The Prince* of Machiavel were meant for a Titan satire upon the profligacy of political agents, or very seriously for a Titan theory of evil arts as the only weapons commensurate to the unscrupulous wickedness of men armed with power. It is Sir James Mackintosh's wish to side with the former view of the question:—"'The Prince,'" says he, "is an account of the means by which tyrannical power is to be acquired and preserved: it is a theory of that class of phenomena. It is essential to its purpose, therefore, that it should contain an exposition of tyrannical arts. But it is also plain that the calm statement of tyrannical arts is the bitterest of all satires against them." Yes, for him who has already preconceived such a view of tyrannical arts; but no satire at all for him who has reconciled himself to such arts, as the indispensable means of placing men upon a level with their enemies, and cities upon equal terms with their rivals. When Gulliver talked with coolness and smiling amateurship of every art used in Christian warfare for hacking, hewing, slashing, maiming, or burning the frame-work of human bodies, he was viewed by his royal auditor, after hearing him coolly to the end, as the most horrid little monster on the terraqueous globe. But Gulliver had so little suspected any liability in his

* "*Exordium*," an exordium which virtually (and in parts verbally) repeats a similar passage at pp. 44-5 of Vol. I.

own opinions to such a construction, that he had talked with the self-satisfied air of a benevolent philosopher teaching the *old* idea how to shoot.

"A philosophical treatise on poisons would," says Mackintosh, "determine the quantity of each poisonous substance capable of producing death, the circumstances favourable or adverse to its operation, and every other information essential to the purpose of the poisoner, though not intended for his use." Something like this has been pleaded on behalf of Machiavel by others. But in fact it will not bear a critical scrutiny. For all depends on the mode of presenting the poisonous arts. In a little chemico-medical manual lying before me at this moment, the Parisian author, speaking of the modes employed to colour wines, says, "On peut jaunir ces liquides" (white wines) "à l'aide du gaz acide sulfureux: cette fraude est dangereuse, si l'acide se trouve en assez grande quantité." Now here there is something not strictly correct; for the writer teaches a secret which he knows to be profitable on one hand and dangerous on the other, with a slight caution that he might easily have made a full one. The secret is likely to be tried, it is likely to cause danger; whilst the simple means for evading the danger, viz. by stating the proper proportions, he is too indolent to report. Yet still, though blamable, this author is far above being suspected of any wish to teach murderous arts. And what is the proof of this? Why, that he never introduces any substance for the mere purpose of showing its uses as a poison; but, when *other* uses have obliged him to notice it, he takes occasion to caution the reader as to those which are dangerous. If a man were answerable for all the indirect or inverse modes of reading his book, then every writer on medical jurisprudence would be liable to indictment; for such works may be always turned to account as reversely systems of poisoning; the artifices for detecting guilt may always be applied by a Locusta [Sueton. *in Claudio*] or a Brinvilliers as so many directions for aiding its operations: just as the Lord's Prayer, read backwards, was, of old times, the shortest means for evoking the fiend. Now, Machiavel's arts of tyranny are not collected from this sort of reading backwards: they compose a good, honest, and straightforward assertion of wholesale wickedness as absolutely essential to prosperity and comfort of mind in this shocking world. Many have fancied that, if challenged as an elaborate jester in masquerade, Machiavel would have burst into explosions of laughter. Far from it: he would have looked as angry and disconcerted as Gulliver, and would have said, probably, "Oh, if you come to virtue, and all that sort of thing, really I pretend to no opinions on the subject: I am addressing myself to men of sense, and simply taking it for granted, that, *as* such, in a world of universal kicking and being kicked, they will wish to kick back in every direction."

But the defect of Sir James Mackintosh's paper, is the neglect of positive extracts from *The Prince*, given in their true connexion. Such a treatment would soon have dispersed any doubts about the final drift of the work. For, suppose that, in a work on poisons, (to adopt Mackintosh's own illustration,) you met with a little section like this;—"With respect to the proper mode of despatching young toothless infants, I always set my face against the use of poison. I do so on moral principle, and also as a man of refinement. It is evident that poison in such a case, is quite needless: you may operate more speedily by a little lavender-water: this will be agreeable to both parties—yourself and the child: pour a few spoonfuls into a slop-basin; hold the little human kitten with its face downwards in this, and it will hardly have time to mew before the trick will be done. Now, observe the difference of circumstances with respect to an adult. How pleasing it is to the benign heart, that nature should have provided so vast a gamut in the art of murder! To the philosophic mind it suggests the idea, that perhaps no two people ought to be murdered in the same manner. Suppose, for instance, the subject marked for immediate despatch to be your uncle; a huge, broad-shouldered monster, evidently quite unfit to live any longer. I should say, now, that a dose of corrosive sublimate would be the correct thing for *him*. Phlebotomy would never do with such a bullock as that. He would turn a mill with his blood, and the place of operating would become a mere shambles. If, again, you attempted to repeat upon *him* the experiment that had succeeded with the infant, surprising and holding him down in the water, when washing his face, the refractory ruffian would assuredly break the basin in his struggles: his face would be lacerated; and, when his howling had brought the police to his assistance, the streaming blood would give an air of plausibility to his odious calumny—that you had been attempting to cut his throat; whereas *he* knows, as well as *you* know, that not a drop of blood would have been spilt, and very little water, had he forborne making so horrid an uproar."

After such a passage, I suppose few people would be satisfied with Sir James's construction of the book:—"It is an account of the means by which the art of assassination is to be acquired and preserved: it is a theory of that class of phenomena. It is essential to its purpose, therefore, that it should contain an exposition of murder in all its varieties." In reality, the state of Italian society in those days, as Sir James himself suggests, is the best key to the possibility of such a work as *The Prince*, but, at the same time, the best guarantee of its absolute sincerity. We need only to read the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, who was a contemporary of Machiavel, to see with what reckless levity a man, naturally generous and brave, thought of avenging his slightest quarrel by a pistol shot from some cowardly ambuscade. Not military princes only, but popes, cardinals, bishops, appear to have employed murderers, and to have sheltered muderers as a necessary part of their domestic garrisons—often to be used defensively, or in menace; but, under critical circumstances, to be used aggressively for sudden advantages. It was no mistake, therefore, in Frederick of Prussia, to reply calmly and elaborately to *The Prince*, as not meant for a jest, but

as a serious philosophic treatise offered to the world (if, on such a subject, one may say so) in perfect *good faith*. It may, perhaps, also be no mistake, at all events it proves the diffusive impression as to the cool wickedness of the book, that, in past times, many people seriously believed the name of Old *Nick*, [one of the vulgar expressions for the devil,] to have been an off-set from the name of *Niccolo* Machiavelli.

MACKINTOSH ON THE "ICON BASILIKÉ."

People, in general, imagine that the question relating to the *Icon Basiliké* is obsolete and hastening to decay. But, more properly, it should be described as in the condition of those tapestries which fade into dimness when laid aside for a long time into dark repositories; but, upon being brought back to sunlight, revive gradually into something of their early life and colouring.* There are four separate reasons why the authorship of this book will always remain an interesting problem for the historical student:—

1*st*, Because it involves something of a mystery. In this respect it resembles the question as to the Gowrie Conspiracy, as to the Iron Masque, &c. &c.; and, unless some new documents should appear, which is not quite impossible, but is continually growing nearer to an impossibility, it will *remain* a mystery; but a mystery which might be made much more engaging by a better mode of presenting the evidence on either side, and of pointing the difficulties that beset either conclusion.

2*dly*, Because it is an instructive example of conflicting evidence, which having long been sifted by various cross-examiners, sharp as razors, from ability and from reciprocal animosity, has now become interesting for itself: the question it was, which interested at the first; but at length the mere testimonies, illustrated by hostile critics, have come to have a separate interest of their own apart from the point at issue.

3*dly*, The book has a close connexion with the character of Charles I., which is a character meriting even a pathetic attention, where its native features are brought under the light of the very difficult circumstances besetting its natural development.

4*thly*, The book is one of that small number which (like the famous pamphlet of the Abbé Sieyes, on the *Tiers état*,) produced an impression worthy to be called *national*. According to my present recollection, I must, myself, have seen the forty-ninth edition; at present [May, 1846] it wants but thirty-two months of full two hundred years† since the publication of the book: such an extent of distribution in an age of readers so limited, such a duration of the interest connected with a question so personal, is the strongest testimony extant of the awe pursuing so bold an act as the judicial execution of a king.

Sir James Mackintosh takes up the case as against Dr. Wordsworth. And, being a lawyer, he fences with the witnesses on the other side, in a style of ease and adroitness that wins the reader's applause. Yet, after all, he is not the more satisfactory for being brilliant. He studied the case neither more nor less than he would have done a brief: he took it up on occasion of a sudden summons *ab extra:* and it is certain that no justice will ever be done to *all* the bearings of the evidence, unless the evidence is examined *con amore*. It must be a labour of love, spontaneous, and even impassioned; and not of mere compliance with the suggestion of a journal, or the excitement of a new book, that will ever support the task of threshing out and winnowing *all* the materials available for this discussion.

Were I proprietor of this journal, and entitled to room *à discretion*, perhaps I might be indiscreet enough to take forty pages for my own separate use. But, being merely an inside passenger, and booked for only one place, I must confine myself to my own allotment. This puts an end to all idea of reviewing the whole controversy; but it may be well to point out one or two oversights in Sir James Mackintosh.

The reader is aware of the question at issue, viz., whether the *Icon*, which is supposed to have done so much service to the cause of royalty, by keeping alive the memory of Charles I., in the attitude of one forgiving injuries, or expostulating with enemies in a tone of apparent candour, were really written by the king himself, or written *for* him, under the masque of his character, by Dr. Gauden. Sir James, in this case, is counsel for Dr. Gauden. Now, it happened that about six months after the Restoration, this doctor was made Bishop of Exeter. The worthy man was not very long, viz., exactly forty-eight days, in discovering that Exeter was "a horror"‡ of a bishopric. It *was* so; he was quite correct there: "horror" is his own word; and a horror it was until a late act for exalting the weak and pulling down the mighty. Sir James seems to have thought this phrase of "a horror," *un peu fort* for so young a prelate. But it is to be considered that Dr. G. came immediately from the rural deanery of Bocking, where the pastures are good. And Sir James ought to have known by one memorable case in his own time, and charged upon the injustice of his own party, that it is very possible for a rural parson leaving a simple rectory to view even a bishopric as an insupportable

* "*Life and colouring:*"—Such a change happened, three or four years ago, to what are called The Raphael Tapestries. After having been laid up in darkness for about ten years, they were brought out and exhibited at Manchester; after which the crimsons deepened remarkably under constant exposure to light, the blues clarified themselves, and the harmonies of the colouring began to revive.

† The king suffered on the 30th of January, 1649. And I have somewhere read an anecdote, that Royston, the publisher, caused several copies, the first that were sufficiently dry, to be distributed amongst the crowd that surrounded the scaffold. This was a bold act. For Royston, and all his equipage of compositors were in great peril already, by their labours at the press. Imprisonment for political offences was fatal to three out of four in those days: but the penalties were sometimes worse than imprisonment for offences so critically perilous as that of Royston.

‡ "*A horror:*"—It is true that Dr. G. received a sum of twenty thousand pounds within the first year; but *that* was for renewal of leases that had lapsed during the Commonwealth suppression of the sees; and nothing so great was likely to occur again.

affront; and, in fact, as an atrocious hoax or swindle, if the rectory happened to be Stanhope, worth in good mining years six thousand *per annum*, and the bishopric to be Exeter, worth, until lately, not more than two. But the use which Sir James makes of this fact, coming so soon after the king's return, is — that assuredly the doctor must have had some conspicuous merit, when so immediately promoted, and amongst so select a few. That merit, he means to argue, could have been nothing else, or less, than the seasonable authorship of the *Icon*.

It is certain, however, that the service which obtained Exeter, was *not* this. Worcester, to which G. afterwards obtained a translation, and the fond hope of Winchester, which he never lived to reach, may have been sought for on the argument of the *Icon*. But Exeter was given on another consideration. This is certain; and, if known to Sir James, would perhaps have arrested his final judgment.

2. Sir James quotes, without noticing their entire inaccuracy, the well-known words of Lord Clarendon — that when the secret (as to the *Icon*) should cease to be such, "nobody would be gladd of it but Mr. Milton." I notice this only as indicating the carelessness with which people read, and the imperfect knowledge of the facts even amongst persons like Lord Clarendon, having easy access to the details, and contemporary with the case. Why should the disclosure have so special an interest for Milton? The *Icon Basiliké*, or royal image, having been set up for national worship, Milton, viewing the case as no better than idolatry, applied himself to pull down the idol; and, in allusion to the title of the book, as well as to the ancient Iconoclasts, he called his own exposure of the *Icon* by the name of *Iconoclastes*, or the Image-breaker. But Milton had no interest in Lord Clarendon's secret. What he had meant by *breaking the image* was — not the showing that the king had not written the book, but that whoever had written it, (king or any body else,) had falsely represented the politics and public events of the last seven years, and had falsely coloured the king's opinions, feelings, designs, as expounded by his acts. Not the title to the authorship, was what Milton denied: of *that* he was comparatively careless: but the king's title to so meek and candid a character as was there portrayed. It is true that laughingly, and *in transitu*, Milton notices the unlikelihood of a king's finding leisure for such a task, and he notices also the internal marks of some chaplain's hand in the style. That same practice in composition, which suggested to Sir James Mackintosh his objections to the style, as too dressed and precise for a prince writing with a gentleman's negligence, suggested also to Milton his suspicion of a clerical participation in the work. He thought probably, which may, after all, turn out to be true, that the work was a joint product of two or more persons. But all *that* was indifferent to his argument. His purpose was — to destroy the authority by exposing the falsehood of the book. And his dilemma is framed to meet either hypothesis — that of the king's authorship, or that of an anonymous courtier's. Written *by* the king, the book falsifies facts in a way which must often have contradicted his own official knowledge, and must therefore impeach his veracity: written *for* the king, the work is still liable to the same charge of *material* falsehood, though probably not of conscious falsehood; so far the writer's position may seem improved; one who was not in the Cabinet would often utter untruths, without knowing them to be such: yet again this is balanced by the deliberate assumption of a false character for the purpose of public deception.

3. Amongst the passages which most affect the king's character, on the former hypothesis, (viz. that of his own authorship,) is the 12th section of the *Icon*, relating to his private negotiations with the Irish Roman Catholics. The case stands thus: Charles had been charged with having excited (or permitted his Popish queen to excite) the Irish rebellion and massacre of 1641. To this charge, being factious and false, it was easy for him to reply with the bold front of an innocent man. There was next a second charge, of having negotiated with the rebels subsequently to their insurrection. To this also there was a reply; not so triumphant, because, as a fact, it could not be blankly denied; but under the state difficulties of the king, it was capable of defence. Thirdly, however, there was a charge quite separate and much darker, which, if substantiated, would have ruined the royal cause with many of its staunchest adherents. This concerned the secret negotiation with the Popish nuncio through Lord Glamorgan. It may be ninety years since Dr. Birch, amongst his many useful contributions to English history, brought to life this curious correspondence: and since that day there has been no room for doubt as to the truth of the charge. Lord Glamorgan was a personal friend of the king, and a friend so devoted, that he submitted without a murmur to be represented publicly as a poor imbecile creature,* this being the sole retreat open to the king's own character. Now, the *Icon* does not distinguish this last charge, as to which there was *no* answer, from the two others where there *was*. In a person situated like Gauden, and superficially acquainted with political facts, this confusion might be perfectly natural. Not so with the king; and it would deeply injure his memory, if we could suppose him to have benefited artfully by a defence upon one charge which the reader (as he knew) would apply to another. Yet would it not equally injure him to suppose that he had accepted from another such an equivocating

* This "poor imbecile creature" was the original suggester of the Steam-engine. He is known in his earlier life as Lord Herbert son of Lord Worcester, who at that time was an earl, but afterwards raised to a marquisate, and subsequently the son was made Duke of Beaufort. Apart from the negotiations with the nuncio, the king's personal bargain with Lord Herbert (whom he made Earl of Glamorgan as a means of accrediting him for this particular Irish service) was tainted with marks of secret leanings to Popery. Lord Glamorgan's family were Papists; and into this family, the house of Somerset having Plantagenet blood in their veins, the king was pledged to give a daughter in marriage, with a portion of three hundred thousand pounds.

defence? No: for it must be recollected that the king, though he had read, could not have had the opportunity (which he anticipated) of revising the proof sheets; consequently we know not what he might finally have struck out. But, were it otherwise, Sir James Mackintosh argues that the dishonesty would, under all the circumstances, have been trivial, when confined to the act of tolerating an irrelevant defence, in comparison of that dishonesty which could deliberately compose a false one. So far I fully agree with Sir James: his apology for the *defence* of the act, supposing that defence to be Gauden's, is sufficient. But his apology for the act itself is, I fear, untenable. He contends,—that "it certainly was not more unlawful for him," [the king] "to seek the aid of the Irish Catholics, than it was for his opponents to call in the succour of the Scotch presbyterians." How so? The cases are most different. The English and the Scottish Parliaments were on terms of the most brotherly agreement as to all capital points of policy, whether civil or religious. In both senates all were Protestants; and the preponderant body, even in the English senate, up to 1646, were Presbyterians, and, one may say, Scottish Presbyterians; for they had taken the Covenant. Consequently no injury, present or in reversion, to any great European interest, could be charged upon the consciences of the two Parliaments. Whereas the Kilkenny treaty, on Charles's part, went to the direct formal establishment of Popery as the Irish Church, to the restoration of the lands claimed as church lands, to a large confiscation, and to the utter extermination of the Protestant interest in Ireland. The treaty did all this, by its tendency; and if it were to be prevented from doing it, *that* could only be through prolonged war, in which the king would have found himself ranged in battle against the Protestant faith. The king not only testified his carelessness of the Protestant interest, but he also raised a new and a rancorous cause of civil war.

The truth is, that Mackintosh, from the long habit of defending the Roman Catholic pretensions, as applying to our own times, was tempted to overlook the difference which affected those pretensions in 1645-6. Mark the critical point of time. A great anti-Protestant league of kingdoms had existed for a century, to which Spain, Austria, Bavaria, many Italian states, and, intermittingly, even France, were parties. The great agony of this struggle between Popery and the Reformation, came to its crisis, finally and for ever, in the Thirty years' war, which, beginning in 1618, (just one hundred years after Luther's first movement,) terminated in 1648, by the peace of Westphalia. That treaty it was, balancing and readjusting all Christendom, until the French Revolution again unsettled it, that first proclaimed to the Popish interest the hopelessness of further efforts for exterminating the Protestant interest. But this consummation of the strife had not been reached by four or five years at the time when Charles entered upon his jesuitical dealings with the Popish council in Ireland; dealings equally at war with the welfare of struggling Europe, with the fundamental laws of the three kingdoms which the king ruled, and with the coronation oaths which he had sworn. I, that love and pity the afflicted prince, whose position blinded him, of necessity, to the truth in many things, am the last person to speak harshly of his conduct. But undoubtedly he committed a great error for his reputation, that would have proved even a fatal error for his interests, had it succeeded at the moment, and that might have upset the interests of universal Protestantism, coming at that most critical moment. This case I notice, as having a large application; for it is too generally true of politicians, arguing the Roman Catholic claims in these modern days, when the sting of Popery, as a political power, is extracted, that they forget the very different position of Protestantism, when it had to face a vast hostile confederation, always *in procinctu* for exterminating war, in case a favourable opening should arise.

Taking leave of the *Icon Basilikè*, I would express my opinion,—that the question is not yet exhausted: the pleadings must be reöpened. But in the mean time no single arguments have been adduced against the king's claim of equal strength with these two of Sir James's: one drawn from external, the other from internal evidence:

First, that on the Gauden hypothesis, Lord Clarendon's silence as to the *Icon* in his history, though not strictly correct, is the venial error of a partisan; but that, on the other, or anti-Gauden hypothesis, his silence is fatal to his own character, as a man decently honest; and yet without an intelligible motive.

Secondly, that the *impersonal* character of the *Icon* is strongly in favour of its being a forgery. All the rhetorical forgeries of the later Greek literature, such as the Letters of Phalaris, of Themistocles, &c. are detected by that mark. These forgeries, applying themselves to ages distant from the writer, are often, indeed, self-exposed by their ignorant anachronisms. That was a flaw which could not exist, in a forgery, applied to contemporary events. But else in the want of facts, of circumstantialities, and of personalities, such as were sure to grow out of love or hatred, there is exactly the same air of vagueness, and of timid dramatic personation, in the *Icon*, as in the old Greek knaveries.

MACKINTOSH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Perhaps it would have been an advantageous change for this republication of Sir James Mackintosh's works, if the entire third volume had been flung overboard, so as to lighten the vessel. This volume consists of political papers, that are at any rate imperfect, from the want of many documents that should accompany them, and are otherwise imperfect, laudably imperfect, from their author's station as a political partisan. It was his duty to be partial. These papers are merely contributions to a vast *thesaurus*, never to be exhausted, of similar papers: dislocated from their general connexion, they are useless; whilst, by compelling a higher price of admission, they obstruct the public access to other articles in

the collection, which have an independent value, and sometimes a very high value, upon the very highest subjects. The ethical dissertation is crowded with just views, as regards what is old, and with suggestions brilliant and powerful, as regards all the openings for novelty. Sir James Mackintosh has here done a public service to education and the interests of the age, by setting his face against the selfish schemes of morality, too much favoured by the tendencies of England. He has thrown light upon the mystery of conscience. He has offered a subtle method of harmonizing philosophic liberty with philosophic necessity. He has done justice, when all men were determinately unjust,—to the leading schoolmen, to Aquinas, to Ockham, to Biel, to Scotus, and in more modern times to Soto and Suarez. To his own contemporaries, he is not just only, but generous, as in the spirit of one who wishes to make amends for the past injustice of others. He is full of information and suggestion upon every topic which he treats. Few men have so much combined the power of judging wisely from a stationary position, with the power of changing that station, under changing circumstances in the age or in the subject. He moves slowly, or with velocity, as he moves amongst breakers, or amongst open seas. And upon every theme which he treats, in proportion as it rises in importance, the reader is sure of finding displayed the accomplishments of a scholar, the philosophic resources of a very original thinker, the elegance of a rhetorician, and the large sagacity of a statesman controlled by the most sceptical caution of a lawyer.

THE DESTROYER.

On the deep luxury which Fancy brings,
When voiceless Silence spreads her downy wings,
When loud-tongued Mirth withdraws her gay control,
And Solitude sits heavy on the soul!
Sweet Siren! how I love a lonely hour,
When thou frequent'st my solitary bower,
Luring my spirit to some way on high,
Like some fond bird teaching its young to fly!
Come, haste! but see I not thy form, forsooth,
Spurning Philosophy, and dull-eyed Truth,
Descending like the rock-throned eagle bird,
Who dwells where heaven's own cadence can be heard?
Where hast thou loitering been, sweet Fancy, say?
Hast thou been nursing the young beams of day,
Or dallying with the winds, who soar'd so far,
'Till roaming they had lost their native star?
Or holding converse with the planets bright,
Whose silvery lips commune with waves at night?
Or sporting with the angels joyously,
On the calm bosom of immensity?
Or looking o'er Creation's boundless way,
Watching old Chaos with his atoms play?
Or peering through the golden gates of life,
And giving ear to songs for ever rife?
Or—but I may not name the distant scene,
Tell me then, Fancy, where thou 'st loitering been.

FANCY.

No new-born beams have me delay'd,
No vagrant winds my course have stay'd,
Nor silvery lip of planet woo'd
Me from thy bower of solitude,
Nor thronging angels fair and bright,
Nor Chaos ancient as the night,
Nor golden gates asunder riven,
Nor the delicious songs of heaven:
No! nought of these have given power,
To keep me from thy lonely bower.

But I have watch'd, with aching sight,
The power of the Destroyer's might,
Passing o'er mountains, plains, and bowers,
Temples, and palaces, and towers,
And touching down the fair, the grand,
With withering and transforming hand.

I may not tell the feats sublime,
Of him who sways the sphere of Time;
For human words can not essay,
To tell the triumphs of his way.
Just like some mighty warrior king,
I saw him spread his giant wing,
To haste where millions brave were found,
Upon the tented battle ground.

The red sun look'd with eye of fire,
Upon the glorious scene of ire,
And Discord far around was dress'd,
In glittering arms, and waving crest;
And Silence, from her throne afar,
Bent down to hear the song of war.
Now the Destroyer sought the scene,
Riding mid-air, a ghastly thing,
And 'midst the cannon's roar abiding,
With his vulture train behind him.

I saw him seek a colonnade,
A long-drawn aisle which art display'd:
Its columns tall, and fretted dome,
Told that it was some classic home:
There were cold statues in display,
'Neath secret shade, and stealing ray;
For Cupids and Dianas fair,
And sculptured doves were nestling there.
Now, hist! the grim Destroyer came,
And shook his wing o'er this proud fane,
And Pride, and Strength, and Beauty lay,
Mouldering in quiet, and decay.

I saw him pass where flowers and trees,
Were loading the delicious breeze;
Where Nature, free, and unconfined,
Was waving plenty to the wind.
The leaf grew sear, the flow'ret died,
And hungry Famine roam'd awide;
And hill, and plain, and wither'd bower,
Portray'd the grim Destroyer's power.

I saw him steal where Hope was seen
Twining young Love with wreaths of green;
I started! and I cried, Oh, spare!
Choose not a scene so bright, so fair!
In vain,—he pass'd with hasty tread,
And Hope was gone, and Love was fled.

And next I saw the phantom lone
Hovering o'er sweet Affection's home;
And soon the joyous band was riven,
That used to meet at morn and even,—
And the loud tone of funeral bell
Told what, alas! is known too well.

Thus have I watch'd, with aching sight,
The power of the Destroyer's might;
Passing o'er mountains, plains, and bowers,
Temples, and palaces, and towers;
And touching down the fair, the grand,
With withering and transforming hand.

C. C.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

The multitude of documentary collections relating to Mary Queen of Scots, which have been lately published, demand attention by the sheer extent of surface which they cover. A library of these volumes is now lying before us; and the public, who have their railway schemes to attend to, their monthly accounts to pay, and the general business that brings them bread to attend to, demand that we, the miners of literature, should drive a shaft through this great stratified mass, and tell them how far it appears to contain valuable ore. We may state in the first place, and before descending to particulars, that the matter of real interest lately, for the first time, published, is less than we would expect from the extent of the publications. The original incidents, or the new lights thrown on matters already known, are not numerous; and in a couple of cursory articles, which Prince Labanoff's complete collection suggests to us, we certainly shall not confine ourselves to the documents which appear for the first time in his pages.

It would be difficult perhaps to adduce better evidence of the magic influence which the name of Mary Stuart has exercised over the reading public of Europe, than this full flowing continuation of the stream of literature, which, for three hundred years, has borne her strange eventful history on its bosom. Will it ever be exhausted? Surely never, so long as there are Prince Labanoffs in the world. Here is pure literary chivalry —a great book that can have neither readers nor purchasers, the fruit of the labour of fourteen years' research, in all parts of Europe, offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of "an injured Queen." Imagine the occupations, other than rummaging through dusty records, in which a Prince might have occupied himself for fourteen years. Picture the sojourn in courts—the lionism—the literary reputation he might have attained as a Puckler Muskau, and we can form a faint conception of his sacrifices. Wo to the youthful enthusiast, male or female, that, having read the "Abbot," or the translation of Schiller's drama, shall expect to revel in the romantic delights of these seven scarlet volumes. The disappointment will be as egregious as that of the managers of the Juvenile Circulating Library, who ordered Tooke's Diversions of Purley. The zeal of the prince is beyond our praise, as it is beyond our power to estimate it. He is the true knight-errant, to whom his mistress's word is law, however little meaning there may be in her commands. If a document but bear Mary's signature, it is entitled to admission, however unworthy the object. Hence the fine collection of letters of safe-conduct which we possess in these volumes, by all of which, sundry worthy burgesses, intent on their own business, are permitted, "in deu and competent form, to cum within the realme to ony toun, porte, havin, or pasaige therof, be sey, land, or fresche watter, thair to remane and do his leful errands and bissines, &c. And in sic sort to pas and repas at his pleasure, alsoft as he sall think expedient, on horse or on fute, with his horsses alswele stanyt as geldingis, bulgettis, fardellis, pacquettis, cofferis, money, jewellis, gold, silver, cunyeit and uncunyeit, letteris, clois and patent; with all and sindrie his utheris guidis lefull, but stop, trouble, injuirie, impeschement, arreist, or serche, to be maid, done, or gevin to him."

To find a series of such documents, in their honest broad Scotch, printed with Parisian types, under the auspices of a Russian prince, with a French analysis prefixed to each of them, is not a little curious, and suggests the hope, that if any future Russian prince shall publish the letters of Queen Victoria, he will not omit whatsoever commissions to military and naval officers, or patents of baronetcy, he is so fortunate as to lay hands on.

We must not forget, however, in speaking of Prince Labanoff's seven volumes, that they are printed for the continent of Europe, rather than the British Isles. It is true that the copy before us bears the imprint Londres; but the typography is foreign, and intended to supply French, German, Spanish, and perhaps a few Russian readers, with a general recueil of the letters of Mary Queen of Scots. The editor may therefore be excused for having included a few documents which would hardly in this country be admitted to have either historical or biographical value. Apart from the value of his documents, it is due to the prince, and the sort of reputation he appears to court, to say that his work is edited with wonderful labour, minuteness, and critical intelligence. With regard to the letters in the French language, our testimony will not go for much: but, for the many specimens in our own Scottish dialect, we can safely say, that we never knew like documents so correctly published by a native of England.

The tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots, consists naturally of three acts,—the murder of Rizzio, the assassination of Henry Darnley, and her own ignominious death. They are all connected together by that dark chain of causes and effects, whereby crime begets crime. They are events deeply impressed on the mind of the world—traditions of horror that have their local range over the whole European mind; and when the time shall come in which they shall be forgotten, let him predict, who can foresee the day when the written tablets of the most memorable events in the world's history shall be effaced. In the Hague

* Lettres, Instructions, et Mémoires, de Marie Stuart, Reine d'Écosse; Publiés sur les originaux et les Manuscrits du State Paper Office de Londres, et des Principales Archives et Bibliothèques de L'Europe, et accompagnés d'un Résumé chronologique. Par Le Prince Alexandre Labanoff. 7 tomes. Londres: Dolman.

Letters of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. Translated from the Recueil, &c. by Prince Alexander Labanoff. With Notes and Introductions, by William Turnbull, Esq. Advocate. Dolman.

they show one the doublet worn by William of Nassau, when he was shot by Balthazar Gerards, pierced and blood-stained; in Berne, they proudly exhibit the accoutrements of Charles the Bold, worn on the fatal field of Grandsom. But such relics are mute memorials in comparison with that foul stain, that, in the dark corner of the room in Holyrood, close to the mouldering fragments of the contemporary furniture, marks the spot where the miserable Rizzio lay bleeding from fifty-six wounds. The stain may be an exhibitionist's trick after all: but if it be so, surely never was drama of still life better devised than its juxtaposition in that grim old chamber, with the mouldering bed of state, and the ghastly tapestry hiding the little doorway of the secret passage, by which the murderers entered from Darnley's apartments. He would be firm nerved or unimaginative, who would sleep soundly on that memorable bed. Among all the narratives of this butchery, we know none that can compete with that of the "Relation" by Lord Ruthven, one of the principal actors. The charm of this narrative is in the utter brazen effrontery—the obdurate calmness, with which the whole scene of violence is described, as the performance of an act rather commendable than otherwise—something which had excited absurd prejudices, yet was substantially a useful piece of public service. "The said Lord Ruthven passed in through the king's chamber, and up through the privy way to the queen's chamber, as the king had learned him, and through the chamber to the cabinet, where he found the queen's majesty sitting at her supper at the middes of a little table; the lady Argyle sitting at one end, and Davie at the head of the table, with his cap on his head; the king speaking with the queen's majesty, and his hand upon her waist. The said Lord Ruthven, at his coming in, said to the queen's majesty,—'It would please your majestie to let yonder man Davie come forth of your presence, for he hath been over-long here.' Her majesty answered,—What offence hath he made? The said lord replied again, that he had made great offence to her majestie's honour, the king her husband, the nobility, and commonweal of the realm. 'And how?' saith she. 'It will please your majesty,' said the said lord, 'he hath offended your majesty's honour, which I dare not be so bold to speak of.'" And so he proceeds, as methodically as a quaker, lecturing her after such a fashion, as, were it at this day employed by a London policeman to a prostitute, would elicit cries of "Shame, shame," from an audience in St. Giles'. After "Signior Davie" had been despatched in the outer chamber, we have a fine scene of honest familiarity. Back goes Ruthven to the queen's apartment, whether with his dagger sheathed or still reeking in his hand, he saith not. "The said lord being so feebled with his sickness, and weary of his travel, [*i. e.* the trouble of driving his dagger into Signior Davie,] that he desired her majestie's pardon to sit down upon a coffer, and called for a drink for God's sake; so a Frenchman brought him a cup of wine; and after that he had drunken, the queen's majesty began to rail against the said lord. 'Is this your sickness, Lord Ruthven?' The said lord answered, 'God forbid that your majesty had such a sickness; for I had rather give all the moveable goods that I have.' Then, said her majesty, if she died, or her bairn, or commonweal perished, she should leave the revenge thereof to her friends, to revenge the same upon the said Lord Ruthven, and his posterity; for she had the king of Spain her great friend, the emperor likewise, and the King of France her good brother, the Cardinal of Lorrain, and her unkels in France, besides the Pope's holiness, with many other princes in Italy. The said lord answered, that these noble princes were over-great to meddle with such a poor man as he was, being her majesty's own subject. And when her majesty said, that if either she, her bairn, or the commonweal perished, the said Lord Ruthven should have the weight thereof; the said lord answered, that if either of the three perished, her majesty's self, or her particular counsel, should have the weight thereof, and should be accused as well before God as the world." There are some good-natured exchanges of courtesy described on the occasion, thus, "And because there was some enmity unreconciled betwixt the Earls of Huntly and Bothwell, and the Earls of Argyle and Murray, and their colleagues, the said lords promised in their names, that it should be mended at the sight of two or three of the nobility, they doing such like to them; whereupon the said Earls of Huntly and Bothwell gave the Lord Ruthven their hands, and received his for the other part; and after they had drunken, the said Lord Ruthven took his leave of them."

This, with some equally cordial social scenes, passes while the body of the murdered man lies in the passage. The description of the removal of the body does some credit to the old ruffian's power of picturesque description:—

"The gates being locked, the king being in bed, the queen's majesty walking in her chamber, the said Lord Ruthven took air upon the lower gate, and at the privy passages. And at the king's command, in the mean time, Davie was hurled down the steps of the stairs from the place where he was slain, and brought to the porter's lodge; where the porter's servant taking off his clothes, said, 'This hath been his destiny; for upon this chest was his first bed since he entered this place, and now here he lieth again, a very ingrate and misknowing knave.' The king's whiniard was found sticking in Davie's side, after he was dead; but always the queen inquired of the king where his whiniard was; who answered, that he wit not well. 'Well,' said she, 'it will be known afterwards.'"

The leaving of the whiniard or dagger sticking in the body, was a neat and emphatic method of notifying that the affair was one of Darnley's own. There is no doubt that Queen Mary fiercely resented this cowardly, brutal, and insulting act; and if she had any blood in her, could it have failed to boil at such a moment? For some time after the deed, she was held a prisoner in her palace. In a letter to Beaton archbishop of Glas-

gow, printed by Prince Labanoff, but also published among the documents in Keith's "History of Scotland," she tells us that—"The provost and town of Edinburgh having understood this tumult in our palace, caused ring their common bell, came to us in great number, and desired to have seen our presence, intercommuned with us, and to have known our welfare: to whom we was not permitted to give answer, being extremely boasted by thir lords, who in our place declared, if we desired to have spoken them, they should cut us in collops, and cast us over the walls."

Cut her majesty in collops! Such was the style in which she had to mention to an ecclesiastical dignitary of the realm the proceedings of those who were zealous for the reformation of religion and morals. It should, by the way, be emphatically remembered in these days of the revivalship of martyrdoms, that Rizzio, like his royal mistress, was a martyr for Catholicism. How they have both escaped canonization, let the Vatican say if it chooses. Perhaps there was more known *there* of the real character both of mistress and minion, than all the volumes written about them have divulged to us poor exoterics. All those concerned in the slaughter were zealous advocates of the reformation, and particularly of the transference of the rich church benefices from the lazy ecclesiastics to persons who could apply them to a better use. A "band of manrent," as it is termed, was contracted with Darnley—a deed by which, with as much solemn formality as if it were a contract of charterparty or an indenture of apprenticeship, they bind themselves to aid him "in all his actions, causes, and quarrels, against whomsoever, to the uttermost of their powers; and shall be friends to his friends, and enemies to his enemies, and neither spare their lives, lands, goods, or possessions;" in this instrument,—a remarkable relic of the character of the times, the "true religion" is most anxiously provided for, and they become bound to "maintain and fortify the same at their uttermost powers, by the help, supply, and maintenance of the said noble prince." This is no more a reproach to Protestantism than the death of Cranmer is to Catholicism; but Mary may be excused if she did not think either the people who slew her favourite, or the principles by which they were actuated, altogether the most pure and agreeable under the sun.

The readiness with which, while the ruffians still held possession of the palace, she professed to restore Darnley, whom, even before this deed of violence, she had neglected and despised, to her good graces, was a piece of palpable hypocrisy. Darnley was a fool, and—easily talked over, as we would say, if we had no respect for the dignity of history; but the Mortons, Ruthvens, and Kers of Fernyhirst were made of less pliant materials; and when the queen and Darnley escaped through a wine cellar, and took horse for Dunbar, they found they were (as we would again say, if historical dignity permitted) in a nasty scrape, and being a good deal funked, cut their stick. A proclamation was issued, requiring the attendance of the conspirators, "under the pain of rebellion, and putting them to the horn, and eschetting and inbringing of all their moveable goods;" a measure which rouses the virtuous indignation of Ruthven to say, "The whilk like order is not used in no realm christened: nor is it the law of Scotland of old, but new cropen in, and invented by them that understood no law nor yet good practice;" and observing that such harsh proceedings for the slaying of a mere Italian menial "would pity a godly heart," he pathetically sets forth his own innocence of any act or intent beyond the mere slaying of the Italian; "and where her majesty allegeth, that night that Davie was slain, some held pistolets to her majesty's breast, some stroke whiniards so near her craig that she felt the coldness of the iron, with many other such like sayings, which we take God to record was never meant nor done; for the said Davie received never a stroke in her majesty's presence, nor was not striken till he was at the farthest door of her majesty's utter chamber. . . . The Eternal God who hath the rule of princes' hearts in his hand, send her his Holy Spirit to instruct her how she should rule and govern with clemency and mercy over her subjects!" And so we bid farewell to the grisly Ruthven, and his reasonably pious account of his own conduct, with the harsh measure dealt against him for his little prank of slaying Maister Davie; stopping only one moment to mark the curious type which this one family affords of the wild nature of the times. It was a son of this same Ruthven who afterwards went to Lochleven Castle to force Mary to resign the crown; and who on a later occasion joined in the forcible seizure of King James at "The Raid of Ruthven." The next generation were the plotters in that mysterious incident of the Gowrie conspiracy, the genuine features and details of which were washed out in the blood of the devoted house of Gowrie. James was stronger-handed than his poor mother. Proclamations under pain of rebellion sufficed him not; and a rapid death was the fate of those who had lifted their hand against the Lord's anointed. His vengeance fell upon the females even of this house, whose blood-relationship to the conspirators was their only crime; and even the infant children of the devoted race were persons whom it was dangerous to harbour. King James, pusillanimous, wavering, and dilatory, where matters of national policy were concerned, was prompt and energetic as the tiger in punishing those who had injured or endangered his sacred person. But to return to his queenly mother.

Of the second act of her tragedy, the local vestiges are now swept away. The noble colonnades of the University of Edinburgh cover the once open space outside the wall where stood the lonely tenement of the Kirk of Field. The blast by which it was destroyed must have been an effectual one, for the building is described as if scarce one stone remained upon another. Yet some moulderings foundations, known to have been those of the devoted dwelling, were visible within the memory of man, and must have been visited and dreamed

over by Scott. It seems to have been but a poor and ill-protected dwelling-house, too well suited for the murderous purpose for which, whether by the queen or others, it was doubtless selected. The Duke of Hamilton's spacious mansion stood near the spot; and it was there that the wretched invalid naturally expected that he was to be taken. But a dwelling of a different kind had been prepared for him. In that day every Scotsman's house was literally "a castle." No person of any consideration would occupy a building without the walls of the city, which was not in some measure a garrison. The old domestic architecture of Scotland, in its difference from that of England, tells the present generation the history of the turbulent manners of our ancestors. While the English baron, in the midst of his open deer park, spread forth his wide, low, wooden villa, with its broad hospitable gateway and unsuspicious bow windows, the Scottish laird was immured in a tall, grim, stone tower on the top of a rock, where a thick iron-bound door led up a narrow staircase to vaulted chambers lighted only by loopholes for muskets. Had he adopted the open airy architecture of the more peaceful south, it is odds but his next neighbour might have shot him as he looked over his grounds from his bow-window. Remembering that it was an age of garrisoning and fortifying, the reader of the Queen Mary controversy cannot avoid being struck by the slight protection that seems to have been afforded to Darnley in the Kirk of Field. A suburban house of the present day would be better protected. The house had a back door; but, as if it were the golden age when oak and iron were useless, this door was taken off, because nothing more handy could be found to cover the "vat" in which Darnley was bathed. This incident, like others which we shall have more particularly to mention, has been founded on as evidence against Queen Mary; but we cannot help thinking this a narrow method of treating historical evidence. Monarchs do not perpetrate crimes with their own hands, or devise the minutiæ of their plotting. Assent and encouragement are the forms in which their guilty designs are moulded. There were heads to plot and hands to perpetrate the murder, without troubling their royal mistress with details; and whatever of minute pre-arrangement is shown to have existed need not be attributed to *her*. It is by her general conduct before and after the event, her intercourse with the principal perpetrator of the crime, and her expressions of feeling in relation to it, that the student of history should judge whether or not she appeared to have acted in it that guilty part of foreknowledge, permission, and encouragement, which is all that is necessary to make her as guilty in heart as if with her own hand she had fired the train.

Those who maintain the perfect innocence of Queen Mary, certainly do not perform a service to their cause in also maintaining that she had great strength of judgment, courage, and a natural sense of propriety. All these are unfortunately necessary adjuncts of the character of pure heroineship, and must be supported in their full integrity, otherwise the ideal character falls to pieces; and then every fragment of it becomes liable to a critical examination by historical inquirers, and to be tried by all the vulgar tests which are applied to commonplace and unidealized characters, such as those of William III., Oliver Cromwell, and bloody Mary. Those who, not of the sworn band of knight-errants, maintain that she was innocent, cannot but admit that she was miserably weak and foolish in running after Bothwell, in withholding her aid to bring him to justice, in consenting to marry him when it was beyond doubt that he had murdered her husband, and in desiring a compromise when writings were produced against her, which either were forged, or, if not, demonstrated her own guilt. For our own part, we think she was a woman of genius, and with a mind possessing a peculiar degree of subtle strength. Of the far-seeing policy with which Elizabeth guided, if she did not quite control her passions, the Scottish queen possessed not a vestige. Her talents were not for ruling. But they were those of a woman of the world; and had it been her fate to remain the first female in the brilliant court of France, guided and protected by a powerful husband, surrounded by courtiers sage in council, lifted far above the touch of the ruder instruments of power, or any contact with ruffianly deeds,—she might have left behind her, in addition to the reputation of her beauty, such a name for wit, wise counsel, and good fortune, as might have allied the name of Marie de France with prosperity and happiness as firmly as that of Mary Stuart is associated with calamity and misery. Wherever her lot had been cast, strong passions, and a deep-rooted love of pleasure, must have marked her career; but the indulgence of these propensities in prosperity is as different from their restless torture in adversity, as the deep smooth river from the roaring cataract. Yet with him who was her mate in France, such a joyous career had as little apparent chance of accompanying Mary, as when she landed on the dirty dreary pier of Leith, and was received by musicians playing on three-stringed fiddles. The seventeen months during which she was Queen of France bred for that country calamities enough for centuries. They were not Mary's doing; but they were caused by the conduct of her relations. Blood was set a-flowing on all sides; and calamitous as was the history of her reign in her native land—calamitous both to herself and the people—it seems as if the same game had been begun in France, and the scene had been merely shifted across the channel when Mary left La Belle France for dreary Scotland.

When we look at the state of society in which she was brought up, and to her own strong passions and wayward temper, there could be no more natural occurrence than that, if she despised and detested Darnley, as there is little doubt that she did, and loved another man, she would be careful not to baulk any scheme for getting rid of him.

On this, as on the other disputed matters of Scottish history, Mr. Tytler is the most impartial

and complete historian. There are some qualities of which the world speaks well in the abstract, but against which it levies exterminating war in detail; and historical impartiality is one of them. He who refuses to bow the knee to any of the popular idols, must expect no mercy at the hands of their worshippers. His vocation is the consulting of old books and manuscripts, and the drawing inferences from what he there finds of the conduct and character of the persons to whom they relate. It becomes him to keep his eye fixed on these original lights of history, and to permit them to be coloured by no reflection from living prejudice or party spirit. This is an independence which the partisan cannot tolerate. He flies at the historian's throat, and bids him prove A and B to be licentious, cruel, and superstitious; and C and D to be pure, conscientious, and devout; because the assailant himself partakes of the opinions of the latter, and hates those of the former. The matter is made personal; historical evidence goes for no more than if it were adduced in the Central Criminal Court. Lists of conspirators, in the handwriting of the confidential clerks of sagacious statesmen; contemporary letters, by well-informed men; are all, be their weight what it may in ordinary cases, to go for nothing on these occasions, because people will that it should be so. The evidence that George Wishart had connected himself with a conspiracy to put Cardinal Beaton to death, is as complete as the evidence of Beaton, the main author of the death of "the martyr," having thereby outgeneraled him; yet there are people who still obstinately maintain that the latter was a persecuting demon, and the former an injured, innocent saint, because the one was a Catholic and the other a Protestant. For our own part, we think—we know it will make many worthy people shake their heads—that the same historical evidence on which we condemn the conduct of a Catholic, is sufficient for condemning that of a Protestant. We remember a very able declaimer against the scarlet lady on seven hills, being in a friendly argument met by a statement, the truth of which was no further vouched for, than by the word of some very respectable "Papists." The whole of this testimony was at once thrown over board by our partisan, upon this comprehensive, and certainly also comprehensible principle, that, as the religion of Popery was essentially false, and could not be learned without imbibing the principle and practice of lying, nothing spoken in such a quarter ought to be believed.

After a serious and solemn survey and estimate of the weakness and folly of the human race—that weakness and folly about which so many clergymen have declaimed in so many sermons — we are inclined to consider that the most flagrant instances of it are to be found in the practice of erecting historical idols. Why should any respectable man, "broadcloth without and a warm heart within," who pays his income tax and his seat rents, and has never allowed his bills to be "written on," hallucinate himself about the questions, whether Queen Mary was accessory to the murder of Darnley? or Knox acquainted with the design of slaying Rizzio? or Wishart a plotter of the death of Beaton? any more than about the discovery of the longitude or the quadrature of the circle? What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? If a man will argue for the Corn Laws, or for the established Church of Ireland, or for bribery at elections, or for any given party being in office to the exclusion of all others, there is sense and reason in it; for he is fighting for that which brings either money, or power, which is as good a thing as money, to himself. But the reason why people set themselves to fight the controversial battles of clients, who have been resting in their graves for centuries, is not so simple. Yet, like all other human propensities and follies, it has its cause. Let us try if we can throw a little light thereon.

The spirit of political and religious party is certainly one of the most effectual poisoners of historical impartiality. A set of people who indulge themselves in a certain series of opinions, single out some conspicuous man of former days as having held and acted upon the same set of opinions; for few will readily admit that their opinions are not of an ancient pedigree. Having thus fixed on their archetype, the next step is to discover who and what he was. But the inquiry must be so conducted as to prove that he was exactly what his self-adopted disciples would wish him to have been; and any man throwing light on his history and conduct, to the effect of showing that those who set him up as an idol and leader were in a mistake as to his true history, must at once be punished for historical treason. "Every man is presumed innocent till he is proved to be guilty," says a legal adage. Every idol is presumed to be innocent, and no person must prove him guilty, says the adage of historical practice. Proper historical proof is of a peculiar kind, as distinct from legal as it is from mathematical. The historical philosopher has no agent and counsel before him. He has no *corpus delicti* which must lie at somebody's door. If there be matters left dark that ought to be explained, he cannot bid the lawyers stand up and explain them. If there be something suspicious about the conduct of a party, which yet that party might be able to explain to the satisfaction of the judge, the turf has been lying for centuries on his head. It follows, that all those rules of law, which presume that there are living and acting human beings in the presence of the judge, instead of silent historical records, must be abandoned; and that a different method must be adopted, dispensing with the presumptions arising from the conduct of parties, as the conduct itself is wanting. The misfortune, as we shall presently show, is, that in most debates there is one side that will not dispense with strict juridical rules.

Lawyers do not in general make candid historical critics. The practice of their profession naturally leads them to apply its rules, and they are quite insufficient to the formation of a correct judgment. We shall give an instance in the historical criticisms of a writer with whose ulti-

mate opinions on several important questions we are disposed to agree, Malcolm Laing. In his "Dissertation on the Murder of Darnley," where he is counsel against Queen Mary, and certainly makes out, both as a lawyer and a historical critic, an overwhelming case, he examines the public records about the period of the murder, and finds that the minor agents concerned in it had all received marks of the royal munificence, chiefly in the form of gifts of forfeited ecclesiastical endowments, immediately before the murder. Here the acute special pleader thinks he has found the bribe, which at once indicates the briber's accession to the crime. In a court of law, where the briber is confronted with the witnesses and a jury, the conclusion would be perfectly legitimate; because the accused, warned that such evidence would be brought forward at the trial, might be able to give an explanation of the suspicious coincidence, were it capable of being explained. But before the court of historical criticism, the records live and speak, but the party against whom they are adduced is dumb. The queen is not present to tell, that, infatuated by her wretched love for Bothwell, she promoted and enriched whomsoever he favoured, and inquired not whether they were people about the person of her husband, or who or what they were. She is not able to tell us that she knew no more of these gifts than her present majesty does of the renewal of grants of crown lands. There is enough to show that she had a guilty conscience without the aid of these special pleadings, founded on such incidents as ought not to bear weight, unless they be dovetailed into each other in the accurate framework of a criminal trial, where every new discovery affords the opportunity of a new explanation.

The false analogy between legal and historical evidence, is the tool which party spirit most frequently employs for the perversion of history. It strictly applies the old proverb, that one man may steal a cow, while another may not look over a hedge. A set of people having fixed on some long departed historical character as their prototype, behold! they establish a vested right in their opinions of his character, and the historical critic shall as soon take possession of any of the goods and chattels of the individual champions without process of law, as believe or state any thing to the prejudice of their idol without legal proof. Thus, all ordinary historical characters are left to be dealt with according to the ordinary rules of historical evidence, whereby people judge as calmly and dispassionately from such lights as history throws in their way, as they would decide a question about primary rocks or tertiary strata. But if a Calvin or a John Knox, a Hildebrand or a Queen Mary, be the object of inquiry; some persons insisting that they were all perfection, demand that whoever says a word against them shall adduce as full and sufficient evidence as if he demanded a verdict to be followed by sentence of transportation; and if any one venture to treat such personages according to the ordinary rules of historical criticism, he must be put down as an enemy and a scoffer. Such is the fate of the impartial historian who ventures to examine any of the great disputed questions of modern history.

In cases where charges cannot be denied, because they are attested by the partisans of the idols, or are boasted of by themselves, there is a method of viewing them not less pernicious to historical truth. Violence, political profligacy, and falsehood, are perhaps the terms that, if they were actions of the present day, would be bestowed on certain feats which the great men of the sixteenth century boast of having performed. On these occasions, the accepted method of treating the matter is to say, that great deeds to be done, required men of great nerve and little scruple; that the refinements of modern morality are not applicable to those who had so stupendous a mission before them; that the corruptions to be destroyed were enormous; and it was the mission of the faithful workers of their master's work to lay on and spare not. We admit that the conduct of the men of the sixteenth century should not be judged by the moral code of the nineteenth; but we object to the practice of judging a portion by the old code, and another by the new. If the cunning of Wishart, and the bold ferocity of Knox, are to be judged of by the moral code of their own age, so also are the cruelties of Hamilton and Beaton. We have much more sympathy with the opinions of the former than with those of the latter; to speak distinctly, we think the opinions of the reformers were right, and those of the old hierarchy wrong. But we would judge the methods they respectively took for the furtherance of their opinions, by one and the same law. We do not think that this difference in the estimate of their creeds, wide as it is, justifies any licence to the conduct of the one party in pushing its opinions, which is not conceded to the other. Every party, of course, thinks itself right; and herein the Protestant and the Catholic were alike. It should be no justification to the former, of acts that would be condemned if done by the other, that *we* also think the Protestants right in the fundamentals of their creed. Those who see the right in theory, have the less excuse if they do wrong in practice. If we were bound to balance excuses for wrong and violence, we are inclined to think that the supporters of an old established system have a better justification for intolerance, than the propounders of innovations, however excellent. Surely zealous and faithful Protestants should make allowance for the erroneous policy of men brought up in the pagan darkness of popery. The contemporary documents of the time afford us perpetually such scenes as the following, which Randolph describes in writing to Cecil:—

"Mr. Knox spoke last Thursday to the queen: he knocked so heartily upon her heart, that he made her weep; for that will do as well for anger as for grief. She charged him with his book, with his severe dealing with all men who disagree with him in opinions. She willed him to use more meekness in his sermons. Some things he spoke to her satisfaction in mitigating the rigour of his book; and in some things he pleased her very little, in special, speaking against the mass. It

was presented her (at a feast) by a boy of six years: he came, as it were, from heaven, out of a globe, which offered her a bible, psalter, and the key of the gates. They had pageants to represent the horrible judgments of God upon idolatry; they had the burning of Corah, Dathan, and Abiram. They designed to have a priest burn at the elevation. Huntly hindered that pageant." Now, if the historical critic chooses to say that such conduct is but characteristic of men living in that brutal and vicious age, we test his sincerity by insisting that he shall make the same allowance for the conduct of the Catholic party. If he justify and vindicate the conduct of the Protestants, saying that it was necessary for the accomplishment of their great work, and that they were bound to break down all impediments to its accomplishment; we set him down as one who would vindicate the still greater crimes of Marat and Robespierre, if it suited his purpose.

By our own admission, we are treading on perilous ground: the reformers on one side—idols of a multitude of well-meaning and not very well read people, who believe that men who held opinions so much resembling their own, could not do wrong; Queen Mary on the other, who has been idolized as a heroine of romance, and is, therefore, perfection. Between the two, we have certainly more sympathy with the former partisanship. A political, or religious idol, is at least the representative of earnest thought, of deep, fixed opinion, respectable in error or extravagance. The ideal idol is but a play-thing, which people have elevated into consequence, to gratify their idle humours. The champions of opinions are beings of real flesh and blood, of passions and propensities; and, indeed, the most ordinary tactic of their champions is a sympathy with these their passions and propensities, and a vindication of the corresponding acts. But the romantic idol must be all purity: it must exhibit no stain of humanity, either in the form of weakness or of wickedness. The chivalrous vindicators of innocent princesses, are thus the most intolerable of historical coxcombs. They will no more meet us on fair ground of discussion, than Sir Amadis de Gaul would meet Bottom the weaver in single combat. Queen Mary must not only be held free of crime, but she must not be admitted to have a single frailty or folly. To keep her thus pure, her champions have had to clear a wide space of ground round her. She did certainly marry that same dark, scowling ruffian, Bothwell; but lest any one should imagine she was stained thereby, her sworn champion, honest, stupid, dissipated old Walter Goodal, proves that Bothwell was an innocent and ill-used man. In such championship, every manifestation of human frailty must be at once denied; for its admission is a flaw in the crystal goblet; and therefore the Minerva press will as soon present any of its heroines consuming a repast of rump steak, washed down with bottled stout, as your regular vindicator of Queen Mary will admit that she ever did any act that could be termed either wicked or foolish. The general opinion of Queen Mary's beauty has been the cause of all this romantic championship. Heretical as it may seem, we cannot help advancing the proposition, that her personal charms were probably not so great as they have been represented; and that her influence over those who surrounded her arose, in a great measure, from the talent with which she used the advantages of her polished French training,—a training which gave her, among the sombre courtiers of Britain, something like the superiority which a city miss will hold among her clownish connexions in the country. Every one knows how far a little beauty will go with such advantages; few, who have studied the nature of loyal communities, can avoid observing how zealously they will heap the praise of beauty on a queen, if she afford but a small excuse for the attribute, and with what difficulty those who have not beheld the regal face will obtain data for justly appreciating it. Mary must have been decidedly above the average of good looks. Her enemies admitted that she was of a pleasing countenance and a goodly presence; but there is much reason to doubt if she possessed the wonderful loveliness with which her followers endowed her. "It is singular," Lord Hardwicke says, with much simplicity in his 'State Papers,' "that with all the commendation bestowed on the beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, there are no two portraits of her which resemble each other." Sir Walter Scott, in "The Abbot," noticing the same discrepancy, weaves it into one of his fine fanciful imaginings. "It is in vain," he says, "to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other; for, amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision which our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon us by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed, we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time."

Now we call all who are curious in iconography to witness, if a large proportion of the alleged portraits of Queen Mary are not, independently of similarity or dissimilarity, positively hideous. That there are several of them on which the public "cannot look," "without saying that they are meant for Queen Mary," is very true; but the resemblance is of the same class which the musician's son acknowledged in his father's portrait, when he said it was "very like papa about the fiddle." There is a certain authorized costume, a sort of stage property, in which "a genuine portrait of Queen Mary," is always understood to appear. Their general features are, a close-fitting red tunic, adorned with jewels; and a small scull-cap, which pressing close on the front of the head, but opening wide towards either temple, allows the full expanse of the forehead to be seen, and a lock of light brown hair to stray forth at either side. A son of Sir John Medina, more celebrated for his success in drinking than in painting, drove a thriving

trade by painting to order, "portraits of the Queen of Scots," which, hanging on the walls of respectable old houses, and having grown mouldy and dirty, besides suffering the usual penance of pictures in Scottish country houses, from the scouring cloth of the nymph who brightens the furniture at early dawn, obtain a very venerable decayed and genuine appearance, and become capable of being associated with some misty tradition about the loyalty of the family, and the last melancholy token of remembrance bestowed on an unfortunate ancestor, by the still more unfortunate princess, whom it was his lot to serve. It appears to have been the fashion of the court ladies of the day, to have their pictures taken in the same costume in which their sovereign was represented; and their portraits are often mistaken for those of the Cleopatra of the north, as well as the representations of her mother, Mary of Guise, of Margaret duchess of Parma, and of Elizabeth the daughter of Henry II. of France. If her features had been so transcendently lovely as they are said to have been, would it have been so difficult to have identified her pictures? would they have been so very different from each other, unless in the instances where they coincide in the mere article of costume? But, to return to the great question:

The fairness and impartiality of Mr. Tytler are peculiarly conspicuous, in his treatment of the question of Queen Mary's guilt. In the days when historical partisanship was still more conspicuous than at present, and it was a matter of established practice for a writer always to choose his side, and display his talents in support of it, his grandfather immortalized himself, by a vindication of the injured queen, so ingenious, and at the same time so convincing, that Johnson oracularly pronounced all doubts of her innocence to be for ever at an end. Respect for the memory of his ancestor, begetting a partiality for the views supported by him, must have prompted Mr. Tytler to favour the cause of Queen Mary. But he had begun to write history with the sound maxim, that to arrive at truth is better than to support a theory; and the simple unimpassioned manner in which he sets forth a train of circumstances, surrounding her character with suspicion, must in the minds of impartial readers, tell formidably against her own declarations of innocence. B.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE CLOUDS.

Curtains of yon ethereal dome,
Lids of the eye of the burning sun,
Temples where planets hide their rays,
Halls where artil'rous thunder plays,
Fields for the lightning's path of fire,
Wings for the tempest's vengeful ire,
Canvass where Iris paints her bow,
Urns whence the crystal torrents flow:
As ye float along o'er the ether tide,
I gaze with joy on your ensigns wide.

I've watch'd ye long heaven's blue sea o'er,
Sailing like ships on an unknown shore,
Spreading your silvery sails on high,
Walking the depths of the azure sky,
Till Fancy inspired did upward soar,
And enamour'd grew of each shape ye bore.

Clouds! bright Clouds! with expanded wing,
What images to the mind ye bring!
Ye tell of steeples, and lordly towers;
Of silver lakes, and enchanted bowers;
Of mountains breathing volcanic flame;
Of ravines, and many a stretching plain;
Of crystal caves, and of golden cells;
Of seas where the heavenly mermaid dwells;
Of palaces fair, of sapphire thrones,
Of fairy islands, Elysian homes;
Of pearly blossoms on amber trees,
Of Leviathans bathing in purple seas,
Of eagles breasting the glorious sun,
Of chariots by foaming coursers drawn,
Of giant armies in war's array,
Of winged Cupids engaged in play,
Of angels blowing the trump of Fame,
And of thousand things which yet have no name.

Clouds! bright Clouds! I've own'd your power,
At the morn, the eve, the midnight hour;
I've seen ye welcome the king of day
In Aurora's glorious array;
Then coasting heaven ye have sought the west,
To spread a couch for the red sun's rest;
I've seen ye pillow the lady moon
In fleece as white as the snowy bloom;
I've seen ye lovingly haste away
To fling a veil o'er the star's bright ray
And oft have I stood where ye I've seen,
Coqueting with many a beauteous thing.

Clouds! bright Clouds! your fantastic power,
Hath beguiled young fancy many an hour;
The eye with rapture doth oft pursue
Your bounding forms through the boundless blue,
Till we wish,—the wish as proud as vain,—
To coast with your speed the star-paved plain.

C. C.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

Hard by the source of Avon,
When the great heart of June
Is full of blood, and beating
To Love's most loving tune,

A deafening shout of triumph
The atmosphere divides;
And lo! there come with Cromwell
Seven hundred "Ironsides."

No more about to-morrow
Is heard, in doubt and fear;
The victory and the victor
Seem both already here.

That morrow with its sunshine,
Upon two armies rose,
Whose pride lay quench'd and prostrate
In blood, before its close.

In vain impetuous Rupert
Broke wounded Ireton's wing;
And vain all loyal valour
In presence of the king:

For outraged men had gathered
Round England's boldest son—
The somewhat more than monarch,
The *Man* of Huntingdon!

The son, an English mother
Might well be proud to bear,
Who fought the fight of freedom,
And conquer'd *every where*.

L. D.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. A ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH THORNTON, AUTHOR OF "THE MARCHIONESS," "LADY ALICE," &c.

(*Continued from page 373 of our June number.*)

CHAPTER VIII.

Two days after the conversation related in last chapter, the brother and sister again set off on a long walk, Blanche having declined being of the party. In the course of their ramble they found themselves in the neighbourhood of Neustift, where dwelt a little religious community, and Gertrude proposed they should enter.

"Willingly!" said Herman. "I have not seen the good old souls for a long time."

They were readily admitted and hospitably refreshed. The good ladies were busy getting in their harvest, that is, gathering and housing the fruit from the orchards and garden, storing up vegetables, honey, and numerous little comforts for the winter, with which they not only cheered the inmates of their own holy mansion during the cold season, but also furnished a little magazine for the use of the poor in the neighbourhood. Often were the sisters of Neustift seen, enveloped in their gray-hooded cloaks, trotting with a basket on their arm, towards the cottage of the old or the sick peasant: for their seclusion was voluntary; they being bound by no vows save that of celibacy.

When they had rested some time, and listened to a long history of their domestic arrangements, Herman and Gertrude followed sister Waldrada to the garden, where her presence was necessary. After looking at the large bundles of savoury and medicinal herbs, hung up to dry for winter use, and the bee-hives covered with a thatched roof to protect them from the cold, they passed on to the orchard.

Having given the necessary instructions to those who were gathering the fruit, sister Waldrada led the way to a low door in the wall which bounded the little domain. This door she unlocked and opened, showing a clear and rapid stream murmuring over its rocky bed; and beyond it a beautiful meadow sheltered by forest trees. "That is the piece of ground we have been promised a lease of," she said, with a face beaming with satisfaction, as she pushed back the door and pointed to the field. "Will it not be a charming addition to our orchards?"

"Charming indeed!" replied Gertrude, to whom she more particularly addressed herself. "I think you have been very fortunate in obtaining it."

"Yes," said the good sister. "Many, many years we have been wishing for it, but the Baron de Mühlhausen, to whom we applied, said it could not be had. We did very much wish for it, certainly, and were greatly grieved that we could not get it. It was our duty to be thankful for the advantages we already possessed, and we did not murmur. The Almighty rewards the meek and patient spirit, and has compassion on the humble. A short time since, Madame de Mühlhausen came to tell us she had spoken to a friend about it, and he had promised her that we should have it. Oh that was a day of jubilee with us!" added the nun with an air of exultation, as she led the way back. "Yes, it was a day of jubilee, when the noble lady came to tell us we were to have the *Wolbachwiese*."

"The *Wolbachwiese!*" exclaimed Gertrude, much surprised, "Is that the *Wolbachwiese?*"

"Yes," replied sister Waldrada, astonished in her turn at the strong interest so suddenly awakened in her guest, on a subject to which she had hitherto listened with indifference, or at most with civil complaisance. "Yes, that is the *Wolwiese*, as the peasants abridge the name the *Wolfenbachwiese*, as it should be called."

"And who is this friend of the Baron's," inquired Gertrude, "who has promised you a lease?"

"Ah, I forget his name," said Waldrada. "It was a foreign name, I think, and I have a bad memory for strange names."

"Was it"—said Gertrude hesitating. "Was it De Sablons?"

"Yes, yes, that is the name. Do you know him?"

Herman, who had listened in silence to the little dialogue, had been wholly unable to account for the great interest his sister appeared to take in the subject to which it referred, now began to comprehend in some degree its source, and as they returned home after taking leave of the good ladies, he said, "Do tell me, Gertrude, what is the history of this little meadow, the pretty Wolwiese, that you should have been so startled at hearing it was to be appropriated to the use of the sisters of Neustift?"

"I confess I was startled—more than startled, for I was vexed—sorry—to hear it. But you will not share my vexation and fears, since you have none of what you call my gloomy forebodings. That pretty meadow, which has been disposed of by the Chevalier De Sablons, belongs to our domain—is my mother's property. It is part of a tract of land lately exchanged for a piece of the Kohlhof that intersected the neighbouring estate of Staubeck."

"Ha!—Is it so indeed?" said Herman surprised. "Well, it must be confessed, this Monsieur De Sablons seems pretty certain of succeeding in his suit, since he already exercises a master's right over the property!"

They now walked on in silence, occupied probably by no very agreeable thoughts. Scarcely another word was spoken till they were again at home.

As they entered the house, they met Blanche with an anxious and melancholy face. She had

just quitted Lady Felsenberg's room, who had again been ill. Gertrude hastened to her mother, leaving Herman alone, to occupy himself with his own reflections, which were not just now the most agreeable companions.

Spite of himself and the cheerful light in which he had determined to regard the future, he felt his spirits insensibly sinking. In vain he struggled against the depressing influence, that seemed to reign throughout the house. Every thing was changed. Every body in it appeared to *feel* that something was wrong, although no one knew what, or wherefore. The very servants crept about silently, and with anxious faces, as if apprehensive of some unknown danger.

The family, with the exception of the Gräfin, met at dinner: but the silent meal was soon finished, and again Herman was left alone. As he took his solitary way through his favourite forest haunts, how changed did every thing appear! Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed since his heart had bounded with delight at the sight of his loved home, and its dear inhabitants.

How bright, how beautiful were the rainbow tints which had then coloured all around him. And now dark clouds were brooding o'er the fairy landscape, and changing all to gloom. His mother ill and unhappy. His betrothed, his long-loved Blanche, cold, silent, avoiding him, and he her, as by mutual consent. His gay and laughter-loving sister, changed to a grave and timid prophetess of ill.

"Alas! alas!" he said, "that prospect of the future which looked so bright and fair, was it but the mirage of the desert, which has vanished and left me on a dreary waste?"

Not long, however, could thoughts so sad occupy the mind of one like Herman. Soon, with the natural elasticity of youthful energy, he shook off the despondency every thing around him seemed calculated to inspire, and gaily exclaimed, "I will not yield without a struggle to the power of this evil influence. Like a true knight I will attack the bold enchanter who has thrown his wicked spells over our house! I will go to my mother and ask an explanation of the mystery, which seems to shroud us all in its gloomy folds. And yet I know not well how to do this, on such a subject. No; the explanation must come from her: I must wait: but I will not despond. I will not look forward boding evil. I will strive to be cheerful, and hope that all may yet be well."

With this reasonable and philosophical determination, he finished his soliloquy, and went off in search of occupation that might best enable him to execute it.

The next morning, Lady Felsenberg appeared at the breakfast table as usual, and though weak and languid she strove to be cheerful, and smiled occasionally at the droll things Herman uttered in the good-natured attempt to enliven the party. But her smile was like the wintry sunbeam; bright, but not warm. It came not from the heart.

Two days after this, as they were about to separate after breakfast, Barneck, the old steward, entered the room with slow and hesitating steps; evidently the messenger of evil tidings, for his eyes were full of tears. Blanche had left the room: the others still remained; and, as the old man advanced, they all looked up at him with inquiring eyes, but no one seemed disposed to question him.

At length he said, "I have bad news to tell. Father Saldorf—"

Their tongues were simultaneously set free, and as Barneck paused, "What of him?" broke from the lips of each.

"Alas for us whom he hath left behind!" said he. "He is gone to a better place."

"Dead!" exclaimed the countess. "Father Saldorf dead! my friend! my counsellor! this is another heavy blow!" She burst into tears, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, sank back on her seat and continued to weep in silence; while Barneck related how the favourable symptoms of the malady which had attacked Father Saldorf had suddenly given way to others, indicating the fatal result, which had soon after taken place; and he died blessing and praying for the happiness of the family whose spiritual guide he had been, and with whom he had lived so many years in the mutual interchange of kindness and affection.

When the steward had left the room, Lady Felsenberg laid her arms on the table, and hid her face by leaning on them. In this position she sat so long, and so still, that Gertrude (who had been struggling with her own grief, that she might not augment that of her mother,) became alarmed. She went to her and said, "Mother! dear mother! Do not abandon yourself to grief. Remember it is the will of God! We should not grieve out of measure."

"Grieve—no!" said she, raising her head. "I know well it is the will of God to remove our dear friend, and I am thankful that his will has been thus made manifest to me."

Gertrude looked at her with astonishment; there was a quiet expression on her face, a calm solemnity, every trace of grief had disappeared, her eye was clear and bright. As she spoke she arose from her seat, stood a moment gracefully erect, then with a firm, elastic step quitted the room. No signs of weakness and languor remained.

"May the holy saints protect us from such a misfortune!" said Herman, advancing towards his sister; "but I greatly fear this terrible news has shaken our mother's intellect. Her face bore no trace of sorrow. Her eye sparkled, I might say flashed, as she passed me.—Yes, it was a flash of triumph; as if she had got rid of an enemy, instead of having lost a dear and respected friend. The influence of Father Saldorf must have become irksome, and have been unwillingly submitted to by her."

"No. Oh no! I am sure it was not so!" said Gertrude. "He was too good, too gentle, too kind; my mother was sincerely attached to him. I saw, as you did, the strange calmness that so soon dis-

placed the expression of sorrow on her face. I know not how to account for it; but there was nothing like insanity about it. I never saw it more strongly characterized by intelligence — by cool collected intellect."

"It is strange! very strange!" said Herman, musing, and thus the scene ended.

From this time, although the Countess sometimes wept at the mention of Father Saldorf, or as the recollection of the good old priest came to her memory, yet her health mended greatly; she became stronger and more cheerful than she had been for some time past, and affairs wore an air of calm quiet for some days; when one morning, as Herman was returning from the chase, he was met by Barneck, who appeared to have been eagerly watching for him. As the old man approached him he saw by the troubled expression of his face that something was wrong. "*Ach mein Herr!*" he exclaimed, "I am glad you are come, I have been waiting for you a long time. I came to tell you that a messenger—a servant I believe of the Chevalier De Sablons, is arrived, with some portmanteaus and packages."

"Well, my good friend," said Herman, somewhat sharply, not much pleased probably with the intelligence, "this is no affair of mine. It is to your lady his arrival should be announced. His master, I suppose, is on the road, and will soon be here also. He will be my mother's guest: go to her with the news."

"Alas, sir!" said the old man sorrowfully, "it is because I have already told my lady, and on account of the orders she has given me that I have been so anxiously watching for you, that you may do what I could not: try your influence, sir, I beseech you, and prevail on her to countermand them."

"Why, then, what are the orders she has given?" inquired Herman, surprised.

"I am commanded," he replied, "to send the servant and the packages instantly back to where they came from, or, at least, to dismiss them from the castle."

"Well," said Herman, "as I told you, this is my mother's affair, not mine, Johann Barneck. She will receive, or refuse at her pleasure, the visit of this, or any other gentleman; and suffer his servants and baggage to remain in the house, or send them from it at her option."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Bareneck, with a deeper shade of trouble and vexation on his face, "you do not, or you will not, understand me! Has my lady," he said, hesitating, "never told you——"

"Told me what?" inquired Herman, finding nothing followed. "What should she tell me?"

"Good Lord!" said the old man, in great perplexity, "may the saints guide me! What am I to do?"

"I love my lady!" he continued, while the tears filled his eyes and slowly trickled down his face. "I nursed her before she could walk: I helped to teach her to walk. How she would laugh, and her pretty bright eyes would sparkle, when she had tottered a few steps and caught my knee; and, when she came from France, a fine young lady, what tricks she used to play me, and I only loved her the more for the mischief she did me; for it did me good to hear her merry laugh, and to see the dimples in her cheeks. I have always been with her, and I worked hard to get her out of the difficulties her first husband brought upon her."

"Her *first* husband?" said Herman, in a low voice.

"The Lord be good unto me! I think my old brain is well-nigh addled with all the troubles and vexations, that have been, and are like to be. I hardly know what I am talking about."

Herman, who had hitherto shown nothing but impatience to break up a conversation that was unpleasant to him, and to get away, now stood rooted to the spot. He now thought he saw a solution to the mystery which hung over the house. And yet again, when the strangely inconsistent conduct of his mother came to his recollection, the clouds seemed to thicken round him, and shroud him in deeper darkness.

"Barneck," he said gravely, "tell me what you know, and what you fear. For your lady's sake, tell me all. For thus only shall I know what course to pursue.—Is she—is she married?"

"Nay, sir," said the old servant, with some hesitation, "why ask *me* such a question? Is it likely that I should be intrusted with a secret of which you are left in ignorance?"

"What then do you wish me to do? and for what purpose do you seek my interference?" inquired Herman, who saw, whatever Barneck might know, he was little disposed to tell.

"For the purpose of preventing mischief, to prevent my lady from doing herself an injury, by angering and irritating a man who — who never forgets an injury, as I have been told."

"There is no great injury in refusing a visit," said Herman.

The old man again looked vexed, and repeated impatiently, "A visit! a visit! The Chevalier sent instructions — *orders* — to me, to have stalls ready for his horses, and beds for his friends, and the servants whom he should bring with him. Do you think, sir, he would have sent orders if he did not believe he had a right to be obeyed?"

"Certainly not. But he might mistake the extent of his power, as it appears he has done, since my mother has countermanded these orders. Depend on it he has overrated his authority, and fancied himself possessed of power which does not exist."

The old man groaned, but remained silent, and Herman continued — "If you are so fearful of irritating this gentleman, why did you not try to dissuade the Gräfin from her purpose?"

"Why did I not try?" again impatiently exclaimed Barneck. "I went down on my knees to her, to entreat her not to persist in this rash and dangerous plan. But she would not listen to me; oh no, she would not let me speak. Go to her yourself, sir. She loves you: she has always loved you better than any thing on the earth. Perhaps you may prevail on her to be more reasonable."

"I will, I will go to her, Barneck," said Herman, much moved with the earnest tone and anxious face of the faithful old servant.

He now left him and went slowly on towards the house, pondering on what he had heard, and soliloquizing by the way. "My dear, imprudent mother is, I greatly fear, the wife of this man, of whom nobody speaks well: and yet they know nothing of him. It is but prejudice perhaps: I will still hope."

As he entered the house he met Gertrude, and he determined to relate to her what had passed in his conversation with Barneck, and hear what she would advise on the subject.

When he had concluded, she said, "Alas! the affair is worse even than my fears had represented it. This man is her husband. She is already his wife: or he has possessed himself of means by which he can compel her to marry him. Old Barneck is right. She is in his power, and we must try to conciliate, rather than exasperate him. Go to her, Herman, and try to make her more reasonable."

"Would it not be better for you to undertake this office?"

"No, no," she replied. "It is you who can influence her if any one can. My dear unfortunate mother! It was her love for you that has helped to ensnare her. The villain — for such I believe him — won her by his pretended interest in your fate, and the power he affected to possess of promoting your fortune through his relation, the Count de Croy."

"The Count de Croy!" exclaimed Herman. "If he has any interest with him he cannot be the man you represent him. Are you not all indulging an unfounded prejudice against this gentleman? I begin to hope it may be so. At any rate it will not be difficult to ascertain who and what he is, this Chevalier De Sablons, by an application to the Count himself, to whom I am known, and who is now in Flanders."

"Ah, Herman," she said, "it is difficult for an honourable heart like yours to believe this man treacherous and deceitful. But ask yourself, do you think my mother would have resolved to renounce and defy him, had she not discovered, although unhappily too late, that he is not what he has represented himself to be?"

"I know not what to think," he said. "But one point at least is clear; we must try to keep the peace between them, if possible. I will therefore go to her at once."

He found the Countess in her own room, with a vexed and flushed face, as if she had been angry or agitated. Or it might be that she anticipated an unpleasant discussion from the very grave face of her son, which seldom wore an expression so solemn as that with which he now entered, closed the door, and sat down in silence. She tried to utter some common phrase, but the words seemed to die on her lips. She felt that Herman was come to seek an explanation—that she was about to be put on her trial. He also was greatly embarrassed. He hardly knew in what way to begin the conversation.

At length he said, "Barneck tells me, mother, that you have ordered him to dismiss the servant, and remove the property of the Chevalier De Sablons from the house. Is not this rather an uncourteous mode of proceeding with a friend?"

"Perhaps it is," she replied; "but this gentleman is not my friend — nor yours, Herman. I have reason to think ill of him, and have resolved to hold no farther intercourse with him."

"But surely there are ways of breaking up an acquaintance of long continuance and great intimacy, as this has been, more decorous, and less violent."

"Doubtless, Herman; but none more prompt and decided, and therefore none so eligible."

"Dear mother," he said earnestly, "be not rash, I beseech you! Think well what you are about to do. If, as I believe, you have given the Chevalier De Sablons rights over your person and property, you cannot cancel them by expelling his servant from your house. You must suffer me to speak openly on this subject, mother."

She was about to interrupt him, but he continued, "First listen to me. Hear what I have to say, I beg of you. Your whole future happiness is at stake, and I must speak plainly to you. You have, as I believe, given this gentleman a right of control over your person and property; and since you have done so you have repented the action, and wish it undone. You have conceived a prejudice against him, founded or unfounded."

The Gräfin made a movement of impatience, but remained silent.

"But I entreat you to consider that, however irksome to you may be the yoke you have imposed on yourself, you cannot by rashness and violence remove it; but you may, and will, render it more galling and insupportable." He paused, and she replied,—

"If I *had* given him a right to control me — which, however, I do not admit — it would have been in the belief that it was accorded to an honourable and high-principled man, who would have used it only to promote the interest, and to secure the welfare, of those who belong to me, as well as to ensure my own happiness. It would have been a bond signed in the hope and expectation of its proving beneficial to all parties. If, after having bestowed this power, and signed this bond, I should discover that the other partner in it had neither the means nor the will to perform the contract; that, so far from adding to their mutual happiness, it would have rendered both miserable; that, instead of promoting the interest of those who were dear to me, it would have deeply injured them; should I not be justified in breaking through ties imposed on me by treachery and deceit?"

"No," said Herman, "I think you would not. If you had sworn to fulfil the conditions of a contract, and refused to do so, because another set the example, you would, I conceive, be equally guilty."

"How!" she said angrily, forgetting how much she admitted. "Do you hold that I have

no right to break fetters that never could have bound me but by the agency of fraud and falsehood? Do you hold that I am bound to injure those who are near and dear to me, because a stranger and a villain has, with unparalleled baseness, duped and deceived me? — that I am bound to destroy the good and the innocent, that crafty vice may triumph? No, Herman! no! It is my sacred duty to break these chains."

"This is frightful sophistry, my dear mother," he said, greatly pained. "If arguments such as these were admitted, what would become of the ties that bind society? Were this plea allowed, honour and honesty would be words without meaning."

"Sophistry!" she exclaimed, rising from her seat, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. "No! it is reason, nature, and common sense. So far as common cases are concerned, you may be right; as a general rule your argument may be good. But this is no common case; this is an exception to the rule. For common minds to be governed by given rules, even under extraordinary circumstances, is natural; but a higher order of intellect disdains to be chained down by these conventionalities. Under the pressure of events, the approach of evils for which the customary rules of society offer no fitting remedy, a superior mind dares to break through these artificial trammels, and strike out a road for itself. The duty of a person placed in this position is simple, clear, and perfectly defined. The law of nature supersedes all other laws. A mother's *first* duty is to protect her children and their rights. Whatever may interfere with this she must boldly push aside, at whatever peril to herself, until success shall crown her efforts. This I know and feel to be a high and sacred duty, and I shall endeavour to fulfil it, at whatever cost to myself."

Herman knew not what arguments to oppose to reasoning such as this, to this logic of the heart. After a short pause he said, with a forced smile, for his heart was heavy, "We will say no more, my own dear mother, about the right and the wrong in this affair; but suffer me to ask you, do you believe you can browbeat and frighten this gentleman into submission, or force him to surrender the authority with which you have invested him?"

"Herman," she said, "I request you not to interfere in this business in any way. Leave it to me to act as I may think best. Be sure you cannot aid: but you may injure me!"

So saying she left the room, and Herman, with a heavy depression of spirits, again sought his sister.

CHAPTER IX.

Gertrude was watching for him, and eagerly questioned him with regard to what had passed, and whether he had succeeded in stopping the expulsion of the Chevalier's servant.

"No, oh no!" he replied, "nothing can be done. We must remain quiet, and let my mother take her own course. She says we may injure, but cannot aid her. What is her purpose I know not; but she thinks she is in the path of duty, and is steadily bent on pursuing it. I confess I can no longer look forward with the cheering hope I have hitherto had; for at the same time that she evidently entertains a very bad opinion of him, she has unequivocally admitted — although not directly acknowledged — that she has made him her master, and fears him as such. All I can now hope is, that you may all be mistaken in the character of this man."

Gertrude shook her head in silence, and they parted.

During the next few days scarcely any intercourse took place between the lady and her children. She seemed studiously to avoid any private conversation with them. Blanche only, of the young people, kept her place at her side, in which she appeared to have been reinstated since the illness of the Gräfin.

De Sablons' servant had announced that his master would arrive on the sixth day; three had already passed. A morne and melancholy silence spread through the house: a heavy depression seemed to weigh on all, — an anticipation, a fear, of some unknown and ill-defined evil. The Gräfin herself, usually so gay, bore a grave and preoccupied face; Gertrude, Herman, and Blanche, all looked pensive and unhappy, and the expression of their faces was faithfully reflected by the old and the attached members of the household. Even the joyous and light-hearted Fritz appeared to sink under the sombre spell.

On the fourth day a messenger came from the Baron von Mühlhausen, announcing a visit from himself and family, provided it suited the Countess to receive them. They were at breakfast when the message was delivered, and excited some surprise, as the houses of Mühlhausen and Felsenberg, had not lately been on the most cordial terms. The Gräfin appeared to hesitate, as if undecided whether to accept or refuse the visit, when Herman and Gertrude both exclaimed, "Oh do not let them come! send a civil excuse."

"And why should they not come?" she said.

"Dear mother," said Gertrude, "how can we entertain friends when we are so—so little inclined to see strangers? especially these Mühlhausens who——" she stopped, recollecting she was touching an interdicted subject. But the abrupt pause appeared to have excited a fresh train of ideas in the mind of her mother, for she repeated in a low voice, as if speaking to herself rather than to her daughter,—

"These Mühlhausens — yes, it was through them that this——" she also paused and seemed to reflect. "You would say, Gertrude, that we are moping and melancholy. The best reason in the world for inviting visiters. We will invite all our neighbours and entertain them hospitably."

A servant was summoned, the Baron's messenger dismissed with a thankful acceptance of the proffered visit, and other messengers despatched to

the neighbouring families, requesting their company on the second day from the present. As many of them lived at a considerable distance, it was announced that beds would be provided.

Gertrude and Herman, while they listened in silence to these arrangements, could only exchange a glance of wonder, hardly able to decide whether they were glad or sorry. Certainly they were dull and melancholy enough, and there is something congenial to the taste of youth in the bustle and gaiety attending the meeting of strangers. But yet, under the present circumstances — with spirits depressed, and heavy hearts — to be called on to appear gay themselves, and to promote gaiety in their guests, was a difficult if not an irksome task. But it must be done. The fiat had gone forth. When Lady Felsenberg had given orders for the necessary preparations, she said, — "We have not given an entertainment since Herman returned. We shall have a host. We must exhibit ourselves in our gayest colours, and show them how merry we can be."

A strange commentary on this gay speech was the deep involuntary sigh with which she sank back on her seat, and fell into a profound reverie.

All needful preparations having been made for their reception, on the second day arrived a numerous and noble company, rejoicing in the opportunity which seldom presented itself of exhibiting their splendour and their taste — of enjoying the dear delight of seeing and of being seen. We shall not stop to tell what these preparations were, nor recount how gorgeous were the liveries of the serving-men who waited on the guests. Not being bound to spin out this our true tale to any given length, we shall not even tell whether the right noble gentlemen there assembled, carved the meat on the trenchers of the lovely ladies with their daggers, and the said fair dames conveyed the viands so carved, to their mouths with nature's own forks — their pretty digits. None of these things shall we explain, but get on with our story by saying that the numerous and noble guests were received by the hostess arrayed in her robes of state, and decked with her most costly jewels. All were received, and among them "these Mühlhausens," with a welcome as glad and as sincere as the "dear five hundred friends" of great ladies generally meet with.

A splendid and plentiful repast was served in the great hall, to which the guests did ample justice, and then retired to the saloons, where numberless waxen torches threw their bright light on the grim figures of the arras, and on the many-coloured hempen mats, and the glossy wolf and bear skins which had displaced the green reeds of summer on the floors, and aided the blazing logs in the chimneys in diffusing an agreeable warmth around.

Every thing had gone right, every body was in his proper place, — a great marvel: content and gaiety reigned, or seemed to reign in the assembly. Many hours had elapsed since dinner, and already some of the elder guests were luxuriating by anticipation in the dainties which were to cover the supper-table, when a slight bustle took place in the antechamber. Herman went to ascertain the cause; and, immediately advancing to his mother, he said in a low voice, "The Chevalier De Sablons, madam, demands admittance! What is your pleasure?"

"Let him enter," she said, with a face paler than usual, but no other sign of emotion was visible to the keenly-scrutinizing glances which were directed towards her. Only the ear of her son, sharpened by affection, detected the tremulous tone of voice with which the words were uttered, as she arose from her seat, and stood haughty and erect, but apparently calm and quiet, to receive him.

The Chevalier De Sablons was announced with his friends, Les Sieurs Durochet, Préville, Des Marais, and Von Bonstetten. The company, to some of whom De Sablons was personally known, and to all of them by name, roused by a feeling of curiosity, in consequence of the various reports in circulation relative to an alliance between him and their hostess, now fixed their eyes upon her, as if they hoped to discover her real sentiments towards him. The face of Madame de Mühlhausen wore something like a malicious smile. Many old friends who wished her well, were grave and anxious. Gertrude, Herman, and Blanche, seemed instinctively to rally round her, as if to protect her from some danger.

The Chevalier De Sablons was dressed in a suit of dark-coloured velvet, slashed and puffed with white satin, which set off his fine person and handsome face to the greatest advantage; and as he advanced up the room followed by the gentlemen in his train, his plumed hat in his hand, his short mantle swinging gracefully from his shoulders, he appeared the very personification of manly beauty.

A murmur of admiration buzzed through the room: but no one welcomed him, not a foot was moved to meet him. Herman, who had watched for his appearance with eager curiosity, no sooner saw him than he said to himself, "Gertrude is right; he is indeed a dangerous man! eminently handsome, and one few women could resist."

As he traversed the apartment, he bowed to the guests, and again and more lowly to her when he reached the countess, and would have taken her hand: but she withheld it, and stood still, haughtily erect. A passing shade clouded his face, and a frown for a moment displaced the smile with which he had advanced. But again it was all sunshine, in appearance at least, and he said, "After the great condescension you have shown me, madam — the high honour you have done me — I trust you will add to the gratitude I owe you, by presenting me to your friends."

"By what name, and in what character would you wish to be presented, sir?" she said, gravely.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, with a droll, whimsical, ironical expression, and then said, laughing, "Any name *you* may be pleased to bestow upon me I am bound to cherish."

She made no reply to this speech, but turning to the company, she said, "My friends and guests, this gentleman requests me ——"

"Mother, dear mother! For God's sake reflect

on what you are about to do!" cried Herman, in a low but eager voice, terribly apprehensive of the result.

"Herman," she replied, in the same low tone, but with a contracted brow, "do not, by ill-timed and useless remonstrance, render still more difficult the terrible task I have to perform.—This gentleman wishes to be presented to you, my guests. He desires me to name him. To many of you he is already known as the Chevalier De Sablons, a native of France. By his earlier and more intimate associates, I have reason to believe he would be recognised only by the name of Barto Villanova, an Italian. His profession or occupation——" she paused, and turning to the Chevalier said, "Do you wish me to go on, sir?"

"As you please, madam!" he replied haughtily, struggling against the surprise and dismay which for a moment blanched his cheek, and shook his frame. "It matters little what names you may think proper to allot me, since they are all superseded by that of Graf von Felsenberg, which, as your husband, I claim!"

"I will not affect surprise," she said, calmly, for I had been informed that you had conceived the project you have now announced, and I presume you have not omitted to furnish yourself with some sort of documents to aid you in making out a plausible case. It was in order to have them publicly examined that I requested the presence of my noble guests, as soon as I knew you intended to honour me with a visit."

As she uttered this with an air of quiet self-possession, De Sablons looked at her with amazement.

"Is it your intention, then, to deny your marriage, madam? answer me, Madame de Felsenberg!"

"I think, after what I have said, that question is unnecessary, sir," she replied.

"You have taken a strange course, and a bold one, it must be admitted," he said. "Will you give me leave to summon Father Saldorf?"

A solemn pause ensued; no one spoke. At length the Baron de Mühlhausen said, "Father Saldorf is dead."

"Dead!" repeated De Sablons, "and who has succeeded to his office? Who has charge of the registers?"

The register was produced, but no entry appeared to corroborate his assertion. In vain he and his friends turned over the leaves; in vain page after page was examined and re-examined. At length, fully convinced it contained not what he sought, he turned with a fierce scowl, and an eye flashing with fury, and said, "I demand that your servants, Johann Barneck and Esther Griffindale, be summoned—yet what would that avail," he added; "they would speak but as they were directed. But here," suddenly advancing and seizing the hand of Blanche, "is a witness who will tell the truth. I appeal to you, Mademoiselle! you know I am the husband of Madame de Felsenberg."

Poor Blanche was at that moment the most unhappy person of the assembly. She could not but understand the bold plan her aunt had formed to defeat the machinations of a villain, although astonished at her temerity. She looked at her. She saw that dear aunt, who had been through life a mother to her, quailing with fear at the declaration about to pass her lips. Could it be the duty of a niece so affectionately cherished to aid this unprincipled man to triumph over her and hers? The task was bitterly repugnant to her upright and honourable mind; but she *must* follow the countess in the bold course she had adopted. If her actions were wrong, her motives were right. May the recording angel arrange the account, and blot out all that would condemn her!

Struggling against the strong dislike which all rational creatures feel to utter what they know to be untrue, she came forward and replied to his repeated question, "You know I am the husband of Madame de Felsenberg?"—"No."

"How!" he said. "Will you deny that you told me your aunt had acknowledged her marriage to you?"

Blanche had passed the Rubicon. It cost comparatively little to persevere in the course she had been compelled to take, and she replied with a courage and a spirit for which nobody had given her credit.

"I protest that since I have known you, sir, your whole conduct has been such as to establish in my mind the belief that you were my own devoted slave; that, so far from having an idea of pledging your vows to another, you have sworn a thousand times that life would be a burden to you, unless cheered by the hope of some day calling *me* your wife. And when you had the temerity to secrete yourself in my chamber at midnight, you pleaded the frenzy of despair, occasioned by the fear of losing me, as an excuse. How, then, knowing all this to be true, dare you appeal to me as witness that you are the husband of another?"

De Sablons stood mute with astonishment. The gentle, the timid, quiet Blanche, whose feminine sweetness and meekness had so fascinated him, and really won all the affection his cold and selfish heart could feel, was suddenly transformed into an animated, energetic, self-relying woman, boldly defending the cause of her aunt, and throwing odium on him by revealing circumstances which he had believed she would never dare to tell.

Herman, who had been agitated and miserable from the first entrance of De Sablons, during the latter part of the scene, which brought Blanche forward in a character so prominent, absolutely shivered with emotion. Never had he so much admired her, never had he thought her so beautiful. Her soft blue eyes sparkling with animation, as she stood with her slender and youthful form drawn up to its utmost height, and bearing an air of proud dignity, addressing De Sablons, who seemed to crouch beneath her indignation.

"Alas!" he said to himself, "she is lost to me! This villain won them both! It is too true that they were rivals."

De Sablons, thus foiled and baffled, stood now with a lowering countenance, apparently unde-

cided what to do. At length he said, "Madame la Baronne de Mühlhausen was aware of the marriage."

The baroness coloured, but remained for some time silent. It was true that she knew of the marriage. She had proposed the visit to Felsenberg on this day, because she was aware of De Sablons' intention of being there for the purpose of claiming his bride; and she had hoped to gratify her curiosity in witnessing the *dénouement* of an affair which had hitherto been carried on so secretly.

But now the business wore a different aspect. From what had transpired, there appeared a probability that her protegé and favourite, the accomplished Chevalier, would turn out an intriguing adventurer. The proud and noble lady shrank in dismay at the idea of having been the dupe of a *roturier, un homme du peuple;* and she said, with some hesitation, in reply to his appeal, "I heard of your marriage from yourself only, sir. You best know whether the information was correct."

"I demand that your servants be summoned, Madame de Felsenberg," he said abruptly, turning to the countess: "those who were present at our marriage."

"Will you be pleased to name those members of my household you wish to interrogate, sir?" she said calmly.

"I have already named them," he replied. "Johann Barneck and Esther Griffindale."

Lady Felsenberg hesitated a moment, but gave the order. The two servants were summoned, and soon made their appearance at the door of the saloon. The gray-headed Barneck advanced, and the countess trembled. She knew the honourable integrity of his character, and notwithstanding his entire and faithful devotion to her, she had never dared to tamper with him. It was evident he knew the purpose for which he had been summoned; for there was fear, anxiety, and indecision on his face. She saw this, and Esther Griffindale saw it too. With the ready tact and address of one equally devoted, and much less scrupulous, she displaced her companion, and, planting herself before him, presented herself with a low curtsey and most submissive air to the sullen Chevalier, who, somewhat mollified by the humility of her manner, was led to hope she might be induced to speak the truth, and he said gently, "Esther, you remember the second of June?"

"The second of June, noble sir?" she repeated, reflecting as if endeavouring to recall some event to her memory. "The second of June—I think—yes—I recollect it perfectly. It was the day the young ladies went to Schwetzingen; and my lady, who was to have gone with them, was ill, and did not leave her bed all day."

"Liar! you may go!" said De Sablons, in a voice of thunder, pushing her aside, and addressing Barneck. "And you, old man; are you too prepared to disgrace your gray hairs by perjury—to utter a deliberate lie on the border of the grave?"

There was a stern frown on his brow, and a solemn tone in his voice, that gave to this bad man an air of superiority—of dignity even, (such is the force of truth!) that awed the servant he questioned, and made the mistress quail.

After a pause of silence, during which Barneck stood apparently stupid and bewildered, the question was repeated, "Do *you* remember the second of June, when you were a witness to your lady's marriage?"

Esther, evidently trembling for the result, again sprang to the rescue. With a cry of distress she exclaimed, "Oh, I am ill! I am faint, my head is giddy!"

Clinging to Barneck for support, she whispered a few emphatic words in his ear. A third time the question was repeated ere he replied; then, raising his right arm slowly, he waved his cap in the air, and said, "My lady is a good lady, and a noble lady. Five times since dinner we drank her health, and five times after supper we will drink it again. Long life to my noble lady!"

"The fool is drunk!" said De Sablons, who now saw himself utterly baffled in the design of substantiating the fact of his marriage, and gave it up for the present as hopeless. Turning proudly to the assembled company he said, "I am the victim of a base conspiracy! I have no means now to *prove* that I am the husband of Madame de Felsenberg: but I solemnly declare that I was married to her in the adjoining chapel, by Father Saldorf on the second of June, in the presence of her two servants. I appeal to the just God and every holy saint, to witness that this is the truth."

"And do you dare to appeal to God and his saints?" said the Gräfin now somewhat excited, "you who——"

"Mother, dear mother! oh forbear!" said Herman again in an anxious whisper.

"What I dare to do, madam," cried De Sablons with a bitter emphasis on his words, "*you* have yet to learn, and may some day know to your cost!"

He now again bowed to the company and quitted the room, followed by Durochet and his other friends.

The countess, as he disappeared, sank pale and exhausted into a seat. Blanche and her children closed round her.

"Some wine," she said in a whisper, "Give me some wine."

The wine was brought, and eagerly swallowed. She desired the supper should be immediately served, and was promptly obeyed. The guests seated themselves. She made a desperate effort to rally her failing strength and spirits, and succeeded. Mirth and hilarity reigned at the hospitable board. Whatever opinions might have been formed of the strange scene they had so lately witnessed, there seemed now a universal determination to enjoy the present, without reference to the past, or anticipation of the future.

The lady herself set them the example. She was gay, brilliant, witty. But nature could not be thus outraged long with impunity. Her gay spirits and her merry laugh, were but the mask that covered a reproving conscience, a sink-

ing heart, and a spirit fearfully foreboding a disastrous future. Spite of the sophistry with which she had striven to stultify her understanding and indulge her hatred, she knew and felt that in quitting the path of truth and right, she had entered on a stormy and perilous career. She had outraged and defied the man she had sworn to love, honour, and obey, and had thereby excited the anger, and roused the spirit of revenge, in the bosom of one she knew to be reckless and unprincipled.

While the lofty hall echoed with a peal of laughter, raised by a witty jest she had uttered, the glass in which she had pledged the health of her guests fell from her hand, and she sank back on her seat, pale and motionless.

She was carried to her chamber. The guests soon after retired, and the next day quitted Felsenberg, without again seeing their hostess.

CHAPTER X.

Under circumstances such as these, the departure of their guests was a great relief to the young members of the family; who no sooner found themselves freed from the now irksome task of entertaining them, than they met to consult on the measures to be taken, in a position so singular and so embarrassing. After a short debate, it was decided, that Herman should go to his mother and once again try to bring her to reason.

On entering her room, he saw that although she appeared to be very languid and looked very pale, the expression of her face was calm and quiet, and she tried to smile as she held out her hand to him. But the smile was forced and unnatural, and even the attempt to appear cheerful ceased, as she looked at the grave and melancholy countenance of her son. As he seated himself beside her, she said,—"Herman, you ought to rejoice that this miserable, but necessary business is over. I confess it was a terrible task; but it is sometimes necessary to do wrong in order to restore right."

"Mother" he replied gravely, "we will not discuss the right or the reason in this affair, but I entreat you to reflect on the propriety—the necessity of conciliating the Chevalier De Sablons. Suffer me, I beseech you—authorize me to treat with him; let us endeavour to purchase his silence and forbearance. If you cannot—will not acknowledge him as your husband, although he is so, let us bribe him not to urge his claims as such."

"It cannot be!" she replied. "No, there is no middle course to take with a man like this. He is a villain! You cannot bind a man without principle. He would take the bribe, promise, and laugh at you for expecting him to keep it. No. There is no other course than open and steady defiance."

"And you are sure you are not deceived in the ill opinion you have formed of him?"

"No, no. Alas no! The proofs of his infamy are too many, too clear, too convincing to admit of doubt. I feel assured that my life even would be in peril, were I in his power. He is infinitely artful; a most accomplished intriguer. I fully acquit Madam de Mühlhausen who introduced him. He would dupe the keenest and most acute observers, if he chose to do so. I am not free to relate even to you, Herman, all I have heard of his history, nor the means by which I obtained my information; nothing but the fact that he is a wretch without honour, principle, or feeling!"

Herman said no more, but rising from his seat, slowly and with a heavy sigh left the room.

A few days only had elapsed, during which a gloomy tranquillity seemed to reign in the house, and a sort of listless gravity to have taken place of the light step, and cheerful air which had once characterized its youthful inmates, when a very fine day once again sent forth the family in different directions.

Herman went off to the woods to hunt, the Gräfin walked to Ziegelhausen, a hamlet in the valley about half a league from the castle, while Gertrude and Blanche were busy with the plants which required shelter from the coming winter.

The days were now short, and the sun was already sinking, when Herman, somewhat weary, on his way home was abruptly accosted by one of the foresters, who, breathless with haste, told him he had seen in a very secluded part of the forest, several armed men, who appeared anxious to conceal themselves; that he had watched them unseen, and had ascertained that several horses also were ready-saddled and tethered to the trees beneath which they stood. "I am sure," said the man, "they are after no good, so close to the Schlangenweg, and my lady often goes to Ziegelhausen."

"Ha!" said Herman considerably alarmed, "she is gone there to-day. Sound your horn, Staubfuss, and follow me!"

So saying he ran off towards the *Schlangenweg*, bitterly regretting that he had quitted the hunters to return on foot and alone.

He ran on for about half a mile, and had nearly as much more to reach the place the forester mentioned, when a shrill scream rose from the valley, and a cry for help met his ear. In a moment afterwards, the sound of galloping horses mingled with the cries.

He was still on the mountain road, the safe regular descent yet distant. It was impossible to reach it in time to intercept them on their way. There was but one means: it was to descend by the *Bärengang*, a difficult and dangerous cleft in the rocks, steep and precipitous; but urged by fear and affection for his mother, he threw himself down, and happily arrived uninjured at the bottom. The man who had warned him of the danger, had followed his rapid course till they came to the Bärengang, but here his courage failed, so that Herman was now alone. The narrow and winding road on which he now was, made many turns, so that he had time ere the horsemen came up, to sound a long and shrill blast on the hunting-horn suspended from his neck. Again and again it echoed through the forest, was repeated by the caverned echoes, and answered by distant shouts.

He had not leisure sufficient to reflect on the unequal contest in which he was about to engage; for the hollow thundering sound of the horses' hoofs, announced the approach of several horsemen. He had no time to *think*. He could only *feel* that his mother was in danger, and crying for help. That she was in the power of a man with whom she had declared her life even would be perilled, (for he could not doubt that the cries came from her;) and he obeyed the impulse of native courage and warm affection, in seeking to save her.

With a pale face, notwithstanding the strong muscular exertions he had so lately made in descending the Bärengang—a mouth firmly closed, and a brow sternly contracted—he stood half concealed by the surrounding trees, still and determined; and as the first horseman came up considerably in advance of two others who followed, he sprang forth.

With desperate courage and a strong arm, he seized the bridle rein and bore the startled horse back on its haunches, parried the blow of De Sablons' sword—for it was indeed he—with his only weapon, the long hunting knife he had drawn from his belt, and buried it to the handle in the horse's side. The poor animal made one mighty bound forward, striking down Herman, and fell dead on the ground beside him. Not much hurt and still animated by the daring energy which had urged him to the struggle, he was instantly on his legs again. Wildly shouting for help, he raised his mother from the body of the dead horse, near which lay De Sablons, one of his legs entangled in the stirrup-leather which had twisted round it. With a fierce oath he severed it with his sword, and arose.

The two other horsemen were by this time up, and Durochet, the foremost, shouting to the other who had thrown himself from his horse and seized the countess, whom Herman was compelled to abandon, by the fierce attack of De Sablons. "Fling her up! Fling her up!" shouted Durochet. The unhappy lady was rudely thrown into his arms, and he prepared to fly, while Herman and De Sablons were engaged in a deadly and most unequal conflict, the result of which was not long doubtful. The son lay bleeding on the earth, and the mother's fate appeared to be decided, when a wild and ringing cry arose, heard simultaneously from many points: loud shouts announced help at hand. Hunters, foresters, and wood-rangers, armed with axes, spears, and hunting-knives, bounding forward from every side, surrounded the place, closing in with bold and resolute faces. The game was up! The lady was rescued by her people. De Sablons and his companions fled.

The wounds Herman had received were not found to be dangerous ones, and he soon recovered; but the tranquillity of the family, so fearfully broken up, was not speedily restored. They lived now in the constant fear of some fresh attempt on the part of De Sablons, to seize the person of his imprudent and unhappy wife, who found herself compelled to submit to a sort of imprisonment which was irksome to her. She dared no longer visit and chat with her humble dependants in their cottages, as she had been in the habit of doing, without previously giving notice, that a strong escort might be ready to attend her; and a vigilant watch was kept up round the castle.

Many times were the guardians of her liberty put on the *qui vive*, and their activity roused by reports of ambuscades: and every stranger who appeared in the neighbourhood was subjected to a rigid examination.

At length they were relieved from this wearying and ceaseless worry, by the intelligence that De Sablons and his companions had quitted the country. Cautiously they listened to tidings so agreeable, and not till they had ascertained, as they believed, its truth, did their vigilance relax. The servants, the luggage, the Chevalier and his friends, were all traced to a place far distant, and the family of Felsenberg once more rejoiced in a fancied security. Alas! they little knew the wily foe they had to contend with.

The winter had now set in. A sharp, clear, cold atmosphere stripped the last leaves from the trees, and covered the ponds and lakes with ice. Skating had superseded hunting. It was a favourite amusement with Herman, and he rejoiced at sight of the frozen surface of the waters.

One fine morning he had risen with the sun and repaired to a somewhat distant lake; scarcely had he reached it, when he was followed by a messenger with evil tidings. The Gräfin had disappeared. Esther, on going to her room early, as had been her custom, found it vacant, the bed tumbled, the bed-clothes on the floor, and every thing in confusion. The window of an adjoining cabinet which looked on the moat was found open, the iron bars which defended it having been removed. Doubtless through this opening she had been carried off.

Herman and a number of the men-servants were soon mounted, and scouring the country in every direction, but in vain. In vain they questioned every one at all likely to give information by which she might be traced. The only intelligence they could obtain was from a *Kohl-brenner* (charcoal burner) whose hut stood on the outskirts of the forest. He said that a little after midnight, he had been airing the coal mounds, when he was accosted by a stranger, who inquired if there was not a short road to Schneidersheim; he said there was, and going with him to show him the way, he saw him join two other persons, one of whom was enveloped in a large cloak, and appeared to be forced forward unwillingly, and compelled to advance. At Schneidersheim they could obtain no tidings, and after a long and useless tour they returned home, without even a hope to cheer them. The next day—the second—third—all passed in the same restless, anxious, persevering search.

Poor Herman, harassed and worn with such unremitting toil, was nevertheless never easy during the short intervals which were absolutely necessary for food and repose. The moment he

sat down, the idea of his unhappy mother in the power and at the mercy of her unprincipled husband, presented itself, and he started off in a new search.

More than a week had passed in this perplexity, and Herman had again returned from a fruitless expedition, and heard that no news had arrived. Worn down with fatigue, spiritless and exhausted, he threw himself on a seat and burst into tears.

The strong and courageous young man was wholly subdued. He sat and wept like a woman.

Women weep easily. It is often a great relief to them. But tears are not lightly wrung from a man. It is terrible to see tears flowing down a man's face.

Gertrude and Blanche who were present, felt it so; they crept to his side, anxious to console him. Gertrude threw her arms round his neck, and mingled her tears with his; and Blanche, cold and shy as she had been for some time past, stood leaning over him with a look of grief and affection.

After a time they became more calm, and sat down to talk over the efforts which had been already made, and to form fresh plans for the future.

"This is the ninth day since she was carried off," said Blanche. A mournful silence succeeded this observation.

The sun had set, and the evening was fast closing in, as they remained in melancholy rumination, when some one entered the room and closed the door. It was too dark to see who it was, but a voice uttered a few faint sounds that electrified the whole party. It was the voice of Lady Felsenberg. Herman sprang from his seat with renewed vigour, but trembling with joy. He placed her on a seat and stood before her; while the two girls knelt joyfully beside her, eagerly questioning the poor, weary, and exhausted lady, who was sinking with hunger and fatigue.

"Give me food," she said; "I have had none since yesterday." Wine and food restored her strength, and she told her short tale to her anxious and rejoicing audience. But when lights were brought in, they saw with grief that she was very pale and much emaciated. Her face had a worn and withered look. Short as her absence had been, it seemed to have done the work of years.

"On the Friday night," she said, "Esther had scarcely quitted the room, and I had lain down in my bed and was sinking to sleep, when I was roused by a slight noise of something moving near me. I sat up and listened, but all was still. I believed I had been mistaken, and being weary I was soon in a profound slumber. From this I was again aroused by a sense of suffocation. Some one had placed a bandage over my mouth and was in the act of fastening it. It was De Sablons. He commanded me to get up and dress myself. I resisted, and although I could not speak, I hoped to be able to make noise enough to awaken Esther."

The countess paused. Her countenance painfully expressed the mingled feelings of disgust and indignation with which she recalled the outrage and indignities, to which she had been subjected. At length she continued her narrative. With a heavy sigh she said, "It is a hateful subject! and sometimes I wish, Herman, I had taken your advice and tried a compromise, instead of defying him." Again she stopped, but in a moment after added, vehemently, "No! no! He is a wretch! a wretch! nothing could bind him." She then went on more calmly.

"When I resisted, he uttered a few words in a low voice, which seemed to curdle my blood. I submitted. He wrapped me in a thick cloak, and lowered me from the window of an adjoining chamber from which he had previously found means to remove the bars. He let me down into the arms of Durochet, that wretched tool of a more daring villain! We crossed the frozen moat and passed the postern, of which he had a key; and for some hours of that night I was sometimes carried and sometimes dragged, or driven forward, till at length we entered a building, and ascended a flight of steps.

"When the stifling garments were removed which enveloped my head, I found I was in a lofty square chamber, with green and mouldering walls, a rotten and worm-eaten floor. It was lighted by windows far too high to allow a possibility of reaching them. I was soon informed for what purpose I had been conveyed there. It was announced to me that this ruined building was to be my prison, and my grave, unless I released myself by acknowledging De Sablons as my husband. They fed me on bread and water. That I heeded not. I could have laughed at that. But the villains found means to inflict mental tortures on me that were hard to bear. They knew on what point I was most vulnerable. The cowards struck at me through my children. Their threats, their fatal predictions were directed towards Gertrude, Blanche, and, above all, to Herman. They menaced me too with horrible indignities: but I will not dwell on these sad hours. A merciful Providence defeated their plans, and sent me a release when I least expected it. I know not even now whether my escape was the result of accident or design; but, on the eighth day of my captivity, the sun had set, and I had no light, when my attention was attracted by a slight noise at the door of the room. Absorbed in mournful thoughts, at first I did not heed it; but it became louder and was repeated at intervals, and I arose from my seat and listened. The creaking sound ceased, and I thought it must have been the wind, which you know was high last night, that had shaken the door: but as I approached it, a puff of cold air blew in my face, that astonished me, for I felt assured it must be open. It was so.

"I looked out and listened, but neither saw nor heard any one. It was quite dark, and the cold wind was sweeping round the old building. I descended the stairs and crossed a court-yard. No one was visible; I passed through an opening in the wall and found I was in the open country. Dark as it was, I was afraid to proceed, but still more afraid of being dragged back to the gloomy chamber: I therefore crept cautiously on. I heard

a dog bark at some distance, and directed my course towards the sound. At length I came to a place that appeared to be a rick-yard, with a quantity of loose straw lying at the foot of a stack. Here I passed the night wrapped up in the cloak in which I had been carried off. Spite of this covering, I suffered much from the cold, and still more from anxiety lest I should be discovered by my enemies.

"As soon as the day dawned, I crept cautiously out, and looked round. To my great joy I found I was not more than two leagues from Staubeck, and yet I have occupied the whole day in getting home. I was obliged to make a long round, not daring to come by the direct road, lest I should fall in with the wretches who were doubtless in search of me. I am strongly inclined to believe I owe my liberty to the young man who supplied my food in the absence of my other jailors; for more than once I caught his eye fixed on me with, I thought, a look of pity, which half induced me to try and gain him over to my interest."

(*To be continued.*)

A VISION OF SOLITUDE.

Imagination pictured
A solitary man—
Though high in his unsocial heart
The tide of passion ran,
He seem'd kept from his kind apart,
Like mariners who float
Beneath such full-blown sails as press
For ever forward a frail boat,
Through oceans havenless.

Who sat in his lone chamber,
Reflecting on himself,
For having lived so long alone;
But when he ask'd th' accusing elf
What otherwise he could have done,
There came no answer save the laugh,
Which such misleading spirits raise
On having shook the "rod and staff,"
The comfort of our ways.

There came no other answer
To his more loud demand,
Than indistinct and tittering sounds,
Such as, a-midnight, land
Will sometimes utter, from the mounds
All greenly grass'd o'er human bones,
Till tears had laid the dust of death;
Then came low murmurs in sweet tones
Born of the living breath:

"Let others live for others,
Thy life is for thyself;
O'er the abyss thy thought shall fix
Its sole sustaining shelf,
That shall not crumble like the bricks
Piled up in Babel-towers;
But, when the storm has rived the oak,
Safely remain among the flowers
Unconscious of the stroke.

"Last Sunday eve at sunset
The radiance of the west
Invested every cloud and tree
With solemn interest.
The flower closed; the laden bee
Bent homeward to his hive;
Midst flocks of sheep, and herds of kine
Indebted to their senses five
For happier moods than thine.

"Men have forsaken nature,
And do not live their lives;
But, by devices manifold,
Get houses, fields, and wives.
Instead of living they grow old,
Six days computing gains,
The seventh, perchance, repeating prayers,
Binding the heart in golden chains,
The head in silver hairs.

"While others vainly labour
To make the labourer's crust
A proper loaf, and spill their souls
Like water in the dust.
Thus man becomes a worm that crawls
Between the earth and sky,
From digging pits and rearing piles
To turn aside, at last, and die
Unsoothed by any smiles.

"Were there not some remaining
True to their nature's truth,
Bearing the weight of wisdom's head
O'er the warm heart of youth,
To whom the *ower* clad and fed,
Seem, in their idleness,
More wretched than the toiling slave
Whom they with heavy burdens press
Into an early grave;

"Well you might be unhappy
In this so lovely world!
But paramount are peace and hope
O'er all the pride that hurled
Aspiring angels from the cope
Of highest blessedness.
Still, even here, true Love alone
Can more than compensate Distress,
For all beside that's flown."

Thus died the low-voiced murmur
Upon the listening ear,
And from the listener's heart was roll'd
The long pent floods of fear.
The heart, too early growing old,
O'erburthen'd with despair,
Grew genial, like a wintry clime,
That, breathed upon by vernal air,
Hath dew instead of rime.

Thus comes the glow of girlhood
Across the matron's heart,
Bridging, as 'twere, the flood of tears
That kept these states apart,—
Until the maiden's hopes and fears
Grow in the mother's breast
Into that harvest of rich fruit
By which the tree of life is blest,
From topmost branch to root.

Thus comes a gleam of April
O'er our October path,
Lending spring-freshness to the sward,
In its rich aftermath.
Thus come young feelings to the bard,
From whom the passing years
Have only not sufficed to draw
His nature's whole amount of tears,
Because with life they flow.

L. D.

ULRICI ON SHAKSPERE.*

"A BOOK about Shakspere has become a literary want." In these words Dr. Ulrici, writing at Halle in 1839, began the preface of a book by which the want was to be supplied. In these words his translator, writing in London in 1846, introduces his book to the notice of English readers.

The assertion is plainly a paradox,—a paradox equally for Germany and for England; and holding it to be a paradox, and observing it to have obtained the most prominent place in the book, we believe that we have some reason to complain of its use. We cannot but regard it as an invasion of vested rights, when paradoxes, the particular stock in trade of us periodical writers, are paraded by those ambitious gentlemen, who compose twelve shilling octavoes. In the present instance, however, the offence is accompanied with mitigating circumstances. For the stolen article has been but little used; and, on coming back into the hands of us, its rightful owners, it is still nearly as good as new.

A book about Shakspere is a literary want. So say we, as well as Doctor Hermann Ulrici and his translator. The allegation will doubtless be disputed. It will be thought by many, that so far from a book about Shakspere being wanted, even a magazine paper about him is a wearisome superfluity. The Modern Athens, like its prototype of old, is always greedy of some new thing: and the great literary commonwealth, of which our Athens is understood to be the intellectual eye, is infected by the same hankering after novelty, and the same disinclination to themes that are hackneyed. Nevertheless, we repeat the paradoxical assertion; and we would repeat it with equal decision, though the books already written about Shakspere were a hundred times as numerous as they are.

It is not possible that the sublime, whether in matter or in mind, can ever become really hackneyed. It is not true that the thoughts and feelings of man can be too often or too pressingly tempted away from the every-day particularities of individual existence. It is not true, that the imagination can be too sedulously elevated, the emotions too keenly warmed, the reason too intensely stretched, by the contemplation of that which is truly great, whether in the vast but finite works of man, or in that inconceivably extensive whole, whose divine original we obscurely shadow forth when we speak of it as the realm of nature.

Alike in beholding the phenomena of nature, and in meditating on the productions of philosophy, and literature, and art, we cannot be made too familiar with the objects which are most worthy of admiration. The only danger to be apprehended, is, that our intellectual delight may be impaired by unworthy participation, or our intellectual improvement impeded by false teaching. And here it is,—in the one of these ways sometimes, and sometimes in the other,—that a celebrated scene, or an illustrious work of genius, is exposed, by its popularity, to influences which mar its effect. In the ice-bound valley of Chamouni, or on the green banks of Windermere, our feelings become chilled, when we are jostled by crowds of flippant and ignorant tourists: and our appreciation of the terrible pathos of Lear, or the thoughtfully poetic sadness of Hamlet, may be misled or annihilated by the petty cavils of verbal or technical criticism. But for the landscape, as for the poem, we owe thanks to those who prompt us to contemplation, and who guide the contemplation aright; and one of the essential points of wise guidance is the leading of us incessantly to the highest models.

It is a fact now so currently acknowledged, as to have ceased either to raise doubts or to cause shame, that, in all matters to which speculative philosophy admits of direct application, our German neighbours have opened up paths, in which we Britons of the present generation are hardly doing more than tracking their footsteps. In the criticism of literature and art, this truth is especially striking. It is a truth, just because literature and art are phenomena, the theory of which is directly and systematically dependent on philosophical principles; and because the Germans have been the first to recognise this dependence in its full completeness. That, even among the Germans, there has yet been propounded any theory of literature and art, which can be regarded as wholly satisfactory, it would be rash to assert; and it would be quite as rash to deny, that the nature of the phenomena to be analyzed must always make it impossible to gain a theory of literature and art, which can justly lay claim to scientific completeness. But it is a truth, and a truth which is beginning to glimmer with increasing clearness through the twilight of English criticism, that the process which gives birth to a poem, or a statue, or a picture, is just as severely subject to a system of laws, as is the process which produces a mathematical demonstration; it is further becoming more and more evident to us, that certain of these laws can be set forth in an intelligible and connected shape, as primary and essential canons, ruling alike the procedure of the poet, or other artist, and the procedure of those who contemplate the poem or other work of art; and it should particularly be impressed upon us, that it is to the greater distinctness with which they have recognised these principles, that the German critics owe the influence which, oftenest unconsciously, we have allowed them to exercise over our critical opinions. To the last of these facts we point with particular emphasis. It is a fact, and it is in some measure independent of the others. It is a fact, that the influence is exercised; and it is a fact that the influence is due to the cause here assigned for it. The German critics shoot a-head of us, and draw us after them, just because they have reflected, and reflected philosophically and systematically, upon questions which

* Shakspere's Dramatic Art: and his relation to Calderon and Goethe. Translated from the German of Dr. Hermann Ulrici. 8vo. London: Chapman, Brothers.

we have been accustomed to approach without having reflected philosophically, and often without having reflected at all. These facts would not the less be facts, although it were to be shown that the reflective thought of our Germanic kinsmen has hitherto produced no fruit but theoretical errors. Be the theories right or wrong, they have been formed; they embrace the whole region of criticism; they put into the hands of the critic, tools which enable him to turn up his furrow, more or less deeply, in any field wherein he wishes to plant; he, wielding these tools, has the same advantage over those who want them, which the gardener armed with his spade has over the child scratching the flower-plot with its fingers; and his advantage is assuredly far from being neutralized by the danger he runs, of occasionally probing somewhat too rashly, and turning up to the surface a clod of sour sub-soil, that may prove barren, or nourish only weeds.

The recognition, at which we have thus hinted, of a close relation as subsisting between philosophy and criticism, is made with particular plainness by two German writers, of the present day, both of whom are at once successful and instructive critics of dramatic poetry, and original and active philosophical speculators. One of these is Gruppe, whose "Ariadne" is the best of all existing works, attempting the criticism of the Greek drama; while his "Antæus," and "Wendepunkt der Philosophie," are valuable contributions to the recent history of German philosophy. The other is Ulrici, the author of the volume now before us.

The work of Ulrici, in the original, has held, ever since its publication, an honoured place upon our shelves. We consider it as being, when taken all in all, one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the criticism of Shakspere. The theoretical system upon which it rests, if not altogether accurate or completely exhaustive, is at all events wide and searching; its manner of expression is almost every where clear and practical; and its critical expositions are given with equal delicacy of feeling and liveliness of fancy.

The point of view from which Ulrici regards the works of Shakspere, is marked out in the first three sections of his treatise. Sketches of the history of the English drama before the great poet's time, and of the character, social and intellectual, of the age in which he lived, set forth the modifying, or secondary elements, out of which his works arose. As to these elements, it is justly remarked, that they exercised over his poetical character an influence very much less than that which they have exercised over most other poets; but, as we shall immediately discover, that which is most peculiar and most startling, in the critic's theory as to the characteristics of Shakspere's works, is derived directly from a consideration of these modifying circumstances. His special character as a poet, "the particular manner in which he, agreeably to his own individuality, apprehended the spirit and essence of art," is described in the next section, to which those others are but introductory. This section, on "Shakspere's Dramatic Style, and Poetical View of things in General," furnishes the key to all that is peculiar in the author's critical estimate of the poet. The minute and admirable criticisms on the dramas of Shakspere, in their order, which follow this exposition, and make up the greater part of the bulk of the volume, are applications, to particular examples, of the general principles previously laid down.

The statement, admitted oftener than understood, that Shakspere's genius is pre-eminently dramatic, is supported by reference to the dramatic turn, which decidedly prevails even in those minor works of his which are couched in a non-dramatic form. The proposition is then illustrated by one of those discussions, to which a philosophical examination of the theory of poetry inevitably carries us, and which, although unquestionably apt to degenerate into vague generalities, must be unflinchingly encountered, before our view of the phenomena of poetical art can be rendered either clear or extensive. We are invited to inquire, wherein consists the distinctive essence of dramatic art, and wherein lie its relations to the other kinds of poetic representation.

Ulrici's answer to this wide question involves, by implication, certain foregone conclusions. It implies an acceptance, in one or another of their modifications, of those principles as to the relation of art to nature, and as to the relations mutually prevailing between the good, the true, and the beautiful, which hold so prominent a place in the German investigations into the theory of literature and art. Of these principles the "Æsthetik" of Hegel is the boldest and most widely-applied exposition; while the posthumous "Æsthetical Lectures" of Solger are the source to which Ulrici seems to have been more indebted than to any other, for the hint of his own elaborated doctrine. It is enough to indicate the fact, that these things are taken for granted. No doubt the proof of the principles (a proof, of which it would be too much to say that it has been thoroughly reached) would be necessary for definitively establishing the soundness of Ulrici's deductions from them; yet his views can easily be made intelligible, without further elucidation of the fundamental principles; and, although it will soon occur to most of us that these views are, in no small degree, one-sided, yet no one, adequately qualified for appreciating poetical genius, can be at a loss to perceive that they do, at least, open up a wide and most interesting field of critical reflection.

"Shakspere's idea," we are told, "of the essence of the drama, may be thus briefly expressed: the drama ought to be the poetical delineation of the *history of the world*. It is its part to hold up, as it were, the mirror to nature; that is, *by no means to imitate nature*," (a most important limitation, by the way,) "but to lead it to a knowledge of itself, and so lead man, by it, to a full understanding of his nature and destination." "The true object-matter of dramatic representation is the history of the world: its end is, to co-operate in effecting the end of that history, which is the recognition of man as the fundamental condition of all true knowledge, as well as the acknowledgment of God as

the sum of all truth; in short, to be identical with that which, in universal history, is the self-fulfilling end of humanity."

But, it is next very pertinently asked,—If this be the end of dramatic art, is it not equally the end of the poetic art at large, nay, of all the fine arts, in each of their manifestations? In the answer to this question, a distinction is taken, according to which the leading forms of poetic representation are assumed to be three,—the epic, the lyrical, and the dramatic; and these are said to have for their functions, respectively, the exhibition of the phenomena of mind in their relations to the past, the future, and the present. In another aspect of this ingenious, though characteristically Teutonic analysis, the three kinds of poetry are regarded in their relations to the self, or *ego:* according to which, the epic is pronounced to be the objective, or external image of human life; the lyric, to be its subjective, or internal image; and the drama, to be an image which is the synthesis of the two.

The epos exhibits human nature only in the *past*, wherein the evolution of the human mind is to a certain point *complete*, and no longer in an inchoate state, but appears objectively as an existence already mature and as fact. It is a *narrative poetry*, informing us of what has already taken place; and depicts the human mind, not so much from its subjective aspect, in which, by the force of its self-determination (freedom,) it first creates history, and is itself *incipent* history; but rather from its *objective* side, in which it has already advanced out of its subjectivity, the self-determining principle has already become determinate, and the will having passed into action, has itself *become* objective in action and passion, and therefore history. And it is only so far as it still continues to exist in the objective, still lives in and co-operates with it — *i. e.* mediately only, that the subjective appears on the surface of the epical poetry. The epos accordingly is the poetry of the past, and of the objectivity of mind. It may be denominated the *plastic* or statuesque of poetry, so far as in it the mind has passed over into the outward form and sensuousness of phenomena, and is exhibited solely in its objective and sensible determinateness; and accordingly, even this outward form cannot be individual and real, such as it is in actual life, where the operation of the mind never *wholly* ceases, but is of necessity general and ideal. . . . . .

The deity, or destiny, the unchangeable order of nature, or a superhuman power and being — in short, some superior energy or other, visibly governs all the transactions of the epical world; its agents are ruled by necessity; their actions seem to be suggested by some deity, or their sufferings inflicted by divine retribution. We may say, therefore, the epos exhibits human nature in its physical aspect, for in Nature, mind cannot manifest itself except as objective determinateness and necessity. On this account the genuine epos may well be distinguished as the poetry of nature, and stands on the first step of mental development as the expression of a view of things in which the human mind feels pre-eminently its determinate and sensuous objectivity, but at the same time regards the determinating power as a higher, a divine influence. . . . . .

Lyrical poetry, on the other hand, is the direct contrary of epical. It is the poesy of the mind's subjectivity — of freedom and of the future. He is the true lyrical poet who portrays not his own personal subjectivity, but that of the human mind generally, of which his own is but a particular manifestation. Since it is with the creative activity of mind — its self-determinings *before* they have yet passed into determinations and actions, that lyrical poetry concerns itself, it necessarily exhibits it in the ferment of indecision and becoming; it delineates the mental states and impulses out of which events and destinies proceed, whereas the business of the epos is to narrate facts and deeds. In lyrical poetry, consequently, the objective is comprised in and borne on by the subjective in such a manner, that both indeed are apparent, but the one mediately only, and through the other. . . . . .

Lyrical poesy is as transitory and undulating as the emotions it depicts; its very form is an unrestrained and arbitrary variation of rhythms and metres, and therefore it may aptly be termed the music of poetry. . . . . Lastly, whereas the epos, in its sensuous symbolical and mythical view, places the deity in visible activity alongside of nature and history; lyrical poetry, on the contrary, conceives of it morally in a living organic interaction between the freedom and destiny of man. It is on this account, if not exclusively, yet pre-eminently, the poetry of religion, which rests ultimately on the immediate conviction of an inward and intrinsically moral relation subsisting between the human and the divine mind.

Dramatic poetry, on the other hand, combines the contrariety of the epical and lyrical into organic unity. It may be termed the poetry of the present, if the latter be understood to be the unity both of past and future, bearing and expressing both within itself. The drama exhibits the human mind both in its subjective self-determining deliberation, in the ferment of inchoation, and also in the thence resulting objective determination: consequently, its province is to exhibit neither facts nor feelings, but *actions*—*i. e.* events which are the objective results of certain subjective states of mind. The drama, accordingly, is at once plastic and musical, lyrical and epical; it possesses in an equal degree both fixity of external appearance and movement of internal life. Liberty appears in the drama, not only in opposition to, but also in union with, necessity: it exhibits them in living correlation and reciprocation, limiting, modifying, and completing each other; and as spontaneous and independent instruments of the historical development of the human mind, co-operating to the one end, and appearing, consequently, as merely different aspects of one organic whole. Thus the drama is pre-eminently the poetry of history, since it alone exhibits the development of the human mind in its progress through the past, the present, and the future, and assigns equal importance both to the objective and to the subjective. Unlike the epos, it does not give an undue predominance to the divine superintendence, as a law of universal and irresistible necessity, before which the free agency of the human mind sinks into a subordinate means, and blind instrument; nor, on the other hand, does it with lyrical poetry give an absolute authority to the subjectivity of man, whether as passive (receptive) or as the active (productive,) dispenser of the world's order; but exhibits in their mutual dependence divine necessity and human liberty, and the concurrence of both alike in the realization of the historical fact.

This, it may seem to some of our readers, does verge upon the transcendental. But we mistake much if it does not contain a sound kernel of solid truth. It is designedly presented by the author briefly and hastily, merely as an introduction to that which he, wisely as well as modestly, calls his "approximate development" of Shakspere's idea of the essence of dramatic art.

If it be true that every fact is historically the result of the interpenetration of the past and future of the human mind, of the correlation between the general state and existing order of things on one side, and the internal and external condition of the agent on the other, and of the co-operation of divine Providence or universal necessity with the free spontaneous activity of man, then Shakspere is pre-eminently an historical poet. None was ever skilled as he was to realize in such due proportion, and with such vivid intuitiveness, not merely the mental past and future—the earlier and present states, the past deeds and efforts, as well as the visionary dreaming and future anticipations of the dramatic personages, but also the general condition of

affairs, the political position of states, and the characters of ages and nations. No poet ever displayed such wonderful talent in placing all these conflicting motives, and their mutual influence on each other, in so perspicuous a light as allows us to trace the rise and growth of the act which they combinedly gave birth to. We here see the deed unfolding all its effects and consequences, its whole meaning and import, like a seed slowly developing itself, until at last the perfect tree has put forth all its arms and branches.

This general assertion, of the perfectly historical character of Shakspere's dramatic manner, is succeeded by observations on the characteristic peculiarities of his poetry, as at once effects of that character, and instruments without which the character could not have attained to full development. Here there are treated, successively, his language, his mode of representing characters, his dramatic invention. An extract or two, under each of these heads, will suffice to show how rationally, as well as how instructively, each is handled :—

No doubt but the language of Shakspere varies considerably in his several works; its tenor, for instance, in his earlier pieces, differs greatly from that of his later ones. Nevertheless, it is a difference of degree only; its inward essence is every where the same. . . .

Through all these contrasts, beneath all these special peculiarities, there runs a primary vein of diction, which I would designate as the poetical language of *history*. The diction of Shakspere is throughout historical, and therefore dramatic; dramatic, and consequently historical also. With him every speech is a mental *act*, which belongs as individually to the speaker as it is an essential part of the entire action. The feelings, the thoughts, the reflections, nowhere appear in perfect abstractedness, but are in every case pervaded, qualified, shaped, and coloured by the energy of the will, whose nature and modification constitute that which forms the basis of all human personality—the character of the individual. It is only as characters, and through their mental energy, that men become historical and dramatic. If the expression of the thoughts, and feelings, and reflections—if, in short, every word, be in this sense an *act*, it necessarily follows that it must appear dependent of the character, situation, humour, and circumstances in the speaker; but nevertheless, at the same time it also follows, that the language even as much as the action must possess stability, precision, and objective definiteness; that it must not allow itself free course, but must, on all occasions, adjust itself to the given matter, and attempt to grasp it with a powerful hand, and to master it. In the moments of calm and lonely contemplation, when the mind retires within itself, and the will only dreamingly co-operates, language, naturally and agreeably to its subject-matter, diffuses itself in a long and even flow. Whenever, on the contrary, the mind is actively excited, and takes an influential part in the affairs and business of life, then will language, even when it is revealing mere internal states, borrow from the fulness and pressure of active life an energetic brevity, a rapid and unquiet movement, now checked, now vacillating, now hurrying along in its course. The breadth and diffusiveness of diction, which is not out of place in the expression of feeling, meditation, or scientific inquiry, is, generally speaking, undramatic and unhistorical. The language of history demands force, terseness of wit, and sharpness of thought. It ought to vary as much in grandeur and meanness, exaltation and lowliness, beauty and deformity, as the historical facts themselves which it describes. As it is, however, but a living member of the one great action—of the fundamental idea of the whole,—we lose sight of the low, hideous, and commonplace, before the grandeur and importance of the idea itself: supported and animated by that, it too becomes idealized and refined.

Shakspere's mode of *characterization*, like his diction, is pervaded throughout by the historical spirit, and is equally the expression and organ of his view of the essence of the drama. His profound knowledge of mankind is, as Schlegel remarks, almost proverbial. It is not, however, in his case, the result of mere shrewd empirical observation: such a knowledge of the world and of men may make a good diplomatist, moralist, or shrewd observer, but no poet. A tolerably clever hypocrite might, I think, deceive such a judge of mankind. Shakspere's accurate descriptions of so many uncommon and irregular states of mind—such as melancholy, idiotcy, madness, sleep-walking, all of which he can scarcely have learned thus accurately from his own experience—must have been founded on his rich poetic intuition of the nature of humanity. By the strength of his artistic imagination he keeps constantly before his eye, in perfect vividness, the true archetype (ἰδέα—idea) of man; the greater he is, the purer, the clearer, the more perfect, and the more independent is he of external influences. This is the true *ideal* of all art. It contradicts not, it deviates in nothing from, it goes not beyond, reality; on the contrary, all reality is contained in it, and it embraces all conceivable varieties of individual character. It can only be exhibited in separate characters, which, however, are far from exhausting it either singly or collectively. For some new and peculiar shape of it is perpetually occurring in each particular limitation, and every special posture of the circumstances and relations of society, and every new phase of history; since, in truth, all the aspects of the external world belong to it as organic constituents of its proper essence. It is itself nothing else than the very mind of humanity in its mundane existence and historical development. All Shakspere's characters are but so many forms of this archetype, conditioned by space and time, and individualized by the particular ratio in which the general powers, properties, and capacities, good and evil qualities of mankind, are combined in them; in short, special impersonations of the one primary personality. This, however, is but the case with every genuine poet. The peculiarity and pre-eminence of Shakspere consists principally in this respect—that whereas with other poets this prime human personality itself derives a special shape and physiognomy from the particular character of their own age and nation, and is clouded by the partial interests, ideas, and pursuits of their contemporaries, it has been contemplated by Shakspere in higher purity and originality, and consequently exhibited in greater completeness, in a surpassing variety of individual sketches. . . . . .

We have already pointed out, that Shakspere, as a poet, was but little affected by the special ideas and tendencies of the age in which he lived. It is only the half-fantastic, half-poetical colouring of life, the thoughtful earnestness and *strength of will and character*, the active and still vividly Protestant piety, which formed the *general* mental features of the English people towards the close of the sixteenth and the opening of the seventeenth centuries, that are in any degree reflected in his poetry, and stamp upon it the impress of his age and nation. These, however, are exactly the features which are the most genuinely dramatic and *historical*. In the drama, because it is a history, every person must appear in the light of a mixed poetical and historical view of life, out of which all his actions and sufferings spring; but principally and immediately in that of his own mental *energy*, and his own *strength of character and will*. All other properties and capacities, states and tones of mind, every special modification of life, can only make themselves felt so far as they are penetrated and conditioned by this energy, and stand in living relation to the actions and sufferings of the several personages, as well as to the action and ground idea of the piece. It is on these principles that all the characters of Shakspere are drawn, and this truly historical art of characterization forms the second peculiar distinction of his poetry. . . .

The characteristic peculiarity of Shakspere's composition consists principally in the infinite richness of its

personages, and their relations both to each other and to the fundamental idea of the whole; in the harmonious grouping of the most opposite characters, and the rare skill with which the most diversified, but finest and scarcely perceptible threads, are spun into a grand web; and in the completeness with which the entire action, as well as the several characters, are worked out. Shakspere is not content, like other poets, with unfolding his idea in its essential meaning, in an action proceeding more or less uninterruptedly, and in a scanty number of separate characters, but endeavours to exhaust it as completely as possible; and, by placing it before our view in the voluntary acts and the fortunes of the most different characters, and in the most diversified situations, states, and circumstances of life, seeks to exhibit it as universal and common to all men. Accordingly, in order to admit of the freest movement, the circles which he draws are the widest, having their centres concealed in their very profundity, and are all crammed full with the most motley life; the course which he takes is no straight undeviating line, but turning backwards and forwards in the most unconstrained windings, which is nevertheless the shortest way to *his* end. Thus the plays of Shakspere form the direct opposite to the ancient drama, where the idea stands out in plastic clearness and simplicity, and the whole, no less than every part, is at once discernible from the very commencement. Shakspere's composition, on the contrary, is genuinely historical, and even on that account so complicated as to render it extremely difficult to penetrate into the inmost core of his productions. Accordingly, the objection which has been brought against him, of want of plan, is easily explicable.

Lastly, Shakspere's *invention* corresponds with his characterization and composition. By this term is understood (without reference to its being the poet's own property, or borrowed) principally the plan, progress, involution and evolution, of the *outward* circumstances, accidents, and events: whatever, in short, as pure *matter of fact* and narrative, admits of being separated from the characters as such, and from the composition and ground-idea of the drama. The latter forms as it were the soul, while invention is the body, of a work of art. Its proper office, accordingly, is to give shape to the relation which is to subsist between the personages of the drama and its outward circumstances and incidents. That, for instance, Hamlet is taken prisoner in the attack by the pirates; that, in the Merchant of Venice, Antonio's argosies are really, or believed to be, lost; in such external events as these, which, although they are wholly independent of the characters themselves, nevertheless exercise an important influence on their career and fortunes, does invention, as above explained, pre-eminently consist. When, therefore, we would judge of the inventive nature in any poet, and of his poetical peculiarities as evinced therein, the most important question is, to determine the light in which he regarded the connexion between the external world, and the character and mental development, the resolves and deeds, of his dramatic personages. The answer which must be given to this question, in the case of Shakspere, has been already indicated in a general manner in our remarks on Shakspere's notion of dramatic art, and his method of characterization and composition, and will be given still more definitely in our exposition of his poetic view of the system of things. However, thus much is clear at a glance—that his invention, like his delineation of character and his composition, corresponds perfectly with the reality of history. External affairs, unforeseen circumstances, unexpected incidents and transactions, accidents, as they are called, in a larger or narrower sense, exercise in real life more or less influence over the efforts, behaviour, and fortunes of men. The march, complication, and final resolution of the dramatic action, must not, consequently, be made to appear wholly and solely dependent on the individuality of the acting personages; but, on the contrary, the two must co-operate in giving form and shape to the exhibited matter: neither the one nor the other must be altogether wanting, or pushed too far into the background. In what degree, however, each ought to make itself felt, how far the objectivity of the outward world is to affect the subjectivity of the personages of the drama, must be determined in each case by the nature of the represented characters, and still more so by the fundamental idea of the whole piece. Generally speaking, the former has a greater influence in Shakspere's Comedies than in his Tragedies; a necessary consequence, as we shall presently show, of his notion of comedy; though even in them, the external, and apparently accidental, has invariably its condition in the complication and *denouement* of the plot, and necessarily results from the ground idea. It is, therefore, in conformity with this that invention must modify itself. . .

It is in the mutual adaptation of the several groups, and their separate stories, that Shakspere's great inventive *power* consists, or at least pre-eminently displays itself. It is one of the peculiar features of his poetry that he did not himself invent the factitious subject, or, to use a common expression, the *material* of his plots; but that he almost invariably *borrowed* it either from older dramas, novels, tales, chronicles, or histories, and has for the most part very closely followed his authorities. His own labours seem to have been principally confined to modifying in a greater or less degree the given material, either by giving to it a greater extent or a deeper spiritual meaning, and especially to combining several separate stories or incidents into a new whole. To pretend to see in this a want of the resources of invention, would be to overlook the truth, that no poet ever creates his story purely out of nothing, but that on the contrary he cannot at most do more than exhibit—*i. e.* give a poetic shape to—the life of man, and consequently work upon a given subject, and that therefore every genuine piece of art must have for its basis the true and profound knowledge of the materials which are furnished by experience and history. However, that Shakspere in almost every case was the first to elevate the figures which he found in his authorities to full and genuine poetic characters, and first breathed into them a life and soul—that for the most part, if not always, he gave the significant idea to the borrowed matter—is evident on the most superficial comparison of his pieces with their originals. That he has never failed in this, is, in my opinion, a greater proof of force and intensity of genius, and of truth and profundity of intellect, than if he had himself invented the subject-matter of all his dramas. If, then, we comprise in our notion of invention—what is the highest excellence and the vital spark of all art and poesy—the conception of the characters and the fundamental idea which involves the complete organization of the work of art—characterization, composition, diction, and the nature and march of the plot—we must in that case rank Shakspere's talent for invention at no ordinary height—higher perhaps than that of any other poet; for in no one do we meet with such abundance, diversity of character, and such a lavish profusion of ideas, as we are content, without further proof, on the single authority of Goethe, to ascribe to Shakspere.

Thus far, although (as it seems to us) our author has not only spoken with excellent good sense, but has placed one or two important points of Shakspere's poetical character in a clearer light than that in which we are accustomed to regard them; yet he is only on his way towards that which constitutes the distinctive peculiarity of the principle according to which his criticism of the poet's works is conducted. What he has already told us, involves, indeed, all that follows: but the peculiar doctrine of his book has yet to be substantively set forth. It is an inference from that doctrine of his, which exhibits Shakspere's drama as essentially a poetic representation of the history of the world.

It must be obvious, at the first glance, that this

doctrine must lead us to lay particular stress upon the *moral* characteristics of Shakspere's works. All of us, however, may not be prepared for regarding these characteristics in that very serious, nay, solemn aspect, in which our speculative critic insists upon exhibiting them. Nor may we be better prepared for the technical form in which his speculations are couched; although the cardinal distinction of the German philosophy between the subjective and the objective, between that which belongs to the thinking mind, and all that which is external to it, is by this time sufficiently familiar to every one among us who is at all accustomed to abstract study. In reference to the matter now before us, the application of the antithesis is very simple; and a word or two of explanation will make our author's use of it easily intelligible. Set the human will on the one hand, and fate, or destiny, or divine control, on the other. Regarded in their relation to the human mind, the former is the subjective element of action, the latter is the objective. Now, it is obvious to all reflective minds, that on the view which a dramatic poet takes of the relation subsisting between man's will and the action of forces external to him, must materially depend, not only the moral tone of his representative pictures, but even the whole tenor of his representation of events and of characters. It must be so, for a very plain reason; namely, that this relation furnishes the most important, and most widely influential, of all the laws by which human action is determined.

Now, in the operation of these two opposed influences upon man's thoughts and actions, there are just three combinations possible: a preponderance of the one, a preponderance of the other, an equipoise of the two. Suppose that, in actual life, or in poetic representation, the preponderance is given to the objective or external element. Let this objective element be the fate, the blind necessity, of an erring and false mythology: we thus have that gloomy view of life, which presented itself to the thinking Greeks, and which received imaginative form from the hands of the Grecian dramatists. Or substitute, for this wholly unreal agency, another which is but a reality partially misunderstood. Let us figure to ourselves any of those many conceivable corruptions of Christianity, in which the human will is made to sink into absolute nothingness, before the stern and inexorable fiat of the Almighty. One phase of such a faith is presented to us by the superstitious Roman Catholicism of Spain, in the sixteenth century; and poetic expression was given to that superstition, in the dramas of Calderon. If we turn to the other side, and desire to contemplate man setting himself up as the absolute ruler of his own destiny, and forgetting altogether his dependence on a higher power, we shall derive examples in abundance, both from actual life and from the inventions of poetry. This view of life is suggested by reason overleaping itself; and of its poetic development no instance could be found more apt than the writings of Goethe. Thus, then, we have obtained illustrations of two of the three proportions, in which the subjective element of human action, and the objective, admit of being combined. There remains the third, in which the two are *in equilibrio;* in which each has its due weight assigned to it, and in which, although the rationale of this mightiest of all enigmas remains inscrutable, yet the occurrence of the fact appears as undoubted, and the representation of it poetically has been found possible. Of the three combinations, this is, of course, the only one that is morally right; the only one in whose realization humanity reaches its legitimate development; and consequently, also, the only one in whose representation the poet can attain the full height of poetic sublimity. Where do we find this combination? Where, either in the reality, or in the dramatic picture? The reality is found in Christianity, as rightly understood and obeyed; the representation is found in poetry which breathes the genuine spirit of Christianity, in poetry which is at once prompted by genius of the highest order, and guided by Christian knowledge of the highest purity. A good answer, but an answer which describes an ideal perfection, rather than an actual consummation; and an answer which compels us to demand again, where specifically is the example to be found, either of the reality, or of its poetic image? To the first part of the question, so repeated, Ulrici gives no response which entitles us to state as his any particular opinion on the problem; he justifies us only in saying, that he holds the right practical comprehension of Christianity to be necessarily based on philosophical speculation, and that he holds such a basis to be made possible only by an enlightened system of Protestantism. To the second part of the question, his answer is specific and peremptory. However difficult it may be to recognise the development, in actual life, of this theoretical synthesis of the divine and the human, it is easy to recognise the poetical representation of the possibility of the synthesis, in certain works which, as dramatic, assume the highest form of poetry, — works which, as effusions of the loftiest dramatic genius, are adequate to picture forth, worthily, the highest objects,—works which, as having arisen in a time and country of sufficient enlightenment, were nourished by information adequate to suggest worthy thought and feeling to the august inventor. Shakspere is the historically-dramatic poet of enlightened Christianity: the highest value of his works consists in their adequately representing, in the light of imagination, the Christian prospect of man's mysterious destiny.

There is thus given, in a few sentences, and with no inaccuracy that can seriously mislead, the substance of the leading propositions which make up Ulrici's theory of "Shakspere's Dramatic Art, and his Relation to Calderon and Goethe." To many English students of the poet, the boldness of the fundamental notion cannot be otherwise than startling; and, both for giving fair play to the writer's own method of exposition, and for making his views more familiar by repetition, it is well that some of the principal points should be propounded in his own words.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. BURN MURDOCH'S FAMILY TOUR IN FRANCE AND ITALY.*

Here is a book in complete contrast, as to style and manner, with the "Pictures" of Mr. Dickens, though the main subject is precisely the same, and the work composed, under many circumstances, exactly similar. Like Mr. Dickens, Mr. Burn Murdoch, a Scottish gentleman, went abroad for a leisurely family tour, at the head of quite a patriarchal family, consisting of twelve persons, besides servants. The idea of such an *improving*, and educational tour, is, as we think, excellent, and well worthy of imitation. There appear to have been children and young people in the travelling family, of every different age; and all must have benefited by what could not fail to increase and liberalize the knowledge of each. By a judicious arrangement, they had time to observe, to reflect, and to enjoy. Unlike Mr. Dickens, Mr. Burn Murdoch, who is no literary artist, and who, indeed, does nothing for effect, has related the history of this tour in a straightforward, unvarnished narrative, which will be read with interest and benefit, both by those who may be induced to give their families the same advantages of travel, and by readers either seeking information or mere entertainment. We can, at least, aver that we have, though rather apt to get fagged on the hackneyed route, followed the progress of the Burn family with lively interest.

The head of the party set forth with the wise purpose of seeing the People of the countries traversed, and not merely the noble class among them, together with hotel-keepers and valets. His family, he states, were—

Young and active, and spoke the French language fluently; and my rule was, to do every thing, from the passport to the most important money transaction, by ourselves. If we, in every case, did not succeed without some additional trouble, I never knew trouble or labour better bestowed; and I am sure my sons saw more of French character, in their intercourse with the officials of the different public bureaus, where such matters of business are transacted, than amply repaid the outlay of both the time and labour so occupied. We never employed a courier; and when residing in Paris, in a hired house, for the six weeks we lived there, we employed only French servants, who knew not a word of any language but their own; and in all our journeys, the public modes of conveyance were chosen in preference to private ones; and the intercourse thus secured, and the opinions we heard expressed by all varieties of men in the middling classes of society, were, if not more instructive, at least more amusing, than sitting in one's own carriage, and studying the back of a courier's coat on the front dicky.

Some of the family being in delicate health, an initiatory period of six months was spent in Jersey; and even thus early the use of the "Notes" to future travellers, and their peculiar quality, become apparent. After noting the sixpence of which each passenger is mulcted on landing at St. Helier, for the benefit of the boatmen, who, instead of permitting visiters to land with ease and safety on the pier, subject them to the farther penalty and inconvenience of being rowed ashore for a few yards, it is said:—

We had written to Mr. Bree to have accommodation ready for us, and we drove to his hotel. Our luggage, which had been conveyed from our residence in London to the terminus of the Southampton Railway for four shillings, was again carted up to the hotel, and the charge made was thirty shillings, although the distance was not one-half so great as in London. I resisted the demand, and ultimately paid twelve shillings. Bree's establishment is a boarding-house, *i. e.*, the company dine together, and have a drawing room in common,—a style of living admitting of few comforts, and often productive of much unpleasantness. At all events, in such establishments, the landlord should preside at the dinner-table. In his absence, the inmate who has been longest in the house does so; and it often happens he is totally unfit for the situation thus accidentally assigned to him; and may choose to conduct himself either with too great familiarity or superciliousness in dispensing his attentions—assumptions on his part equally disagreeable.

This hint ought to be improved in all similar establishments, which will never work well until assimilated to the *table d' hôte* of the continent; though English pride might occasionally revolt at seeing a man, who had probably once been a waiter, at the head of a table which was honoured by dignified presences. Near St. Helier, a roomy and handsomely furnished house, with garden and grounds of some extent, was rented for £100 for six months; but the season included the winter, when there may be less demand for such houses. Mr. Burn Murdoch was in every way disappointed with Jersey; and his report, which, we doubt not, is perfectly accurate, will not, without strong motives, induce many people to leave either a Scottish or English locality for the Channel Islands. There is but one class to whom he thinks Jersey offers a fit asylum; namely, those persons who have suffered a loss of income, and to whom horses, carriages, wine, spirits, and tea, coffee, sugar, and spices, are become prime necessaries of life. What are every where considered absolute necessaries, are quite as dear in Jersey as in Britain. In short, a man with "a reduced income" of £700 a-year, may live as well in Jersey on that sum, as upon £1000 or £1100 in England; but, again, a man of half, or the third of this income, if he have a family, will live quite as cheaply in many parts of England, and find better means of education for his children.

Though our note-writer sticks, in general, closely to his text, he occasionally suffers his gayer humour to overflow a half or quarter page, or so, and this certainly more to the delectation of his readers, than if he were seen to wind himself up for some mighty feat of penmanship, announced by a preliminary flourish. The remarks on the prevailing spirit of Jersey society, offer us an apt illustration of such incidental sprinklings, or bubblings up of fancy and humour.

As to the style of living in Jersey, little need be said.

* "Notes and Remarks made in Jersey, France, Italy, and the Mediterranean, in 1843-44." By John Burn Murdoch, Esq. Post octavo. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Where so many retired officers of the British army have taken up their abode, and these, many of them, of considerable rank and standing in the service, it is unnecessary to observe, there is to be found much good and agreeable society. It was my privilege to pass a few very agreeable evenings amongst this class. The only drawback to my delight was the unfortunate accuracy of memory which most of the individuals exemplified in their knowledge of the pages of the army list; and it was wonderful to observe, how very slight a remark or allusion to the name or services of any individual in the army, proved sufficient to put a stop to every other topic of discussion, and to give the conversation a military turn for the rest of the evening.

For instance: I see, said one of the party, that the —th regiment is ordered home this spring. Ah! replies an old weather-beaten captain, he is a lucky dog that Jack Musket, their lieutenant-colonel: he was my sub when I was captain in —th. The quarry is now fairly started, and the whole company take up the scent, just as a stanch pack of hounds would that of a fox, and away they go, noses up, breast high—a burning scent; and he requires to ride well who would be up with them at the finish. The changes and exchanges of the said Jack Musket—from full-pay to half-pay, and from half-pay again to full-pay; then his good fortune in being senior captain of the regiment in the West Indies when old Major Grogy died of yellow fever, and so succeeding, without purchase, to the majority; and the doubles and shifts by which he afterwards arrived at the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment, are all detailed with a minuteness, and at a length, which are sometimes a little tiresome to a civilian who never heard of the said Jack Musket before, and who will, inevitably, forget his name and history in the course of the next week. However, after all, retired officers are no more pedants than any number of retired lawyers, or sailors, or physicians, in similar circumstances would most assuredly be; while their knowledge of the world, gentlemanly manners, and honourable conduct, render them an acquisition to any society.

For "connexion sake," we take another lively passage, of which the scene was at St. Malo:—

The morning after our arrival, we had the usual scene at the custom-house. The officers were very strict in some trifling matters. The flannel dressing gowns of the party excited their indignation, but the marks of tear and wear were sufficient passport to their admission. I had with me a large brass double-barrelled pistol, with the usual spring-bayonet, which ultimately was the source of a good deal of amusement. The custom-house officers would not, upon their own responsibility, permit such a terrible weapon of destruction to be carried into the kingdom of France. The chief of police was therefore sent for. He came—a little shrivelled antiquity—a frail memorial of the olden times. He took up the formidable weapon, and objected to its size and weight; it was not, he said, a little pistol (un pistolet) for travelling which he could pass; it was too large and too dangerous for private use. I assured him, I did not expect ever to require its use in France, where the safety of the traveller was ensured by the existence of the best police in the world; but I begged him to remember I had come from Britain, and where the police (no doubt, sensible of their own weakness) did not object to a traveller being armed with a brace of such things, and a double-barrelled gun into the bargain. I also informed him, that my subsequent journey lay through Italy, where banditti were more common than officers of police, and where such means of protection were absolutely necessary. I am afraid, however, both my flattery and reasoning would have been thrown away upon him, and my pistol detained, had it not been that the old gentleman (who was also very short-sighted,) in carrying on his examination, happened (while the pistol was in very close approximation to his nose) to touch the check that held the bayonet down. It thus escaped from its restraint, and suddenly springing up, struck the spectacles from his face. The poor prefect, believing he had been shot dead, threw the pistol from him with all his force, and his countenance exhibited mortal terror. The exertions of the subordinates to keep their gravity under the misfortune of their chief were scarcely successful; but he had got enough of the pistol, and the result was in my favour. He declared it was by no means formidable, but only a play-thing to terrify women and children; and, so saying, he, with much dignity, left the place. There was a wag among the subs. As soon as the chief's back was turned, he took up the pistol, assumed, as nearly as he could, the air and manner of the chief, and bringing it close to his nose, sprung the bayonet, and acted over the whole little scene, to the great delight of all the party.

After six months spent in Jersey, the family went, by steam, to St. Malo. On their leisurely way to Paris, sundry travelling grievances are recorded, and also at St. Malo and elsewhere, which, we should hope, may tend, in time, to their removal. The annoyance of crowds of brawling porters, and ragged boys pulling at the luggage of unfortunate persons just landed on a strange or a foreign pier, is not, indeed, peculiar to St. Malo, nor yet the grand bearing of the gentlemen of the police. A Chinese, seeing those well-dressed personages perambulating our streets and public places in pairs, quietly chatting and enjoying themselves, might be very apt to mistake them for English mandarins of a high button, or, at least, field-marshals. "If," says Mr. Burn Murdoch, after describing the scene on the pier,—

If, however, the police had condescended to dismount from their high horse of official dignity, (exemplified in the large cocked hat and long sabre,) and, instead of walking very majestically past such a crowd as were assembled to annoy the passengers on St. Malo pier, had mixed somewhat freely among them, and either awed them into decency of behaviour, or thrown some half dozen of the younger rascals into the water, it would have conduced much to the comfort of strangers; and whatever the said police would have thus sacrificed of dignity, they would have gained in usefulness, and would have been, at least for once in their lives, of service to the public.

We took up our quarters in the Hotel de France, where apartments had been provided for us. This hotel, which I have little hesitation in saying is one of the best in France, is kept by M. Gogué. He was for some years cook to Lord Melbourne, and had married an Englishwoman, who performs her part as mistress of the establishment with great credit. M. Gogué has an excellent kitchen establishment, a man cook, and male assistant; and when it is at same time mentioned, that M. Gogué himself takes a direct superintendence of that department, it will be no matter of surprise to be informed that the dinners are most excellent.

A fortnight was sufficient to exhaust St. Malo and the surrounding country, and to obtain a glimpse of some places in Brittany, rarely visited by tourists. Mr. Burn Murdoch, who seems fond of rural pursuits, and who is himself a practical agriculturalist, gives, both here and in other places, a description of the state of husbandry in France, which seems to vary, through good, bad, and indifferent, in different localities, as in other countries. His opinion seems to be in favour of minute cultivation, as the most conducive, if not to the accumulation of wealth, to social well-being. Instead, however, of such utilitarian passages, we select this touching description of a young girl's funeral. The tourist had ascended the Rance to Dinan, by steam:—

On returning from Dinan, (which I did by land,) I met the funeral of a young girl, the whole circumstances of which made a strong impression upon my mind. Mournfully, with downcast eyes, first came three young girls. They were dressed in white, in the same manner as when they appear in church for the first communion; the one in the centre carried a crucifix. At a distance of about thirty yards behind, followed the coffin,—a slender and thin coffin, bespeaking the fragile nature of the material it contained. It was covered by a snow-white shroud, and carried by six young girls, dressed also in pure white. Then followed from about twenty-five to thirty other girls, also dressed in white, who, from time to time, relieved each other in the burden of carrying the corpse. At a considerable distance behind, were a number of women, and only four men. They were travelling to the church of Plouer; and, when we met them, they had still several miles to walk ere they reached the final resting-place of their little friend. It was a calm and beautiful evening, and the outward face of nature was in unison with the still and noiseless, but yet impressive ceremony; and had it not been for one feeling which forced itself upon my mind at the time, (and to which, when noticing the state of religion in this part of France, I may allude in a future page,) I should have been led to wish, that in our own land, when cases of death occur among the young, the lesson could be impressed upon their youthful survivors, by some such outward ceremony as I then witnessed.

This feeling, we presume, refers to some point of the Roman Catholic Faith, and especially to the celibacy of the priesthood, and the influences of the Confessional; to which Mr. Burn Murdoch afterwards takes strong exception, and which he would allow no woman to approach till she is thirty-six, by which time she is presumed to be able to take care of herself; and therefore, we should say, has no longer need of a spiritual director.

The extortions and impositions attempted and practised by landlords of inns, but more especially by landladies, are proverbial all over the world—or at least the world of Europe and Asia. Here is an amusing, and an instructive instance of the frequent, and most provoking, and impudent frauds of "mine host." Mr. Burn Murdoch, and some of his party, had been visiting the far-famed fortress of Mount St. Michael; and, as he tells,—

I had arranged with the innkeeper at Pont Orson to have dinner ready for us on our return, and made a bargain both for the carriage and horses to the Mont, and also for fresh horses to carry us in the afternoon to Dol. We intended, after looking about us at Dol, to remain there all night, and to return to St. Malo by the diligence next morning. On our return to Pont Orson we found dinner (alas, how different from M. Gogué's) ready.

Having finished our repast, I ordered the fresh horses to be put to the carriage, when the landlady, with great coolness, assured me there were no fresh horses in the stables; and, moreover, demanded four times the sum agreed upon by her husband in the forenoon, for the hire of the same horses we had at the Fort, in case we were resolved to proceed to Dol that evening. I asked to see the landlord, with whom I had bargained, but he had gone from home, and his better-half was quite firm in her attempt to impose.

One of my sons then went to the other inn, to see what could be done: but there the same demand was made, without disguising that they had been made fully aware of what might happen, by their friends of the other establishment. I was very angry, and, as far as my French permitted, abusive to the old lady; and the more so, that, on going into the stable, I discovered several pairs of fresh horses quite ready for posting. But she reasoned, that unless we gave her our money for the post-horses, she would secure it by compelling us to pay for a day's entertainment at her very dirty inn. It never entered into the good dame's head that, without the assistance of horses, we could escape her iniquitous attempt. Frenchmen, in the upper ranks, never walk. We, however, were determined not to be beat by her, and we resolved that three should walk to Dol, leaving one to take the chance of a place in the Paris diligence, which was to pass in the evening, and bring up the carpet-bags. Four might not have been able to find seats, but there was little fear of one person doing so; at least, I have seldom seen a French diligence so full, but that in one or other of its compartments, one traveller and two carpet-bags could not be stowed away for a stage. I intimated our intentions to the landlady, desired her to furnish her bill, and proceeded to carry our bags across the street to the office where the diligence stopped. Her surprise was great—three gentlemen walk to Dol (a distance of about ten miles,) it was quite impossible — the thing could not be; she would not hear it mentioned; and, whether she was afraid of having the death of any of the party to answer for from the exertion, or of losing the hire of the post-horses, I will not pretend to decide, but the proposal produced a very wonderful effect on the old lady. The landlord himself came out of his hiding-place;—his wife had certainly mistaken matters. Fresh horses were put to the caleche, the agreed upon hire very thankfully taken, and we went on merrily to Dol.

There is, it would seem, in France, an "Old France," as well as a "Young," which probably leavens the latter body. Of this fact, the tourist had a proof, at once diverting and serious, in the person of an old officer, accidentally met on the ramparts of Avranche, who, upon some trifling and casual reference to the place having been once besieged and taken by the English, from a most polite, obliging, and communicative old soldier, doing the honours of his country to a stranger, was all at once converted into a maniac:—

My friend's manner became quite changed,— he had formerly spoken slowly and deliberately, and was perfectly intelligible to me; his equanimity was now, however, gone,— his speech became rapid, and his manner excited. From the old ramparts of Avranche, of which he declared the English became masters through the treachery of their defenders within, and not by the bravery of their assailants without, he passed to the battle of Waterloo, which he also declared was won by the English through bribery. The Duke of Wellington, he affirmed, had bribed Marshal Grouchy to allow the Prussians to come up; and, had it not been for English gold, British bravery and military excellence would never have prevented Waterloo being another French victory. I tried to show him that such an accusation was totally absurd and ridiculous; but I might have spared myself the attempt; he had a most logical method of convincing himself he was right. The French troops never, he declared, in time, had been defeated, on equality of terms, in fair fighting, by any troops in the world; and, therefore, at Waterloo, when they were defeated, he was convinced foul play had led to the result; besides, he had been at Waterloo, and was entitled to know all about the battle. I endeavoured to change the subject; and, moreover, assured him (and that very conscientiously,) that I could not understand French when spoken so very rapidly, and begged him to speak more slowly; but I could not succeed. The whole military ardour of the old soldier was roused—that ardour led him to pray for a new war with the British, when, by a victory more decisive than Waterloo, the stain of defeat would be wiped off from the French arms. The subject, in short, had completely changed the very nature and appearance of the man. From a quiet and and most obliging and polite gentle-

man, he became a hot and intemperate accuser; one in whose company, while in such a mood, it was impossible to remain without a quarrel. I therefore took off my hat, and wished him good-bye.

It was the first time I had heard the story of Grouchy's being bribed. I have since heard the same absurdity repeated in Paris. The desire of the French, or, at least, a portion of that nation, for war, I have no doubt, proceeds from a wish to wipe off, by subsequent victory, the remembrance of the defeat they sustained at Waterloo.

Vire, in Normandy, is recommended by Mr. Burn Murdoch as a suitable locality for English people desirous of settling quietly in France, especially if they are fond of field-sports.

The party reached Paris by Rouen, travelling the whole way from that city by rail. The plan adopted at Paris, which was entered in May, the very height and bustle of the Paris as of the London season, we consider the best possible, for those who would, with ease and comfort, become acquainted with the French capital. They took a good furnished house — obtained at this season with some difficulty — in a central and pleasant locality, adjoining the Champs Elysées; and engaged by the month, and at a fixed rate, a large, roomy carriage, with driving seat [and rumble; and having studied Galignani's paper every morning, went abroad, from twelve till six, to visit the places and see the sights selected for the day. The same plan should be adopted by all families or parties of friends visiting Paris, who have no carriage of their own. The Annual Exposition of Manufactures was open at this time; and it was calculated that, besides 25,000 English strangers, there were then in Paris 100,000 persons from the different provinces, interested in this Exhibition. Mr. Burn Murdoch found much to admire, both among the useful and the decorative articles, with one important exception:—

The lowest portion, however, of the whole concern was decidedly the exhibition of agricultural implements and machinery. In truth, instead of the actual implements of the present day, they were more fitted to adorn a museum, as relics of the habits and implements of a generation long since passed, or as giving some idea of the present state of agriculture in Greenland.

Louis Philippe, who has now overcome the prejudices and conquered the esteem and good-will of all the world—out of France, stands very high in our tourist's estimation. On this topic, he says,—

It requires no great foresight to predict, that, but give France (or, probably, it might be a more correct expression to say, let France but keep) peace and quiet for a few years longer, and her artisans and manufacturers will be able to compete with any in the world.

The king of the French is zealously performing his part in the work of improvement. He is doing all in his power to rear up a middle order of men in the country, and it is his plan to encourage the arts of peace by every possible means. He well knows it is among those who have nothing to lose that revolution finds its most ready and efficient supporters. It is among such men, especially when restrained by no moral or religious principle, that anarchy and bloodshed are fostered and matured as in a congenial soil. He well knows that every man who has, by means of honest industry, acquired a competency of the good things of this life, is a conservative at heart, and a firm supporter of almost any dynasty under which his lot may be cast, and under which his life and property are secure. The Exposition and its interests were, therefore, the subject of very special solicitude to the Citizen King. . . . . .

My opinion is, that Louis Philippe adhered to the charter as far as he was able; but that neither he nor any other man could govern France, and allow the nation (by which word, in France, must always be understood the Parisian mob,) so much of their own will as that deed conferred upon them. It is quite clear, that the standing army of one hundred thousand men in and around Paris, with the fortifications and detached forts, have been of more service to the French people (although many of them are not sensible of it,) in preserving the king's head upon his shoulders, and in keeping the Parisians from cutting each others' throats, than all the restrictions and restraints, and provisions of all the charters that ever were written. . . . . .

Some of the detached forts are very strong. Every thing that art and skill can do has been done to render them so. I visited Fort Valerian, the largest of these forts. It is situated on the ridge of ground which rises from the Seine, between St. Cloud and Neuilly, and is of great extent. We first walked round it, and enjoyed very fine views of the windings of the river, of the city, and of the surrounding country to a great extent. From no quarter is Paris and its environs seen to greater advantage. We then entered the fort and examined it very minutely. It has been under erection since 1841, and will be completed next season, (1845.) The expense is enormous, but so is the work. . . . . .

It is quite clear that had either Louis XVI. or Charles X. been in possession of such a *chateau* as Fort Valerian, they might still have been the ruling family in France. Every day, however, which passes of quiet and steady government, renders the existence of such helps less and less necessary, and proportionally strengthens the cause of peace and security, both to king and people. The people are getting into trade, they are gradually accumulating capital, and, in proportion as they do so, they become more and more the supporters of order; and, in truth, constitute the only legitimate force against anarchy and confusion.

The King and the whole Royal Family do all they can to foster and encourage the spirit of trade and acquisition of capital.

Of what incalculable benefit is the prolonged life of one man to Europe, but especially to France itself!

The death and funeral of La Fitte took place while our tourist was in Paris; and a popular outbreak was, if not intended, expected by the government, and provided against. The celebrated bravading pamphlet of Prince Joinville also appeared at this time, and at once gratified and annoyed his compatriots.

Mr. Burn Murdoch is not, and does not affect to be, a great admirer of the Fine Arts. His taste leads him rather to admire the works of Nature; and those who possess the happy power of seeing and combining pictures for themselves from every variety of external objects, certainly attain an immense advantage over the most assiduous gallery-hunters and sight-seers, and at the same time save themselves much useless fatigue. Thus far, and it is a great length too, every man and woman should be an artist — a creative artist — and galleries will then never be wanting stored with treasures of endless riches and variety to all who hold the charmed key.

With a few detached sentences on the outward shows of the French capital, we shall conclude this portion of the "Notes."

One of the favourite amusements of the Parisian fashionable world, is driving up and down the avenues des Champs Elysées, between the Triumphal Arch and Place de la Concorde. By walking or standing on the footpath, a person has thus the opportunity of seeing the

fine people and fine equipages. The rate of driving is a slow walk, and the carriages follow each other in close procession. What pleasure can be found in thus again and again passing and repassing up and down the same dusty road, I cannot imagine. That some excuse may be found for delicate females who are unable to walk, may be allowed; but the curiosity was to see full-grown men, with full-grown mustachios, gravely seated, sometimes singly, often in parties of twos and threes in a britska, exhibiting themselves at full length, lolling back, and at least, to all appearance, half asleep. What struck me very much, was the diminutive size of the inmates of many an aristocratic carriage, both male and female,—small delicate creatures, the females especially, appeared to be quite unfit for the ordinary tear and wear of life. . . . . .

The crowds of people who every day passed through the Place de la Concorde, towards the Champs Elysées, either to see and be seen, or to amuse themselves at different kinds of games or pastimes, or to visit the Exposition, were quite wonderful. I am willing to admit, that the Place de la Concorde is one of the finest squares in the world;—which fact, were any one to doubt or deny, every Parisian would be ready to fight for the honour of his city. How inconsistent are these same Parisians; a man who would quarrel with you, if you denied the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the Place, has not the slightest scruple of dirtying and beastifying it as he passes through it. Verily, the French are, in some things, a very shameless nation.

But the polished Parisians become too bad for us hyperboreans. Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens would require to go forth among them, birch in hand. A horror more repulsive to British feelings than all the other abominations put together, was an hospital for the dissection of living animals, dogs and horses, and other creatures, attached to a Veterinary College near Paris.

Here lay six if not seven living horses, fixed by every possible mechanical device by the head and the feet to these pillars, to prevent their struggling, and upon each horse were six or seven men engaged in performing the different surgical operations. The sight was truly horrible. The operations had begun early in the forenoon, it was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when we entered the place; so the poor wretches, as may be supposed, had ceased being able to make any very violent struggles,; but the deep heaving of the still panting chest, and horrid look of the eyes when such were as yet remaining in the head, while the head itself was firmly lashed to a pillar, was harrowing beyond endurance. The students had begun their day's work in the least vital parts of the animal: the trunks of the animals were there, having lost tails, ears, hoofs, &c., and they were now engaged in performing the more important operations, such as tying the main arteries, and boring holes in the head, and cutting in upon all the most sensitive and tender places, on purpose, as we were informed, upon our expressing horror at the sight, that they might see the retraction and motions of the several nerves and muscles. One animal had one side of the head, including eye and ear, completely dissected, and the students were engaged when we entered in laying open and cauterizing the ankle of the same animal. What I have described was the result of the observation of a few seconds. I grew absolutely sick, and hastened away from this abode of horrid cruelty.*

M. Blanc vindicated the practice, upon the plea of its necessity for the advancement of science. A young medical friend who accompanied me in my visit, exclaimed in reply, *Je suis medecin moi-meme*, and no such practice is necessary. M. B. shrugged his shoulders. He was not, he said, a veterinarian; he had no right of interference with the prescribed course of study; he was merely the military Governor of the establishment.

The party proceeded, by rail and steam, from Paris to Lyons, on their way to Italy. It was now about the end of June, and the crops were ripening, but not luxuriant; "wheat tolerably good, oats very poor," between Paris and Orleans. But—

The whole appearance of the fields, including the ploughing, indicated a better system of agriculture than I had previously observed in other parts of France. Several small (wheel) ploughs, like those made by Ransom in England, were at work; they were managed by one man, and drawn by two horses. Whatever may be the cause, it is evident, from the size of the enclosures, that the land in this part of France is not in the same subdivided condition as is the case between Rouen and Paris.

The steam voyage on the Loire and the Allier was not accomplished so easily as if those rivers had been the Thames or the Hudson; but after many provoking delays and petty obstacles, it was safely accomplished at last. Individuals of various callings, accomplishments, and characters, were encountered by the way, and our specimens of these, if not the most amiable, are, we trust, the most rare to be found in French society.

In the cabin of the boat was seated a party of four men, sipping their coffee and brandy. The oldest, who must have been considerably upwards of fifty years of age, was the oracle of the party. He was dressed, or rather over-dressed, in a great profusion of gold chains, and other ornaments of jewellery adorning his person; and his evident aim, by dress and manner, was, if possible, to sink at least twenty years of his age, and to be thought as young as any of his party—all of whom were much his juniors, and one of them had scarcely attained majority. Most probably he was a traveller for some large jewellery establishment either in Paris or Lyons.

This veteran juvenile, whatever he was by trade or profession, was an open scoffer at all laws, Divine and human;—wished society constituted on an entirely new and *equal* footing; and, more especially, was indignant at the law of marriage. This rite, he insisted, should be wholly abolished—the family tie no longer recognised, and children become the common property of the nation, and be educated in public seminaries at the public expense. This conversation, and much more to the same effect, took place, be it observed, in the public cabin of a crowded steam-vessel, many ladies being present. A gentleman from Paris, going to the neighbourhood of Marseilles with his family, for the benefit of sea-bathing, was very much shocked at the expression of these sentiments; but he said he knew such were too commonly entertained among certain classes of individuals in France, and especially in Lyons and its vicinity.

Now, it is, we should hope, more than probable that much of this was mere idle talk and vapour.

A great deal of real hardship was to be endured before anchor was fairly cast in the harbour of Genoa; nor did the causes of vexation and irritation end here. Mr. Burn Murdoch admits that strangers have no right to murmur at the regulations of foreign governments; but we take leave to think that they have the best possible right to complain of frivolous and useless rules, and to obtain their abrogation, which can only be done by complaining, and that loudly. Instead of visiting Rome, the party went direct to Naples, and still by steam; halting at Leghorn. Fine sunsets were witnessed; but Mr. Murdoch had seen sun-

* We are glad to find that the able and celebrated head of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, Professor Dick, who has so greatly raised the reputation of the Institution, denounces the practices at Alfort, as not more revolting to humanity than unnecessary in teaching Veterinary Surgery.—*E. T. M.*

sets as fine when sailing among the islands of Scotland; as indeed every one must have done who visits those northern regions, particularly in early summer or in autumn.

The Bay of Naples did not come up to a too highly raised ideality, and nothing seems to have made much impression on the chief of the party, save the visit to Pompeii. As the heats were now extreme, the family, in preference to Naples, settled at Castellammare, from which Naples could easily be visited every day, as the distance is only fourteen miles by a railway. What most struck Mr. Burn Murdoch during his residence on the Bay of Naples were the oyster fishers, and certain aquatic amusements peculiar to the locality, which we do not remember to have seen described by any previous writer. Worse amusements might be introduced by our redoubted rowers and yachters to the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde, than the aquatic tournament of the Bay of Naples.

The rival forces consist of twelve boats on each side, respectively painted red and blue; they are very small, probably about ten feet long, and are each manned by two men. One pulls the boat, the other, the champion, stands upon a platform raised flush with the sides of the boat at its stern; these are armed with very long wooden lances, on the end of which is a leathern ball. At a given signal, a boat from each of the opposing ranks pulls out, and meeting mid-way, the two warriors level their lances, and coming in direct collision, one, and sometimes both, are precipitated into the sea; the boats immediately pull back again into position, leaving the discomfited knight to pick up his lance and follow at his leisure. In this way the fight continues, till one side (or colour of boat) has every man immersed. Victory, then, as to the colour is decided. It sometimes happens, however, two of one colour are left, and these again contend for the individual prize. These being the most dexterous, often sustain each other's shocks six or seven times, till at length one is precipitated into the sea, and so ends the fight.

Another species of amusement consists in placing a purse of money at the outer end of the bowsprit of a ship, — the said bowsprit being well greased, and considerably inclined upwards. The purse becomes the property of the first man who can take it. The individuals who make the attempt run up the bowsprit in all variety of ways. Some of them set out as fast as they can; others warily and slowly; but as long as I looked on, none succeeded in reaching the purse; they invariably fell into the sea, and, swimming to the ship, ascended its side, and were again ready for another attempt. The bowsprit is, of course, disencumbered of all its cordage for the occasion. The only risk which an individual runs in practising this amusement, is in not being able to get away from under the bowsprit before his next follower tumbles above him, in which case, as the height is considerable, the parties coming in contact are sometimes much hurt; and the keenness exhibited is so great, that there are often two individuals on the beam at the same time. There is no fear of drowning. All round the Bay of Naples the natives in their youth live more in the water than on the land; indeed, they spend the whole day lying naked on the shore and sporting in the sea, — they are perfectly amphibious; and the only way to drown a Neapolitan, would be to tie a twenty-pound shot to his neck.

At Marseilles, and again at Castellammare, Mr. Burn Murdoch suffered so grievously from the heat of the weather, that instead of returning, as had been intended, through Italy and France by land, he resolved to go home by the roundabout, but easier way of Malta and Gibraltar, while the greater part of the family pursued the more customary route. He however inserts an account of one of the exploratory excursions of his sons to the summit of Monte St. Angelo; a rather interesting feat, and one seldom attempted.

On setting out, our traveller, like other John Bulls, was resolute and sturdy in setting his face and buttoning his pockets against impositions; but like the rest of his countrymen, he was driven to submit at last, and to bribe at railways and landing quays like the citizens of less free and favoured nations. The voyage to Malta was made in a French government war-steamer, the commander of which indemnified himself for the indignity of conveying passengers for hire, by treating them with complete neglect; or as live-lumber to be cared for only by the steward. The passengers are worth seeing.

The surgeon of the ship was the best talker with whom I ever sat in company. In rapidity of utterance, the late Comedian Matthews was a joke to him; for not only did he pour forth words in mouthfuls, but at the same moment was he stuffing his organ of speech from without with huge quantities of bread and salad, and fricasseed chicken; how the thoroughfare was kept open, is yet to me a perfect enigma. However, the doctor was a wit, and laughed most heartily himself at his own jokes.

A complete contrast to the surgeon sat opposite to him at table, in the person of one of my fellow-passengers. He was a Spaniard,—large, bulky, and grave. He could have put the doctor in his pocket; and the intense look of astonishment with which he regarded him as he sat and chattered, put me in mind of the look given by a lion in a menagerie at the gambols and grimaces of a monkey. He was a remarkably well-informed person, and was going out to Athens, as Chargé d'Affaires from the Court of Madrid to King Otho. He spoke English tolerably well, was at the time studying Shakspere, and I was pleased to think I was of some service to him in explaining certain passages, through the meaning of which no dictionary could pilot a stranger. We had also two French artists (painters) on board; they were employed by a house in Paris to make drawings of the scenery of the shores of the Mediterranean, and of the Greek Islands, and so on to Constantinople; and the rapidity with which they took their sketches surprised me. The plan they adopted was this: after fixing upon the subject, each made his sketch; they then compared, and filled in, and amended mutually from each other's designs. These sketches were afterwards to become the ground of future amplification and improvement before publication. . . . .

There was also a French young lady on board, travelling by herself to Constantinople. She was a brunette of no pretensions to beauty; but when she came upon deck (as she always did) without any bonnet, with her hair very neatly dressed, a little parasol to protect her from the sun, and in a loose morning gown, she was, at least, interesting in her appearance. She was the only person on whom the officers of the ship condescended to bestow any attention. There was another individual, a steerage or deck passenger, who excited a good deal of speculation, and not a little sympathy. He was a young man of delicate appearance, — genteel, indeed, almost strikingly so, in his manner; dressed in thread-bare garments, that evidently had seen better days, and been in better company. Of what country he was none could tell; he had never spoken a single word in any one's hearing since he came on board. He remained sitting silently on deck all day; and ate his provisions from his own slender store, in solitude and silence. He wore his hair long, and a moustache. Many were the suppositions made regarding him; but the doctor's opinion of the case was generally received as the most correct judgment which could be

formed on the subject. That learned individual decided that he was a German student, who, having made up his mind to drown himself, because the world was not worthy to hold him, had sentimentally determined to carry his resolution into effect in the classical depths of the Grecian Archipelago, and was proceeding by steam *via* Malta, for that purpose.

Now, lest the reader be tormented by restless curiosity, or die outright on the rack, we must let him know that both the sentimental or lackadaisical young gentleman and the young French lady were again seen at Malta; the former, in most fashionable equipments, asking in good native English at the principal booksellers for a book for Lady ——; and the lady—the charm was dissolved on afterwards discovering her, hanging on the arm of one of the officers,—a Parisian milliner going to dress the Turkish ladies, and airing the finery she had for sale on her own *petite* person.

The supposed German student still remains a mystery.

Mr. Burn Murdoch, who appears to think for himself, and utterly to disregard cases ruled, was more struck with the view of Cadiz from the sea, than with either Genoa or Naples, though every person who pretends to taste, is bound to prefer the Italian cities. He also liked the nice, clean, cool streets, and pays a traveller's bounden tribute to the grace if not to the beauty of the women. As this is the only passage of the gallant sort in the volume, it is to be hoped that the Spanish ladies will appreciate it accordingly.

It is well known that, many hundred years ago, the women of Spain obtained from Nature a patent in the art of walking. Although its period of endurance should have long ere this expired, still none have been able to discover the secret, or to infringe its terms; and the art is still the exclusive property of the Spanish lady. What struck me, however, as very remarkable, was the fact, that at *all* ages do the Spanish women enjoy this peculiar privilege. That young and handsome females should move gracefully, is easily conceivable; but that childhood and old age should equally do so, requires to be seen to be believed. Nevertheless, such is the case.

Very young girls were every where seen moving along with a grace and beauty of step, which alike is beyond teaching or imitating; and grandmothers, while they can move at all, do so gracefully; and during this morning's walk through Cadiz, in several instances, while contemplating the beauty and grace of a female figure before me, all indicative of youth and loveliness, was I astonished, on coming up to the object of my admiration, to discover the face and wrinkles of a dame of threescore. Nay, in one case, when the performer was deformed by a hunchback, still she exhibited the same beauty of action as her fairer and better formed sisters. It is quite a hopeless task to attempt to describe this style of moving: it is not in the power of language to do so; a man must see a Spanish lady walk, to know what a Spanish lady's walking is.

It might be worth while for some of our keenly competing seminaries for the education of young ladies, or some of our fashionable dancing-masters, to import, for a "few seasons," Spanish instructors in the art of walking.——The Notes contain several curious illustrations of the ingenious modes in which smuggling was seen carried on, particularly on the coasts of Spain. On the political state of that kingdom and that of France, those reflections are made which naturally occur to any sensible and thoughtful Englishman, looking around and before him, but which present nothing novel to those at home who are conversant with the internal condition of these countries. We do not suppose that Mr. Burn Murdoch would have desired the permanent occupation of Spain by Napoleon; but foreign conquest is conquest, and, as such, a great evil, whether effected by Bonaparte or Louis Philippe; so we are not prepared to welcome the tranquillity of Spain, wretched and torn by intestine factions as it is, nor to join in our author's wish that Louis Philippe had a hundred thousand troops there, and were by a strong government, (however despotic for a time,) to put an end to the eternal outbreaks and risings of the discontented. Despotic governments "for a time," are apt to extend to very long or indefinite periods of time.

The "Notes" close at Lisbon, with which city the tourist had many pleasing early associations. He was glad to find it not so filthy as it used to be represented, nor the dogs so numerous. A sudden tempest in the Bay of Biscay, not without a touch of danger, gave a dignified finish to the tour. The gale, which seems to have been tremendous, lasted for three days. It is stated that the regular hands were by far too few to work the vessel in such weather, and that although the Oriental Steam Company should double their charges, it would be much better than endangering the lives of their passengers. This Company have, since that period, received a fearful and a costly lesson.

On looking back, Mr. Burn Murdoch thinks the scenery beheld in the voyage between Stromboli and Syracuse, sailing through the Straits of Messina, the grandest and most beautiful that he beheld; and next to that, the gay and diversified coast scenery between Marseilles and Naples. The productions of art which struck him most, were, strange to say, the mosaic pavement of St. John's church, Malta, and the excavated batteries in Gibraltar Rock.

In closing the volume, we may assure our readers that they will find nearly its whole contents as sensible and entertaining, and as devoid of pretension and literary and artistic affectations, as those which we have selected as specimens of its style and topics.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Old Play-goer. By William Robson. Post Octavo. Pp. 252. London: Masters.

To the great majority of the present generation this volume appears just twenty years too late. "The Old Play-goer" belongs to the bright theatrical period of the Kembles, Siddons, Jordan, Emery, Fawcett, Cooke, Irish Johnstone, and the radiant galaxy of forty years since; and to the critical era of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt,

and *young* buoyant Leigh Hunt. These were the palmy days of the English stage; and, compared with the giants who then trode the boards, even the greatest of their successors appear, in the eyes of old play-goers, "little men;" Kean, a vulgar ranter; Macready, an obstreperous mouther; Mathews, a low mimic, and Liston, an abortive non-descript. The enthusiastic "Old Play-goer," with whom the stage appears to have been a passion and an absorbing amusement, is so fervent in admiration of the old players—so complete an out-and-outer, that his work is rather an eulogy of his favourites than an analysis of their powers, or critique on their separate performances. John Kemble is his perfect model of an actor; his beau-ideal of histrionic perfection; while the majestic Siddons, in "gorgeous pall," and the exquisitely fascinating Jordan, are exalted into something far above mere stage humanity. That we shall not soon look upon their like again may be true; but, in the lapse of time, it is to be feared that play-goers have degenerated as much as actors. They may not have lost the perception of excellence, but the spirit of theatrical enjoyment has been deadened for lack of proper aliment. The youth of modern times are not so fortunate as "The Old Play-goer," who was every night repairing to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, when "Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Coriolanus, Lady Macbeth, Katherine and Constance," were "moving, living, and breathing in noble and lovely shapes;" and when the love of the stage was an elevating sentiment; the acted drama an intellectual pleasure. When we get back the Kembles, and Jordans, and Siddons, it will become so again. In the meanwhile, it is delightful to hear an intense admirer, and no mean judge, talk over, and exult in, achievements of which he was, night by night, the charmed witness. This, having first inscribed his work to the last star of the constellation, Charles Kemble, he does, in the convenient form of a series of letters, addressed to another Charles. By reflection, the reader, in spite of himself, catches some spark from the glow of the veteran,—

"Shouldering his crutch to show how fields were won."

Speaking, or eloquently raving of those golden days, he says of the Kembles:—

How much more perfect was the Lear of John, when supported by Charles's Edgar! Who that recollects the beautiful scene, when the poor old monarch desires to have "some talk with the learned Theban," but must be aware of this? Oh! what a noble rivalry it was to see two such men seated on the ground, close to the foot-lights, each stimulated by the fine acting of the other to play up to his best! The one depicting poor outraged Nature, deprived of the jewel reason; the other, with an equally fine touch, showing, that though he played the part of a madman, the madness was but assumed. John and Falconbridge, Brutus and Mark Antony, Macbeth and Macduff, Othello and Cassio, Pierre and Jaffier, were all representations of the same kind; and I always fancied that the three Kembles were like the three Graces—they were never so great or so beautiful as when together in the scene. It was a spirit-stirring emulation—Lear, Edgar, Cordelia; Rolla, Alonzo, Elvira; Leontes, Florizel, Hermione; Macbeth, Macduff, and the awful Lady; Wolsey, Cromwell, Katharine; John, Falconbridge, Constance; Pierre, Jaffier, Belvidera. Oh, these were perfect pictures! complete in their parts, true in their keeping, nothing wanting, genius was the touchstone to genius! I suppose my love of the stage may be different from that of other people, but I should deem it heresy to see Charles in one of John's characters. I refused some time since, to purchase a set of engravings of Charles in various parts, because many of them belonged to his brother.

. . . . . I am quite aware I could see nobody now play the said parts so well as he, but I would as soon go see any body perform Coriolanus after John Kemble; any body play Lady Macbeth, Con—pshaw! any of Siddons' characters after Siddons; any body play Sir Pertinax after George Cooke; Rosalind, or her Hoydens, after Jordan; Tyke or Caliban after Emery; the Copper Captain after Lewis; Job Thornberry after Fawcett;—stop, stop! I must have one more—hear the Storm by any body after Incledon,—as see Charles Kemble play one character rendered sacred, and perfect in my mind, by the performance of his brother.

Such is the vein of the old Play-goer; and in it he disports through the popular dramas and actors of his youth,—the dramas of Sheridan, Tobin, Kenny, &c., as well as the plays of Shakspere,—exclaiming, "Gods! only think of Cooke, Emery, Johnstone, and Davenport in one scene!" As a subject somewhat more fresh than the theatrical celebrities of the last age, we select Emery, though the dramatist here divides laurels with the actor:—

Emery requires a master's hand to throw him out in the light he deserves. I cannot satisfy myself with treating of him as a Dan, or any other broad Yorkshire or comic character; for I feel convinced that whatever might have been his real position or assumed personation, he was stamped with nature's nobility, and was a man of genius.

One great author marks his "first play" as an epoch in his history; another, still more powerfully, fixes upon his first perusal of Schiller's "Robber" as *his* most exciting moment;—for myself, amidst a thousand cherished and never-to-be-forgotten theatrical recollections, I scarcely know one that exceeds in deep interest, *the first time I saw Emery's Tyke!* As I walked home after the performance, and *ruminated* over the character, I was astonished at the effect it had produced upon me—the play connected with it was nothing; it might have been comedy, farce, or pantomime. I saw nothing but Emery glaring in agony at Lord Avondale—here was a new vista of nature opened up that I had never dreamt of! When it had been before me, I could not sit still upon my seat; my flesh crawled, my hair rose, my pulsations were suffocating, and the tears streamed down my then young cheeks. I had witnessed the storms of passion in lofty spirits; I had wept at the pity-stirring sorrows of the fair, the weak, the aged, or the oppressed; but here was the frantic working of remorse in a rude, uncultivated nature, deeply stained with crime, and debased by low dissipation—it was awful! I have seen all the stage has presented worth seeing during the last forty years, and I have witnessed no finer performance than when Emery, after *glaring* at his seducer, rushes from his presence, *roaring*, in his anguish, for "Brandy, brandy!" as his only protection from the furies that pursue him. Oh, how unlike was this to your boasted "Bill Sikes!"—the one was magnificent, instructive, affecting; the other, toad-like and loathsome. The one a Salvator Rosa picture, the other a Cruikshank illustration of a Pierce Egan blackguard! Emery, as a comedian, went gallantly through the ordeal to which I would subject every actor pretending to eminence. He understood and could play Shakspere. His Caliban was, by far, the best that has been seen since that of Charles Bannister.

As a contrast to Emery and the great comic actors of the golden age of the English stage, we select Liston and Mathews. Both the passages quoted below have a spice of truth; and the latter embodies profound criticism, a moral lesson much wanted at a time when travesty and caricature crawl over and leave their poisonous slime on the most tender or the most sacred creations of genius:—

You say I have spoken not well of Mathews; but there you wrong me, Charles: I only put forth a protest against false and forced wit, and cited a letter of Mathews' as an instance of it. As an *actor* there were few I liked better than Mathews; but when he sank into an *imitator* of others, I closed my account with him. He was, there is no doubt, exceedingly amusing; but that kind of amusement not jumping with my humour, I never sought it. I was a lover of the stage as an intellectual recreation and lesson, therefore I could not possibly admire *imitations* or *travesties*. I look upon a mimic to be the very lowest description of actor: he always fixes upon the faulty peculiarities of the person he mimics. I read in the papers that Mathews had given masterly imitations of Kemble's acting and Incledon's singing. I knew very well that he could neither act so well as the one nor sing as well as the other: if he could, it would have been a better fortune to him than his own talent. What did this conviction tell me, then? Why, that Mathews, in order to set on "a quantity of barren spectators to laugh," would throw himself into a few of Kemble's *rigid* attitudes, and would spout out a passage or two in a monotonous sameness of tone—these being, like Homer's nods, the great tragedian's occasional faults; and that, as regarded Incledon, *he would lick his lips*, speak thickly, hurriedly, and broadly, and sing as Charles did after the second bottle—for as to giving any idea how he could sing when quite sober, Mathews might as well have tried to emulate Tom of Lincoln. Now, all this to me is detestable; and if I could have laughed at him, my laughter would have fallen under the severe self-reprehension which I described to you in a former letter. If, of which there is no doubt, that "no man can be great by imitation," how infinitely less than little must he be who avails himself of a correct eye and flexible muscles to hold up his brother performers to ridicule. No one admired Charles Mathews more than I did, while he was engaged, and worthily, in my beloved legitimate drama; but when he sank, for the sake of gain, or for the applause of ill-excited laughter, to a mimic and a teller of stories, I went not near him.

Many of the stories were however well worth telling; full of character; comedies in little.——We can hardly resist the old Play-goer's Mrs. Jordan,—the most charming, beyond a doubt, of all the actresses that ever skimmed the English boards. Passing his somewhat incoherent, because lover-like raptures, we copy out a few of the concluding sentences:—

Truthfulness was her great charm; for, whether she was Peggy, torturing her "Bud," with her *naïve* impressions of men and things; or Rosalind, with her two fingers saucily held up over the head of Orlando, while she warbled and laughed "Cuckoo" in his ear; whether she was Nell, kissing Bannister's dirty face, and calling him her "Pretty Jobson," or screaming out that "the sheets were sarsnet," and ordering, as a lady's breakfast, "a rasher on the coals and a little small beer;" whether, as Master Pickle, with a kite at her back, she teased her aunt with her tricks, or melted the hearts of her auditors with, "Since then I'm doomed;" or the broken-hearted Cora wept over her babe—all was *reality*. . . . . .

She was no stage-romp, she was Nature's; when her figure possessed the lightness of Romney's portrait of her, what a revelry must have been her comedy! She was not what is generally called a singer; the extent of her knowledge of music was the power of accompanying herself simply and pleasingly on the guitar; when the character allowed her not to do so, she generally sang without accompaniment of any kind. And there was no need of helping strain to eke out voice or fill up deficiences: the full, sweet sound stole around the largest theatres, and called soft echoes from their most secret recesses. I say *stole*, for Mrs. Jordan's voice was not like that of Mrs. Wrighten or others, which by their power and brilliancy could *penetrate* every where; there was not the least sharpness in it; it rolled like a mild vapour, and encircled you; or, as Shakspere has beautifully illustrated one sense by another, "it came o'er the ear like the sweet south that hath breathed upon a bank of violets." In accordance with such a voice, though comic characters might sometimes call forth a display of a different and more airy nature, her songs were mostly plaintive. Poor Barbara's "Willow!" was, perhaps, the sweetest; but, no, the sweetest was the last heard, and twenty lovely lays sound soft music in my memory's ear, to reproach me for the preference.

Mrs. Jordan's might be called *natural* acting with more propriety than any I ever saw; but it was not the natural acting which dispenses with study; for no one could be more correct in her knowledge of the text; it flowed from her mouth so smoothly, and seemed so entirely true, that she never appeared to be acting. There was no undue understanding between her and her audience; she gave herself up to the illusion, and went through her part as if she and her playfellows, if they were not really the persons they represented, were playing the scene to gratify themselves, without regard to, or a knowledge of auditors, to praise or blame. And such is ACTING; but such was not Mr. Kean's; such is not Mr. Macready's!

No, no; none of your degenerate moderns are deserving of a word, save a passing or severe one: not even the last Kemble, Miss Fanny. The veteran would fain say a kind word for Miss O'Neil; but unfortunately she was not a Siddons, nor of the Classic School. Young was; but then he was rather a fine declaimer than a fine actor; which may perhaps be quite true, and besides "the pupil of John Kemble should not degrade himself by speaking at dinners given to Mr. Macready." We meet with much genial criticism on the popular stage singers of the past day; much that is *felt* to be just, whatever improved science and musical taste may sing or say to the contrary.

But we must lay aside this pleasant piece of old-world, egotistical gossip about plays and players, and "the days that we have seen." The Old Play-goer has earned the privilege of talking in more ways than one, and he does not forego it.

As some small return for the entertainment which the "Old Play-goer" has afforded us, we beg to inform him that the Opium Eater, an Opium Eater no longer, continues to write "much and well;" that Charles Wolfe, the author of the "Ode to Sir John Moore," has, besides that exquisite poem, written "many lines worthy of print," and would doubtless have written many more, had he not unhappily been cut off in the midst of his labours of love, as an Irish Protestant parish priest, ere his short and bright career was well begun; and finally, that the whole world of Scotland at all events, is familiar with the history of "Lowe," the author of "Mary's Dream," and with the fact of the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" having been written by Lady Anne Lindsay. In brief, the young generation knows much more than old Play-goers give it credit for; though great histrionic excellence had undoubtedly passed away before it came into existence.

The Nature of the Scholar, and its Manifestations. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the author, by William Smith. London: John Chapman.

This volume forms a part of what is called the *Catholic Series*,—a very good name, but one, unfortunately, not so intelligible or definite, as is desirable in a general title. From the style and spirit in which the Memoir is composed, it may be inferred that, in Mr. Smith, Fichte has found a deeply-revering and congenial-

minded English exponent, both of his philosophy and of his remarkable character.——Those who, following "the exclusively practical tendency of English intellect,' may disregard, or fail in appreciating the philosophy of that disciple of Kant, who is believed by some to have surpassed his master, will yet dwell with delight upon the personal character, the visible manifestation of the SCHOLAR, as displayed in the Life of Fichte. The Memoir is carefully and elegantly written, with deep appreciation of the noble qualities of the Man described, and that fervent love and admiration which, where they are felt to be sincere, never fail to engage the reader's sympathies, even when it leaves his judgment unconvinced.

Aud do the passing glances which such works as this Memoir enable us to obtain of the interior life of those dreamy Germans, never bring doubt upon some of the results of "the exclusively practical tendency of English intellect!" The memoirs of nearly all the illustrious men of Germany, and the familiar correspondence of their female friends, the Letters of Klopstock's second wife, the Autobiography of Stilling, the Memoirs of Niebuhr, and his correspondence with his Amelia and her sister, and the remarkable Love Letters before us, those of Fichte to Johanna Rahn, indicate a moral and spiritual condition which so far transcends our ordinary imaginings, as to beget unpleasant doubts, discreditable perhaps only to the doubter, as to what, in these effusions, may be genuine, and what mere manner of speaking. But there can be no scepticism regarding the sincerity of the early letters of the young German student, Fichte, and the Swiss maiden. After having studied at Jena, Fichte came to Zurich as a private tutor. He was the first-born of a very large family, and his parents, though respectable, were not rich, so he had early resolved to maintain himself by his own exertions, and not encroach on the narrow means of seven young sisters. His residence in Zurich, the turning-point of his early fortunes, introduces his future partner, Johanna Rahn :—

Of all the friendships which he formed here, the most important in its influence upon his future life was that of Rahn, whose house was in a manner the centre of the society of Zurich. Rahn was brother-in-law to Klopstock, with whom he had formed a strong friendship during Klopstock's visit to Switzerland in 1750, and with whose eldest sister, Johanna, he was afterwards united. From this marriage, with Klopstock's sister, sprang, besides other children, their eldest daughter, Johanna Maria, who became Fichte's wife. Her mother dying while she was yet young, she devoted herself entirely to her father, and to his comfort sacrificed worldly show and many proffered alliances. The foundation of her character was deep religious feeling, and an unusual strength and faithfulness of affection. As her family occupied a much higher station in point of worldly importance than any to which Fichte could reasonably aspire, her engagement with him was the result of disinterested attachment alone. Fichte's love was worthy of the noble-minded woman who had called it forth. It was a devotion of his whole nature—enthusiastic like his love for his country, dignified like his love of knowledge, but softened by the deepest tenderness of an earnest and passionate soul. But on this subject he must speak for himself.

We wish that we could give even a few extracts from these remarkable love-letters. Instead of this, or any part of Mr. Smith's exposition of the philosophy of Kant and of Fichte, of their similarity and their difference, we take from a contemporary a sketch of his personal appearance and manners, after he had been appointed a professor at Jena :—

"Fichte appeared, to deliver his introductory lecture on the Destination of Man. This short, strong-built man, with sharp commanding features, made, I must confess, a most imposing appearance, as I then saw him for the first time. Even his language had a cutting sharpness. Well acquainted with the metaphysical incapacity of his hearers, he took the greatest possible pains fully to demonstrate his propositions; but there was an air or authoritativeness in his discourse, as if he would remove all doubts by mere word of command. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'collect yourselves—go into yourselves—for we have here nothing to do with things without, but simply with the inner self.' Thus summoned, the auditors appeared really to go into themselves. Some, to facilitate the operation, changed their position, and stood up; some drew themselves together, and cast their eyes upon the floor: all were evidently waiting under high excitement for what was to follow this preparatory summons. 'Gentlemen,' continued Fichte, 'think the wall.' —(*Denken Sie die Wand.*) This was a task to which the hearers were evidently all equal; they thought the wall 'Have you thought the wall?' asked Fichte. 'Well then, gentlemen, think him who thought the wall.' It was curious to see the evident confusion and embarrassment that now arose. Many of his audience seemed to be utterly unable any where to find him who had thought the wall.—Fichte's delivery was excellent, being marked throughout by clearness and precision."

Before the final struggle which emancipated Germany, Fichte was settled in Berlin. In 1813, when the hospitals of the city were crowded with the wounded and diseased of the army, and the ordinary attendants quite unable to perform the necessary duties in waiting upon the sick, the authorities invited the assistance of the inhabitants; and the wife of Fichte was one of the first to respond to the call.

"A stout heart, and no submission," had at this time been the motto of her patriotic husband, and in her own sphere she was equally devoted. For five months she ministered to the sick and dying, but unfortunately was seized with fever, from which she recovered, though her husband caught the infection, and sunk within a few weeks. The brief account of his illness and death is most affecting.

Its first symptom was nervous sleeplessness, which resisted the effect of baths and the other usual remedies. Soon, however, the true nature of the malady was no longer doubtful; and, during the rapid progress of his illness, his lucid moments became shorter and less frequent. In one of these he was told of Blucher's passage of the Rhine, and the final expulsion of the French from Germany. The spirit-stirring information touched a chord that roused him from his unconsciousness, and he awoke to a bright and glorious vision of a better future for his fatherland. The triumphant excitement mingled itself with his fevered fancies:—he imagined himself in the midst of the victorious struggle, striking for the liberties of Germany;—and then again it was against his own disease that he fought, and power of will and firm resolution were the arms by which he was to conquer it. Shortly before his death, when his son approached him with medicine, he said, with his usual look of deep affection,—"Let it alone; I need no more medicine: I feel that I am well." On the eleventh day of his illness, on the night of the 27th January, 1814, he died. The last hours of his life were passed in deep and unbroken sleep. . . . . .

His voice was often drowned by the trumpets of the French troops, and well-known spies frequently made their appearance among his auditory; but he continued, undismayed, to direct all the fervour of his eloquence against the despotism of Napoleon, and the system of spoiling and oppression under which his country groaned. It is somewhat singular, that while Davoust threatened the chief literary men of Berlin with vengeance if they should either speak or write upon the political state of

Germany, Fichte should have remained unmolested—the only one who did speak out, openly and fearlessly, against the foreign yoke. . . . . .

Fichte died as he had lived,—the priest of Knowledge, the apostle of freedom, the martyr of humanity. His character stands written in his life, a massive but severely simple whole. It has no parts;—the depth and earnestness on which it rests, speak forth alike in his thoughts, words, and actions. No man of his time—few perhaps of any time—exercised a more powerful, spirit-stirring influence over the minds of his fellow-countrymen. The impulse which he communicated to the national thought extended far beyond the sphere of his personal influence;—it has awakened—it will still awaken—high emotions and manly resolution in thousands who never heard his voice. The ceaseless effort of his life was to rouse men to a sense of the divinity of their own nature—to fix their thoughts upon a spiritual life as the only true and real life—to teach them to look upon all else as mere show and unreality, and thus to lead them to constant effort after the highest ideal of purity, virtue, independence, and self-denial. . . . . His life is the true counterpart of his philosophy;—it is that of a strong, free, incorruptible man. And, with all the sternness of his morality, he is full of gentle and generous affections, of deep overflowing sympathies. No tone of love, no soft breathing of tenderness, fall unheeded on that high, royal soul, but in its calm sublimity find a welcome and a home. Even his hatred is the offspring of a higher love.

The wife of Fichte obtained a pension from the King of Prussia. She devoted herself to the education of their only son, and in five years slept by the side of her husband. English readers who may care little for the philosophy of Fichte, will yet be delighted and benefited by its practical results, as unfolded in his daily life. To this class we warmly recommend the volume.

Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens. With vignette illustrations, by Samuel Palmer. London: published for the Author, by Bradbury & Evans.

There are books, among many other things, which derive much of their value, not from any intrinsic or sterling worth which they may possess, but from the happy knack, or ingenious constructive process, by which they are got up or put together. A Holy Family painted by Raphael, and fifty portraits carved on a single cherry-stone, or the Lord's Prayer and the Creed written on a small watch-paper, are things of very different value; and yet the latter have their own peculiar merit of rarity and ingenuity, and will find and deserve admirers. Now, we humbly take leave to class Mr. Dickens, in works like these "Pictures," with those ingenious artists whose reputation rests upon doing something not very great, but which nobody else could hit off nearly so well. He went to Italy neither as an artist nor a philosophical speculator, but as a sharp, if not very deep, observer of manners, making little or no account of men, save as they presented individual peculiarities, or furnished pegs, of quaint or grotesque appearance, to hang notes upon.

Mr. Dickens was unfortunate in his book upon America. It rashly gave the admiring public the true gauge of his mind. His knowledge has increased, his intellect has ripened since then; and he has also learned the valuable lesson, that even an idol—though he were a popular orator or preacher, instead of a writer of fiction—must take great pains to maintain the reputation which he may have obtained without much effort. On these "Pictures" Mr. Dickens has accordingly bestowed much greater pains than on the careless American running notes of the spoiled young author. Whether the result may, by increased popularity, reward the pains bestowed, it is not easy to say: or at least not for those critics who look more to the matter than the manner of a book,—to the spirit, than the mere dexterity of execution.

Our object must be, to enable the reader, so far as we have the means, to judge for himself. For this purpose, he must be informed that Mr. Dickens, his wife and a sister, together with a large small family, two nurses, and other appurtenances and means, travelled through France, in the summer of 1844, to embark at Marseilles for Genoa, where he purposed to reside for some time. Wanting the characters of a story to dramatize and set in action, he finds those essentials to his pen in the couriers, landlords, and other personages whom he encountered in his route; and, wherever he goes, he diligently pokes about to watch for and catalogue small items unobserved by other men, in the original style of Boz. Thus, in passing through Paris, on a Sunday morning, we are told,—

Shoe-blacks were busy on the bridges; shops were open; carts and wagons clattered to and fro; the narrow, up-hill, funnel-like streets across the River, were so many dense perspectives of crowd and bustle, parti-coloured nightcaps, tobacco-pipes, blouses, large boots, and shaggy heads of hair. Nothing at that hour denoted a day of rest, unless it were the appearance, here and there, of a family pleasure-party, crammed into a bulky old lumbering cab; or of some contemplative holiday-maker in the freest and easiest dishabille, leaning out of a low garret window, watching the drying of his newly-polished shoes on the little parapet outside, (if a gentleman,) or the airing of her stockings in the sun, (if a lady,) with calm anticipation.

The description of the generic French Postilion (one the type of all) is in the same style; and the face of the country, and its old towns, are neatly hit off.

Beggars innumerable there are, every where; but an extraordinary scanty population, and fewer children than I ever encountered. I don't believe we saw a hundred children between Paris and Chalons. Queer old towns, draw-bridged and walled: with odd little towers at the angles, like grotesque faces, as if the wall had put a mask on, and were staring down into the moat; other strange little towers, in gardens and fields, and down lanes, and in farm-yards: all alone, and always round, with a peaked roof, and never used for any purpose at all; ruinous buildings of all sorts: sometimes an hotel de ville, sometimes a guard-house, sometimes a dwelling-house, sometimes a chateau with a rank garden, prolific in dandelion, and watched over by extinguisher-topped turrets, and blink-eyed little casements, are the standard objects, repeated over and over again. Sometimes we pass a village inn, with a crumbling wall belonging to it, and a perfect town of out-houses: and painted over the gateway, "Stabling for Sixty Horses;" as indeed there might be stabling for sixty score, were there any horses to be stabled there, or any body resting there, or any thing stirring about the place but a dangling bush, indicative of the wine inside: which flutters idly in the wind, in lazy keeping with every thing else, and certainly is never in a green old age, though always so old as to be dropping to pieces. . . . . .

There is the Diligence, twice or thrice a-day; with the dusty outsides in blue frocks, like butchers; and the insides in white nightcaps; and its cabriolet head on the roof, nodding and shaking, like an idiot's head; and its Young-France passengers staring out of window, with beards down to their waists, and blue spectacles awfully shading their warlike eyes, and very big sticks clenched in their National grasp. Also the Malle Poste, with only a couple of passengers, tearing along at a real good dare-devil pace, and out of sight in no time. Steady old Curés come jolting past, now and then, in such ramshackle, rusty, musty, clattering coaches, as no

Englishman would believe in; and bony women daudle about in solitary places, holding cows by ropes while they feed, or digging and hoeing, or doing field-work of a more laborious kind, or representing real shepherdesses with their flocks — to obtain an adequate idea of which pursuit and its followers, in any country, it is only necessary to take any pastoral poem or picture, and imagine to yourself whatever is most exquisitely and widely unlike the descriptions therein contained.

The travellers reach the last stage of a tiresome day; and we presume that the reader must enjoy the description of what occurs at the close, and happily concludes it, as the author has certainly exerted himself to gain his approbation.

Down at the end of the long avenue of trees through which you are travelling, the first indication of a town appears, in the shape of some straggling cottages: and the carriage begins to rattle and roll over a horribly uneven pavement. As if the equipage were a great firework, and the mere sight of a smoking cottage chimney had lighted it, instantly it begins to crack and splutter, as if the very devil were in it. Crack, crack, crack, crack. Crack-crack-crack. Crick-crack. Crick-crack. Helo! Hola! Vite! Voleur! Brigand! Hi hi hi! En r-r-r-r-r-route! Whip, wheels, driver, stones, beggars, children; crack, crack, crack; helo! hola! charité pour l'amour de Dieu! crick-crack-crick-crack; crick, crick, crick; bump, jolt, crack, bump, crick-crack; round the corner, up the narrow street, down the paved hill on the other side; in the gutter; bump, bump; jolt, jog, crick, crick, crick; crack, crack, crack; into the shop-windows on the left-hand side of the street, preliminary to a sweeping turn into the wooden archway on the right; rumble, rumble, rumble; clatter, clatter, clatter; crick, crick, crick; and here we are in the yard of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or; used up, gone out, smoking, spent, exhausted; but sometimes making a false start unexpectedly, with nothing coming of it — like a firework to the last!

The landlady of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and the landlord of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and the femme de chambre of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and a gentleman in a glazed cap, with a red beard like a bosom friend, who is staying at the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or is here; and Monsieur le Curé is walking up and down in a corner of the yard by himself, with a shovel hat upon his head, and a black gown on his back, and a book in one hand, and an umbrella in the other; and every body, except Monsieur le Curé, is open-mouthed and open-eyed, for the opening of the carriage-door. The landlord of the Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or dotes to that extent upon the Courier, that he can hardly wait for his coming down from the box, but embraces his very legs and boot-heels as he descends. "My Courier! My brave Courier! My friend! My brother!" The landlady loves him, the femme de chambre blesses him, the garçon worships him. The Courier asks if his letter has been received? It has, it has. Are the rooms prepared? They are, they are. The best rooms for my noble Courier. The rooms of state for my gallant Courier; the whole house is at the service of my best of friends! He keeps his hand upon the carriage door, and asks some other question to enhance the expectation. He carries a green leathern purse outside his coat, suspended by a belt. The idlers look at it; one touches it. It is full of five-franc pieces. Murmurs of admiration are heard among the boys. The landlord falls upon the Courier's neck, and folds him to his breast. He is so much fatter than he was, he says! He looks so rosy and so well.

The door is opened. Breathless expectation. The lady of the family gets out. Ah, sweet lady! Beautiful lady! The sister of the lady of the family gets out. Great Heaven, Ma'amselle is charming! First little boy gets out. Ah, what a beautiful little boy! First little girl gets out. Oh, but this is an enchanting child! Second little girl gets out. The landlady, yielding to the finest impulse of our common nature, catches her up in her arms! Second little boy gets out. Oh, the sweet boy! Oh, the tender little family! The baby is handed out. Angelic baby! The baby has topped every thing. All the rapture is expended on the baby! Then the two nurses tumble out; and the enthusiasm swelling into madness, the whole family are swept up stairs as on a cloud; while the idlers press about the carriage, and look into it, and walk round it, and touch it. . . .

The sitting-room is famous. Dinner is already laid in it for three; and the napkins are folded in cocked-hat fashion. The floors are of red tile. There are no carpets, and not much furniture to speak of; but there is abundance of looking-glass, and there are large vases under glass shades, filled with artificial flowers; and there are plenty of clocks. The whole party are in motion. The brave Courier, in particular, is every where: looking after the beds, having wine poured down his throat by his dear brother the landlord, and picking up green cucumbers — always cucumbers; Heaven knows where he gets them — with which he walks about, one in each hand, like truncheons.

Dinner is announced. There is very thin soup; there are very large loaves — one a-piece; a fish; four dishes afterwards; some poultry afterwards; a dessert afterwards; and no lack of wine. There is not much in the dishes; but they are very good, and always ready instantly.

We pass the cathedral, the curé, the "brave courier," with his cucumbers, and satisfactory mode of beating down a landlord's bill; and in contrast to this gay sketch, select a piece of sombre painting, but one equally intended to produce a grand effect, and yet not nearly so successful. The principal figure, who might serve for the hag of a melo-drama, is the old woman who shows strangers the ruins of the rooms in which the Inquisition at Avignon held its infernal sittings:—

A little, old, swarthy woman, with a pair of flashing black eyes,—proof that the world hadn't conjured down the devil within her, though it had had between sixty and seventy years to do in it,—came out of the Barrack Cabaret, of which she was the keeper, with some large keys in her hands, and marshalled us the way that we should go. How she told us, on the way, that she was a Government Officer, (*concierge du palais apostolique*,) and had been, for I don't know how many years; and how she had shown these dungeons to princes; and how she was the best of dungeon-demonstrators; and how she had resided in the palace from an infant,—had been born there, if I recollect right,—I needn't relate. But such a fierce, little, rapid, sparkling, energetic, she-devil I never beheld. She was alight and flaming, all the time. Her action was violent in the extreme. She never spoke, without stopping expressly for the purpose. She stamped her feet, clutched us by the arms, flung herself into attitudes, hammered against walls with her keys, for mere emphasis: now whispered as if the Inquisition were there still: now shrieked as if she were on the rack herself; and had a mysterious, hag-like way with her forefinger, when approaching the remains of some new horror — looking back and walking stealthily, and making horrible grimaces — that might alone have qualified her to walk up and down a sick man's counterpane, to the exclusion of all other figures, through a whole fever.

Passing through the court-yard, among groups of idle soldiers, we turned off by a gate, which this she-goblin unlocked for our admission, and locked again behind us: and entered a narrow court, rendered narrower by fallen stones and heaps of rubbish; part of it choking up the mouth of a ruined subterranean passage, that once communicated (or is said to have done so) with another castle on the opposite bank of the river. Close to this court-yard, is a dungeon—we stood within it, in another minute—in the dismal tower *des oubliettes*, where Rienzi was imprisoned, fastened by an iron chain to the very wall that stands there now, but shut out from the sky which now looks down into it. A few steps brought us

to the Cachots, in which the prisoners of the Inquisition were confined for forty-eight hours after their capture, without food or drink, that their constancy might be shaken, even before they were confronted with their gloomy judges. The day has not got in there yet. They are still small cells, shut in by four unyielding, close, hard walls; still profoundly dark; still massively doored and fastened, as of old.

Goblin, looking back as I have described, went softly on, into a vaulted chamber, now used as a store-room: once the chapel of the holy office. The place where the tribunal sat, was plain. The platform might have been removed but yesterday. Conceive the parable of the Good Samaritan having been painted on the wall of one of these Inquisition chambers! But it was, and may be traced there yet. . . . . .

I am gazing round me, with the horror that the place inspires, when Goblin clutches me by the wrist, and lays, not her skinny finger, but the handle of a key upon her lip. She invites me, with a jerk, to follow her. I do so. She leads me out into a room adjoining —a rugged room, with a funnel-shaped, contracting roof, open at the top to the bright day. I ask her what it is. She folds her arms, leers hideously, and stares. I ask again. She glances round, to see that all the little company are there; sits down upon a mound of stones; throws up her arms, and yells out, like a fiend, "La Salle de la Question!"

The Chamber of Torture! And the roof was made of that shape to stifle the victim's cries! Oh, Goblin, Goblin, let us think of this awhile, in silence. Peace, Goblin! Sit with your short arms crossed on your short legs, upon that heap of stones, for only five minutes, and then flame out again.

Minutes! Seconds are not marked upon the Palace clock, when, with her eyes flashing fire, Goblin is up, in the middle of the chamber, describing, with her sunburnt arms, a wheel of heavy blows. Thus it ran round! cries Goblin. Mash, mash, mash! An endless routine of heavy hammers. Mash, mash, mash! upon the sufferer's limbs. See the stone trough! says Goblin. For the water torture! Gurgle, swill, bloat, burst, for the Redeemer's honour! Suck the bloody rag, deep down into your unbelieving body, Heretic, at every breath you draw! And when the executioner plucks it out, reeking with the smaller mysteries of God's own Image, know us for his chosen servants, true believers in the Sermon on the Mount, elect disciples of Him who never did a miracle but to heal: who never struck a man with palsy, blindness, deafness, dumbness, madness, any one affliction of mankind; and never stretched His blessed hand out but to give relief and ease!

See! cries Goblin. There the furnace was. There they made the irons red-hot. Those holes supported the sharp stake, on which the tortured persons hung poised, dangling with their whole weight from the roof. "But," and Goblin whispers this; "Monsieur has heard of this tower? Yes? Let Monsieur look down, then!"

A cold air, laden with an earthy smell, falls upon the face of Monsieur; for she has opened, while speaking, a trap-door in the wall. Monsieur looks in. . . . .

Goblin's finger is lifted: and she steals out again, into the Chapel of the Holy Office. She stops at a certain part of the flooring. Her great effect is at hand. She waits for the rest. She darts at the brave Courier, who is explaining something; hits him a sounding rap on the hat with the largest key; and bids him be silent. She assembles us all, round a little trap-door in the floor, as round a grave. "Voila!" she darts down at the ring, and flings the door open with a crash, in her goblin energy, though it is no light weight. "Voila les oubliettes! Voila les oubliettes! Subterranean! Frightful! Black! Terrible! Deadly! Les oubliettes de l'Inquisition!"

My blood ran cold, as I looked from Goblin, down into the vaults, where these forgotten creatures, with recollections of the world outside — of wives, friends, children, brothers — starved to death, and made the stones ring with their unavailing groans. But the thrill I felt on seeing the accursed wall below, decayed and broken through, and the sun shining in through its gaping wounds, was like a sense of victory and triumph.

It is needless to point out, that here it is not the Inquisition, and its horrors, which to the reader forms the principal feature, and all-absorbing interest, of the picture, but the miserable crone who exhibits the ruins; nor yet to say, that simple description would have produced a deeper effect on the imagination, which is diverted from the solemn and terrible object to the revolting and vulgar agent. And yet *Goblin*, it must be owned, makes her exit most dramatically:—

Goblin, having shown *les oubliettes*, felt that her great *coup* was struck. She let the door fall with a crash, and stood upon it with her arms a-kimbo, sniffing prodigiously.

When we left the place, I accompanied her into her house, under the outer gateway of the fortress, to buy a little history of the building. Her cabaret, a dark low room, lighted by small windows sunk in the thick wall— in the softened light, and with its forge-like chimney; its little counter by the door, with bottles, jars, and glasses on it; its household implements and scraps of dress against the walls; and a sober-looking woman (she must have a congenial life of it with Goblin) knitting at the door—looking exactly like a picture by OSTADE.

Where Mr. Dickens does not prime himself for the production of these grand effects, he can be exceedingly agreeable in the vivid description of whatever lies before him, especially if it be any thing out of the way, or likely to escape the notice of more cursory, or less minute observers. Of this the proofs are abundant, and we string together, "pearls at random," a few of them.

FESTIVALS.

Festa-days, early in the autumn, are very numerous. All the shops were shut up, twice within a week, for these holidays; and one night all the houses in the neighbourhood of a particular church were illuminated, while the church itself was lighted, outside, with torches; and a grove of blazing links was erected, in an open place outside one of the city gates. This part of the ceremony is prettier and more singular a little way in the country, where you can trace the illuminated cottages all the way up a steep hill side; and where you pass festoons of tapers, wasting away in the starlight night, before some lonely little house upon the road.

On these days, they always dress the church of the saint in whose honour the Festa is holden, very gaily. Gold-embroidered festoons of different colours, hang from the arches; the altar furniture is set forth; and sometimes even the lofty pillars are swathed from top to bottom in tight-fitting draperies. The cathedral is dedicated to St. Lorenzo. On St. Lorenzo's day, we went into it, just as the sun was setting. Although these decorations are usually in very indifferent taste, the effect, just then, was very superb indeed. For the whole building was dressed in red; and the sinking sun, streaming in through a great red curtain in the chief doorway, made all the gorgeousness its own. When the sun went down, and it gradually grew quite dark inside, except for a few twinkling tapers on the principal altar, and some small dangling silver lamps, it was very mysterious and effective. But, sitting in any of the churches towards evening, is like a mild dose of opium.

With the money collected at a Festa, they usually pay for the dressing of the church, and for the hiring of the band, and for the tapers. If there be any left, (which seldom happens, I believe,) the souls in purgatory get the benefit of it.

PEASANT WOMEN.

The Peasant Women, with naked feet and legs, are so constantly washing clothes in the public tanks, and in every stream and ditch, that one cannot help wondering, in the midst of all this dirt, who wears them when they are clean. The custom is to lay the wet linen, which is being operated upon, on a smooth stone, and hammer away at it, with a flat wooden mallet. This they do, as furiously as if they were revenging themselves on dress in general for being connected with the Fall of Mankind.

A CAPUCHIN FRIAR.

The sturdy Cappuccíno friar, who had taken every body's fancy mightily, was one of the best friars in the world, I verily believe. He had a free, open countenance, and a rich brown, flowing beard, and was a remarkably handsome man, of about fifty. He had come up to us early in the morning, and inquired whether we were sure to be at Nice by eleven; saying that he particularly wanted to know, because if we reached it by that time he would have to perform mass, and must deal with the consecrated wafer, fasting; whereas, if there were no chance of his being in time, he would immediately breakfast. He made this communication under the idea that the Brave Courier was the captain; and indeed he looked much more like it than any body else on board. Being assured that we should arrive in good time, he fasted, and talked, fasting, to every body, with the most charming good-humour, answering jokes at the expense of friars, with other jokes at the expense of laymen; and saying, that friar as he was, he would engage to take up the two strongest men on board, one after the other, with his teeth, and carry them along the deck. Nobody gave him the opportunity; but I dare say he could have done it; for he was a gallant, noble figure of a man, even in the Cappuccíno dress, which is the ugliest and most ungainly that can well be.

All this had given great delight to the loquacious Frenchman, who gradually patronized the friar very much, and seemed to commiserate him as one who might have been born a Frenchman himself, but for an unfortunate destiny. Although his patronage was such as a mouse might bestow upon a lion, he had a vast opinion of its condescension, and in the warmth of that sentiment, occasionally rose on tiptoe, to slap the friar on the back.

When the baskets arrived, it being then too late for mass, the friar went to work bravely, eating prodigiously of the cold meat and bread, drinking deep draughts of the wine, smoking cigars, taking snuff, sustaining an uninterrupted conversation with all hands, and occasionally running to the boat's side and hailing somebody on shore with the intelligence that we *must* be got out of this quarantine somehow or other, as he had to take part in a great religious procession in the afternoon. After this he would come back, laughing lustily from pure good-humour; while the Frenchman wrinkled his small face into ten thousand creases, and said how droll it was, and what a brave boy was that friar! At length the heat of the sun without, and of the wine within, made the Frenchman sleepy. So, in the noontide of his patronage of his gigantic protegé, he lay down among the wool, and began to snore.

It was four o'clock before we were released; and the Frenchman, dirty and woolly, and snuffy, was still sleeping when the friar went ashore. As soon as we were free, we all hurried away to wash and dress, that we might make a decent appearance at the procession; and I saw no more of the Frenchman until we took up our station in the main street to see it pass, when he squeezed himself into a front place, elaborately renovated, threw back his little coat, to show a broad-barred velvet waistcoat sprinkled all over with stars, and adjusted himself and his cane so as utterly to bewilder and transfix the friar when he should appear.

The procession was a very long one, and included an immense number of people divided into small parties; each party chanting nasally, on its own account, without reference to any other, and producing a most dismal result. There were angels, crosses, Virgins carried on flat boards, surrounded by Cupids, crowns, saints, missals, infantry, tapers, monks, nuns, relics, dignitaries of the church in green hats, walking under crimson parasols: and, here and there, a species of sacred street-lamp hoisted on a pole. We looked out anxiously for the Cappuccini, and presently their brown robes and corded girdles were seen coming on in a body.

I observed the little Frenchman chuckle over the idea that when the friar saw him in the broad-barred waistcoat, he would mentally exclaim, "Is that my patron! *That* distinguished man!" and would be covered with confusion. Ah! never was the Frenchman so deceived. As our friend the Cappuccíno advanced, with folded arms, he looked straight into the visage of the little Frenchman, with a bland, serene, composed abstraction, not to be described. There was not the faintest trace of recognition or amusement on his features; not the smallest consciousness of bread and meat, wine, snuff, or cigars. "C'est lui-même," I heard the little Frenchman say, in some doubt. Oh, yes, it was himself. It was not his brother or his nephew,—very like him. It was he. He walked in great state, being one of the superiors of the order, and looked his part to admiration. There never was any thing so perfect of its kind as the contemplative way in which he allowed his placid gaze to rest on us, his late companions, as if he had never seen us in his life, and didn't see us then. The Frenchman, quite humbled, took off his hat at last, but the friar still passed on, with the same imperturbable serenity; and the broad-barred waistcoat, fading into the crowd, was seen no more.

Connected with Pisa, Verona, Rome, and twenty more places, we may find passages equally good, but certainly not better, than those which form our specimens. Among his native groups, Mr. Dickens presents us with an English travelling party, for which he has evidently drawn largely upon his fancy and inventive power, and not very happily. The Davises will, however, have their admirers; and as they are *unique* in the volume, a "Picture" by themselves, we shall present them as they were seen or imagined at Rome during the Holy week:—

We often encountered a company of English tourists, with whom I had an ardent, but ungratified, longing to establish a speaking acquaintance. They were one Mr. Davis, and a small circle of friends. It was impossible not to know Mrs. Davis's name, from her being always in great request among her party, and her party being every where. During the Holy Week, they were in every part of every scene of every ceremony. For a fortnight or three weeks before it, they were in every tomb, and every church, and every ruin, and every picture gallery; and I hardly ever observed Mrs. Davis to be silent for a moment. Deep under-ground, high up in St. Peter's, out on the Campagna, and stifling in the Jews' quarter, Mrs. Davis turned up, all the same. I don't think she ever saw any thing, or ever looked at any thing; and she had always lost something out of a straw handbasket, and was trying to find it, with all her might and main, among an immense quantity of English halfpence, which lay, like sands upon the sea-shore, at the bottom of it. There was a professional cicerone always attached to the party (which had been brought over from London, fifteen or twenty strong, by contract,) and if he so much as looked at Mrs. Davis, she invariably cut him short by saying, "There, God bless the man, don't worrit me! I don't understand a word you say, and shouldn't, if you was to talk 'till you was black in the face!" Mr. Davis always had a snuff-coloured great-coat on, and carried a great green umbrella in his hand, and had a slow curiosity constantly devouring him, which prompted him to do extraordinary things, such as taking the covers off urns in tombs, and looking in at the ashes, as if they were pickles, and tracing out inscriptions with the ferule of his umbrella, and saying, with intense thoughtfulness, "Here's a B, you see, and there's a R, and this is the way we goes on in; is it!"

His antiquarian habits occasioned his being frequently in the rear of the rest; and one of the agonies of Mrs. Davis, and the party in general, was an ever-present fear that Davis would be lost. This caused them to scream for him, in the strangest places, and at the most improper seasons. And when he came, slowly emerging out of some sepulchre or other, like a peaceful Ghoule, saying, "Here I am!" Mrs. Davis invariably replied, "You'll be buried alive in a foreign country, Davis, and it's no use trying to prevent you."

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and their party, had, probably, been brought from London in about nine or ten days. Eighteen hundred years ago, the Roman legions under Claudius protested against being led into Mr. and Mrs. Davis' country, urging that it lay beyond the limits of the world.

As a critic of art, Mr. Dickens is very inferior to fifty tourists in Italy that could be named; but he makes no pretensions, and some honest confessions, and also says very pretty things, that evince a genuine feeling and relish of what is best in painting—the pathetic and the beautiful; as for example this:—

The portrait of Beatrice di Cenci, in the Palazzo Berberini, is a picture almost impossible to be forgotten. Through the transcendent sweetness and beauty of the face, there is a something shining out that haunts me. I see it now, as I see this paper, or my pen. The head is loosely draped in white; the light hair falling down below the linen folds. She has turned suddenly towards you; and there is an expression in the eyes—although they are very tender and gentle—as if the wildness of a momentary terror, or distraction, had been struggled with and overcome that instant; and nothing but a celestial hope, and a beautiful sorrow, and a desolate earthly helplessness, remained. Some stories say that Guido painted it the night before her execution; some other stories, that he painted it from memory, after having seen her, on her way to the scaffold. I am willing to believe that, as you see her on his canvass, so she turned towards him, in the crowd, from the first sight of the axe, and stamped upon his mind a look which he has stamped on mine, as though I had stood beside him in the concourse. The guilty palace of the Cenci, blighting a whole quarter of the town, as it stands withering away by grains, had that face, to my fancy, in its dismal porch, and at its black blind windows, and flitting up and down its dreary stairs, and growing out of the darkness of its ghostly galleries. The history is written in the painting; written in the dying girl's face, by Nature's own hand. And oh! how in that one touch she puts to flight (instead of making kin) the puny world that claim to be related to her, in right of poor conventional forgeries!

There is a very lively description of a piece of humbug now become so egregious, that it is astonishing it can still be annually exhibited in the eyes of what may be called the representatives of all the nations of Europe. It cannot surely be exhibitions of this sort which are seducing so many weak-brained Protestants into Romanism; and the whole affair looks so utterly ludicrous, that the Pope should certainly exclude heretics from the representation. Mr. Dickens' "Picture" of the scene ought to help on a consummation, necessary to the respectability of the whole Roman Catholic world.

WASHING THE FEET OF THE APOSTLES.

I think the most popular and most crowded sight (excepting those of Easter Sunday and Monday, which are open to all classes of people) was the Pope washing the feet of Thirteen men, representing the twelve apostles and Judas Iscariot. The place in which this pious office is performed, is one of the chapels of St. Peter's, which is gaily decorated for the occasion; the thirteen sitting "all of a row," on a very high bench, and looking particularly uncomfortable, with the eyes of Heaven knows how many English, French, Americans, Swiss, Germans, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, and other foreigners, nailed to their faces all the time. They are robed in white; and on their heads they wear a stiff white cap, like a large English porter-pot without a handle. Each carries in his hand a nosegay, of the size of a fine cauliflower; and two of them, on this occasion, wore spectacles: which, remembering the characters they sustained, I thought a droll appendage to the costume. There was a great eye to character. St. John was represented by a good-looking young man. St. Peter, by a grave-looking old gentleman, with a flowing brown beard; and Judas Iscariot by such an enormous hypocrite, (I could not make out, though, whether the expression of his face was real or assumed,) that if he had acted the part to the death, and had gone away and hanged himself, he would have left nothing to be desired.

As the two large boxes appropriated to ladies at this sight, were full to the throat, and getting near was hopeless, we posted off, along with a great crowd, to be in time at the table, where the Pope, in person, waits on these Thirteen; and after a prodigious struggle at the Vatican staircase, and several personal conflicts with the Swiss guard, the whole crowd swept into the room. It was a long gallery hung with drapery of white and red, with another great box for ladies, (who are obliged to dress in black at these ceremonies, and to wear black veils,) a royal box for the King of Naples, and his party; and the table itself, which, set out like a ball supper, and ornamented with golden figures of the real apostles, was arranged on an elevated platform on one side of the gallery. The counterfeit apostles' knives and forks were laid out on that side of the table which was nearest to the wall, so that they might be stared at again, without let or hindrance.

The body of the room was full of male strangers; the crowd immense; the heat very great; and the pressure sometimes frightful. It was at its height when the stream came pouring in from the feet-washing; and then there were such shrieks and outcries, that a party of Piedmontese dragoons went to the rescue of the Swiss guard, and helped them to calm the tumult.

The ladies were particularly ferocious in their struggles for places. One lady of my acquaintance was seized round the waist, in the ladies' box, by a strong matron, and hoisted out of her place; and there was another lady (in a back row in the same box) who improved her position by sticking a large pin into the ladies before her.

The gentlemen about me were remarkably anxious to see what was on the table; and one Englishman seemed to have embarked the whole energy of his nature in the determination to discover whether there was any mustard. "By Jupiter, there 's vinegar!" I heard him say to his friend, after he had stood on tiptoe an immense time, and had been crushed and beaten on all sides. "And there's oil!! I saw them distinctly, in cruets! Can any gentleman, in front there, see mustard on the table? Sir, will you oblige me! *Do* you see a Mustard-Pot?"

The apostles and Judas appearing on the platform, after much expectation, were marshalled, in line, in front of the table, with Peter at the top; and a good long stare was taken at them by the company, while twelve of them took a long smell at their nosegays, and Judas—moving his lips very obtrusively—engaged in inward prayer. Then the Pope, clad in a scarlet robe, and wearing on his head a skull-cap of white satin, appeared in the midst of a crowd of cardinals, and other dignitaries, and took in his hand a little golden ewer, from which he poured a little water over one of Peter's hands, while one attendant held a golden basin; a second, a fine cloth; a third Peter's nosegay, which was taken from him during the operation. This his Holiness performed, with considerable expedition, on every man in the line, (Judas I observed to be particularly overcome by his condescension;) and then the whole Thirteen sat down to dinner. Grace said by the Pope. Peter in the chair.

There was white wine, and red wine; and the dinner

looked very good. The courses appeared in portions, one for each apostle; and these being presented to the pope, by cardinals upon their knees, were by him handed to the Thirteen. The manner in which Judas grew more white-livered over his victuals, and languished, with his head on one side, as if he had no appetite, defies all description. Peter was a good, sound, old man, and went in, as the saying is, "to win;" eating every thing that was given him, (he got the best, being first in the row,) and saying nothing to any body. The dishes appeared to be chiefly composed of fish and vegetables. The pope helped the Thirteen to wine also; and, during the whole dinner, somebody read something aloud, out of a large book—the Bible, I presume—which nobody could hear, and to which nobody paid the least attention. The cardinals, and other attendants, smiled to each other, from time to time, as if the thing were a great farce; and if they thought so, there is little doubt they were perfectly right. His holiness did what he had to do, as a sensible man gets through a troublesome ceremony, and seemed very glad when it was all over.

Mr. Dickens afterwards visited Naples, and ascended Vesuvius, describing the ascent in his peculiar vein. On his way homeward, Florence found favour in his eyes; but by this time his book was probably thought large enough; and matters are therefore wound up in a rather summary way, at page 269.

As a whole, the work will neither greatly add to, nor yet detract from, the previous reputation of its author. It makes no deep or lasting impression of any sort, but, like the well-played scene of a mediocre drama, or a well delivered common-place discourse, engages the spectator agreeably enough while it is before him.

Studies of Public Men. No. I. Peel, O'Connell, Brougham, Cobden, D'Israeli; to which is added, an Essay on some Points in the Political and Social System of England and France. London: Saunders & Otley.

These are the strictures and studies of J. S., an able and impartial man,—one of those calm, dispassionate bystanders, who can spare more than "a quarter of an hour" to consider a topic, a character, or public career, and who belong to that increasing party which has no party-name or distinction; no object, save the common good. The Essay on each of the five eminent, or prominent individuals selected for portraiture, or analysis, is short, just, and discriminative. The spirit of the sketches is at once apparent. Of Sir R. Peel, and of those changes of opinion which party spirit, in lack of other pretext, would fain turn into reproach, it is remarked—

Are these great changes of opinion a reproach or a merit? Such is the *question* which must decide the judgments of contemporaries and of posterity on Peel.

Merely party views will naturally incline to the extreme points of these classes of opinion. The convert to free trade will be elevated on the highest pinnacle of statesmanship; the deserter of protection be anathematized as the betrayer of the most vital interests of his country.

A more impartial judgment, (for abstract impartiality is, perhaps, impossible in estimating contemporary events,) looking at possibilities of time and circumstance, may range the Premier's conduct under the category of cautious but enlightened prudence; remembering well, that no public man can go through a long career free from the obligations of party, that machine to which all must yoke themselves, who would attain practical ends under a representative government.

These considerations may guide us in a review of the widely different policy of which Sir R. Peel has been the exponent. No doubt, during the ten years which elapsed between the passing of the Reform Bill and his resumption of office (1841-2,) he had attentively studied the influences of the times, and the state of public opinion. . . . . Peel must be judged of, like all public men, by the work he has done. He has, in truth, laboured for various ends in the course of his eventful career. He is now, 1846, working in earnest for free trade. He has staked his official existence upon its issue; and the greatness of the attempt can never be impugned, on the grounds that the minister's full adhesion to those principles is of recent date. Let us now come to more special considerations.

Much has been said of Peel's shabby conduct, in adopting the measures of his opponents. Assuming this to be as fully the case as is stated, it by no means follows that a man, raised to office by the exertions of a party, says practically,—I oppose all the measures of those I have displaced. He tacitly declares, by acceptance of office,—I come to carry out whatever measures the state of the country demands, if I obtain the concurrence of Parliament and my colleagues to their adoption. So much as addressed to the country. To the actual opposition, a minister may say, I substitute action for debate, practice for theory. *I* have the means of *giving* that which *you* only *proposed*—the point of difference that for ever divides the practical from the speculative.

After enumerating those great measures which were entirely Peel's own, it is said—

Reviewing Sir R. Peel's ministerial career, 1841-5, it is infinitely incorrect to term him a Whig plagiary. A juster estimate of his conduct and position would state him to have been aiming at a liberalized Conservative policy, embodying much of the French idea of a *juste milieu*—a fusion of opposite principles into a moderate line of policy. The antecedents of party were indeed opposed to the realization of such a project. Peel came into power by the exertions of protectionists, (corn growers and sugar planters occupying the front rank.) He has undoubtedly thwarted their policy on every occasion, so that his ministerial career has been never unaccompanied by shouts of congratulation or disappointment. In the latter category must be reckoned both the Tory landed interest, the West India planters, and some who on *pet* questions, such as church extension by public money, &c. deemed him pledged to their views. On the other hand, the true liberals, who cared little about the party in power, provided measures were carried which accorded with their own views, rejoiced in seeing four years of Tory government, with scarcely a spice of Toryism in the prevailing policy, and marked by measures which developed, in greater or less degree, the principles of free trade, religious liberty, and financial reform. The whole scope of Peel's policy has tended to break down party divisions. . . . .

He may not maintain his present position sufficiently long to carry out those principles to which he has become, if a recent, yet an entire convert. He may not erect a firmly compacted edifice on the ruins of by-gone parties. But the work of demolition has been done—the old party divisions are annihilated. Such a work is of no inconsiderable moment—it makes a great change, and marks the turning point in a system of national policy. Party divisions may revive: probably no representative government can be carried on without them: but they must be recast, and in different forms; and this recasting affords opportunity for a fusion of according principles, without regard to previous lines of division so powerful but a short time ago, now but a *caput mortuum*. Of this great political change—a change, we are convinced, for the better—Sir R. Peel is the undoubted author.

The wide-spread notoriety, and the well-grounded fame of O'Connell throughout Europe, are acknowledged; but the author of "The Studies" does not advert to how much of this is to be ascribed to the peculiar religious creed of which O'Connell is believed the zealous champion in these heretic Islands, as well as to that hatred

and jealousy of England, and its power, which prevail among more than one continental nation. O'Connell's errors and glaring inconsistencies, are pointed out; the "mingled web" of benefits and injuries to his country is disentangled; but it is finally affirmed that, on the whole, Ireland has derived benefit from the existence of O'Connell :—

Her position would have been worse had he never trod the political arena in this our bustling age, as agitator, orator, member of parliament, and repealer; for if we have the man we must possess him entire, or leave him unborn in the womb of time. He might, indeed, have been of far more unmixed benefit to his country, yet we think it were a loss to Ireland had this leader not appeared, to embody during thirty years for good and evil the popular sympathies of the nation.

Of the Repeal agitation, it is said, after adverting to three ways in one of which it must have ended, namely, failure, entire success, and the consequent supremacy of the agitator, or compromise,—

The game played was a bold one; it ended, as was probable it would, in failure, yet there *was* a chance the other way. But the move was accompanied by the most disastrous effects on the English reputation of its author, and the result has greatly damaged his actual character both for talent and principle.

In reasoning upon what O'Connell foresaw, or calculated, or, in the course of his tortuous career, adopted, it is said :—

With some craft and much acuteness, there is also much of impulse in his character; and we believe he was led on farther than he intended at first, and was himself surprised at the vast *apparent* results of the Repeal organization. There was, too, the triumph of 1829 to bewilder his mind. . . . . .

The reversal of his sentence in September, 1844, was O'Connell's last triumph: his sun was on the decline, but the parting rays glowed with intense power. The liberation was a signal personal triumph, as it proved the deep attachment of the Irish to their leader—but a melancholy spectacle, when one reflected on the power for good which that leader had cast away. Now became apparent the false position in which he stood: his liberation was, in truth, most embarrassing to O'Connell. Confined in physical impossibility of action, the martyr of Repeal might have calculated on a period of glory without responsibility, and the topic itself might discreetly have been let die away; but set free, he must either expose himself to a fresh repressive effort from the English Government, or revoke all his assertions. He seems to have endeavoured to reconcile these courses by nominally adhering to the former—virtually to the latter. First, he coquetted with repeal, shifting his ground to federation; he then almost dropped the subject, and in 1845, chiefly devoted his energies to oppose the Government plan of popular education. His influence declined; he was in opposition to many of the clergy of his own persuasion; and as the formidable masses of the repealers retired and left him more open to view, the inconsistencies, bad taste, and other defects, which always detracted from the intrinsic power of his oratory, became more apparent. The man who wielded so immense a social power in 1843, was, perhaps, two years after, estimated below his value.

If we judged of O'Connell's mind by his remarks on foreign policy, we should place it very low. It is difficult to account for the random opinions he has put forth. His defence of the Roman Catholic clergy of Spain against the reforms of Espartero, though exaggerated, if not false, might be accounted for on the score of religious zeal; but what shall be said of his abuse of Louis Philippe, his offer to raise an Irish brigade for the Duc de Bordeaux, and his gross blunders when anathematizing the French press!

Diminished influence has been to O'Connell the broad result of the Repeal agitation. A false move of such magnitude cannot probably, at his age, be retrieved. Immense promises have ended in entire failure. Then, as an opponent of the Bequest Act, and Colleges, he broke that compact alliance with the Catholic clergy which originated in the defective policy of former English Cabinets in neglecting to conciliate that important order. In proportion, too, as practical inquiries were instituted into the social state of Ireland, and the extreme poverty of its peasantry placed more distinctly under our eyes, his position, as the recipient of a large annual amount wrung from this poverty, for objects which, when not personal, were politically chimerical, became a very invidious one. He fell from the rank of a patriot erring from noble motives, to that of a pensioner on national credulity, in the eyes of an increasing circle. Nay, so strongly has the opinion of mercenary motives been prevalent, that pensioning him has been considered by many as one of the most feasible means of disarming his hostility to the interests of the United Empire. We are fully persuaded that such an estimate of his character is a false one, and that he values the rent only as a source of political influence. Yet it must be acknowledged that this places him at a disadvantage; it detracts from the glory of his best services; it points the sting of censure against his most equivocal actions.

Lord Brougham is spoken of with high, and, as we believe, with just, though discriminating praise. He is placed in the foremost rank of the orators of his age; and this is not held his greatest merit. He is, in few words, spoken of as posterity and history will speak of him, and, like Peel, judged by his actions. His literary works are not forgotten; and of his speeches, it is affirmed :—

No other man has clothed such profound and forcible thoughts in language, stately, impassioned, or sarcastic, as the occasion demanded. In this view, the best speakers of the present day are feeble, when compared with Brougham's massive, intensely powerful oratory. Peel is formal and trite, and dilutes his force by explanations and glosses—Macaulay's style is too brilliant and diffuse for the substratum of ideas — Guizot, perhaps, approaches nearer, but is fettered by the prejudices of that most susceptible assembly he addresses — Berryer can soar almost as high, but the link that connects him with the earth suddenly snaps, leaving him aloft, drifting thousands of miles away from the practical, which every orator is bound to keep in sight of, as his *point de depart*. Among the special characteristics of Brougham's oratory, we may instance his power of sarcasm—one very liable to abuse; and in fairness we may allow that, in his observations on individuals, Lord Brougham has sometimes gone beyond the boundary of the becoming. Yet he has regarded the excellent rule of making the personal subordinate to the general question. He has attacked a principle (generally, at least) through an individual. O'Connell, who has also great power of this kind, though far more alloyed with coarseness, does the reverse; he nibbles at a principle, in order to attack a single opponent, and his observations of this kind form one of the worst points in his oratory, and display a prominent weakness of his character. To this Lord Brougham never descends; there is always polish on the blade that inflicts the stroke; an adversary is cut right through, but the wound is a clean one, and the assailant preserves a dignified attitude; whilst the Irish orator cuts and hacks, damages, it may be, his adversary, but exposes his own weak position, and the clumsiness of his weapon. We are speaking of the general character of the sarcasm each employs; exceptions might easily be found, which would lower the standard we have assigned to Brougham, or elevate that of O'Connell.

To Lord Brougham, this writer still looks for a comprehensive system of national education; for such a one as may be worthy of his genius, his knowledge of the

various bearings of this momentous question, and the zeal with which he has through life laboured in this department of the great cause of human improvement.

Mr. Cobden receives the praise so eminently due to his services; but those of his predecessors and co-adjutors in the same arduous work, are not overlooked. He is not considered as the Alpha and Omega of Free Trade in Corn—as the whole League, in his own person. And this we consider peculiarly well-timed, at a period when not only unmeasured panegyric, but the more solid, if vulgar rewards of pounds shillings and pence, in munificent profusion, are proposed for the General alone, while the rest of the commanders and the staff seem cast into the shade, or entirely forgotten. This, we think, must have been a hasty and inadvertent, though it does seem an invidious distinction, which must be any thing but agreeable to the feelings of Mr. Cobden. On this head, it is well remarked :—

Mr. Cobden represents Free-Trade opinions and their onward march with great ability and eminent success; for, as we have seen, his good fortune has been at least equal to his talent; his name is irrevocably associated with an important principle, in its progress through the struggles which precede a final victory. Yet when the history of the Free-Trade movement comes to be written as a chapter in the vaster subject of the progress of opinion, the form probably into which future annalists and historians will shape their works, the judgment of posterity will probably diminish somewhat from the prominent position which Cobden now occupies; others will come in for their share of notice, who were earlier in the field, and laid the foundation of the success which later labourers have been more conspicuous in completing. Need we name Colonel Perronet Thompson, as eminent among these — * inferior to none in talent or personal activity and zeal, and in range of acquirement, superior, perhaps, to all his coadjutors. Yet how little is his name before the public in 1846, compared to Cobden's! such is the force of a position founded on the *timely* agitation of a question, and the power of a compact association in aid of individual exertion. . . .

Cobden can well afford any such deductions; nor is it at all probable that he will be shelved, as a "used-up" man, when Corn-Law repeal shall be carried and the League dissolved. . . . . Supposing all commercial restrictions removed within a few years, as some deem a possible event, he is not a man of one idea, who will have "said his say." Though not a first-rate orator, his power of argumentation and illustration, derived from experience, will avail in the discussion of other questions. He will bring to their consideration a talent matured by the struggles of the Free Trade controversy. His advocacy of the latter is but a development of talent, harmonizing with the current of public opinion. Supposing a complete victory gained, we may look for a valuable ally in that most important knot of questions, which have as their nucleus, toleration and religious liberty.

However honourable and useful may be Mr. Cobden's future career,—and we think, if his life be spared to an average period, it contains the elements of both,—it is probable that he has for two or three years past filled a larger space in the public mind than will be his lot hereafter.

He has of late wielded a two-edged sword of tremendous power—the one side sharpened by individual energy and talent, the other, by the interests of a powerful class; no wonder, then, that his blows have been slashing ones. He is a good sample of the men who take up questions at a favourable moment for ultimate success, so distinct from the pioneers of a principle, who are, however, the more meritorious of the two, since they labour for others to reap, and give invaluable service for little reward. Yet how different the result! The energies of the one are in a great measure wasted, those of the other produce palpable results,—*they* make every grain germinate; their less fortunate predecessors have sown the precious seeds of energy, of talent, of personal exertion in a land which yields no immediate return. It is for history to rectify the balance; our contemporary notices can but indicate these obvious truths.

Mr. D'Israeli receives fully as much praise as those who cannot separate talents from the object on which they are exercised, and faculties from the meekness with which they are borne, will allow that this eloquent gentleman deserves. Even since this panegyric was passed, Mr. D'Israeli has made some notable slips. It is, indeed, confessed, that his advocacy of any one practical question has never appeared to be in earnest; but better things are hoped of him. As he has, in ten years, made great advances in power as a debater, it is imagined that he may also advance in more essential matters. If he see it for his interest and reputation, he possibly may do so.

In general powers as a debater, or probable official, the descendant of a Hebrew race is placed above Lord Stanley; but there are higher points of character, in the estimation of "the House," as well as of the public generally, in which we think no man will compare him with that Hotspur lord.

The observations upon "some points" in the political and social systems of England and France, display an enlarged knowledge of the latter country, not common to our every-day political lucubrators, and, besides rectifying certain insular notions, may, in some degree, help to take the conceit out of us; a task more needful than easy.

History of the Punjab; and of the Rise, Progress, and present condition of the Sect and Nation of the Sikhs. Two volumes post octavo. London: Allen & Co.

This work is a compilation, partly from original and wholly from valuable materials. These are furnished by the Memoirs of Runjeet Singh, which were written by Mr. Henry Thoby Prinsep, while that gentleman was secretary to the Indian government; and by the voluminous reports of Captain William Murray, the political agent at Umbala, and of Captain Wade, who was officially stationed at Lodiana. Death prevented Captain Murray from giving his work to the world in a digested form, and Mr. Prinsep has been otherwise occupied. But a book of authority, on this new acquisition, was a want of the time, and the duty of supplying it has been undertaken by an anonymous but competent editor, who, in several preliminary and also concluding chapters, has given a full description and historical sketch of the last country added to our Indian empire; for in this light the Punjab may be regarded by indifferent persons at home, who are not bound by the official etiquettes of diplomatists and political agents. As a specimen of the work, we select the early history of the late famous "Lion of the Punjab," Runjeet Singh.

On the 2d November, 1780, a son was born to Maha Singh, by his wife, of the Jeend family, and named Runjeet Singh. The child was attacked by the small-pox at a very early age, and the disease taking an unfavourable turn, his life was endangered; whereupon the father, according to Asiatic custom, made large donations to the poor in charity, fed multitudes of Bramins and holy men, to secure their prayers, and sent gifts to the sacred temples at Kangra and Juwala-

* And if the ballad-makers of a nation are of such mighty account as philosophers have alleged, why should Ebenezer Elliott be forgotten?—*E. T. M.*

Mookhee. The boy recovered, but with the loss of one of his eyes, whence he was termed *Kana*, or "the one-eyed;" and his face was marked with the disease.

Maha Singh was engaged, at this period, in settling the territory he had inherited or acquired, and in extending his influence and connexions. . . . .

Maha Singh left only one son, Runjeet Singh, who was then in his twelfth year. His mother became regent, and was assisted by the minister of her husband, Lukhoo or Lukhput Singh. Suda Koonwur, the minor chief's mother-in-law, exerted also much influence in the conduct of affairs, and in the year following, viz. 1793, the demise of Jy Singh left the Ghunee Misul likewise under her direction, every thing having been prepared beforehand for the exclusion of the sons of that sirdar.

Little care was taken of the education of Runjeet Singh. The means were furnished to him of gratifying every youthful passion or desire, and his early years were passed in indulgence, and in following the sports of the field. He was never taught to read or write in any language. While still in tutelage, however, a second marriage was contracted for him with Raj Koonwur, a daughter of the Nukee chief, Khujan Singh.

Upon attaining the age of seventeen years, Runjeet Singh, in imitation of his father, assumed, in person, the conduct of affairs, and dismissed the dewan: it is farther stated that, under the guidance of Dul Singh, his father's maternal uncle, who had long borne ill-will to the dewan, Lukhoo was despatched on an expedition to Kitas, where he was slain in an affray with the zemindars, not without suspicion of contrivance. His father's example gave sanction to an act of further cruelty in Runjeet Singh. The regent mother was accused of having led a life of profligate indulgence, the late dewan being not the only paramour admitted to her favours. Upon receiving evidence of this, it is said that Runjeet Singh gave his sanction to, or at least connived at, her being put to death; and the old chief, Dul Singh, is designated as the perpetrator of the act by means of poison. Runjeet Singh, with the advice of Suda Koonwur, carried on now, in person, all the affairs of his sirdaree.

We cannot farther advert to the career of this extraordinary person, who having, by arms or intrigue, subdued all the neighbouring chiefs, became of great consideration, if not, indeed, formidable to the British. The "last scene of all" is more replete with instruction to his fellow mortals than any part of Runjeet's stirring and troubled history.

An interview took place between the Governor-General of British India (Lord Auckland) and the Maharaja of the Punjab, on the 29th November 1838, at Ferozepore. Runjeet Singh paid the first visit, crossing the Sutlej, with his court, in all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern potentate. He was met by the representative of the British nation, accompanied by Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief, and a numerous suite. At the meeting, Lord Auckland received his royal visiter into the houda of his elephant, and embraced him, under a royal salute; and they proceeded to the tent of the Governor-General, through an avenue of four thousand British troops, the scene realizing (says an eye-witness all the fabled descriptions of Oriental magnificence. Upon reaching the enclosure, Lord Auckland and Sir Henry Fane, dismounting, handed down the Maharaja, whose feeble motions contrasted strongly with his quick eye and earnest and intelligent expression. Entering the Durbar tent, Runjeet took a seat on the same couch with the Honourable Miss Eden (the sister of Lord Auckland,) having the Governor-General on his right, and addressed the lady on a few topics happily chosen, Major Wade interpreting. The tent presented an extraordinary scene, being filled almost to suffocation with English generals and Sikh sirdars, ladies, and matchlock men, English civilians in plain dresses, and Punjab ministers in chain and plated armour, all crammed together. After enduring the agony, with polite patience, for some time, Runjeet was at length escorted by Lord Auckland and Sir Henry Fane to an audience-tent, where only a select number was admitted. Here the presents were exhibited, and amongst them a portrait of Queen Victoria, painted by Miss Eden, in a frame of solid gold. On receiving this picture, Runjeet bowed his head, and, in a graceful manner, pressed the portrait to his lips, declaring that it was the most acceptable gift he could receive, and that he should suspend it in his tent under a salute of a hundred and one guns. . . . .

On the following day the visit was returned, and it is admitted that the Sikhs fairly outshone the representative of the English court. . . . . .

The processions met and mingled. The Maharaja, on a ponderous elephant, was habited, as on the day before, in a dark crimson shawl-cloth tunic, trowsers, and turban, without any trinkets, and was thus, as well as by his flowing white beard, distinguished from his richly-clad sirdars and attendants. Lord Auckland, who wore the blue and gold uniform of an English minister of state, entered the Maharaja's houda, amidst the clangour of trumpets and the roar of cannon, and the united procession moved on, in a majestic pace, to the durbar tents. Upon their arrival there, bands of Sikh musicians, admirably trained, struck up our national anthem. The tents were enclosed within a vast area of crimson cloth walls, nine feet high, decorated with yellow lace (Runjeet's favourite *bussuntee* colour;) and within this enclosure were drawn up, in order, about two thousand of the Maharaja's household troops, in crimson silk, or elegant kingcaub dresses, armed with polished matchlocks and shields. Alighting in this magnificent enclosure, where the order and silence presented a striking contrast to the confusion and pressure which had been permitted in the English tents, the Maharaja conducted Lord Auckland and Sir Henry Fane, and their suites, to the durbar tent, which was a splendidly carpeted floor, on which were numerous gold and siver chairs, covered in by a spacious *sumeeana*, lined with shawl-cloth. Here the introductions took place, and when they were over, a band of nautch-girls, covered with jewellery, and glistening with silver-dust, performed their singular movements, and then the presents were produced. The departure of the Governor-General was honoured with a royal salute.

Lord Auckland afterwards visited Lahore, where

The entertainments were on a scale of princely magnificence and truly Oriental luxury. Runjeet insisted that his lordship should take his part in drinking, requiring each time that he should drain the cup of fiery liquid he presented to the dregs. The excess committed by the Maharaja on this occasion,—he had been prevailed upon by his English medical attendant to live abstemiously,—produced a severe fit of apoplexy, and when Lord Auckland took leave of him, he was lying on his couch, scarcely able to articulate. It is said that when his lordship presented his host with a valuable jewel, his eye lighted up with all its wonted fire.

Prior to the meeting at Ferozepore, attempts were made by those about Runjeet, who were adverse to the British, to infuse distrust and suspicion into his mind, and doubts were expressed, whether he would visit the Governor-General at such a distance in the British territory, the place of meeting being three miles from the river. His confidence in British honour, however, resisted these efforts, and he even went two miles further to be present at a review of thirteen thousand of our troops, forming part of the army of the Indus, on the 3d December, when he appeared much struck with the manœuvres of this fine force. . . . .

Runjeet appears to have heartily co-operated in the execution of the tripartite treaty; and the inefficiency of the services rendered by his troops at Peshawur, where, however, the resistance was much greater than at Candahar and Ghuzni, is attributed to disobedience to his orders, and the jealousy of his son and sirdars. . . . . .

The life of Runjeet Singh was now drawing to a close. Although the remaining vigour of his wonderful constitution had partially recovered the paralytic attack which had seized him during Lord Auckland's visit, he lost the power of speech, though he retained his other faculties. "A curious and interesting sight it was now," says one authority, "to behold the fast decaying monarch, his mind still alive, by signs giving his orders; still receiving reports, and, assisted by the faithful fakir, Uzeez-ud-deen, almost as usual, attending to affairs of state. By a slight turn of his hand to the south, he would inquire the news from the British frontier; by a similar turn to the west, he would demand tidings from the invading army; and most anxious was he for intelligence from Afghanistan, doubting the success of the English measure, seeing his own advantage in their failure, and yet unwilling, or afraid, to withdraw from his engagements." So deep were the feelings of respect he had inspired, that the most implicit obedience was paid to every wish he expressed, though his end was near. Several times he was taken from his charpae, (bedstead,) and laid on the floor to die, but he rallied again. In the hot weather of 1839, he had applied for a British physician, and Dr. Steele was sent; but his case was a hopeless one; dropsy, attended by fever, had made rapid inroads, and defied the power of medicine.

When Runjeet became aware of the fatal character of his disorder, he seemed for days to struggle with death, and still clang, with mad tenacity, to an existence which had now no enjoyment to offer him that he had not exhausted. He had recourse to priests and holy men, whose effectual intervention with Heaven, by a perversity of which all countries, in all ages, have furnished examples, he hoped could be purchased by gold. Even his avarice yielded to this exigency, and he lavished, with almost wanton prodigality, his immense treasures amongst sordid pundits, fakirs, and devotees of all sorts, who flocked from every quarter to Lahore, allured by the liberal prices he paid for prayers. His alms were distributed, without discrimination, amongst Hindus and Nanuk-Shahis, Bramins and Sodees; Gya and Juggernat participated in the spoil with Amritsur and other Sikh shrines. The nearer the dreaded moment seemed to approach, the more eager was his hankering for life, and the more undistinguishing and boundless his profusion. Jagirs were assigned to temples; his elephants, even his beloved horses, were parted with; steeds with jewelled saddles, cows with gilded horns, golden chairs and golden bedsteads, were sent to propitiate the various deities; his pearls and gems, even the jewels which had been recently presented to him by the representative of the British nation, were bartered for even the chance of a few additional moments of existence. It has been computed that, on the day of his death, the wealth bestowed by Runjeet, in pious gifts, amounted to more than a million sterling. As a last resource, two hours before his death, that matchless diamond, the Koh-i-noor, for the possession of which he had violated the laws of hospitality, and perpetrated a cruel robbery, was sent for, to be despatched as a gift to adorn the image of Juggernat; but now his successor, and his ministers and courtiers, (who were invaded by fears that nothing would be left for their cupidity,) interposed, and represented that such a jewel, which the whole revenue of India could not re-purchase, was an alms too precious to be conferred upon Bramins. The other gifts, however, continued till the evening of the 27th June, 1839, when, after a succession of fainting fits, his mental faculties remaining unimpaired till the last, the Maharaja expired, at the age of fifty-eight.

His death was concealed by the Koonwur (or Prince) Khuruk Singh, Raja Dhean Singh, the minister, and Jemadar Khooshal Singh, until they had taken measures, during the night, for securing the city. . . . . On the morning of the 28th June, trusty officers having been placed in charge of the ghats on the Sutlej, and patrols disposed about the city, the death of Runjeet and the accession of Khuruk were announced. . . . .

Although the practice of suttee forms no part of the institutions of the Sikhs, and is rare amongst them, upon this occasion the four ranis of Runjeet, Koondun, daughter of Raja Sunsar Chund; Hinderee, daughter of Meean Puddum Singh, of Noorpur; Rajkoonwur, daughter of Sirdar Jey Singh, of Chynpur, and Baant Ali, determined, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of Khuruk Singh and his ministers, who guaranteed their rank and property, to burn.

The corpse of the late Maharaja having been washed with Ganges water, and placed on a bier of sandal wood, decorated with gold flowers, was carried, the day after his death, to the place of cremation, before the gates of the palace Hazaree Bagh, followed by the four ranis in their richest dresses, loaded with jewels of immense value, walking in a measured step, attended by Bramins and Sodees (Sikh priests,) singing the holy hymns of Nanuk, in the same form, and with the same ceremonies, which were beheld in these very parts (on the banks of the Ravi) by the army of Alexander the Great more than two thousand years before, and which are described by the Greek and Roman writers with a minute fidelity, which would suit a modern suttee. The funeral pile was made of sandal wood, and when the procession reached it, an affecting scene took place. Rani Koondun, the principal widow, took the hand of Dhean Singh, and placing it on the breast of the corpse, made him swear never to betray or desert Khuruk Singh, or his son, Nou Nehal Singh, or forget the interests of the Khalsa; and Khuruk Singh, in like manner, swore not to betray or desert Dhean Singh. Besides the fatal curse of a suttee, the torments incurred by the slaughter of a thousand cows were imprecated on the head of him who violated his oath.

Rani Koondun then mounted the pyre, sat down beside the body of her late husband, which was in a sitting posture, and placed his head in her lap. The other ranis, two of them only sixteen years of age, and of extraordinary beauty, with five, some say seven, Cashmerian slave-girls (one of them the lovely Lotus, who had attracted the admiration of the mission in 1838,) followed the example, seating themselves around the corpse, with every token of satisfaction in their countenances. At the hour fixed by the Bramins, in the presence of all the troops at the capital, and an immense crowd of spectators, including several English officers, the pile was lighted, one account states by Khuruk Singh, another, by the Rani Koondun, and, without a shriek or groan being heard, the living and the dead were reduced to ashes.

This Oriental Napoleon, whose attainment of power was not more remarkable than the ascendency which he acquired over all around him, was one of the ugliest and most forbiding of human beings.

When, however, the first ill-impression disappeared, no one admitted to the presence of Runjeet Singh could fail to be struck with his extraordinary qualities, his intelligence and acuteness. His penetrating look, the restlessness of his fiery eye, which seemed to dive into the thoughts of the person he conversed with, and the rapidity of his laconic but searching questions, denoted the activity of his mind and his insatiable curiosity. "His conversation," M. Jacquemont says, "was like a nightmare; he is," continues the lively Frenchman, "almost the first really inquisitive Indian I have seen, and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation." When he sat in an arm-chair, with his feet drawn under him, the position was peculiarly unfavourable for him; but as soon as he mounted his horse, which he managed with ease, even after his right side was affected with paralysis, his whole form seemed animated by the spirit within, and assumed a grace of which no one before thought it susceptible. . . . . He dressed plainly, wearing few ornaments, though he took pleasure in seeing his courtiers and dependents in rich dresses, and his durbar was very splendid. He did not use a gudi or throne; "my sword," he observed, "procures for me all the distinction I desire, and I am quite indifferent to external pomp."

The history concludes with an account of the late

campaign of the Sutlej; and copies of the treaties and other documents find place in an Appendix. Thus far the work is complete; nor is it difficult to guess at what must be the contents of the next chapter of "The History of the Punjab."

Pericles: a Tale of Athens in the Eighty-third Olympiad. By the author of "A Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy." In two volumes. London: Longman & Co.

In this elegant and classical romance, an attempt is made to revive the daily familiar life of the Athenians—of whom the author seems an enthusiastic admirer—and, with a sketch of the laws, philosophy, literature, arts, and manners of Athens, to embody, to dramatize, as it were, the lives of Pericles and his bright sister-spirit, the yet more illustrious Aspasia. In structure and tone, the tale resembles the *Corinne* of Madame de Stael; which we state, not to suggest the idea of imitation, where no such thing exists, but by few words to give our readers a notion of a style of novel seldom attempted, and almost never successfully. The author, by his knowledge, force of style, and dramatic power, has done wonders. But Athens is divided from England, by thousands of years, and by barriers yet more insurmountable. And though modern readers may neither sympathize in the high-toned Platonic affection of Pericles and Aspasia, nor yet take much heart-interest in the happy fruition of their pure and exalted attachment, they may, in the very pleasing way that Lord Chatham learned English history, gather much accurate information concerning Athens and some of its noblest citizens. There are numerous illustrative notes to both volumes, as learnedly and crankly, not to say affectedly spelled, as if Mr. Savage Landor had written them. But fortunately the *Perikles* and *Sokrates* and *Alkibiades* of the notes, are in the tale presented by name, in the old-fashioned, vulgar and unlearned manner. It is not easy to hit upon an extract which may convey a true idea of the style of the tale: but we cannot be very far out in quoting the description of one of the first meetings between Pericles, and that far-famed female orator and philosopher, who had lately appeared in Athens.

His public duties over, the great Minister of Athens returned to his house to take his frugal meal; for, profusely liberal as he was in all that regarded Athens, his own house had nothing of splendour, and his table was far from luxurious. He had not inherited by any means a large fortune from his father, and, unlike many of his contemporaries, he had disdained to increase it by any dishonourable gains: but the wise economy of his private expenses rendered it sufficient for all the demands upon it.

When his meal was finished, as if resolved that he would leave nothing undone that was fitting to be done, rather than as following the dictates of his heart, he moved towards the women's apartments. Hipparete, still handsome, although the first glow of youth was past, met him at the door; but her fine features were as unmoved as those of a statue, and her look as cold. A few inquiries as to health, carelessly made, and as carelessly answered on both sides, followed; and then, with the same studied courtesy which he had shown at entering, — for the son of Xanthippus respected himself too much ever to lose sight of that, — the husband departed as he came, leaving his spouse to resume her embroidery, and complain to her maids that the grandeur of Pericles' name had ill compensated for the wealth of her first husband, Hipponicus, who kept no teasing steward like Euangelos to superintend his affairs, and cavil at the household expenses; and the slaves, in return, complied with their mistress's mood, and told her of many second-rate families who lived in a style of far greater magnificence.

"And yet I was no mean damsel," said Hipparete in a querulous tone, "for I am of his blood, and my dower was ample. I would I had it again at my disposal, in order to bestow it more worthily;" and then calling her nurse to her, she leaned on her shoulder and bade her try to find out who that handsome man was who had gazed at her so earnestly when she last went to the Eleusinian festival.

Pericles in the meantime had returned to his own apartments; but the evening was warm, and he paced slowly for a time up and down the colonnade of the aulé to enjoy the fresh air: then suddenly pausing he called a slave, and inquired if Anaxagoras was still in Athens.

"I saw his school open this morning as I passed," replied the man, "and I think it is likely that he is now at the house of the daughter of Axiochus. She discourses to-night, and I met many of thy friends going on that direction when I came in about half-an-hour ago."

"Take thy torch then, and conduct me thither also," said his master; and wrapping his robe closer about him, he followed his servant towards the house of Aspasia.

A short walk took them to the abode of the fair professor of rhetoric, and a gentle knock — for Pericles never allowed even his slaves to take the airs of greatness — brought the porter to the door. The well-known voice, and commanding figure which none could mistake, procured instant admittance; and the courteous reception extended even to the accompanying slave, who was invited to the porter's apartment to refresh himself whilst waiting for his master.

The darkness which reigned around the exterior of the mansion was compensated by the brilliance within: the awning had been withdrawn from the aulé to admit the fresh evening air, and the stars shone brightly from the dark canopy above, contrasting well with the lamps around the colonnades, which threw their lustre over the bright hues of the fragrant blossoms which perfumed the court, and the group of bronze Naiads in the midst, from whose vases the water welled freshly, and gave a pleasant coolness to the air. But it was not the fragrance of the flowers, nor the beauty of the sculpture, nor the brilliance of the light, that riveted the attention on entering this enchanting scene; for in the farther colonnade, on a raised seat where she half sate, half reclined, and surrounded by several young maidens whose dress and bearing showed them to be of the higher class, was seen a woman of such surpassing loveliness that she seemed more like a vision of heaven than a creature of earthly origin. It was not merely that the features were such as a sculptor would have loved to model; it was not that her dark and jewelled hair was braided over a brow as white and as smooth as ivory; — but it was the intelligence which spoke in every feature, — the soul which flashed from her large dark eyes, — which gave so striking a character to her beauty, and made the gazer forget himself in admiration and delight.

The assembled company made way for the victorious general, and the fair philosopher rose to receive him. "We were waiting in the hope of seeing thee, noble Pericles," said she; adding in a lower tone, and with a slight degree of emotion, which rendered her yet more lovely, "for no one could think of any thing but thee to-night."

The Athenian leader took the proffered hand, and pressed it to his lips with an air of deep respect; and then turning to an elderly man of noble aspect, who also advanced to meet him, he repeated the same mark of homage. "My honoured teachers," said he, smiling, "to meet you both together is a pleasure I had hardly expected;" and turning to Aspasia, whose hand he again clasped, he added, "I think I can tell whose kind attention procured it for me. But now, my fair tutoress, what is to be the discourse to-night? Anaxagoras always vaunts his scholar's proficiency, and now we shall judge for ourselves if he be right."

Aspasia turned her eyes on the mild countenance of

the sage, and bowing gracefully before him, begged him to choose a subject, and correct her if she erred in her treatment of it.

"Take thy place, my child," said Anaxagoras, for it was himself; "thou wast always amongst my worthiest scholars, and I fear nothing for thee. Brave men have fallen in the war which our friend here has so gloriously concluded — speak of immortality."

"I would that I could," said the fair Ionian. "I would that I could speak of immortality as I feel it; for on this subject, methinks, the heart says more than the understanding; and yet, my honoured master, thou hast well shown, that if it be an ETERNAL MIND which has reduced all things to such fair order in this material world, man's little world within requires a power no less distinct from the corporeal one of passion, in order to reduce it to that peace and harmony which is found in a character where the reason and the feelings are rightly balanced. Anaxagoras! when I look at thy blameless life,—at thy abnegation of selfish gratifications,—at thy deep insight into the most secret powers of nature, then I feel that thy soul is immortal, and that mine must be so in its admiration of that which, were we intended to perish in the grave, would not be greatness but insanity." She caught the hand of the sage in hers, and turning to her auditory exclaimed — "Look on this calm brow! born to affluence, he has seen ruin sweep over his native land, — has seen luxury, fortune, greatness, pass away like a dream, and yet he has breathed no sigh. In the contemplation of the Infinite he has forgotten the things of earth. Athenians! there is something in such a mind that cannot perish: — born for the skies, it is but imprisoned here!"

"And thou, too, Aspasia, thou wast born for the skies," exclaimed Pericles, gazing at her with undissembled admiration. "My Anaxagoras, turn not away from her just praise; I would have said the same thing myself if I could have said it half as well; but when the gods speak their oracles, it is always by the mouth of a woman: and," added he, in a lower tone to the philosopher, while the murmur of applause which ran through the assembly gave the opportunity of speaking unheard by the rest, — "I wish they always chose as wise a herald, for the message is sometimes strangely spoiled in the delivery."

There was no flush of bashful shamefacedness on the cheek of the beautiful rhetorician, but her eye flashed, and there was a look almost of disdain on her brow as she replied, "Yes, a woman! but there are higher oracles yet to be made known than any Pythian priestess ever uttered; and a woman can speak them too! Athenians! a woman can grasp in her mind the fate of nations, can teach orators to sway the passions of the multitude, till the heterogeneous mass is as the mind of one man; yet in this state of Athens a woman is a slave! Yes, a slave! Lydé," added she, bending over a young and beautiful girl who sat below her on the step of her throne-like seat; and stroking back the hair on the brow of the fair girl as she looked up at her admired instructress, she continued, "and thou hast transgressed the laws of society by visiting me! thou, innocent and lovely as thou art, will be made the subject of coarse jests because thou hast dared to put thy foot beyond the walls of the gynæceum, and to raise thy mind beyond . . . God of heaven! do they call those thy rites! . . . beyond the mysteries of Ceres or the Dionysiac processions."

"One who does no wrong need fear none," said Lydè, with a look of proud independence. "Mistress mine! the body may be enslaved, but the mind never can, and *I* will never be a slave."

"Thou sayest well, fair child," said Anaxagoras; "and had all the women of Athens been such as thou, the laws of Solon would have been differently framed, probably."

"But are the laws of Solon immutable?" said Aspasia. "Is it not a sign of some change in the times when the wise and the great of Athens," — and she glanced round upon her audience, — "who would have thought their wives or their daughters dishonoured if they stepped for a moment from the gynæceum into the street or the portico, are now here to listen to a female professor, surrounded by female pupils?"

"Thou sayest well, Aspasia," said Pericles; "there *is* a change. Thanks be to Heaven and thee, there are women now who may teach men, ay, and make them shrink from the unequal contest in the exercises of the mind: and well I wot that he who should be fortunate enough to possess such a companion and guide, would break through more than Solon's laws in order to enjoy her society at all times and in all places. Complain not of our laws; thou art above them all, and we bow to thy authority, and seek thy instruction as eagerly as we have done that of Anaxagoras himself. Parmenides, when he visited us at the Panathenaia ten or twelve years back, made less noise in the city than thou hast done: and truly, from his pupil Zeno I never learned any lore worth comparing with that of thy school. I call it thine — for see — Anaxagoras resigns the place of honour to thee!"

"Flattery from the greatest man in Athens!" said the fair Milesian, half to herself, while a haughty smile curled her lip; "but flattery," said she, once more addressing herself to her audience, "flattery is but a bad substitute for rights: — yes *rights*, Athenians! for if I am this evening to speak of the immortality of man, how can I avoid remembering, strange as the word may sound to your ears, that human nature has rights. Master!" continued she, turning to Anaxagoras, "answer me one question. Do the mare and the horse belong to the same species, and possess the same qualities?"

"Undoubtedly, my child."

"And the cow and the bull?"

"Certainly."

"Then man and woman belong to the same species, and possess the same qualities."

"The woman has the better part, my child, as far as thou art concerned: at thy age I had not thy acuteness or thy eloquence."

"Thou gavest *me* the title of flatterer just now," said Pericles, in a low tone; "what sayest thou to Anaxagoras, Aspasia?"

"That he is my dear and honoured master, and may say what he pleases," replied the fair Ionian in the same tone; and then again raising her voice and addressing her audience, she continued, — "Anaxagoras has given me a subject which cannot be lightly treated, or grappled with at short notice; yet were I, like Simonides, to demand a year to consider it, I might still, at the end of that time, like him, find myself unequal to the task. If I then fail, impute it rather to the weakness of human nature, which cannot fully comprehend even itself, than to the falsehood of views which I feel to be true, even whilst unable to do them full justice. A god must descend to earth to instruct his creatures, ere man can fully hope to know clearly either his nature or his destiny. I pass over the fables of the poets: they had their beauty as allegorical expressions of the truth whilst they remained in the hands of our earlier mythologues; but that time is past, and it would be loss of time to attempt now to trace their origin, overlaid as they have been with grossness and absurdity. I leave these deified vices, therefore, in their adyta, to be hymned by the multitude, and perfumed with incense by their priests; and returning by a sound philosophy to the origin of things, I ask by whom or how was man placed upon the earth, and what is his business there? Generations pass like actors over the scene, and return no more: whence came they? whither go they? what drama do they represent? and who is the Mighty Author of it?

But, having fulfilled our proposed duty, we must stop short of the fair orator's eloquent harangue on the Great First Cause. Better than all this is the silent growth of the mutual attachment of the kindred spirits; but for the development of their passion, we must refer to the original work.

Prisons and Prisoners. By Joseph Adshead. With illustrations. London: Longman & Co.

The philanthropic author of this volume (which seems, by the way, to have been published last year) has bestowed great pains in illustrating, by facts, some keenly-controverted points respecting the best system of Prison Discipline. He is an advocate for the "silent" and "separate system," in opposition to what he calls the fallacies of *The Times*, and the *fictions* of Mr. Dickens, contained in that gentleman's strictures upon the Prisons of the United States. Whatever opinion may be formed on the points in debate, there can be no question but that Mr. Adshead has given far more attention to the examination of the facts bearing on it, than either of the authorities which he combats. This, however, is far from settling a question which presents difficulties that time, and continued, cool, and sagacious observation, alone can solve. A section of the book, which at all events must be of use, is the exposure of the condition of the Metropolitan Criminal Jails, or "The London Prison System," as Mr. Adshead ironically calls it; compared with much of which, any mode of Prison Discipline, wheresoever practised, is positive excellence.

Eastern Europe, and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia." Vol. III. London: Newby.

In spirit and object, this is a fitting supplement to the preceding volumes: much of the matter is quite as apocryphal, and the spirit is not more candid. This is to be regretted, as telling Western Europe the truth regarding Russia, without over-colouring or distortion, might be of great benefit to that Empire, or to those who direct its affairs; while statements like many of those before us can only offend and irritate. "Give the Devil his due," is a sound old English maxim.

The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the Last and the Present Century. By William C. Townsend, Esq. M.A., Recorder of Macclesfield. 2 vols., octavo. London: Longman & Co.

The praises bestowed by those high and competent authorities, *The Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, upon articles written for *The Law Magazine*, as reviews of the "Lives of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell," by Mr. Townsend, has induced that gentleman to publish a collection of Memoirs of Eminent Judges, which he imagines will be acceptable to the legal profession, and of some interest to the public generally. The memoirs given are those of Judge Buller, that "mighty master of the Common Law;" the Chancellors Loughborough and Erskine, in which Lord Campbell is of course anticipated; and Lords Kenyon, Ellenborough, Tenterden, Redesdale, and Alvanley; Sir William Grant, Sir Vicary Gibbs, and the fortunate brothers Eldon and Stowell. The Memoirs are composed in a popular vein; they abound in anecdote and minute traits of character; and form such agreeable as well as instructive reading, that we must, if possible, return to them at a length more commensurate to their interest and merits.

Theory of Morals; an Inquiry concerning the Law of Moral Distinctions, and the Variations and Contradictions of Ethical Codes. By Richard Hildreth. Boston: Little & Brown.

This is the first of six proposed treatises, which, collectively, the author intends to denominate "Rudiments of the Science of Man." Besides the work before us, he proposes a *Theory of Politics*, a *Theory of Wealth*, a *Theory of Taste;* one of *Knowledge*, and finally a *Theory of Education*. He is perhaps proposing to end where he should begin; but such is the programme. The distinguishing feature of the projected works is stated to be the application of the rigorous and systematic inductive method of investigation, to the several subjects discussed. So far as he has yet proceeded, Mr. Hildreth has been more successful in the work of destruction than of renovation. In attempting to solve moral and social problems, he shows little respect for authority, or hesitation to pull systems in pieces. From his brevity and clear arrangement, the students of his Treatise may gain an easy general acquaintance with the leading doctrines of the most eminent Ethical writers and schools, whether ancient or modern. Nor does he hesitate to pronounce his own opinions, which, if not new in England, are rarely brought forward. We consider the treatise worthy of attention, both for what it announces as the author's opinions, and what it expounds regarding the received theories of the most eminent ethical philosophers of all ages.

Burns' Fireside Library.

This popular selection of works of elegant entertainment now numbers no fewer than twenty neat volumes, which, ranged in rank, dazzling the eye in their scarlet and gold garb and decorations, make some figure on the fireside shelves, or any where else. Each volume forms a complete work; and, for those readers, in particular, who are admirers of the imaginative literature of Germany, the collection possesses very great attraction. It comprehends many of the choice and popular tales of the most eminent German writers, and some of their romances; Schiller's best dramas; specimens of the finest German popular poetry; and of the fables and stories to be found in the "Folks Books." Nor are English literature, and, more directly, instructive subjects, excluded. We have the spirit of "Plutarch's Lives," in an abridgment; several series of English biographies; an account of old churches, and a charming volume of *Northern Minstrelsy*. For young people, or as a gift, no prettier series could be selected than this, or part of it.

Gilbert's Modern Atlas of the World, for the People; with an Introduction on the Physical Geography of the Globe, and an Alphabetical Index of the Latitudes and Longitudes of Twenty-four thousand places. Parts I., II., III., and IV. London: Gilbert.

The size of this atlas is a large quarto; and the maps, well engraved and neatly coloured, cost only about a groat a-piece, so that it promises fairly.

Thoughts on Animalcules; or, a Glimpse of the Invisible World revealed by the Microscope. By Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq. LL.D., F.R.S., author of the "Wonders of Geology." Small Quarto; with illustrative coloured Plates. London: John Murray.

An elegant little volume, peculiarly fitted to excite and gratify intelligent curiosity in the young.

Outlines of the History of France, for Families and Schools. By the Rev. O. Cockayne, M.A., King's College, London. London: Parker.

This seems a well-digested, small compendium.

The Jesuits. By R. W. Overbury. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici. Eighth edition. Revised by the author's son, Mr. Thomas Roscoe. With a Portrait of Lorenzo de Medici; and a Memoir of Mr. Roscoe, by the late Mr. Henry Roscoe.

This edition, which, in paper and print, is as handsome a book of the size as one need desire to place in one's shelves, contains all the documents given in Mr. Roscoe's original Appendixes to the large edition. The publisher affirms, and with truth, that works like the present and the preceding volumes were never before given to the public at so reduced a price.

Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. Translated by John Black, Esq., late Editor of *The Morning Chronicle.* Revised according to the last German edition, by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A.

This must still be considered the best work of dramatic criticism, and especially of criticism on the English drama — or on Shakspere — which Germany has produced; and here is an edition of it, meriting every praise that we have given above to Roscoe's master-piece.

BOHN'S EXTRA VOLUME.

Memoirs of the Court of Charles the Second. By Count de Grammont, with numerous additions and illustrations, as edited by Sir Walter Scott. Also the personal history of Charles, including the King's own account of his escape after the Battle of Worcester, as dictated to Pepys; and the Boscobel Tracts, or contemporary narratives of his Majesty's adventures, &c. Carefully edited, with additional illustrations.

The publisher has some misgiving as to whether these popular, witty, and not over strait-laced Memoirs, can with propriety range among the excellent and unexceptionable works which have appeared, and are to appear, in his *Standard Library;* and he meets the difficulty by publishing this as an "extra volume." —— As a picture of manners — of a profligate and essentially vulgar, or rather blackguard Court — it is indeed inimitable.

NEW NOVELS.

I. *Llewelyn's Heir; or, North Wales: its Manners, Customs, and Superstitions, during the last Century.* Illustrated by a Story founded on Fact. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

By dint of the copious intermixture of the *real,* though it is presented in homely guise, one is able to get through this story not only easily but often agreeably. The Welsh mountains, and the miserable wayside inns, cottages, and old manor-houses of the principality, with their rustic or gentle inmates, and native manners, are a delightful relief from the inanities of the hackneyed, fashionable novel. We had marked out several characteristic passages,—one in particular, the description of a Welsh farm and farm-house, with its notable mistress and her family—but must forbear.

II. *Sybil Lennard.* By the Author of "The Young Prima Donna," "The Gambler's Wife," &c. 3 vols. London: Newby.

Any story by the author of "The Young Prima Donna," and the series it ushered in, must be worthy of the attention of novel-readers. "Sybil Lennard" shows no falling off in talent; but it is a painful story of woman's frailty, which has been told endless times and in all ways, without, as we believe, producing any warning effect whatever. The fall of Sybil Lennard, the beloved wife, the happy and blest mother, is mainly attributed to the seductive powers of French romances.

III. *Forest Hill.* A Tale of Social Life in 1830-31. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

This rambling romance, probably a first effort, displays considerable talents; but wants coherence—wants concoction — an amalgamating element — judgment, in short. As the author does not appear to have formed any precise or definite idea of many of the leading characters himself, (or herself,) they appear before the reader in vague or inconsistent shapes. The plot of this, and of each of the above novels, is of the common Circulating Library staple. "Forest Hill" has, moreover, a thin varnish of Puseyite piety, for which earnest and warmly devout Puseyites will not much thank the writer.

NEW DRAMAS.

Edward the Black Prince; a tragedy. By Sir Coutts Lindsay, Baronet, Author of "Alfred." London: Longman & Co.

The Flower of Yarrow; a tragedy. By the author of "The Kentish Legends."

POEMS.

The Benighted Traveller, a Tale; and other Poems. By Edward Francis Hughes.

Poems by Currer Ellis, and Acton Bell. London: Aylott & Jones.

SERIAL WORKS.

GILBERT'S NEW UNIVERSAL ETYMOLOGICAL AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; Parts IV., V., VI., and VII. We have already characterized this useful book, and are glad to find that it continues to merit all that has been said in commendation of its plan and execution.

A TREATISE ON THE STEAM-ENGINE, BY THE ARTIZAN CLUB. Parts XXIV. and XXV. (a double number.) Longman & Company.—We are happy to announce the completion of this valuable work, which is shortly to appear in a quarto volume, and at a very low price indeed, when the quantity and quality of letter-press, and the number of illustrative plates indispensable in such a treatise, are taken into account.

THE ART-UNION. Nos. 95 & 96, (double Number.)—Having exhausted Birmingham and the Potteries, the attention of the Editor has been turned, at this season of the French Annual Exhibition, to the Industrial Arts in Paris; and as it is allowed that the French are our masters in the arts of minute decoration, whether in dress or furniture, advantage to our home designers may result from familiarizing their articles to the eye. The numbers before us are also enriched with engravings from pictures, by French and other artists; and the literary matter, whether general, or immediately connected with Art, is varied, amusing, and instructive.

KNIGHT'S OLD ENGLISH WORTHIES. Part V.—The Worthies whose lives and portraits furnish forth this Part, are Queen Elizabeth, in her most majestic ruff, Shakspere, Raleigh, Camden, Bacon, and Ben Jonson: These lives leave the reader nothing to regret, save their necessary brevity.

THE MODERN ORATOR:—Edmund Burke. Part IV.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

PLAIN FACTS, INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH THE INTENDED REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS; ITS PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE PUBLIC REVENUE, &c. Addressed to all classes in the United Kingdom and her Colonies. By John Gladstone, Esq. — From being a man of money, Mr. Gladstone has become a man of acres, and, as one of the newest among the lords of the soil, a keen Protectionist. He is unfortunately cast upon an irreverend age, when sons fancy themselves much wiser than their fathers. Whatever effect Mr. Gladstone's Address might have had if earlier put forth, it comes unhappily "a day after the Fair," when Free Trade in corn is all but the law of the land. Some notion may be gained of the tone of this Address, when we state that Mr. Gladstone pronounces "Free Trade" a misnomer, and proposes to substitute for it "Foul Trade." He should consult his Grace of Newcastle on the subject, who must on sundry points entertain sympathetic feelings.

LAND AND LABOUR IN AUSTRALIA. Their past, present, and future management. By a Squatter at Port Phillip.

BENTINCK AND D'ISRAELI — IMPERTINENT INTERRUPTION OF BUSINESS — COERCION.

DURING the past month, the main business of the House of Commons has been to sit as a coroner's inquest on the body of the late Mr. Canning. After a lapse of nineteen years, it all of a sudden occurred to Lord George Bentinck that there were strong grounds of suspicion that his illustrious relative had been "hunted to death" by Sir Robert Peel. About the same time, some events in Norfolk had occasioned surmises that certain persons, dead and buried twelve or fifteen years ago, had been murdered, by some person or persons unknown. The coroner and his jury forthwith set themselves to do what they ought to have done at that time: the bodies were disenhumed, medical and other witnesses examined, and an opinion recorded that the defunct had not, as we say in Scotland, died a fairstrae death. With Protectionists precedents are every thing: Mr. D'Israeli ransacks Hansard, to establish precedents for the parliamentary use of nicknames. Lord George Bentinck, strong in the precedent of the Happisburg murders, calls for an inquest upon Mr. Canning. The thing could not be done regularly, — broken hearts do not come under the cognizance of the coroner. No sheriff would issue his warrant to disturb the slumbers of Mr. Canning's tomb. So the resurrection men, Bentinck and D'Israeli, had to dig him up *proprio motu*, and throw him down on the table of the House of Commons, crying, "Since he is there, if you have any humanity you will listen to his 'pitiful story.'"

We are not of those who cant about the unfairness of raking up events buried under the *debris* of nearly half a century. In proper time and place, the question of the conduct of Peel to Canning in 1827 — of the relative positions of these two men to each other, to their country and the human race — is second in importance to few. It will be most conducive to sound views of politics and morals — most instructive as to the best means of promoting practical reforms — to ascertain the real thoughts, motives, and actions of Canning and Peel throughout their respective careers; to learn what were their sentiments and success at different times, and how they came to entertain those sentiments; to note the consequences of their actions. No time is to be lost in seeking to ascertain facts that can throw light on these points. From the discussions in the House of Commons, it is apparent that many important witnesses have already passed away from this sublunary scene, whose testimony cannot be replaced. Every year that passes over our head will increase the difficulty of arriving at the truth. The investigation ought to be pressed immediately. The ear ought to be shut to no story, no question, even when prompted by feeble malignity: there is no necessity for believing them, and they may suggest new trains of reflection, new modes and channels of inquiry. But let these investigations be pursued when and where they do not interrupt urgent and important business.

"Don't talk to the man at the helm," is engraved in conspicuous characters on the steering wheel of most steam-boats, and very properly. The question which the curious traveller puts to the steersman, *pro tempore*, may be innocent, may be positively useful. The security of some small section of society may be promoted, by its being known, that the captain is a slave of amorous propensities, or that the steward's fingers are apt to find their way into pockets not his own. But if, while the passenger is eliciting these interesting facts, the steersman's attention is diverted from his immediate duty, the boat allowed to fall away from the wind, to the imminent danger of being pooped by a heavy sea, or driven upon a sand-bank, it is obvious that the puting of such questions, at such a time, is mischievous, and the interrogator fairly subjects himself to the penalty of being seized by the collar, and unceremoniously thrown into the waste of the vessel.

The controversy raised by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. D'Israeli respecting Sir Robert Peel's conduct to Mr. Canning is quite as ill-timed. The House of Commons was called to sit in judgment upon a measure proposed by ministers for the government of Ireland. The subject was beset with anxious difficulties, both inherent and associated. In so far as two not unimportant districts of Ireland are concerned, it is a lamentable fact that the peasantry have for generations been banded into factions; that land, the only possession the poor creatures can attain, is in great measure distributed amongst them not in accordance with principles of equity and justice, but with the sympathies or antipathies of these lawless combinations; that murder and outrages frequently arise from this state of affairs. On the other hand, it is obvious that measures such as ministers recommend, have been tried for more than a century, and have only made the evil worse. The Life Protection Bill for Ireland was further of questionable policy, inasmuch as its coercive clauses must press severely on the innocent, and are scarcely of a nature to deter the guilty from crime. The discussions which debates upon such a measure, to be applied to a country so circumstanced, were calculated to open up in Parliament are secondary in interest and importance to none that can come before it. The House of Commons was called to enter on them under considerations of peculiar delicacy and perplexity. Their decision on the Irish Curfew Bill might influence the fate of more than that measure. It cannot be denied that the Protec-

tionists voted for its first reading; and opposed it at the second, from no dislike of its principle, from no conviction that it was useless and noxious, but simply because they looked, by placing ministers in a minority, to force them to resign. They flattered themselves with some faint and vague hope, that if Sir Robert Peel could be driven from office, the progress of his commercial and financial reforms might be impeded, and that something might turn up in the chapter of accidents to enable them to avert corn-law repeal. If ever there was a moment when good and sincere men might be pardoned for hesitating, as to the propriety of acting up to their convictions of strict justice, it was this. The pregnant vote the House of Commons was asked to give, was beset with anxious responsibilities. To interrupt such grave and tangled discussions, with an entirely irrelevant controversy, was a serious political crime.

The secondary question raised by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. D'Israeli was utterly irrelevant. The principal question before the House, was whether or not they could, under all the circumstances of the case, give their assent to the Irish (so called) Life Protection Bill. Upon this, Sir Robert Peel's conduct towards Mr. Canning in 1827,—nay, the more general question of Sir Robert's character for sincerity and fair-dealing, could have no practical bearing. In regard to such a measure as was under discussion, the only feature of the Prime Minister's character, that could legitimately come under consideration, was his humanity and respect for constitutional law. It is conceivable that a majority of the House of Commons might arrive at the conclusion that the Life Protection Bill was calculated to be useful in the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, and yet pause before they intrusted the execution of such an extra constitutional law to an imperious, headstrong, and cruel minister. But assuming they could arrive at such a conclusion, there was no reason for hesitating to intrust it to a minister because he was pliant and wily, and apt to trim his sails to catch the breeze of popular favour. Sir Robert Peel might be all that Lord George and Mr. D'Israeli insinuate, and yet the unconstitutional powers sought to be conferred by the Curfew Bill might be as safely intrusted to him as to any mere man. The charge they brought against him did not amount to a personal disqualification in this respect. The main question at issue being urgent in its nature, to interrupt the discussion on it by such an ill-timed episodical debate, was cruel to Ireland, which is most immediately concerned in the decision, and impertinent to the nation at large, which sees the time wasted in aimless squabbles and reviling which ought to be devoted to its service.

It is of the utmost importance that public reprobation should be stamped upon this factious and disingenuous move of the Protectionists. It is a glaring repetition of the old "Honourable House" fallacy of substituting personal vituperation for fair examination of measures by their practical tendency. This imputation of motives, this vilifying of character, never ends in any thing but noisy and degrading brawls and the obstruction of business. Sir Robert Peel is not suffering at present for his own faults: he is scratched by an assemblage of cats felinely vindictive because their garbage has been snatched from them. He is suffering as Canning and Lord Melbourne suffered before him, and at the same hands. His persecutors are not the old and staid leaders of the class-interest faction. These veterans have fed fat on the national spoil; they are plethoric, and indolent, and attentive to decorums. Peel is assailed and gored by those who are angry to see the tables drawn before it has come to their turn to sit down; he is lanced by the Parthian shafts of those who have no character to lose. From the Hells of St. James's, from Tattersall's and Newmarket, the vindictively hungry crowd in, to assail him with scandalous gossip. It was a kindred gang that assailed Canning with sneers at his origin, imputations on his motives, and fretted and worried his keen impetuous nature to death. It was the same gang that got up the notorious crim. con. case, to weaken the Whigs by inflicting a *tache* on their Premier. The zeal for the sanctity of the marriage tie, then affected by every *roué* of the faction, was inspired by the same motives as the adoration of departed genius and zeal for fair play, which it is now their cue to ape.

The blame for obstructing the national business does not, however, rest exclusively upon this party. They are intrinsically too feeble to have effected this without the connivance of more earnest and powerful natures. If some political antagonists of Sir Robert Peel had not felt a secret gratification at seeing him badgered, the expression of which they had scarcely the prudence to banish from their countenances, the retailers of venomous gossip would have been less encouraged to proceed. If ministers had not, by the desultory, languid, indifferent manner in which they pressed their Curfew Bill, betrayed how little faith they had in it, or how little they cared for its success, the idlers would not have ventured to claim the attention of the House at all. There is an energy in earnest conviction that beats down and disperses all opposition. But men will not give way to people who have no apparent motive for getting on, and who do not appear to be anxious about the matter. The House of Commons felt, instinctively, that the Protection of Life Bill, (Ireland,) was a *sham*. Why it was introduced,—what imaginable purpose it could serve,—why it is adhered to, is a mystery; but it is obvious that nobody expects it to become law, or cares though it should not. The House might have been as usefully employed reviewing "More's Utopia," "Macchiavelli's Prince," or "Harrington's Oceana." It was the general consciousness of there being no real business before the House that secured the Protectionist Secunda-Club a hearing. When no real business was doing, no business could be interrupted. Peel and Russell were doing nothing, and people were thankful when D'Israeli and Bentinck came to make their idleness at least piquant. According to the old proverb, the Devil, finding the House of Commons idle, set it to work. A month of the session has been entirely wasted: the people ought to blame, not the Bentincks and D'Israelis, whose nature it is to waste time, but the real men of business, who afforded them an opportunity.

The Corn-Law Repeal Bill has been passing triumphantly through Committee in the House of Lords. Before we next write, it will have become the law of the land. All other restrictions on the freedom of Industry may now be considered as doomed. A great social revolution has been safely accomplished. On its probable effects, we may indulge in some remarks by and by: but must at present forbear.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1846.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. A ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH THORNTON, AUTHOR OF "THE MARCHIONESS," "LADY ALICE," &c.

(*Continued from page 444 of our July number.*)

CHAPTER XI.

ONCE again peace and quiet reigned at Felsenberg, but its mistress was greatly changed. Her health appeared to have suffered, and her gaiety was wholly gone. Her time was now almost entirely passed in her own apartment, either alone or with Blanche; from which Gertrude and Herman seemed strangely excluded. They thought it singular, but submitted without murmur or reproach, to what was evidently the will of their mother, whom they now seldom saw. No longer caring about her appearance, and negligent of her dress, when she did join the family circle she was always enveloped in a loose wrapping gown, which entirely concealed the fine form of which she had once been proud. The reason of this seeming caprice Blanche only knew.

Not long after her escape from prison and her return home, Blanche found her one day more than commonly depressed in spirits, and vainly sought to cheer her. "Oh Blanche," she said, bursting into tears, "you know but half my misery — my humiliation. In a few months — if I live ——" she stopped. A crimson blush dyed her cheeks, mounted to her forehead even, and then faded to a deathlike hue, as evidently with a painful struggle she continued, "In a short time, if I live, I shall give birth to the child of —— of ——" Her voice sank, and she left the phrase unfinished.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Blanche, letting her work, and the hands that held it, fall into her lap. "And no one knows this?"

"No one except Esther, who was present at this fatal marriage."

"Oh! dear Lady Felsenberg!" said she earnestly, "knowing this, had you still the — the courage — shall I not rather say, the rashness, to deny the marriage, and defy this man?"

"No," she replied, in a low and melancholy tone, "I did not then know it, or — I should not perhaps have dared to act as I did. Shocked and irritated when I discovered how I had been duped and betrayed — to what a wretch I had bound myself, when I reflected on the injury I had done my family in giving him power over them; above all, the ruin I had brought on the fortunes of my poor Herman, I became almost frantic with anxiety to find some means to counteract the fatal influence I had thus created. I argued myself into a belief that I was not morally bound by an engagement into which I had been drawn by deceit and falsehood; but so long as Father Saldorf lived, I remained undecided as to the course I should take to get rid of the odious bonds with which I had so rashly fettered myself. Had he lived, I should never have dared to deny the marriage. But after the first burst of grief for the loss of my faithful friend was passed, I rejoiced that by his death was removed the only obstacle to a plan I had already half formed.

"I believed the will of God was manifest in this event, and I went boldly on, and with a determined spirit, in the course of conduct I had laid down."

Here she paused, sighed heavily, and then continued: "But I could delude myself no longer by such reasoning when I discovered that I was pregnant. It is the will of God thus to confirm ties that bind me to a villain, doubtless as a punishment for the presumption with which I dared to decide on breaking through the trammels I had myself imposed!"

Heavily and slowly passed the winter months. Spring again returned to cheer the inmates of this melancholy dwelling. It was the beginning of March. The hour of pain and peril for the Gräfin was fast approaching, yet had no midwife been summoned or consulted. Steadily, obstinately she refused any other aid than such as Esther could furnish; or any confidant save those who already knew her situation. To the remonstrances of Blanche she replied: "No, I will have no more partakers in the disgraceful secret. Esther has her orders: she will obey them. My life is no longer so precious, that I should risk discovery in order to guard it. My death would be a benefit to my family."

Often she seemed so wild and flighty, as to terrify poor Blanche, on whom she had thus imposed a heavy responsibility. Sometimes she reflected seriously whether it was not her duty rather to confide to Herman and Gertrude their mother's situation, than thus to guard her secret at the risk of her life perhaps. But she had promised — solemnly promised; and she hesitated till there was no longer time to reveal it.

Lady Felsenberg gave birth to a little girl, whom,

according to previous instructions, Esther immediately removed from her presence. But no farther did she go in obedience to her lady's commands; which had been to deliver the child to Barneck, who was to convey it to a distant village to be nursed; to see that it was properly cared for, but never to mention or allude to it in her presence.

Blanche wept over the unhappy little stranger thus condemned ere its birth to banishment and desertion: but she did not venture to interfere at present, whatever she might have found courage to do at a future period; and Barneck was prepared to obey a mistress whose will he had rarely disputed. But the favourite waiting-woman had a will of her own: and although Lady Felsenberg had declared that the offspring of her now abhorred husband would be odious to her, and that she would never consent to look at an object which could only excite in her heart the bitterest feelings of hatred and disgust; spite of this absolute renunciation, no sooner was the lady well enough to sit up, than Esther softly entered the room and quietly placed the sleeping baby in her lap, and then with admirable tact as quietly retreated, but not so far but that she could see the countess fix an earnest gaze on the infant, and after a short pause, fold her arms round it and fondly press it to her bosom.

Esther, satisfied with the result of her experiment, now ventured again to show herself.

"It *must* go!" said the lady, looking up, but still holding it fast, and kissing its little face and tiny hands.

"Yes," replied Esther, "*now it may go:* but 'tis a delicate little thing. It could not do without a mother."

The child was removed, not to a distant place, but to a spot close to the castle, where the fond mother could visit and watch over its health and safety.

This was a joyful revolution to old Barneck and to Blanche, who already loved the child and mourned over its fate.

Once more Lady Felsenberg made her appearance in the family circle, with health restored and looking like herself, but more grave and sedate. Her vivacity had disappeared, but she was cheerful, hopeful, and comparatively happy. But the time was now fast approaching when Herman's professional duties would compel him to quit his home once more. The idea of a separation was terrible to them all. The winter months had been allowed to pass in peace: but they could not hope that this would continue, when the absence of her protector would imbolden the wily De Sablons to fresh attempts on the liberty of Lady Felsenberg; and they trembled for her safety.

She herself said nothing, but the pallid hue of her face when Herman's departure was alluded to sufficiently showed her feelings. Many consultations were held, and at length it was decided that the family should quit Felsenberg immediately, and under an assumed name seek an asylum in some distant place, where they might remain till Herman should be once again able to join them.

In pursuance of this plan, every thing was arranged for a removal: but much discussion was yet necessary to decide on the place of retreat to which they should ultimately resort. So many objections presented themselves both to Germany and France, that it was finally decided that a residence should be sought in England; to the great satisfaction of Esther, whose influence had gone far towards the election.

Esther was a native of England, and fond of her country, although she had left it at an early age to serve in a French convent, where Lady Felsenberg had been educated. English servants were in great demand in the convents, not only on account of their staid gravity of manner, but also from the facility it afforded the pupils in the acquirement of the English language, at that time considered an indispensable accomplishment to every person of fashion in France and Germany. All the family of Felsenberg spoke English. England therefore was the most eligible, as being the most remote, and inaccessible to their enemy.

Openly then, but with bitter regret, they quitted their native home, the abode of their ancestors, surrounded by its wild romantic scenery, its ancient forests, and the loved haunts of their early days, and repaired to Brussels, establishing themselves, as if intending to reside there; and then, having taken all needful precautions to elude pursuit, secretly and at night departed for Ostend, where they embarked for England, and took up their abode in an old manor-house on the coast of Devonshire. Two servants only, Barneck and Esther, attended them; not even Fritz—the joyous and faithful Fritz, was intrusted with the secret of their new residence and new name.

The situation of the house was lonely and remote, on a high moor or down, scarcely four hundred yards from the verge of the cliffs, which rose almost perpendicularly, forming a sort of irregular crescent round the beach, the rocks in some places covered with woods, feathering to the water's edge, in others rising naked and abrupt in many coloured masses, finely contrasting with the silver waves rolling on the yellow sands and spreading far away.

On the right were dotted the scattered huts of a little colony of fishermen. At nearly the same distance on the left hand, the spires of a monastic edifice were visible; but the building itself, enveloped in its own luxuriant groves and orchards, and sunk in the fertile valley where it stood, was scarcely seen. Behind and around the house stretched the wild, uncultivated, but not barren moor, since it was covered with a native vegetation of heath and fern, furze, and low scrubby brushwood, in which the wild deer and stunted race of forest horses bred in peace, and shared its shelter with the wandering sheep, and the ever-wheeling plover; and near the cliffs the smuggler and the sea-birds also found safe and secret places of abode.

In this ancient domain, enclosed within high walls, called Fenton Manor-house, the family of Felsenberg, under the assumed name of Saint Amand, took up their residence, having added to

the domestics several natives of the neighbourhood; among them a nurse-maid for the baby, which Esther had introduced as the orphan of a deceased sister. As Lady Felsenberg, or Madame Saint Amand, as she was now called, seemed quietly to acquiesce in this arrangement, no other person could object to it, and the baby became one of the family.

No sooner were they installed in their new dwelling, than Herman took a mournful leave of them, uncertain as he was when he should again behold them, and departed to join the imperial army. Those he quitted settled down to the quiet monotony of a country life, enlivened occasionally by a sail on the blue sea, a visit to a village fair, or by taking part in a religious procession on some high saint's day, or solemn festival of the church.

Almost the only visits received by the little peaceful household were made by the monks of the neighbouring monastery, called Fenmoor Abbey. Of these visiters, the most frequent were the good Fathers Rupert and Jerome. The first, a pious, kind, and benevolent man, took on himself more especially the office of spiritual guide and director in the family: while the bustling and active Father Jerome, in his devotion to his spiritual duties, by no means abandoned his temporal ones. The opinions he had ever supported were, that after bestowing due attention on the affairs of the world to come, it was also incumbent on a pious man to secure as many of the good things of the present one as he conveniently might: "inasmuch as," he said, "God had given the produce of the earth for man's use, with the fatness and the fulness thereof, so that man's duty was to consume the same with thanksgiving and a joyful spirit."

We must do Father Jerome the justice to declare,

> "His doctrines and his life were one:
> He practised what he preached."

For the reverend gentleman condescended to bring his learning and superior intelligence to aid the ordinary purveyors of the convent. He knew better than any one how to procure the fattest venison, and the freshest fish. As the pious and unworldly Rupert looked after the souls of the family, Father Jerome may be said to have taken charge of their bodies. With the same care that he provided the holy brotherhood with fish, flesh, and fowl, the best of every thing, he also furnished the little peaceful household of Madame Saint Amand,—"an excellent lady," (to use his own words,) "who cheerfully subscribed to the necessities of the church, and held in reverence its ministers." In fact, in all temporal concerns Father Jerome was the grand referee, as the devout Father Rupert in spiritual ones; the one as regularly reporting extraordinary interpositions of Providence, and fresh miracles for their edification, as the other furnished the tattle and gossip of the country for their amusement.

We must not omit, among the enlivening events which roused them occasionally from the dreamy course of their hum-drum life, the arrival of letters from Herman, which, coming "few and far between," excited a proportionately joyous sensation.

A year had elapsed in this even and unmarked stream: the mild winter had passed, and the sunbeams of May danced once again upon the sparkling seas, and decked the earth with flowers; when one of these letters came, welcome always, but this one met ten thousand welcomes, and created a jubilee throughout the house.

It announced at once a visit from himself, and the death of De Sablons. This had been the result of a wound received in a gaming-house at Avignon, where a quarrel had arisen in consequence of a suspicion of foul play. This precious epistle was dated from London, and concluded thus:—

"This time, my dear mother, there is no mistake. Knowing the *rusy* character of the man, I was slow in giving credit to the report, which reached me immediately, for I was myself in that city at the time it took place. I went instantly to the suburb where he was said to have been killed, in order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the tale. I did not quit it till I had followed the *convoi* which bore his body to the tomb. I could not, did not, grieve for his death; for he was your enemy. I could not, did not, rejoice; for it was awfully sudden, to a man so wholly unfit, so unprepared to die. May Heaven have mercy on him! We will speak of him,—we will think of him, if possible, no more. I trust it will not be long before I shall again be with you: but I am detained by the indisposition of the good Queen Katharine, for whom I am charged with letters from her nephew, my imperial master."

After the receipt of this letter, there was an end to all occupation at Fenton Manor-house that in any way interfered with the constant watch that was kept from the windows, or the often-repeated walk towards the road by which Herman was expected to arrive; who meantime was waiting in London with equal impatience for the completion of the business which would leave him free to join them.

CHAPTER XII.

At length the expected summons came from the palace. He found the good, but unhappy queen surrounded by her ladies in one of the long gallery-shaped, many-windowed rooms of the Westminster Palace, which opened on the river. She looked pale and pensive, but received the packet Herman presented with a pleased and gracious smile; and as she read the contents, she looked up and laid her hand affectionately on the head of the Princess Mary, who stood beside her, a child then about eleven years of age, pale and thin, and already characterized by a staid gravity, unnatural at such an age. "Mary," she said, "the emperor, thy cousin, sends thee greeting and affectionate remembrance."

As she spoke, the door opened, and the gentleman usher announced that his Eminence the

Cardinal Minister requested an audience. The queen's face suddenly changed, and she said, somewhat haughtily, "We are engaged: let him wait." She then added in a low tone, as if speaking to herself, "*Santa Virgin!* but our enemies tread hard on the heels of our friends. He must be admitted. Mary, thou mayest retire now, my child."

A lady advanced from the group, who stood at a distant part of the room, and followed the princess out. Cardinal Wolsey was now admitted. He advanced to the foot of the raised seat on which the queen was placed, and bowed profoundly as Herman had done: but no pleased and cheerful smile greeted *him;* no hand was graciously extended towards him. She sat upright and with a stately air, a brow slightly contracted, and her mouth pursed up as if prepared for the contest she probably anticipated.

"If it might please your highness to let me speak with you alone," said the Cardinal, looking at Herman, who, not wholly unused to the etiquette of courts, moved not in obedience to the desire for his absence expressed by the proud and powerful man who then so decidedly influenced the politics of Europe, but waited quietly until Katharine should intimate his dismissal. After a short pause she replied:—

"Nay, my Lord Cardinal, this gentleman is a trusty messenger from the Emperor. We will that you speak in his presence, that our nephew may the better understand how we are handled here; for it is doubtless the old affair of the divorce on which you would discourse."

"Ha! an agent of the Emperor!" said the Cardinal, something like a sneer curling his lip, while an expression of mingled anger and disdain slightly flushed his face, and gave animation to the stillness of his heavy features. "He is the pupil of a wily and a crafty school, and doubtless well fitted for the mission on which he is sent." As he said this, he fixed his eye with a keen and suspicious glance on Herman. Again bowing profoundly, he added, "But the will of your grace is law, and I am bound to submit, although I would fain that the interests of England should not be discussed in the presence of its enemies."

"Speak on, my Lord Cardinal!" said the queen haughtily. "It is our pleasure to have this gentleman as a witness to what may be spoken between the Queen of England and his Eminence of York. We know well your errand is to urge our consent to this divorce, and will now tell you plainly that we also know the motives which have prompted you in forming this plan. You seek revenge. You would annoy the Emperor, and thus avenge his having failed to aid your ambition to seize the Papal throne. *He* has offended you; and with a worthy, a magnanimous spirit, which does honour to your heart, you strike at him through us, an unoffending woman. Calling yourself a moral man, and a good Christian, the head of the law and the distributor of justice, you strive to undo what the law and the church have done; to separate husband and wife, put asunder those whom God hath joined together. Calling yourself a faithful servant of the Catholic church, aspiring to the triple crown, you seek to push me, the descendant of a race of kings, for ages its devoted adherents,—to force me from the throne of these realms, and to place thereon an enemy to its tenets, a convert to the heresy that denies its doctrines and would destroy its power."

While the queen thus spoke, with an energy, an eloquence even (notwithstanding her foreign accent,) which the deep interest of the subject inspired, the Cardinal was evidently moved, his eye alternately fixed in earnest gaze on her face, while the colour was heightened on his own, or bent on the ground in deep thought.

"And to crown all, my Lord Cardinal," she continued, "calling yourself a prudent man,—above all, careful of your own interests, she whom you would place on the throne is your enemy. She owes you no good will; you have made her heart sad and sore by taking from her my Lord Percy, and she will not fail to requite you. I foresee and I warn you of the fate you have brought on yourself. You sought revenge. You have employed unworthy means to obtain it. You have set at nought the best interests of the master you serve, and the country you govern. You have used the sacred trust committed to your hands, but to gratify ambition and revenge, and the result will be your own destruction. Mistress Ann has beauty, and she lacks not wit; she will use them to good purpose. She will destroy you."

The Cardinal had shown surprise when the queen first alluded to Ann Boleyn, but now his face expressed strangely-mingled feelings of astonishment, doubt, fear, and anxiety, as he repeated:—"Mistress Ann! Mistress Boleyn! Is not your grace jesting in supposing——"

"Jesting, my Lord Cardinal?" she exclaimed, flushing with anger, "Is the subject one of a nature so light or so merry that we should be jocose in speaking on it?"

"I crave pardon," he replied: "I meant not to offend your highness. But if indeed the thoughts of Mistress Boleyn soar so high, it is meet that I take my measures accordingly."

"*If,*" said Katharine, again interrupting him with something like a smile, and a singular softening of the harsh expression her features had hitherto borne, a flush of womanly spite and triumph colouring her pale cheeks, at the evident discomfiture of her enemy; "*If,* my Lord Cardinal! Is the great statesman ignorant of the successful progress of his own plan to divorce the king and queen? Does he not know how ably he has been aided therein by the good looks of Mistress Ann?"

"I beg leave to depart, your highness," said the Cardinal abruptly. "I will away to his majesty, and strive to turn away such evil thoughts." With a profound bow he retreated to the door, and hastily quitted the room.

Katharine was now again the gentle and gracious lady. Descending from her elevated position, she placed herself on a seat beside Herman, and pointing to another, she said kindly: "Sit down, young sir. You look pale and fatigued, and I

fear your wound pains you. Can we do aught to aid you?"

She then entered into conversation with him, asked many questions relative to the emperor and his affairs, to whom she looked as a protector from the cruel injustice with which she was threatened by the brutal tyrant who then filled the English throne, and to whom unhappily she still clung as a wife, with a woman's fondness—a woman's weakness we should have said, had she not been a mother, resolutely bent on suffering any extremity rather than consent to compromise the interests of her daughter. She made many inquiries, also, of Herman and his family, and for what reason they bore an assumed name,—all of which being answered, she drew from her finger a brilliant ring, presented it to him, and dismissed him with an assurance of her favour and protection.

Herman, well-pleased to be liberated, almost immediately set off on his journey to Devonshire, this time attended by the rejoicing Fritz; whose zeal and fidelity being infinitely greater than his discretion, he had not hitherto been made acquainted with the change of name, nor the place of residence the family had chosen; but now the necessity for this mysterious secrecy had ceased. It mattered little now whether their real name were known or not.

Fritz and his master arrived safely at Fenton Manor without accident or adventure, to the great joy of all parties who had been long looking out for them. The only drawback to their felicity was the wound which Herman had omitted to mention in his letter, and which sometimes painfully reminded him that laurels have thorns as well as roses. But a happy mind and the genial air of Devonshire's romantic coast soon restored him to his accustomed health, and enabled him to join the now happy inmates of the Manor-house in daily excursions in the neighbourhood. Pleasure and prosperity reigned once again in the peaceful household.

Such is life! a stage whereon the constantly shifting scenes present alternately tragedy and comedy, a strangely checquered sky with sunshine and clouds in swift succession,—the blasting storm-wind, and the summer breeze.

They were now at liberty to return to their loved home, but it was agreed they should remain some time longer in this retreat, as beautiful though not so grand as the wild and picturesque district of their native mountains. In these cheerful domestic parties, the little Betta (the baby) made a distinguished figure. She was now nearly a year and half old, and could both walk and talk after a fashion of her own; and her beauty and vivacity had made her the darling and the plaything of the whole house. No comments were made on the circumstance that the young peasant was clothed, attended, and looked like a little lady. It was evident the countess regarded her with the fondest affection, and cherished her as a daughter. Herman and Gertrude sought not to pry into the mystery: perhaps they guessed the truth: certain it is they loved and treated her as a sister, and Blanche seemed to vie with them in affection for the lovely child.

These halcyon days, alas! brief as they were bright, were soon obscured by clouds, the slight but ill-boding harbingers of stormy and tempestuous times yet to come.

One morning that Lady Felsenberg was sauntering about the garden, while little Betta gambolled before her, the child fell and hurt herself. The lady anxiously caught her up to examine the injury she had received. It was nothing serious; and greatly relieved, she looked up, and saw with surprise the eyes of a man whom she had not before noticed, fixed on her with a keen and earnest gaze, but immediately turned away, as he resumed the work with which he seemed to have been occupied.

At the moment she was struck with something strange and singular in the man's manner: but, occupied with the child, she did not dwell on it, and had soon forgotten it. Two days afterwards, she was again passing over a gravel walk in the same garden which led to the orchard; as she was about to pass through the door of the wall which separated them, she heard some persons speaking. There was something in the tones of the voice of one of them which startled her, and seemed to call up a chain of long-forgotten and unpleasant thoughts; and she went on slowly, looking for the speakers. Within the orchard were the gardener and the man whom she had before seen. She now looked at him more attentively. As she approached, he turned away, and his face was half-hidden by a large hat which he wore; but she could see that his hair was gray, that he had lost an arm, and appeared to be bent with the decrepitude of age.

Struck with compassion, she gave him some money, which he received with humble and silent thankfulness, and turned to the gardener to inquire about him. The gardener said he had been recommended by the holy fathers of Fenmoor Abbey. "Father Jerome told me it would be a charity to employ him, and that I should find him as useful with his one arm as some people are with two, and, by the mass! it is the truth he spoke, madam." He continued, "'Tis surprising how handy he is, and his knowledge of herbs and simples is marvellous. Though his English is not the best, and I am often puzzled to understand him, he helps me wonderfully well, and is a better workman than one would think to look at him. He hath, also, as the worthy father assured me, an excellent knack at selecting herbs and condiments for the seasoning of meats, and making savoury messes. So that Father Jerome would fain have employed him among the abbey kitcheners, but that he lacketh an arm, and that his health will not brook the heat of the great fires needful for the roastings."

The countess passed on through the orchard to the heath, to look for the young party whose return she expected from a neighbouring village. The happy and laughing set soon made their appearance; they entered the house together, and sat down to a merry meal, during which a marine expedition was planned for the morrow. In order

to have a long day, they arose early, and embarked with the first sunbeams that sparkled on the waters of the bay.

Lady Felsenberg went with them only to the water's edge, and then slowly sauntered back to the cliffs, where, seating herself on a fragment of rock, she watched the little barque, as it lightly skimmed the placid surface of the sea, till it vanished from her sight. She was about to rise and quit the place, when she was again startled by the peculiar tones of the voice she had heard in the garden. She looked out from the rocky recess in which she was half-concealed, in expectation of seeing the gardener's mutilated assistant: but instead of him, two gray brothers of the Fenmoor Abbey slowly passsed round a projecting headland, and close by her, apparently without seeing her; so earnestly were they occupied by their conversation; and which she thought related to the boat and its freight, for their eyes were turned towards the sea; but the only words she caught were, "They are all there," from one of them, to which the other replied, "No, she is not with them."

The words were nothing. They were of ordinary import, and might have been uttered by any gossipping stranger. But the tones of the voice which had said, "*She* is not with them," made her start with terror, and involuntarily shrink into the recess in order to conceal herself from their sight. They passed, and were gone. She quitted her seat to hurry home, chased by a sort of phantom fear, raised by her imagination, which she could neither substantiate nor define; and which yet, notwithstanding its vagueness and its dimness, had sufficient power to make her heart sink with dismay.

She tried to reason with herself, and as she climbed the winding ascent of the cliffs, she said, —"Why may not men's voices resemble each other as their faces frequently do? Is it not my own fancy which has created this resemblance?" And when she recollected that she fancied this similarity in two individuals wholly unlike each other, she slackened her hurried pace and went on more quietly, murmuring, "It is my own imagination that deludes me. The man is in his grave. It cannot be *his* voice."

Still a sort of uneasy doubt, a restless, nervous irritability beset her. Something like a prophetic foreboding of ill depressed her spirits, and she rejoiced when the cheerful sounds of youthful voices again met her ear, and told her the young travellers by sea were returned. In the frolic gaiety, and buoyant spirits of this happy set, time fled swiftly on. A whole week of calm enjoyment had nearly chased the panic from the mind of Lady Felsenberg, when the weather, which had hitherto been so bright and beautiful, gave gloomy indications of a change. Dark heavy clouds congregating in vast masses obscured the sun, which set with fiery gleams, prematurely bringing on night. The sea-gulls fled clamorous and screaming to the land for shelter from the coming storm, foretold by the gusty blast that swept fitfully across the moaning sea.

At length it came. Gertrude and Blanche watched from the windows the beautiful but terrific flashes of lightning, quivering on the waves, and for a moment brightly lighting up the caverned rocks, and woody slopes of the coast, and the beach stretching far away. A crashing burst of thunder seemed to shake the very foundation of the house, then rolled in a solemn peal away, while a torrent of rain rushed like a water-spout down the shaking casements.

At this moment Lady Felsenberg entered the room, exclaiming, "Herman! my poor Herman! There is no shelter on that wild moor he has to cross, if he returns by land—and if by water,"—suddenly pausing, she added, "Heaven forbid he should be on the water!"

Lights were now brought in, and the shutters closed, and they sat listening in silence to the howling wind, which now swept with fury round the house; when Herman, who had been absent the whole day, rushed in pale and agitated, exclaiming, as he cast a hurried glance around, "Thanks to the blessed Mary, you are all here!—all safe!"

"Safe! yes," said the countess, "we are safe enough. It was for you we feared. You were exposed to the fury of the tempest. Go, change your clothes, Herman; the water is streaming from them; and you look as wild as if you had lost your wits. Even a soldier, I see, may be frightened at a clap of thunder," she added, laughing.

"Thunder!—the tempest!" he repeated. "No, I was not frightened by the tempest. I ——" he stopped.

"You *were* frightened," persisted his mother, gaily; relieved from her fears for his safety, and pleased to see him after his short absence. "You trembled. You are still pale as a ghost. Brave boy as thou art, thou wert shaking like a coward. Thou art inured to the thunder of war, but thou canst not stand the noise of

'Heaven's own artillery thundering in the skies.'

Go change thy dripping garments, and thy sorry countenance."

The young man heeded her not, but sat still on the seat on which he had thrown himself, silent and thoughtful; a sad and sorrowful expression gradually stealing over his features. Gertrude and Blanche anxiously watched him, and at length his mother appeared to share their anxiety. The smile vanished from her lips, and the colour from her face; and laying a trembling hand on his arm, she said, "Something is wrong! Herman, tell me what it is."

"I have been vexed and annoyed," he replied, rising from his seat. "I will change my clothes and return to you." He quitted the room, and it was more than an hour ere he returned to it. As he closed the door, he said in a grave and melancholy tone, "I have been hesitating whether I should communicate the suspicion—the fear, by which my heart is oppressed. But reflecting that I cannot hope to guard you from the danger I apprehend, while you are ignorant of it, I will tell you, I fear, greatly fear, I was deceived, duped by a stratagem. I believe that De Sablons lives, that

he is in this neighbourhood, that I have seen him in the dress of a priest."

The countess sank back half-fainting and motionless on her seat. The voice, that terrible voice, with its too well remembered tones, which had struck her with dismay, was now accounted for, and confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt, that Herman's fears and suspicion were well founded. A mournful silence ensued, interrupted only by the pealing thunder and the rocking wind, now unheard or unheeded, in the more fearful tempest of terrible anticipation, raging in the minds of the unhappy inmates of the house over which it swept.

CHAPTER XIII.

The silence was at length broken by Lady Felsenberg, who said, in a gentle and subdued voice, "My foe still lives—my punishment is not yet complete—I have yet more to suffer. God's will be done! But tell me, Herman, how did you make this dreadful discovery?"

In answer to this question, he replied, "I was crossing the moor when the storm came on. Thinking I should be somewhat sheltered by the rocks, I descended to the beach by the Fenmoor valley to make my way home by the sea-shore. The sun had set when I reached it, but there was light enough to see a boat tossing on the waves, and vainly trying to reach the land. Two men were in it. Once, as they were thrown nearly on shore, I heard an exclamation from one of them, which was replied to by a fierce execration from the other. I thought they were probably fishermen; and, anxious to aid them in a situation so perilous, I ventured into the foaming surf as far as I dared.

"While I thus stood half-buried in the waves, the boat again approached. I caught hold of it; and, propelled at the same time forward by the oars, it was rudely dashed on the strand. The two men fell from the sudden jerk, but were soon on their legs again, and I saw with surprise that they wore the peaceful dress of the cloister, but ill according with the fierce energy they displayed, and the strange oaths they uttered. They were well disguised, but greatly agitated by the danger they had escaped, and wholly off their guard. I thought I knew them both."

"De Sablons and Durochet?" said the Countess, faintly.

"Yes," replied Herman.

Another gloomy pause ensued, when a consultation was held on the best mode of counteracting the persevering villany of these men. But, wholly ignorant of their schemes, they could only decide on practising the most cautious vigilance, and that Lady Felsenberg should never quit the house without Herman, or a sufficient guard.

The next day a new discussion began. Many fresh conjectures were formed, and many expedients suggested, which ended as before in the fact that they could do nothing but wait and watch.

"At any rate," said Herman, "it would be something to ascertain where they have taken up their abode. From their dress, I am inclined to believe they are at Fenmoor Abbey: I will go and endeavour to learn if it be so."

"Blanche and I will go with you as far as the village, and wait till your return," said Gertrude.

As they descended the steps, little Betta met them, and, seeing them equipped for a walk, insisted on going with them. No objection was made; on the contrary, they were all pleased to have the merry little darling as an additional companion.

The countess watched them as they departed, with a heart swelling with the mingled feelings of grief and affection. A sad foreboding fear, that the wretch to whom she had allied herself would ere long again separate her from them, depressed her spirits, and made her too restless to settle to any occupation, save that of watching for their return.

After an absence of between three and four hours they came back. She went out to meet them, and eagerly questioned Herman about the information he had obtained. "Have you traced them?" she said. "What have you learned?"

"Nothing distinct or certain," he replied. "I could not ascertain whether they are among the brotherhood of the abbey; but their dress is the same."

As they entered the house together, she inquired, "Why did not Betta return with you? Where did you leave her?"

"Betta," he said, surprised. "You would not allow her to go with us. You sent for her to come back."

"*I* sent—no," she uttered in a faint voice, the colour fading from her face.

"You sent her maid Hannah, to bring her back!" exclaimed Gertrude and Blanche, coming forward, and speaking together.

"Oh, Father of mercy, have pity on me!" she cried, sinking on her seat for a moment; then springing up she rushed out of the room. Scarcely a minute elapsed, and while those she left still stood in mute surprise and consternation, she as suddenly flew back, wildly exclaiming, "She is gone! she is lost! The villain has got hold of her. My child! my child!"

She sank again on a seat, and burst into a fit of hysteric sobs and tears.

"Thank Heaven she can weep!" said Blanche, as they stood anxious around. "She will soon be calmer."

Blanche was right; she was soon more tranquil. She lay back quietly on the seat, showing no other signs of emotion than a heavy sigh which from time to time heaved her chest.

Herman, who had hitherto stood in melancholy silence beside her, now said, in a low and tremulous voice, "She is your daughter, mother? Betta is my sister?"

Lady Felsenberg raised her heavy and swollen eyelids, and looked up, but she did not speak.

"And this—this man is her father!" said the unhappy young man, seating himself, overpowered by the strangely contending feelings by which he was agitated.

From the overwhelming effect of this discovery, it was evident he had never hitherto suspected the truth. He loved the beautiful and interesting child as a brother, or rather like a father, from the great disparity in their age, but without the slightest idea that she had a natural claim on his affection; and he now learned her near relationship to him with sensations of pain, vexation, and pleasure, so intimately blended that it was impossible to say which predominated. She was the daughter of a wretch. Her birth was a disgrace to them. A proud—an angry—a bitter feeling swelled in his heart. He turned away and stood aloof, with an expression of scorn and contempt on his face. But he thought of the engaging little creature. He looked at his unhappy mother, and that warm heart led him again to her side, to soothe and to comfort her.

No upbraiding word passed his lips. Suppressing the vexation he could not but feel, he said gently and kindly, "Take courage, dear mother. We shall find our darling again. I loved her before. I shall love her still more now that I know she is my sister. Be sure we shall find and bring her back to her home."

The unhappy lady again raised her eyes to his face, and whispered as he bent over her, "Bless you, Herman!"

The group was now augmented by Barneck and Esther, who, privileged by long and faithful service, were considered rather as part of the family than as mere domestics. The evil tidings rapidly spread through the house, and created a general sorrow and indignation; for every one loved the merry Betta, and all vowed vengeance against the treacherous Hannah, who, it was evident, had been a willing agent in her abduction. A general search was soon arranged, and many persons traversed the country in different directions in order to trace the fugitive nurse-maid; but many days passed and no tidings were obtained.

At length news arrived that she had been seen on the road not far from Exeter; and Herman with Fritz and a few armed attendants, departed in pursuit of her. The good monks from the abbey came with kind condolence, and offers of service, although probably not aware how near and dear was the tie which bound Madame Saint Amand to the lost child. Both Father Jerome and Father Rupert had been at the Manor-house on the morning of Herman's quitting it; Lady Felsenberg was therefore somewhat surprised at hearing on the evening of the same day that a monk from the abbey requested to see her.

Hoping however to obtain news of her child, she readily admitted him, and eagerly advanced to meet him as he appeared at the entrance of her private room, where she had been sitting alone, weeping and wretched. The monk's cowl covered his face, and he carefully closed the door, and barred it ere he removed it. He then flung it back, and fixed his keen, bright eyes on her, who appeared half-paralyzed by their expression.

"So, madam," he said, with a smile of triumph, "I have found you once again! You are doubtless rejoiced to see your husband?"

The once high spirit of the poor lady was now quite subdued, and she said meekly, "Tell me what you have done with the little girl, and on what terms you will consent to restore her to us."

"I will not affect ignorance of your meaning," he replied. "I acknowledge she is in my power. But before I answer your questions, you must reply to mine. What interest have you in this child? and who are her parents?"

She hesitated. At length she said, "We are all greatly attached to her—she is an orphan."

"An orphan," he repeated. "This is fortunate for my plan."

"Your plan? you will not encumber yourself with a child?—a girl."

"A girl—an orphan girl. It is what I have long been seeking, and have now found. She is handsome, too, and resembles you; these are additional advantages," he said, with a malicious smile.

"For what purpose have you entrapped her? and what will you do with her?" anxiously inquired the mother. "Tell me at once on what terms you will consent to restore her to us."

He gazed silently for some time on her pale and agitated face, and then said with a bitter sneer, "You appear to be greatly interested in the fate of this orphan. If she were your daughter you could scarcely be more so. I will tell you my purpose. You will then see that I cannot consent to restore her to you, much as I might desire to comply with the wishes of a lady to whom I am bound by so many gentle ties. It has been your pleasure to renounce me and deny my claims on you. You reject me as a husband,—deny me the sweet endearing caresses of a wife. My hours are lonely and forlorn. I must have some one to love and comfort me. I shall rear this child to know no other, to love no other than myself. I will keep her ignorant of the cursed arts of your capricious sex. In ten or twelve years she will be entering on womanhood, when I shall make her my wife."

A deep silence followed the conclusion of this speech, during which the poor lady stood pale and trembling. At last she repeated faintly, "Your wife!"

"Yes. She will be to me what you once were. She will not wantonly break the solemn oath she will register at the altar—she will not outrage and defy her husband as you have done."

"Your wife!" again repeated the wretched mother. "*Your* wife—man, man! She is—she is your daughter."

"Ah! indeed?" he said, with a calm sarcastic smile, "She is my daughter? my right to detain her is then unquestioned. Yes, madam, I know she is my daughter. I watched you, I saw you unseen, I could not long doubt that she was *your* child. From her age I also believed she was *mine*. I shall teach her to regard me as her only friend. Teach her to abhor and despise the cruel, the unnatural mother who has branded her birth as illegitimate, and driven her from the place in society she had a right to claim."

"Tell me! tell me, De Sablons," exclaimed the

countess almost gasping for breath, "By the blessed Mary, tell me, what is the price at which you will consent to restore her to me. I will no longer defy you. I submit, I will obey you; but oh, restore my child!"

"'Tis well, madam!" he replied sternly. "It would have been better for you had you done so long ago, ere hatred and revenge ——" He checked himself, and bent his eyes to the ground, as if to hide the hard and cruel feelings they expressed.

"What I require is a positive and unequivocal acknowledgment of the marriage, and the birth of my daughter. I have here a paper properly drawn up: you have only to sign it yourself, and let the two servants who were present at the marriage do the same. I will return again to claim it. The child shall come with me. On receiving this paper so signed I leave her with you. Now I warn you, madam, not again to rouse the bitter feelings of my heart by an attempt to thwart, or controul me by secret or underhand means. Do not hope to circumvent my plans. Be sure they are too well arranged to offer you a chance of success. The only safe game you can play is unqualified submission. Dare again to disobey, and you risk the destruction of all that are dear to you."

"But will you not say," she inquired, "when I —— when you will bring ——"

"Say, when I will return, that you may have people ready to rescue the child; that you may marshal your troops, summon the guard that was left to protect you from my approach. You see how well they execute their task," he said maliciously. "No, I will choose my time to come again, as I have done now: wait, and expect me soon." He now unfastened the door and departed.

For some time after he was gone she sat silent and motionless, mechanically looking on the paper he had left, but without noticing its contents. At length, with a heavy sigh, she said, "God has taught me that the path of falsehood is an evil path, whatever be the motives that lead us to it."

She was about to leave the room when Blanche rushed in with a frightened face, exclaiming, "That monk — that gray brother was——"

"De Sablons," said Lady Felsenberg, "you know it? you have seen him?"

"Yes," she replied in a low sad tone, as she left Blanche to her own reflections.

Herman meantime, with his small but trusty band, pursued his course towards Exeter: but in vain he sought to trace the fugitives. Led on from place to place by false reports, and purposely misled, he at length abandoned the pursuit in despair, and resolved to return. Towards evening of the fourth day from his leaving home, he again found himself in the Fenmoor valley. Once more he quitted his horse to make inquiries at the abbey, at the farm, and the hamlet, with the same want of success: and descended to the beach to make his way home by the serpentine ascent of the cliffs.

The sun was setting as he reached the sands, throwing a golden gleam upon the waters of the ocean, upon the fading woods, and many-coloured rocks; the tide rolling its long waves into the bay with a gentle lulling monotony of sound, that seemed to soothe the vexed and weary traveller. He seated himself on a fragment of rock midway on the ascent, to rest. "The gorgeous mantle of the setting sun," with its glowing tints of saffron and purple, gradually changed to the hazy twilight. The cheerful sounds of day gave place to the "beetle's drony flight," and the "drowsy tinklings of the distant folds." Herman sank into one of those reveries in which the mind is most apt to indulge when the limbs are weary. The strange scenes he had witnessed, the many and singular vicissitudes from joy to sorrow which he had experienced, young as he was, came in succession to his memory, and none with more forcible effect than those in which Blanche bore a part. He had loved her fondly. He still loved her. He could not drive the past from his mind: but it was a subject that created sad and sore feelings in his heart.

While he thus sat mournfully ruminating on his vanished hopes, heightening and augumenting in value (as man ever does) that which is unattainable, picturing to himself that life of bliss unalloyed he had looked forward to with the gentle, affectionate, and lovely Blanche for his wife; the chimes from the abbey announced that the curfew would soon sound, and he arose to go. He mounted, and was within a few yards of the moor on the summit of the cliff, when he again seated himself lingering and reluctant to meet his mother with the tale of the useless efforts and ill success of his expedition.

He had scarcely seated himself a second time when the words, "Hush, listen!" caught his ear. He looked up: two figures were dimly visible on the verge of the cliff. One of them resembled his mother. The night was so still that he heard the rustling of a silken garment. It must be his mother. He was about to speak, when one of them said, "Now! now!" an exclamation followed. A sound succeeded like the lifting a heavy weight. It was flung over the cliff, and fell with a dull lumping sound on the beach below; and all was still again.

Herman stood half-paralyzed: he knew not why, but he trembled. He feared he scarcely knew what. But a deep and terrible presentiment of ill possessed his mind, and seemed to crush his heart. A frightful, a horrible idea had seized his imagination, and seemed to cling to it with determined tenacity, wild and improbable as it was.

Though all was still, the sound of that dull heavy weight yet echoed in his ear. *He knew the sound*, he had heard it before. Desperately he threw himself down the rocks and stood beside the object thrown down.

His ear had not deceived him. It was a corpse; the body of a man, clothed in the monastic dress. The red cross on the gray frock, faintly distinguishable in the fading light, indicated a member of the brotherhood of Franciscan Friars. The face was mutilated and disfigured. He could not certainly say what name that man had borne while living, but he believed he knew it; and again the same terrible train of thought rushed through his brain. An icy chill crept through his veins

as he stood silent beside it as if rivetted to the spot.

Why should the sight of a dead body so affect him? He was a soldier; whose business is to kill. He had seen thousands of dead men,—battle-fields covered with the dead and dying; and he had not shrunk as he did now from this one solitary corpse. No: war is open, day-light assassination. But from secret, stealthy, midnight murder, even the soldier shrinks.

He was roused from his fearful trance by the sound of voices, and approaching footsteps. He started as if waking from an oppressive dream, and fled impulsively as if he hoped by flight to get rid of the fearful phantom that pursued him. After a time he became more tranquil, and once again began to ascend the winding path; soliloquizing as he climbed, "No, no. It is not—cannot be. It is impossible! Besides, the voices were hoarse and deep. My mother's voice is clear and gentle. No, no, it is impossible," he repeated again, as he approached the house with a lightened heart. "It is my wearied frame and heated imagination that present these frightful images to me."

As he uttered these words in a cheerful tone, he entered the house; but as Esther met him, and he inquired for his mother, his voice sounded husky and nearly inaudible.

"My lady was unwell, and went to bed early," she replied. "The young ladies retired also as soon as they had supped. Will you please to have your supper sent to your own room? It is ready. Fritz and the men are come back, and said you would be here directly."

He made no reply to her question, but walked on mechanically towards the parlour where they usually sat, repeating to himself the only words which had made an impression on his preoccupied mind. "She went to bed early. She was indisposed, and went to bed early. The blessed saints be praised!"

Esther opened the parlour door, but instantly closed it again, while a half suppressed exclamation seemed to break involuntarily from her lips. Turning to Herman, she said, "I am sure, sir, you had better go to your own room at once, and I will send your supper there."

He did not speak, but pushing her hand from the lock, he opened the door and entered.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the middle of the room sat his mother, upright and still. She showed no surprise at the sight of him, nor did she question him as to the result of his search. She looked up at his approach, but it was with a vague and wandering glance that scarcely seemed to recognise him. And he—he had not courage to question *her*.

"Good Heaven, my lady!" exclaimed Esther, "Why did you get up again? You promised me you would not come down again."

"I have not been in bed," she replied; "I told you I would not go to bed."

"Mother!" said Herman. The sound of his voice appeared to rouse her; she again looked up, and feebly uttering, "Herman, my son! Herman is come back to me. Heaven has still pity on me: I thought, I feared———"

"What did you think? What did you fear?"

"I hardly know now," she said, putting her hand to her head. "But I think it was, that Heaven was to punish me by taking away my children; that I was never to see you again, nor Gertrude, nor Blanche, nor—nor the little one; nor the little one," she repeated, bursting into tears and sobs.

"The Saints be praised! the tears are come at last!" exclaimed Esther as she listened to the peculiarly melancholy sound of the lady's hysterical cries.

"No tidings have then been heard of the child?" he said, turning to Esther; and now for the first time looking at her, he observed that her face was pale and haggard, as if she had recently undergone great fright or fatigue, or both combined.

"Yes," she replied, "she is here; she was brought back by—by a monk."

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he said, surprised at this intelligence.

"I—I forgot it," she replied with a disturbed and embarrassed air. "They found her asleep I think. My lady will tell you when she is better; but she must go to bed now!"

Lady Felsenberg now lay back on her seat still and exhausted, and Herman now first saw that the room presented a scene of strange disorder. The rushes, which commonly strewed the floor in an even uniform covering, were now driven up in heaps, leaving it in places bare; they were scattered on the tables and seats, some of which were upset, and one was broken. This was the more remarkable, because the lady was very precise in the arrangement of her rooms. The green rushes in summer, the dry ones in winter, interspersed with lavender, rosemary, and other sweet-scented herbs, were frequently changed, and no dogs were allowed to gnaw bones beneath the table.

He noticed the confusion which reigned around, but he asked no questions.

His attention was now again drawn to his mother, who, raising herself up in the seat, said with a deep sigh, "Oh that I had listened to thy counsel, Herman, my truest, my best friend. Then had I never abandoned the safe path of honesty and truth—never entered the crooked labyrinth of falsehood, which has led me on to misery, to ——"

Ere she had time to finish the sentence, Esther impetuously interrupted her, with, "My lady, you must not talk any more. You must go to bed."

Angrily turning to Herman, she said, "Don't talk to her, sir! you make her ill! She does not know now what she says. Go away, and leave her; go, go!" she added, pushing him towards the door.

The unhappy young man showed no anger at this assumption of authority on the part of a domestic. Alas! no. He knew too well the faithful devotion of Esther to her mistress. He understood too clearly the fears that made her so anxious to get rid of him, and he obeyed; but ere he quitted the room, he said, "Shall I not first

aid you to remove her to her chamber? Is it not better that I, rather than another, should assist you?"

"No, no," she said, impatiently, "Leave us, sir! She will be able to walk by and by."

He went to his chamber; not to his supper, not to his bed. The weary and hungry traveller no longer thought of food or repose. With a heavy heart, and restless step, he traversed the room for hours; a train of harassing ideas constantly pressing on his hot and weary brain. In vain he tried to hope he had deceived himself. In vain he repeated to himself, I have seen nothing, know nothing positive, or absolutely conclusive. His reason gave the lie to this sophistry of fear and affection. A chain of concurring circumstances told him the fearful fact, that his gentle, his affectionate and dearly loved mother was—his heart recoiled at the thought, his lips refused to utter the words that would be attached to her name, when all he guessed should be known to others,—to those who had no wish, no motive to screen her from the disgrace and punishment she had drawn down on her own head, and through her on her family.

Fortunately it is the nature of violent emotion quickly to exhaust itself. The terrible agitation of the last few hours by which Herman had been tortured, wearied out the morbid activity of the excited brain, and was succeeded by the torpor of complete repose. He threw himself on his bed, and sank into a profound sleep.

When he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. He started up with a sort of indistinct idea that something terrible had occurred,—that his mother was in danger and needed his aid. Hastily he sprang from the bed, and began to descend the stairs. But soon the events of the preceding day came to his memory, and he paused a moment to think ere he joined the other members of the family.

Gertrude and Blanche were eagerly watching for him, and little Betta ran joyfully to meet him, holding out her arms, and begging to be taken up. He raised and caressed her affectionately, not sorry thus to hide his face from observation. But he had forgotten his dusty and stained dress, which had not been changed since his return. He accounted for that, and his pallid face, by some plausible pretext, which at least partially satisfied the inquiries they occasioned.

He saw, by the cheerful faces of the two girls, that the fearful secret which oppressed his own heart was by them wholly unsuspected. They told him that Betta had been brought back by one of the monks of Fenmoor Abbey, who had found her asleep on the heath. The child's sleep was so profound that it was thought she must have taken some narcotic drug. This was the account Esther gave of the affair. Of Hannah no tidings had been heard.

The Countess was said to be indisposed, and did not leave her chamber. Esther in close attendance on her, was little seen by the other inmates of the house. Herman, weighed down by grief and fears he could not suppress and would not communicate, avoided his young companions. The heavy hours crept slowly on; the day wore gloomily away. A second came and went. A melancholy quietude seemed to reign throughout the household. Something seemed wrong, though no one knew what. Spite of Herman's efforts to conceal his feelings and his thoughts, the keen eyes of affection by which he was watched, could not be wholly blinded. Blanche and Gertrude both saw that he was suffering either in body or mind. His appetite was gone. He was silent, spiritless, and dejected.

The news had been brought by a peasant, that one of the monks of Fenmoor Abbey had fallen over the cliff and been found dead on the beach. Then came another version of the tale. It was not a monk, but a stranger in disguise, who had been killed; which was discovered on his being carried to the abbey hospital. A third tale said, suspicions had arisen that the stranger had been murdered, and flung over the cliff by the assassins. The rumours varied and changed, till at length they assumed a form that astonished the ears of those who listened to them, and were alluded to by the inmates of the Manor-house only in half words, hints, and whispers; implicating, as they did, some of the members of the family, spreading gloom and consternation throughout the household, which had lately been considerably augmented.

Early on the morning of the third day after Herman's return from Exeter, Father Rupert arrived with a somewhat hurried manner, which was very unusual to the serene and gentle-minded monk. The visits of the good and pious man were always welcome at Fenton Manor: but now that this strange and gloomy mystery seemed to overshadow it, his presence was hailed with double joy. But the placid expression his face commonly wore had given place to a disturbed and agitated one. After a hasty greeting to the young people, he retired with Lady Felsenberg. The conference did not last long; he soon quitted her; and, meeting Herman, who was anxiously watching for him, he said, "It is needful that Madame Saint Amand quit this place without delay. Her safety requires it. The officers of justice will be here anon, and ——"

"My unhappy mother!" exclaimed Herman, interrupting him. "It is then so—she has confessed that ——"

"Young man!" said Father Rupert, somewhat sternly breaking in on the question he was about to ask, "Seek not to dive into secrets confided to the ministers of the church. It is sufficient for thee to know thou must provide for the removal of thy mother. Here she may not remain. God, who knows the motives of men's actions, will judge and punish those who sin, with a measure proportioned to the offence. Man's judgment is erring. He cannot see the heart of the accused. The justice of man, awarded by human tribunals, is often greatly disproportioned to the crime, and justice but in name. Thy mother must away. Alack! I do fear it is even now too late."

Herman's eye involuntarily followed his earnest gaze, and saw, from the window, Father Jerome

mounted on a mule, shambling along the road which led to the house, at a speed most extraordinary for a member of the quiet fraternity to which he belonged, by no means renowned for their horsemanship. Scarcely had the steaming mule clattered into the courtyard ere Father Jerome was off the saddle, and in the room, exclaiming, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "By the blessed rood, I have not had so fierce a course since the outlaws chased me in the forest valley. They come, they come! Sir Wilfred Sumner with his posse are at hand, with a warrant to arrest Madame Saint Amand and her son. A stranger hath deposed to certain facts that implicate them in the death of a man who was found on the beach. I have not spared the spur, as my poor mule well knoweth, that I might warn the good lady, who hath ever been kind to the needy, and a friend to the church."

A hasty consultation was now held, and it was quickly decided that the best plan to pursue was, to seek concealment for the lady and her son within the domain, since to quit its walls now would only be to throw themselves into the hands of those they wished to avoid. A root-house in the orchard, adjoining the wood-yard, half filled with sticks and garden tools, was selected as a safe place; and to this they retreated. Scarcely was this plan settled, and before it could be executed, a thundering summons for admittance sounded at the gates, which had been hastily closed for the purpose of delay.

Gertrude and Blanche, who had hitherto remained in ignorance of what was passing, now roused by the noise and bustle so unusual in the quiet household, rushed forth to inquire its cause, and met Herman carrying, rather than leading, his mother down the stairs. A few hurried words only were exchanged between them, serving but to perplex and terrify them.

Pale and frightened, they entered the parlour, and were greatly rejoiced to see the two priests among a number of strange men, by whom it was occupied. "It is said they have departed; they are not here," said Father Jerome to the magistrate, at the moment they reached the entrance to the room, and on seeing it so filled were about to retreat again, when he advanced, and whispered, "Courage, my children! Help us to gain time." He then said aloud to Gertrude, "I would fain beg thy hospitality, daughter. It is nigh unto noon, and many hours since I have eaten. I pray thee let thy people serve us a meal as quickly as may be."

As they went off to obey his request. He followed them, and said hastily, in a low and earnest tone, "Meat and drink!—meat and drink for them all! the best you have, quickly, and no stint."

Returning to the magistrate, he said jocosely, "I crave your worship's pardon; but my empty bowels do so yearn for the flesh-pots of Egypt, that I may scantly think of aught else until they be satisfied. This house hath a name for an honest hospitality; will it not be well for your worship also to refresh yourself after your long ride?"

The cunning monk knew his man; and so readily had his hint been taken, and his plan carried out, that the plump and jolly Justice found himself almost immediately seated before a well-covered table, with the two priests, while his attendant satellites were regaling with the servants; notwithstanding his protestations that he must first search the premises.

The unhappy old Barneck and the anxious Fritz took good care their guests should not ask twice for any thing, more especially for strong ale, which, as Fritz said, "hath a marvellous power to make a man forget that which you do not wish him to remember." Father Jerome played his part of deputy-host at the social board so well that, after sitting nearly two hours, the contented Justice, declaring that he was a right worthy priest, and a pleasant companion withal, rose to make the necessary search for the culprits. This he executed with the staid gravity becoming his official dignity, only making two small mistakes; once in graciously patting the head of a beer firkin, which he mistook for a child, and next, ordering, in a tone of stern authority, a fagot in the wood-yard to be brought before him for examination, declaring it to be a man "of a most ferocious mien, and armed with weapons of destruction."

Being at length convinced that the object which had attracted his attention was not so dangerous as he had thought, he departed with his men, happily just able to find their way back by the road they had come. Father Jerome, in a most funny and facetious mood, not altogether, perhaps, in strict accordance with his clerical garments, went to announce to the prisoners their departure; giving it as his opinion that no farther steps would be taken in the affair by Sir Wilfred Sumner, who had protested, as he swallowed the stirrup cup on mounting his horse in the courtyard, that it was "altogether a foolish idea to suppose any thing could be wrong in such a well-ordered household."

Notwithstanding this friendly disposition of the magistrate, Father Jerome recommended that the gates should be closed, and a watch kept from the windows. With this advice he and Father Rupert now also quitted the house.

The family again assembled, and, no longer checked by the presence of strangers, Gertrude exclaimed, "Do tell me what all this means? What did these men seek? and why was it necessary for you to conceal yourselves? This is some new stratagem of De Sablons, I suppose."

For some time no one spoke; at length Herman replied, in a low voice, "No: De Sablons is dead."

"Dead!—not he. He made you believe that before. Depend on it, you will soon see him in some fresh disguise. It is a part of some new plan."

"De Sablons is dead, Gertrude," repeated Herman. "He was found lifeless on the beach by Durochet. These men came for the purpose of compelling us to give evidence on the subject, which we were unwilling to do."

"Ah!" she said surprised, "*He* then was the

man who was said to be murdered? and Durochet found him? I dare say it was Durochet who destroyed him. They quarrelled, and he killed him. They often quarrelled. Yes, yes, *he* killed him. Don't you think so, mother?"

Lady Felsenberg made no reply, but hid her face by leaning on the table, near which she sat.

"Well," said Gertrude, "at any rate his death is a happy deliverance from the fear and anxiety in which we have so long lived. My mother, all of us, will now be tranquil and happy. We have nothing more to dread."

It was now Herman's turn to cover his face, while his mother shaking with uncontrollable emotion rose from her seat, and with an unsteady step quitted the room. A short pause of silence ensued, when Gertrude spoke again in a low and mournful tone, "My poor mother! she loved this wretch — she still regrets his loss."

"Regret *his* loss?" said Herman surprised. "Why do you think so?"

"Ah, Herman, you would not have asked that question," she replied gravely, "if you had seen her melancholy face as she left the room."

For nearly a month after this agitating day, they lived in gloomy tranquillity, unbroken save by the visits of Fathers Jerome and Rupert, and the ordinary occurrences which slightly relieve the monotonous uniformity of a country life. But this peace and repose was not satisfactory. There seemed a something false and hollow in it, which the two young women could not well understand.

The gay Gertrude, who had hoped now to have seen something like happiness and mirth restored, and to have indulged herself occasionally as of old in laughing and making others laugh, was far more inclined to weep. For Herman looked ill and unhappy, and the only time her mother wore a cheerful face was at the approach of Father Rupert, whose visits were now frequent and long.

The fourth week had calmly succeeded the third since the bustle and tumult occasioned by the judicial search, when their repose was again broken up, and sunshine again gave place to storm in their chequered life.

A peasant came with intelligence that a stranger and a traveller was lying bruised and half senseless at an ale-house in a neighbouring hamlet, having been thrown from his horse and much hurt on the head; so that they had been unable to ascertain who he was or from whence he came. But from the circumstance of his having once or twice uttered the words "Fenton Manor," they thought it best to let Madame Saint Amand know it. On hearing this account, Herman determined to return with the messenger. The distance across the moor being little more than three miles, they set off together on foot.

He found the unknown traveller not now restless and irritable as he had been, but sunk in a quiet torpor of the senses, from which they were unable to rouse him; but on searching him they discovered a letter addressed to Herman. It was from the good Queen Katharine, to the following effect:—

"Young Sir,—It hath come to our knowledge that a French messenger is arrived with instructions to arrest the lady your mother, yourself, and the other members of the family, on the plea of some great harm done to a subject of the French king.

"Whether or no this be a stratagem of my Lord Cardinal of York, (who hath set his seal to the order,) the better to rid himself of your presence, whom he mislikes, as one well thought of by us and our nephew the emperor; this we know not: but lest this evil come upon you suddenly, and without warning, we send off a trusty man, who hath orders to spur and spare not; so that, God willing, this shall reach your hand twenty-four hours before the warrant-bearers can be with you.

"We can give you no farther counsel, being well-nigh distraught with our own troubles: but heartily commending you to the protection of God and his holy saints, we remain your friend to serve you. "KATHARINE, the Queen."

Astonished at the information so kindly conveyed to him, Herman had but little time to reflect on the strange turn this disastrous affair had now taken; none to waste on useless speculations. Action the most prompt and decided was necessary. The accident to the messenger, who should have delivered the letter, had occurred on the preceding day, consequently the time the gentle-hearted lady hoped to have gained was lost, and the officers of justice might be expected every hour. As this idea presented itself, he eagerly inquired if a horse could be had, and was told the one from which the messenger had been thrown was in the stable. To saddle it, mount, and gallop off, (after commending the messenger to the care of the host,) was the work of a minute.

He had sprung up the steep ascent which led to the moor, and was dashing across it when a shout aroused him from a perplexing train of thought. He reined up the horse just in time to prevent his going over a man who appeared anxious to stop him. It was Barneck, pale, weary, and dejected.

(*To be continued.*)

A SUNSET.

THE setting Sun seems a more glorious orb,
When broadly streaming o'er the western sea,
Than at his rising, when his beams absorb,
So suddenly, Night's vap'rous progeny;
And seems more glorious chiefly for this cause,—
That on his earlier progress there attends
Foul exhalations, like a "troop of friends,"
That half obscure his brightness with applause.
But when toward the ocean gulfs he draws
These baffled ministers of Pestilence,
They rush together in black cloud, and close
Around his footsteps, much like threat'ning foes,
That only make more obvious to the sense
The Sun's expanding disc by their dark impotence.

L. D.

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF MUSIC.

Mr. John Hullah, who was popular a few years since, as the introducer into England of part-singing on the Wilhem method, has lately put forth a Discourse on the "Duty and Advantage of Learning to Sing." From the tenor of this address, it would appear that the musician has fallen into the track of a particular church system, and is disposed to value the art which he commends chiefly as ancillary to the progress of the Puseyite revelation. This tendency, which is thoroughly sectarian, however angrily its followers may repudiate the term, has not been meddling with music only. Architecture, or rather a certain antiquarian dilettantism in this art, is much taken up of late, with the curious zeal which professes to revive the living spirit by restoring defunct forms: and the enthusiasm for letterns and lych-gates, credence tables, and *sedilia*, has filled a multitude of hollow brains, with a continuous buzz of pedantry and affectation, wearisome enough to the unsophisticated ear. It is one of the most singular, and not the least disheartening phenomena of our time, to see numbers of men, by no means wanting in some kind of capacity, not without education, and conspicuous for diligence, bestirring themselves to gather up the dead relics of past time, to serve as food for the present: — men of some conscience, too, we verily believe, who have a species of sincerity in the faith that from the dry bones they can produce life; and who have arrived so far at least in understanding, as to feel that the England of our day is sick at heart, and craving for some restorative;—but who can find no better inspiration than the idea of cramming down her panting throat, the musty rags and old utensils of "*mediæval piety*." Is it possible to believe that the prophets of this school can be *thoroughly* in earnest in what they do, and advise?—that their desire to learn what is truly the want of the day, and its remedy, has been strong enough to force them into the real presence of things around and above them, with resolute will to see, instead of dreaming, or playing with the shows of sentimental illusions? Their impressions, we fear, are but skin deep; and these antiquarian fopperies, mere *idola specûs*, the offspring of impulses, which, in sane minds, give way before the supreme desire of truth, when it is really worshipped, and better loved than the indulgence of an affected fancy. That such delusions may be pursued, for a time, with eagerness enough, found sects, and even supply pseudo martyrs, history has already made known: that they will vanish, like vapours before the sunbeams, at the approach of the light of genuine truth and thorough devotion, all must religiously believe, who feel that not in barren forms, but in fruitful spiritual life, are these sacred existences made manifest.

The conviction will not allow any one to notice without regret, such tendencies as would subdue to the service of a sect, the free genius of art; which, in its proper and purest sense, is but another expression of the Infinite and the Divine, in a special mode of beauty, whether in form, language, or sound. As for music, which is the immediate subject of these remarks, we are persuaded that the attempt to promote its cultivation, by developing its uses as the mere organ of any party, is to cast it back, rather than to promote the advance we desire. It is the property of all imaginative art to resile from contact with applied uses; like those etherial essences, which we are told refuse to combine with other elements. It is complete in itself, and must be loved for its own sake. Its excellence consists in the entire independent development of its internal powers, and can only be disturbed and clouded by the attempt to force it into an employment foreign to its nature. This endeavour, on which the whole structure of criticism on Poetry and the Fine Arts was founded, during the supremacy of the French school, proceeds from an entire oversight of the distinction between the two elements which it vainly sought to reconcile, by making the spiritual a mere handmaid to the material demands of existence. Between them no such forced alliance is possible. Their principles are the two opposite poles of our being,—necessity and liberty. The useful and practical ends of life, the importance of which none but a madman will underrate, are bound to obey the laws of the former; to adjust our actions to what it requires, and to render clear and smooth our course within its absolute limits. The freedom of the human soul, its claim to partake of something beyond the restraints of its temporary state, finds utterance in Poetry and Art; flies from the actual, the imperfect, and the absolute, to seek in their ideal creations images of the possible, the perfect, the unconditional, reflected from that higher sphere of which it feels itself a denizen, and towards which it is ever striving upwards from its imprisonment on earth. To bind this liberal principle to the tasks of its severe rival can only confuse the action of both. Each has its part to fulfil in fashioning the life of man; in appointing his duties here, in preparing him for a state hereafter. But they must for ever remain distinct and separate in their very essence, as well as in their fitting application and expressions. Until this be felt and regarded, there is no healthy progress to be expected for the Fine Arts. They must be sought for what they are, not for what they may help other things to become. Nor is their influence to be made subordinate to any limited ends whatever; it is precious, because it is of itself alone, — and most perfectly so when free from all incoherent restraints,—a living utterance of the Beautiful, a voice calling to men, amidst their daily labours, to look upwards and feel the existence of things, which are not wholly of the earth; a sensible reflection of the Eternal on the surface of the passing elements of life! And is not this enough, to be worshipped for its own sake? Amidst the multitude of realities, which weigh us down to the dust, have

we any need to materialize those finer influences, which soothe the infinite desire of the soul with emotions of its higher capacities, and appease the longing that no imperfect object can satisfy? We see how these have been granted by Nature, with a liberal hand, in her manifold objects of external beauty, to which no material use is assigned; in the various delights created to refine the intellectual sense of beauty; and which, like her flowers, her lovely sky-colours, her rapture-giving breezes, are strewn over the merely practical necessities of being, to remind us of a higher life, and fill us with ideas of perfection, that here the soul can only perceive in remote glimpses. Such is the mission of true Art, and it is only on a perception of this supreme law of its nature, that its proper dignity can be raised, its perfection attained, and its beneficent influences fully enjoyed.

To many, this view of the subject will appear extravagant—enthusiastic—fanciful. It has been usual to regard the musical art, especially, as a trivial and rather questionable minister to the idle pastime of an hour, — a thing *of no use*, and rather apt, indeed, to be mischievously abused. That it is utterly useless, in the sense in which ploughs and steam-engines are useful, we may not only admit, but shall joyfully maintain, if we pursue the idea of what is really to be sought in such choice gifts of nature. That it has been degraded to very base employments, and, thrown amidst much that is worthless and vicious, has scarcely ever appeared in its real character, is true enough also; equally true it is, that this degradation and its consequences are owing to its neglect from mistaken ideas of its worth and tendency. The voice of nature cannot be wholly stifled: — *usque recurret;* — but you may confuse its utterance, and untune its melodies by denying them to all but rude organs. So it has been with music in these islands, since the religious wars. The impulse which prompts the light heart to sing, — the quick ear to delight in rhythm and harmony, will make way, whatever prejudice or austerity may do to repress it. But, by refusing it free expression, by withholding the cultivation that every art requires to become sensibly perfect in its outward type, by banishing it to the haunts of the frivolous, the idle, and the dissolute, we have done all in our power to deprive it of natural growth and pure utterance: — shall we wonder, then, to find it the imperfect questionable thing we have striven to make it? That it has continued, amidst all these disadvantages, to play like a sunbeam in the lower sphere to which our ignorance and want of feeling have banished it;—that it still has been able, however perverted and contemned, to stir the hearts with an irresistible charm, and to raise and purify those even who have known it merely as a sensual gratification, — this, alone, might tell us its true vocation and better capabilities. It should teach us what a purifier and charm of life we might have found in music, had it been redeemed from unworthy disgrace, and honoured with the liberal culture required to develop its higher influences, by perfecting its expression, and raising the tone of its admirers.

One of the world's great men, Martin Luther, had a revelation of this truth, amongst others which have changed the fate of empires. He bestirred himself to establish the study of music in all the communities founded on the evangelical creed; and this, not in any degree as a direct ally in his warfare against the Roman Catholics. He believed that music was a gift of God; that its use was especially becoming in praises of its author; but was also, by itself, of excellent value at all times. In the education, therefore, of all who followed him, he was careful to provide the means of exercising this divine art; and laid down a system of musical tuition, enjoined in every Lutheran parish school, which has continued in force throughout nearly three centuries. What fruit this seed has borne, all educated persons know. In Germany alone, of all countries, is music a common domestic friend, instead of being, as elsewhere, an outcast, a prostitute, or a mountebank. Its cultivation is thought no folly, its practice introduces no excess, is exposed to no peculiar temptations; the whole land is filled with its cheerful voice, and with a grateful feeling of its value, as a heavenly companion amongst the cares of daily life. At the same time, its highest creations have silently grown, in that country, to a perfection elsewhere unknown. It is needless to name Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; authors of the greatest works that music has yet produced, and the genuine offspring of the soil on which Luther's powerful hand cast the first seed. For, although of these great composers some were born Roman Catholics, in Catholic states, it was at an era when the original growth, fostered by Luther, had already spread over the whole land, and shed its fruits over regions which were remote enough from the root which gave them birth. Such virtue is there in the true thought and the genial insight of a single man;— and such is the stature to which an art may rise, when it is sustained by the understanding love of a whole people, and viewed, at its proper height, as one of the minor revelations, an *avatar* of the beautiful.

That a conscious regard of this kind is indispensable to the production of high excellence in the fine arts, it would be absurd to maintain. In some spots, peculiarly favoured by nature, at certain seasons — as in the Greece of Pericles, and the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there arise spontaneous enthusiastic impulses, which seem like the emotions of a superior instinct, developed in a fervid glow of production, in which excellence of the rarest kind has been attained. The painter of the Sieña Cupola, the composer of the mass of Pope Marcellus, may possibly have had no distinct vision or divine ideal of their respective arts, but merely have obeyed an irresistible desire to embody the conceptions which were struggling within them for utterance. That many of the greatest Italian artists *had* a clear notion of the spiritual dignity of their calling, is, indeed, perfectly well known That others, whose hands were employed in the service of a religion they were taught to reverence, wrought

in a still higher mood, is no less certain; and this sense of devout consecration has breathed on the works of some earlier artists a spirit of purity and solemn loveliness that has never been effaced or equalled since. But it may be at once admitted, that there may be a very rich development, for a season, in a genial soil, of art, which has no such elevated principle. This, however, we may observe, has never yet been witnessed, but in the fresh youth of a highly endowed race, under a happy climate; when the enthusiastic rapture that the discovery of a new vein of beauty awakens, has given to its pursuit a kind of eager devotion, like that of the lover to his mistress, which, during its heyday, exercises the elevating influence of love on all whom it touches. The passion is vehement, unconscious, brief in its duration, and fugitive in its effects, if not supported by a clearer insight, and a calmer devotion. Still it *is* a worship and a sacrifice; and while the emotion preserves its warmth, seeks to raise rather than degrade its object. But there is no instance of even the happiest organization having prolonged this kind of summer of the arts, in any country, beyond the date of its first enthusiastic period. The instinctive rapture of a passionate and sensitive race may, while it lasts, advance them to a fulness and glory of which less favoured nations are incapable: but this excitement alone will not preserve their excellence, or continue their production by even the highest natural endowments. When the bloom of this passion wanes, and there is no placid and respectful feeling of the true objects of art to replace its impulses, the descent is as rapid as its rise was sudden. In proof of this, we need only look at the miserable state, at the present moment, of music and painting in Italy. The national organization is as fine as ever; the desire to excel, and the reward of success are still there,—yet what is the testimony of all who visit that land? It still produces the richest voices, the most perfect individual musicians: but its *music* is sunk into the lowest state of sensual decrepitude. The great schools of church composition are extinct,—in Mozart's time, indeed, they were already rapidly decaying. Instrumental works are things unknown. The cathedral audiences listen to airs from flimsy operas, massacred by an organist, who barely knows the common rudiments of his noble charge. Even Opera, the once favourite object of a voluptuous taste, grows more and more tuneless and vapid in each new hand. While there is hardly a corner of Europe where you may not hear the best Italian compositions of a better day, you seek in vain to enjoy them in Italy; where, indeed, the only music to be heard at all, is, by the testimony of all competent judges, worse by many degrees than any thing of the kind elsewhere. Is not this a striking instance of the insufficiency of the most exquisite natural capacities alone to ensure the progress, or even prevent the entire decay of art, when it is deprived of its due character, and pursued in a spirit which degrades it?

This flight to the other side of the Alps is not, as it may seem, a very wide digression from the tenor of our way, which first led us to the uses and prospects of Music in our own islands. If we find that nothing but a pure regard and a clear sense of its essence, can preserve the growth and beauty of Art, in its very birth-place, we may surely learn something from hence of the only manner in which we can hope to domesticate it as a living and beneficent influence, in a land from which it has been so long banished, and where it only exists by a kind of precarious and contemptuous sufferance. The "duty and advantage" of making the free gift of music our own, are far too general, that we should permit it to be engrossed by any section of a party, when hoping to see it rescued from the office of merely tickling the ear of a luxurious class. What we desire is a general *catholic* cultivation of a serene and purifying art, loved because music is a lovely and excellent thing, the study and practice of which, for its own sake, is gracious both in the innocent pleasure it gives, and in the influence it unconsciously exercises; loved, because it should be the welcome companion of social or solitary hours, the becoming accomplishment of the well-born, the blessed recreation of the humble, a thing altogether too universal and copious a blessing to be packed up in a disinterred pyx, or restrained to the canticles of any "Anglican" sect of surplice-worshippers. Let them sing as well in tune as Mr. Hullah can get them to learn to do; but do not let him, or any one else who professes a love for the art he teaches, and would raise, sadly neglected as it is in this kingdom, do it the fatal injury of making it exclusive, or laming its progress by tying it to the ceremonial of a fastidious party of professors, whether of church discipline, or of any other *ism* whatever. The light of nature's free gifts is not to be kept from the world by screening it for the use of those who like to sit behind stained glasses; but was given to enliven all, like the universal air and sunshine; and, as its "quality is not strained," so should its cultivation be liberal and open. In the pursuit of the art of Music especially, we are still so far behind the rest of Europe, that it may well grieve us to see any thing that once promised to render its study and practice more popular, breaking off into bye-ways, and meddling with fopperies quite foreign to its natural free disposition.

ANSWER TO PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT.

[See Wordsworth's Poems, vol. v. p. 391.]

If thou hadst seen the miscall'd freeman driven,
Intimidated, to deny his right,
And by his act increase Oppression's might;
Or forfeit else the barren pittance given
For heavy toil from hard-work'd sinews riven;
Thus robb'd by petty power of that high meed,
Felt deep within by him who acts a deed
Approved by Conscience, the stern will of Heaven;
Then wouldst thou say, great poet, that this plan
Was sure devised in purest love of truth,
Not of Pandora but Minervian,
In Virtue's cause still to preserve our youth;
Then wouldst thou speak for it with powerful voice,
And at its coming bid our land rejoice.

F. W. H.

THE GERMAN LAD. A BALLAD.

He gemm'd with buds his lady's vase,
He fed her favourite turtle-dove,
But clouded was his once bright gaze;
For ah, he dared not tell his love;
And *therefore* were the spirits sad,
Of that young lovely German lad.

His lady comes, the chaste, the fair,
"Go search, my gentle page, each bow'r,
(She cries,) and bring to deck my hair,
The rarest, the most hidden flow'r,
And as a boon for this behest,
I'll give, whate'er thou shalt request."

With bliss too ardent to be told,
The boy's possess'd. "For ah," saith he,
"My mistress cares for me. Behold,
She saith, I'll give *whate'er it be:*
I'll do her will, and then demand,
As the dear boon, her *heart* and *hand.*

"The rarest flow'r—full well I know
Where that same flow'ret may be found,
High on a rock, I've seen one grow,
That hangs mid-way 'twixt sky and ground:
I'll scale it, and the blossoms give
To her for whom alone I live."

Away he bounds; his step disdains
The earth; hope gives him pinions, and
The precipice at length he gains,
And breathless 'fore its base doth stand;
Then with a pray'r to Mercy's fount,
The eagle-hearted youth doth mount.

Up mounts he—all for *love* he dares,
The purple flow'r he plucks, and fleet
As the young mountain roe, prepares
To plunge the depths beneath his feet;
Poising his well-knit form, before
He leaps the yawning chasm o'er.

The leap is ta'en: but wo alack,
The ledge on which he 'lights gives way,
Down the abyss he falleth back,
Death's icy bolt no power can stay;
His *body* 'neath the white cliffs steep
Lies stark—his *soul the angels keep.*

Thus perish'd he; and though none know
Or guess his fate, yet Nature 's kind,
And mourns him oft, when drear blasts blow,
And through the fire-grove sweeps the wind;
The salt-sea too a requiem sad,
Wails to the lovely German lad. G. A.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(*Continued from page* 432 *of our July number.*)

It is not right, that, even in reviewing a guilty age, we should believe in charges of gross crime, on the slightest rumour of evidence; but a knowledge of the social condition in which the actors lived, smooths the way to an opinion, when there is otherwise a considerable body of evidence. It would not be fair to believe of Cæsar Borgia, that it was by his deed that his brother John was murdered, and thrown into the Tiber, without some evidence; but as Cæsar headed a band of cut-throats and poisoners, much less evidence would satisfy the historian of his guilt, than would be necessary to prove that Charles I. poisoned his brother Henry. The court of France, where Mary lived during the period of life when the notions of right and wrong are formed, was conspicuous for poisonings, and other secret assassinations. The charge of murder was of course frequently made without foundation; but one accustomed to hear of it as the natural means of revenging an injury, or removing a troublesome neighbour, would not acquire a wholesome horror of such deeds. Her own husband Francis was said to have been killed by a barber shaving him with a poisoned razor. That great tragedy of national perfidy and crime, the Bartholomew massacre, was a subsequent fruit of the morality in which she had been trained; and indeed her own immediate maternal relations were among the most active perpetrators of its horrors. Such being the nature of the people from among whom she came, is it likely that she would be purified by contact with the Ruthvens, Mortons, Darnleys, and Bothwells, among whom her lot was cast in Scotland? We get over many historical difficulties, by reflecting on what things may, and what things may not be expected, of persons in this or that position. Mirabeau the elder thought there could be nothing more natural than that, when there were two brothers to divide the world between them, the one should put the other to death. Probably the old marquis argued from his own temper and disposition; an interpretation one would not put on his reasoning, if, instead of founding on an abstract view of human nature, he had argued from facts, and inferred that a person who has been brought up in the midst of murders in one country, is in good training for countenancing them in another. The young lady who reads many romances, where beautiful women are terribly ill used by old and ugly men, has derived from literature no idea of a lovely murderess; and would be still less able to fill the picture from her own circle of acquaintance, none of whom, she feels morally convinced, could, however disagreeable and conceited they may be, be induced to murder their husbands. But the *Causes Celebres* tell another story.

It is clear that if, before the murder of Rizzio, Mary despised Darnley, after that cruel tragedy she qualified her contempt with a cordial hatred. Accomplished, gifted, ardent, and exacting, she was not of the nature calmly to brook slights and insults from one whom her foolish fondness for his handsome person had raised to such a pinnacle of greatness. Darnley was a fool, and a paltry guzzling dissipated fool. He drank deep and continuously; kept low company of every kind and grade; and showed his queenly wife too plainly that constancy to one object was too dear a price to pay for her smiles. He was a sort of royal Tony Lumpkin, who could not brook the restraints and etiquettes of a court, and must always be grubbing among the lowest and most degrading

enjoyments. The murder of Rizzio was attended with circumstances of the deepest insult. If there be no reason to presume that the queen had a criminal intercourse with the Italian, there can be no doubt that her husband charged her with it, publicly and with blunt coarseness. Was a high-spirited woman to submit to this? She told the perpetrators it would be dear blood to some of them. Did she exclude Darnley from the denunciation?

Meanwhile another and a darker figure comes across the stage; one with a conscience no less stained with guilt, but with a stronger head and a firmer heart. We never saw a portrait of Bothwell. Probably it might disappoint our imagination, and we are content in the possession of the ideal image. To us he seems the most perfect historical personation of the ruffian of romance. We see him with a majestic gloomy brow, a swarthy complexion, dark fierce eyes, and lips expressive alike of treachery, sensuality, cruelty, and firmness. The incidents of his history are singular — boldly grasping at a crown—breaking down all the social and moral laws to attain his purpose, and dragging others through the gap—defying and intimidating the banded nobility of his country—standing fiercely at bay; and, finally, when pursued, faithful still to his career of wickedness, and dying as a pirate in the northern seas: Such a picture of wickedness and courage—of successful villany and fatal overthrow, is surely nowhere else exemplified in general history. Mary acknowledged the influence of this greater spirit;—what a contrast to the paltry creature she was bound to call husband! Courage and firmness have ever exercised the strongest influence over the female heart; and, between two bad men, he who was both bold and bad could not but prevail.

A circumstance occurred soon after Rizzio's murder, which, in spite of all that Prince Labanoff and others have done to give it a different interpretation, must go down to all posterity as an undoubted indication of the depth of the queen's criminal attachment to Bothwell. On the 7th of October, 1766, he was severely wounded in a conflict with the border thieves; so severely that the reports of Queen Elizabeth's spies, in Scotland, announced his death. Next day the queen arrived at Jedburgh, and opened the sessions of the Court of Justiciary. Her proceeding to this distant town, where she was in the middle of a wild turbulent people, and unattended by the amenities and enjoyments of her court, on which she so much depended, is, by itself, a singular circumstance; but, at a period when news travelled so slowly, it would scarcely be just to connect this journey with the circumstance of Bothwell having been wounded on the preceding day. A few days subsequently, however, she took horse, with a few attendants, crossed the wild border country, and visited Bothwell on his sick-bed. The incident was strange enough to leave an enduring recollection in the traditions of the borderers, of the localities connected with the queen's wild ride. She remained two hours at his stronghold, the castle of Hermitage, "to Bothwell's great pleasure and contentment," as Lord Scrope writes to Cecil, and then galloped back as she had come. It was a spirited act, and worthy of a better cause. The whole journey, amounting to nearly fifty miles, over bog and moor and mountain-steeps, lay through that district where no post-chaise had been seen in Scott's childhood—the land of wild freebooters, who would have as handily carried off her sovereign majesty, and ensconced her in one of their peel towers, a general hostage for the safety of unnumbered offenders against the law, as they afterwards kidnapped the Lord President of the Court of Session, while walking on the sands of Leith, endeavouring to solve some knotty question of law on which he was called to give judgment. "She did not," says Bishop Keith, "think her person in security in the midst of so many loose vagabonds, who might easily have conveyed her into England in a few hours." The result was a burning fever, whether occasioned by her exertions, or by the state of mind which tempted her to undertake such an escapade,—or by both. The apologetic narrator tells us that Mary wanted to know, from the very best source, the real state of the southern districts of her dominions; that business was the sole end and motive of the journey, and that she expected to receive from Bothwell such information as no one else could provide her with. Had he been able to give her any secret information about the Guises, or Philip of Spain,—to impart to her news from the council-chamber of Elizabeth,—or to tell any of those secrets from other courts, which sovereigns love to hear and keep to themselves, we might imagine a considerable effort made for a personal interview. But that this wild ride, with all its dangers, should have been encountered for the sake of a personal knowledge about outbreaks with which it was the part of the justiciar and the hangman to deal, — that no person among her zealous courtiers or grave councillors could procure the necessary information on these vulgar matters connected with the administration of justice, and "the state of the country,"—we cannot believe. No, no. Wisdom shakes her head. Princes, in that age especially, were not so anxious to undertake the grubbing labours of "the business of the country." In truth, it was an incident that, standing by itself, would have been inexplicable: connected with subsequent events, it stands forth in light all too clear and damnatory.

The Queen's illness was frightful and miserable. Her exclamation, that she wished herself dead, and the other strange thoughts disturbing her mind, were marked by those around her, and treasured up with the other records of her wayward fate. Meanwhile there were not wanting tempters to put vile thoughts in her mind. Darnley, who was isolated and slighted—perhaps afraid, proposed to leave the country; but this project was not executed. A divorce was next proposed; and why it was not adopted is not perfectly clear, unless through the supposition that the principal conspirators thought it a stupid and clumsy expedient, and remembered the robbers' proverb, *mortui non mordent.* Secretary Maitland,

at this juncture, threw forward such shadows of coming events, as it would have required a more obtuse mind than Mary's to fail in comprehending. He said, "Madam, mind ye not we are here of the principal of your grace's nobility and council, that shall not find the mean well to make your majesty quit of him without prejudice of your son; and albeit that my lord of Murray, here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant nor your grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, and say nothing thereto." Mr. Tytler, who gives us this sententious speech, says, by way of comment, that it "alarmed the queen, who instantly replied, that it was her pleasure nothing should be done by which any spot could be laid upon her honour; better," said she, "permit the matter remain in the state it is, abiding till God in his goodness put remedy thereto, [than] that ye, believing to do me service, may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure." To this Lethingthon replied, "Madam, let us to guide the business among us, and your grace shall see nothing but good, and approved of by parliament." Such a dialogue shows that Mary did not very jealously conceal her anxiety to get rid of her bonds; and indicates the conviction of Lethington, that he needed not to be very fastidious about the plans he suggested. Her answer, in some measure, reminds one of the Irish gentleman's instruction, to be sure *not* to duck the process server in the horse-pond. It is, at all events, pretty clear that, after such a conversation—apart altogether from the other indications of a secret understanding with the conspirators, Mary must have been fully prepared for a "blow up."

A party of the nobles having settled, with each other, the main point, that Darnley should be got rid of, proceeded, like proper cautious honest-minded Scotsmen as they were, to have the stipulations and conditions put into legal form. They judged, according to the vulgar maxim, that it is best to have every thing in black and white;—it prevents all awkward misunderstandings. With all the reliance which honest discreet men naturally have on each other, especially when united in a good cause, it is well to have every thing distinctly set forth, that no one may misunderstand the position in which he stands to his neighbours. So, as in the case of the murder of Rizzio, a "Band," or bond was prepared and signed, three months before the deed was done. The legal spirit is strong in Scotland; and a power of rectifying all irregularites is supposed to lie in the "forms of style." One of the most exterminating of the fierce measures adopted against the Covenanters was, by "taking out letters of lawborrows against them," which is equivalent to "swearing the peace," in England. Let us imagine the secretary for Ireland presenting himself before a justice of peace, in Tipperary, and requiring the whole population to find recognisances to keep the peace; and we have the letters of lawborrows. Down to the middle of last century, the Highland rievers, who took black mail for sparing the cattle of the neighbouring Lowland lairds, had the conditions of their agreement drawn up in a "band;" and, in the old Statistical Account,* there is a contract, dated in 1741, between James Graham of Glengyle on the one part, "and the gentlemen, heritors, and tenants hereto subscribing on the other part," by which, for a tax of four per cent. on the valued rent, James Graham undertakes to "keep the lands subscribed for and annexed to the respective subscriptions, scaithless, if any loss be sustained by the heritors, tenants, or inhabitants thereof, through the stealing and away-taking of their cattle, horses, or sheep; and that for the space of seven years complete, from and after the term of Whitsunday next to come; and, for that effect, either to return the cattle so stolen from time to time, or otherwise, within six months after the theft committed, to make payment to the persons from whom they were stolen, of their true value." But we are wandering from one piece of business to another. Let us return to the transaction for bringing the life of Darnley to an abrupt conclusion.

There was at that time an able, industrious, persevering young man, by name James Balfour, who, by patient continuance in well-doing, rose step by step, till he became Lord President of the Court of Session. To him appears to have been committed the important task of preparing this onerous document. It was a delicate duty, requiring expertness and prudence; and the employment of Balfour on the occasion, shows that he was a man eminently worthy of confidence. A part of this precious document has been preserved as a precedent in conveyancing, for modern use, and stands thus:—"That for sa mikle it was thought expedient and maist profitable for the commoun wealth, by the haill nobilitie and lords under subscryvit, that sic ane young fool and proud tyrane sould not rein or bear rule over thame; and that for dyverse causes thairfor, that thay all had concludit that he sould be put off, by ane way or uther; and whosoever sould take the deid in hand, or do it, they sould defend and fortifie it as thameselfs, for it sould be every ane of their awin, reckonit, and halden done be themselffs." †

It was on Sunday, the 9th of February, 1567, that the pledge in this contract was redeemed, and the "young fool" was "put off." It may amuse the reader to have before him a part of the evidence given by the witnesses, with which no farther liberty is taken on the present occasion than a modification of the spelling of the more peculiar and grotesque words. William Pourie, servitor to the Earl of Bothwell, depones,—"That the same day the king was slain at night, the Erle Bothwell, accompanyt with James Ormestoun of that ilk, Hob Ormestoun, his fatherbruther, John Hepburne of Bolton, and John Hay, younger, gaid together to ane counsel in the nedder hall of the said Earl Bothwell's lodging in the Abbey, about four hours afternoon, or thereby, and remainet therein two hours or thereby.—Quhat they did or sayed, he knows not. That

* Vol. xvi. p. 124.

† Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, i. 513.

John Hepburne of Bolton, at ten hours at evin, commandit the Deponant and Pat. Wilson to take up ane carriage of twa maills, the ane, ane trank, and the other ane, ane lederin mail, whilks were lying in the nedder hall; quhilk the deponant and the said Pat. put on and chargit upon two horses of my lords, the ane being his roan horse, and cariet ye same to ye gate of the enteres of the Black Friers, and there laid the same doun; quhan the Erle Bothwell, accompaniet with Robert Ormestoun and Paris, called French Paris, and uther twa quhilks had cloaks about their faces, met the saids deponer and Pat. Wilson. And that young Tallo, the Laird of Ormestoun, and young Hepburn of Bolton was awaitand upon the deponer and Pat. Wilson within the same gate: and that there the said three persones within the said gate, ressaved the said twa charges, quhilk the deponer knew to be powder, because the same was in sundry polks within the said mail and trunk: and the deponer and said Patrick Wilson helped them in with the same: and the powder being taken from them, the said John Hepburn of Bolton sent this deponer for candle, and that he coft [bought] six halfpenny candle fra Gordie Burn's wife in the Cowgate, and deliverit to the said John: and the said persons, receivers of the powder, had ane towel with them, with a little lighted candle: and the said persons, within the said gate, oppenet the trunk and mail, and took out the polks with the powder: and every ane of them took yane upon his back or under his arm, and carried the same away to the back wall of the yard that is next the trees, and there the said Laird of Ormiston, John Hepburn of Bolton, and young Tallo, ressavit the powder fra them, and would suffer the deponer and his marrow to pass na farther.

"And when the deponer and his marrow [companion] came back again to the said Friar gate, the twa horse that carried the said mail and trunk were away, and yit they carried the saids mail and trunk again to the abbey; and, as they came up the Black-friar Wynd, the queen's grace was gangand before them with lighted torches. And that the deponer and his marrow being comen to the said earl's lodgings in the abbey, they tarreyed there an hour or mair, and then the said earl came in, and immediately took off his clothes that were on: viz. a pair of black velvet hose trussed with silver, and ane doublet of satin of the same maner; and put on ane other pair of black hose, and ane doublet of canvas, and took his said riding cloak about him, and incontinent passed forth accompanied with French Paris, the deponer, George Dalgleish, and Pat. Wilson, and came down the turnpike, and along the back wall of the queen's garden, till they came to the back of the cunyie house [coin house or mint] and the back of the stables, while they came to the Canongate. And depones, that as they came to the gate of the queen's south garden, the twa centinels that stood at the gate that gangs to the utter close speirit at them, 'Quha is that?' and they answered, 'Friends.' The centinel speirit, 'What friends?' and they answered, 'My Lord Bothwell's friends.'"

To be my Lord Bothwell's friends was a powerful talisman in that court, and to be so described, indicated persons not to be lightly meddled with by sentinels on duty. But let us leave Bothwell, with his velvet hose trussed with silver, and his satin doublet, changed for black hose and coat of canvass — the workman's suit donned for the work of murder—and keep company with the queen's grace, whom the conspirators saw going before them with lighted torches to visit her husband, as they went up the Black Friar's Wynd. She had declared her intention of remaining all night with her husband at the Kirk of Field. There was no apparent intention on her part to remove: no one could have expected, without having a private hint from herself that she was to do so. Yet it was while she was there in the room with him, that the conspirators were arranging their murderous operations in the floor below. Did they intend that she should be a fellow victim? Surely not. Such a consummation was as far as possible from the designs of the arch-conspirator. There was no design at that time of slaying the queen, for there was no considerable quarrel with her, and it would have been time, trouble, and risk, thrown away. To us, this circumstance is very strong evidence, that the conspirators knew that her majesty was to leave the Kirk of Field at a timely juncture, and that she knew that she was expected to evacuate the premises. The husband and wife were sitting amicably together, when the latter suddenly remembered that she had promised to give a masque at the wedding of Bastian, one of her French menials, and so she departed. It is probable that there was a merry night of it at the masque, for Bastian was a facetious rogue, ingenious in masquerade devices. It is on record that he very nearly embroiled the three kingdoms, England, France, and Scotland, by one of his pantomimes. He superintended the representation of a mystery at the palace, to which the English ambassadors were invited. Part of the entertainment consisted of a dance of satyrs, who wagged their tails in such a manner as to make their excellencies suppose there was something meant against themselves. The honest, clumsy Roast-beefs were ever ready to put an uncharitable construction on the scurvy Scots and the flippant French, and it required some management to remove their uneasiness. Of the masque at the palace, on the 9th February—by the way it was a Sunday—we have no particulars. Doubtless it was worthy of the accomplished artist in whose honour it was held. But how ran the thoughts of the queen during these hours? Could we get a glimpse of that, we would know all. What pity it is that some one who was present has not left us a description of her countenance and conduct. But it was a time when people of discretion never spoke or even noted more than was necessary. Hired political spies were the only persons who took note of the bearing and appearance of great personages.

A more obtuse mind than Darnley's, in such an age, and among such people, would know very well that his life was not worth, in modern phrase,

many years' purchase. He had already reason to suppose that an attempt had been made to poison him. The disease from which he was recovering is now understood to have been the small-pox; but, as contemporary sages had doubts, there was plenty of room for his own fears and the suspicion of his friends, to represent the formidable manifestations of this disease as the effect of poison. On the day which proved his last, he was thoughtful and sad, and was visited by a fit of devotion; an unwonted guest with him, but a frequent attendant of bad men in their hours of peril and misery. It was remarked that he frequently repeated the 55th Psalm. It is the voice of complaint against the cruel machinations of enemies; and, after describing their wickedness, ingratitude, and guile, concludes with predictions of relief and triumph. These were no doubt cheering auguries; but in what spirit could he who left his whinyard in the body of Rizzio read the last stanza, beginning—

> The bloody and deceitful men
> Shall not live half their days?

He had finished his devotions and gone to sleep. Was the last stanza recurring to him in his dreams when he thought he heard a sound as of some one trying the lock of his door? With too good reason to be watchful, he rushed to the spot. There he met the assassins who strangled him, amidst struggles and shrieks which startled the dull ear of night. His body, along with that of his page, who was killed at the same time for the sake of making a complete job, was thrown into the garden, and then the house was blown up. We might have thought this, in the circumstances, a needless expenditure of noise and powder: but the conspirators must have known best. That they could expect it to be believed that the bodies had been thrown from the exploding building, cannot easily be supposed, nor can it be seen how it would improve the case to make it appear as if it had so happened.

We have given above a pretty large quotation from the testimony of a witness, which we shall presently resume. We shall give an intermediate picture from the confession of an accomplice, to wit,—Cockburn of Ormiston, the friend of Wishart, the martyr. We place no reliance on the extenuation of their own conduct, which is apparent in the statement of both accomplice and witness; nor do we think much stress could justly be laid on Ormiston's insinuations against the queen. Here is his statement:—"I confess that the Earl Bothwell shew that samen wicked deed to me in his own chalmer in the abbey, on Friday before the deed was done, and required me to take part with him therein, because, as he alleged, I was ane man of activeness, (alas, therefor!) where I utterly refused, and said, God forbid; but gif it were upon the field, to fight with your lordship unto the death, I should not fear my skin cutting. Then the said Earl said unto me, 'Tuishe, Ormiston! ye need not take fear of this; for the hail lords hes concluded the same langsyne, in Craig-millar; all that was there with the queen, and nane dare find fault with it when it shall be done.* After the whilk I departed hame to Kate's Thamas, whilk was Thamas Henderson's house, in Edinburgh; for his mother was called Kate. Being in part sick, I lay doon in my bed, and lay all Saturday chiefly, quhil Sunday at night, where I, being in my chalmer in the Black Friar Wynd, gangin' beltit in ane gown, John Hepburn and John Hay of Tallo, came to me and said, 'The queen's grace and lords are passed up to see the king, and my lord is standen at the Black-friar Wynd fut, and bids you come to him incontinent.' Whereon I layed my gown from me, and took ane riding cloak, because I believed all had been well enough now agreed, seeing they had passed up to visit him; and coming, at first, I missed the said earl; for he had commen up another close to seek me himself, in my own chamber, and there he found my cousin, Hob, whom he brought with him, and thereafter met together in the midst of the wynd, wha took me again; and we all passed up to the Friar Yard, through the slap, where Paris and Archie Beaton came and met us, and said all was ready prepared for the setting of the lint. And they all inquired how it should be set to; and after divers speakings, I said, 'Take ane piece of lint, of three or four inches long, and kindle the end of it, and lay to the cald end, and it would burn syne to the train, and swa would blaw up.' After the whilk, the queen passing hame, the Earl Bothwell said, 'Speed, and close all the doors;' for they had thirteen false keys made, and given, as they said to me, by him that aucht the house. After the whilk, I departed incontinent, and came not nearer, as I shall answer before God, nor the door. And as I was coming hame, it strack ten hours, where then I passed to Kate's Thamas' house, to avoid suspicion, that na man should say I was at the dead doing; for I was an hour and mair in my bed when the blast and crack came."

We continue the account of Bothwell's conduct from Pourie's deposition. Like Ruthven, he required a refreshing draught after his hard night's work.

"My lord came into his lodging, and immediately called for ane drink, and took off his cloathes incontinent, and gaid to his bed, and tarried in his bed about half an hour, when Mr. George Hacket came to the gate and knocks, and desired to be in; and when he came in he appeared to be in ane great affray, and was black as any pik, and not ane word to speak. My lord inquired, 'What is the matter, man?' and he answered, 'The king's house is blawn up, and I trow the king is slain:' and my lord cried, 'Fy, treason!' and than he raise and put on his claiths."

One of the strangest things in this whole history, is the openness with which the entire proceeding was conducted. Precautions being taken sufficient to avoid interruption, all that was necessary seems to have been looked on as accomplished,—

* The method in which "the queen" is here introduced, is equivocal, and probably intentionally so. In "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials," from which we take the passage, the words are printed in capitals. We see no occasion for making them prominent.

intimidation would do the rest. Various menial persons are employed in the conveyance of the powder. They call for this and that person on their way, like young men who have broken out of college bounds, and are scouring the country, on a frolic. The sentinels see them, but are at once silenced by the all potent spell of Bothwell's name. They buy six halfpenny candles from George Burns's wife in the Cowgate. All Edinburgh knew who had committed the murder, as well as it knew who wrote "Guy Mannering" before the Theatrical Fund Dinner; but few dared to speak. It seems to be quite impossible that the queen could be, for a moment, ignorant who had done the deed. Yet Bothwell was covered with honours and caresses. At the same time she professed, in the few records we possess of her feelings on the occasion, to say that the design was intended as much against herself as against her husband, and that she had made a providential escape. In a letter to Archbishop Beaton, she said,—

"This night past, being the 9th February, a little after twa hours after midnight, the house wherein the king was lodged, was in ane instant blawn in the air, he lyan sleepan in his bed, with sic a vehemency, that of the hail loging, walls and other, there is nothing remainet, not a stane above ane other; but all either carried far away, or dung in dross, to the very ground stone. It mon be done be force of powder, and appeares to have been a mine. By whom it has been done, or in what manner, appears not as yet. We doubt not but, according to the diligence our counsel has begun already to use, the certainty of all sall be visèd shortly; and the same being discovered, whilk we wot God will never suffer to lie hid, we hope to punish the same with such rigour, as shall serve for example of this cruelty to all ages to come. Always, whaever have taken this wicked enterprise in hand, we assure ourself it was dressed as well for us as for the king; for we lay the most part of last week in that same lodging, and was there, accompanied with the maist part of the lords that are in this toun, that same night at midnight." If there were nothing more to implicate the queen in a guilty knowledge of the project and its end, this hypocritical declaration would be enough in itself.

And, now the people of Edinburgh becoming tired of the rapid succession of crimes perpetrated by their nobility before their eyes, began to murmur secretly, and from secret murmurs, raised the loud voice of popular indignation. The reaction began with mysterious cries on the street, with placards posted on the Tolbooth door, naming the great offender. Darnley's own immediate kinsfolk, the Lennox family, demanded that the person whom the popular voice of the capital had denounced, should be brought to trial. Among the few documents which throw any light on the queen's conduct and feelings during that period of doubt and mystery which elapsed between the slaughter, and the accusation against herself of participation in it, we have, printed for the first time in Prince Labanoff's collection, the letters of Mary to the Earl of Lennox. Writing from Seton, on 21st February, 1567, she says:—

"Richt trusty cousin and counsalour, we greit you weill. We have ressavit your letter of Houstoun, the 20th day of this instant, gevan us thanks for the accepting of your good will and counsale in sa good part; in that we did only it whilk was right. And in showing you all the pleasure and good will that we can, we do but our dutie, and it whilk natural affectioun must compell us unto. Always, of that ye may assure yourself as certainly of this, present and hereafter, sa lang as God gives us life, as ever ye might have done sence our first acquaintance with you.

"And for the assembly of the nobility and estates whilk ye advise us to cause be convenit, for a perfect tryal to be had of the king, our husband's cruel slaughter, it is, indeed, convenient that so should be; and even shortly before the receipt of your letter, we had caused proclaim a parliament, at whilk we doubt not but they all, for the maist pairt, shall be present, where, first of all, this matter (being maist dear to us) shall be handled, and na thing left undone whilk may further the clear tryal of the same. And we, for our own part, as we ought, and all noblemen likewise, (we doubt not,) shall maist willingly direct all our wits and judgeings to this end, as experience, in fine, with God's grace, shall give witnessing to the world."

There is here no great appearance of grief for the death of her husband, or of condolence with the bereaved father; nor do any of her letters show much more despondency than was exhibited by the widow of the Royal Dane. Herein we think she was honest and consistent; and her reserve, in not venturing one word more of widowed sorrow than decency appeared to exact, is more in her favour than the ravings of her knight-errants about her high, and pure, and princely spirit.

These protestations were not satisfactory to the old earl. We do not possess his answer to Mary's letter; but we have her reply, apologetical, shrinking, and uncandid. The earl, it appears, had urged her to prosecute the persons named in the placards affixed to the Tolbooth door. She states that there is so much contradiction and confusion in these denunciations, that it is impracticable to proceed upon them.

"We have received your letter, and by the same perceives that ye have partly mistaken our late letter sent you with your servant upon the 23d of Februar, in that poynt, that we should remit the tryal of the odious act committed, to the time of a parliament. We meaned not that, but rather would wish to God that it might be suddenly, and without delay, tryed; for ay the sooner the better, and the greater comfort for us: yet because your advice was that we should convene our haill nobility for that purpose, we answerit you that we had already proclaimed a parliament, at the whilk they would convene, and before the whilk we judged we sould not be able to bring them together, since they would think double convening heavy to them. And sua, in mentioning of a parliament, we meaned not that this tryal was a parliament matter, nor that it was requisite till then to defer it, but that the nobility would then be

best convened. And where ye desire that we should cause the names contained in some tickets affixed to the Tolbooth door of Edinburgh, to be apprehended and put in sure keeping, there is sa mony of the saids tickets, and therewithal so different and contrarious to others in compting of the names, that we wit not upon what ticket to proceed. But gif there be any names mentionate in them that ye think worthy to suffer a tryal, upon your advertisement, we shall so proceed to the cognition taking, as may stand to the laws of this realm; and being found culpable, shall see the punishment as rigorously execute as the weight of the crime deserves."

The earl responds to this cry of "name, name." If he gave more than one name, that of Bothwell was beyond doubt first and foremost, and Mary would receive the announcement while she was loading him with kindnesses and favours. What a shock to her nerves, if she did not know it all before! Then, if she believed him innocent, surely there would be an indignant remonstrance. If it was the first intimation she had of the appalling charge, she might be expected to exhibit some surprise and alarm in her answer; she shows none of these natural emotions, and is only careful to avoid all mention of Bothwell's name. She says,

"We have resaved your letter of Houstoun, the xvii of this instant, relative to our last writing sent you, and specially naming the persons contained in the tickets ye greatly suspect. For the convention of our nobility and council, we have prevented [anticipated] the thing desired by you in your letter, and has sent for them to be at us in Edinburgh, this week approachand; where the persons nominate in your letter shall abide and underlye such tryal as by the laws of this realm is accustomate; and being found culpable in any wyse of that cryme, and odious fact nominate in the tickets, and whereof ye suspect them, we shall even, according to our former letter, see the condigne punishment as rigorously and extremely executed as the weight of that fact deserves. For in deed, as ye wrote, we esteem our selves party, if we were resolved of the authors, [there seems here to be an omission, somewhat to the effect of 'and did not punish them.'] And therefore we pray you, if your leisure and commodity may serve, address you to be at us here in Edinburgh this week approaching, where ye may see the said tryal, an declare those things whilks ye know may further the same; and there ye sall have experience of our earnest will and effectuous mind to have ane end of this matter, and the authors of so unworthy a deed really punished, as far furth in effect as before this and now presently we have written and promised."

The mock trial and its results are well known. Was Mary a mere tool in all this duplicity and perversion of justice? If so, the magnanimous mind, the high sense of queenly dignity and womanly pride must be abandoned, and she must appear a paltry shrinking wretch, ready to sacrifice justice, the honour of her throne, her good name, and in the end her person, to an insolent bullying subject. Is this consistent with the woman who stood between her minion and the poniards of the assassins, speaking daggers for those they used, and telling them it should be dear blood, and there were those who would avenge her? Scarcely; but "conscience does make cowards of us all," as one who was a prattling child when these dark deeds were in progress, has said in the name of one who was also planning vengeance. We find the Lennox family to an advanced period fully persuaded of Mary's guilt. On 10th July, 1570, she wrote to the countess a letter, printed by Prince Labanoff, saying, "If the wrong and false reports, enemies well known for traitors to you, and alas too much trusted of me by your advice, had not so far stirred you against my innocency, (and I must say against all kindness,) that you have not only as it were condemned me wrongfully, but so hated, as your words and deeds have testified to all the world a manifest misliking in you against your own blood, I would not have omitted thus long my duty in writing to you, excusing me of those undue reports made of me. But hoping with God's grace, and time, to have my innocence known to you, as I trust it is already to the most part of indifferent persons, I thought best not to trouble you for a time, till now that such a matter is moved that touches us both, which is, the transporting of your little son, [grandson] and my only child in this country, to the which, albeit I were never so willing, yet I would be glad to have your advice therein, as in all other things touching him." The countess handed this letter to her husband, whose very unpromising commentary on it has been preserved by Robertson, and the ordinary historians, and is in these terms:

"Seeing you have remitted to me to answer the queen, the king's mother's letter sent to you, what can I say, but that I do not marvel to see her write the best she can for herself, to seem to clear herself of that, whereof many beside me are certainly persuaded to the contrary, and I not only assured of my own knowledge, but by her handwrit, the confessions of men gone to the death, and other infallible experience? It will be long time that will be able to put a matter so notorious in oblivion, to make black white, or innocency to appear where the contrary is so well known."

According to Mary's own account, about a year after this bitter retort, the old countess became convinced of her innocence. Prince Labanoff, prints in his fifth volume a French letter by Mary to Archbishop Beaton, of 2d May, 1578, in which, after speaking of the recent death of the countess, and her son's claims on the estate left by her, she says, "This good lady was, thanks to God, very well minded towards me, during the five or six years in which we had come to an understanding together, and has avowed to me by letters written in her own hand, which I preserve, the evil she has done me in those unjust proceedings, carried on, as she gave me to understand, by her consent, from her having been misinformed, but particularly by the express command of the queen of England, and the persuasion of her council, who have always impeded our coming to an understanding, because, once knowing my innocence,

she might incline to desist from persecuting me, and disavow the steps which they took in her name." These letters have not reached our day, and thus we have only the accused party's account; they would surely, if discovered, throw some rays of light on this dark question.

The cries in the streets, the placards on the tolbooths, the other hints and insinuations of the murderer's name and rank, were perilous experiments for discreet citizens to make; and several incidents show that these ostracists encountered such peril, as deep and fierce indignation could alone have prompted them to encounter. An active inquiry was made as to the authorship of these insinuations, and one day the chief murderer rode fiercely through the town, with a band of armed ruffians, to intimidate the cautious citizens. But oppression and iniquity had been driven too far; the looks of the meek burgesses retorted scorn for scorn. On that same evening, two new placards appeared, the one containing the letters M. R. and a hand holding a sword; the other, the initials of Bothwell's name, and the representation of a mallet, in allusion to the method in which Darnley was supposed to have been put to death. In fact the embers which subsequently burst forth in open rebellion, were then hot and smouldering. But from such unpleasant matters, the ruffian could retreat to the smiles and plaudits of the royal widow, the most fascinating female of the age Of their intercourse at this period, Mr. Tytler has preserved the following incident, petty in itself, but surely pregnant with formidable meaning when it is considered along with other matters.

"It did not escape attention, that scarce two weeks after her husband's death, whilst in the country and in the city all were shocked at the late occurrences, and felt them as a stain on their national character, the court at Seton was occupied in gay amusements. Mary and Bothwell would shoot at the butts against Huntley and Seton; and on one occasion, after winning the match, they forced these lords to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent." This narrative, besides unfolding a remarkable incident, affords the reader a curious glimpse of the times, especially if he be actually acquainted with Tranent, "the *un*loveliest village of the plain," adduced by the sanatory inquiry commissioners as a type of filth; and if he can figure to himself the queen of the realm, along with two earls, and a few of the lady nobility, taking a forfeit dinner at the inn.

The celebrated "silver casket" holds a conspicuous position in the larger works on the question of Queen Mary's guilt. We have not room to give a satisfactory examination of that curious subject here, and can only offer a word or two of reminiscence to those who forget, or have not distinctly noticed, this little episode. When the confederated lords were in the midst of their proceedings, on 20th June 1767, a servant named Dalgliesh was sent by Bothwell for something he had left behind him in Edinburgh Castle, of which he had been governor. On his way back, the man was intercepted by Morton, who got possession of what he had in charge. Its outer case was said to be a silver-gilt casket, about a foot long, which had belonged to Francis II., and was marked with the initials of his name. Thus had the toy, presented to her in her early girlish nuptials, remained in her hands, not to be a cherished relic of her happy years of youth, but to bear a dreadful and stronger association with a second husband murdered, and a third who was the murderer. The casket was said to contain Mary's love-letters to Bothwell, and twelve sonnets. These documents, when examined after the method of juridical inquiry, and without the aid of literary criticism, tend deeply to inculpate the queen. They are natural. They bear reference to a number of incidental details, quite disconnected with the questions of the guilt or innocence either of herself or Bothwell. It was by a sharp forensic examination of their contents that they were found to show, unequivocally, her accession to the murder. For instance, the passage — "Alas! I never deceived any body, but I remit me altogether to your will. Send me advertisement what I shall do, and whatsoever thing come thereof, I shall obey you. Advise too with yourself if you can find out any more secret invention by medicine; for he should take medicine and the bath at Craigmillar." But it is said that the whole of these "productions," as the Scottish lawyers called them, are forgeries; and we are not prepared to combat or support that view. We have found little of any thing to throw light on this department of the question in Prince Labanoff's collection; but we shall not pretend to say what others, looking with a more careful critical eye, and intending to write two volumes quarto either on one side or the other, might find— what turns of expression might be discovered in the Prince's collection, which are used or not used in the alleged contents of the casket — what little anachronisms might be penetrated, telling conclusively on one side or the other. We were, however, interested in a paper preserved by the Prince, which might have been held at one time to bear on the subject. The sonnets were supposed to have been written in Scottish, and it was said that Queen Mary could neither write that language nor English, at least until a later date, and that they must therefore be forgeries. It was subsequently admitted, however, that the Scottish version was a translation from the French. It is, as appropriate to the question of her knowledge of the languages of the British isles, seven years after she had commenced her residence in Scotland, that we cite, literatim, the following letter to Sir Francis Knollis. Its terms, if not its grammar and spelling, show that her numerous letters of an earlier date, written in the ordinary Scottish language of the period, must have been the work of secretaries:—

"Mester Knollis, y heuu har sum neus from Scotland: y send you the double off them y vreit to the Quin my gud sister, and pres you to do the lyk, conforme to that y spak yesternicht vnto you, and sut hesti ansur y refer all to your discretion, and wil lipne beter in your gud delin for mi, nor y kan persuad you, nemli in this langasg. Excus my iuel vreitin, for y neuuer vsed it afor, and am

hastet. Ye schal si my bel vhuilk is opne. It is sed seterday my unfrinds vil be vth you. Y sey nething bot trest veil, and ye send oni to your wiff ye mey asur her schu wald a bin weilcum to a pur strenger, hua nocht bien aquentet vth her, wil nocht bi ouuer bald to vreit bot for the aquentans betuix us. Y wil send you letle tekne to rember you off the gud hop y heuu in you, guef ye fendt a mit mesager y wald wysh ye bestouded it reder apon her nor ani vder; thus effter my commendations y prey God heuu you in his kipin."

To return to the casket. We find in this department of the great question, another important instance of the difference between legal and historical evidence. When a criminal is brought to trial, he should be allowed to see documents that are to be adduced against him; that if they should be false or forged, he may prove them to be so. Mary was not permitted to see the identical documents said to have been found in the casket; and her defenders place her in the position of an accused person not allowed the proper means of defending herself. But we possess, in a historical view, a far more powerful instrument of coming at the truth. When a person is put on trial in this country before a criminal court, all his confidential communings with his law advisers are necessarily excluded as evidence; because if it were admitted, it must be allowed to tell either for or against him, and would be invariably so manufactured as to tell in his favour. We believe it scarcely ever happens that guilt is admitted even to the humblest and least scrupulous attorney; but if we got behind the scenes we should certainly find, in every occasion where the proceedings of the accusers were false and fraudulent, that their conduct would be bitterly reprobated and exposed in these confidential communications. Now, we possess in regard to Queen Mary those very confidential statements, on which contemporary judges of her character could not have founded; and the result is not favourable to her. We give it in Mr. Tytler's words:—

"It must have struck the reader that whenever, by means of the private letters which have been preserved, we get behind the scenes, and are admitted to Mary's secret consultations with the commissioners, or to their own opinion on the conduct of the cause, we meet with no assertion of the forgery of the letters; and it seems to me difficult to reconcile her agreeing to resign the crown, and suppress all inquiry, a measure only prevented by the interference of Norfolk, with her absolute innocence." But, on the other hand, he considers her repeated demands of a personal interview, her offers to prove the forgery, and the project of a marriage with Norfolk, the principal commissioner on Elizabeth's side, as indicative of innocence; and concludes, that we do not yet possess evidence sufficient for the basis of a final conclusion. The high, solemn tone of Mary's letters, her lofty indignation under aspersions, her pious submission to calamities, are said strongly to speak to her innocence; and it appears to be considered the main merit of Prince Labanoff's collection, that he has added largely to so nobly toned an epistolary correspondence. But then we are to remember, that there was nothing in Mary's conduct, supposing her to have simply countenanced, without directly participating in the murder, very outrageously at variance with the principles in which she was brought up, and the conduct she saw around her. The pious resignation, so beautiful in a fallen princess, whose spirit, though thus attuned to mild benignant thoughts, remains uncrushed, was infused into her by the peculiar tone and attributes of her religion. Its solemn and mournful eloquence, appealed with irresistible power to the crushed and broken-hearted: but its influence over the mind of the haughty and prosperous, was not sufficient to drive them from evil ways. It was the faith of comfort and refuge,—not the guide and controller of action. And yet it would be pleasing to the reader who delights in the firm, simple, pious tone of these letters, should circumstances start forth to prove that their writer was innocent of the dreadful sins of which there is too much reason to believe her guilty. It would be a good thing, in the eyes of those who admire intellectual greatness, effectually to rescue one more graceful intellect from the contaminations of degrading vice.

We have divided the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots into three acts,—one word on the last, which brings on the stage another queen, stronger, if not so graceful in intellect, and certainly more clearly proved to have been wicked at heart. If the proof of Mary's accession to murder be dubious, that against Elizabeth is full and clear. We speak not of the justice or injustice of the formal proceedings against Mary, or the miserable farce by which Elizabeth attempted to disown the warrant for the execution, but to her efforts to get her victim privately assassinated; and it is highly to the honour of the English gentlemen and courtiers of the age, that no practical commentary appeared on the text.

> It is the curse of kings to be attended
> By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
> To break within the bloody house of life;
> And, on the winking of authority,
> To understand a law.

Thus wrote Walsingham and Secretary Davidson to Sir Amias Paulet, and Sir Drue Drury:—

"After our hearty commendations, we find by a speech lately made by her majesty, that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal for her service, that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not, in all this time, (of yourselves, without other provocation,) found out some way of shortening the life of the Scots queen, considering the great peril she is hourly subject to, so long as the said queen shall live; wherein, besides a kind of lack of love towards her, she wonders greatly that you have not that care of your own particular safeties, or rather the preservation of religion, and the public good and prosperity of your country, that reason and policy commandeth; especially having so good a warrant and ground for the satisfaction of your consciences towards God, and the discharge of your credit and reputation towards the world, as the oath of asso-

ciation which you have both so solemnly taken and vowed, especially the matter wherewith she standeth charged being so clearly and manifestly proved against her."

Poor Sir Amias Paulet! how hard was he beset! Did ever any other gaoler receive such a caressing letter from his royal mistress as the following?

"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant, God reward thee treble-fold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged! If you knew, my Amias, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavours, and faultless actions, your wise orders, and safe regard, performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would ease your travails, and rejoice your heart; in which I charge you place this most just thought, that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasure to countervail such a faith. If I reward not such deserts, let me lack when I have most need of you."

There have been wilder theories, than that Shakspere had got a practical hint of what royalty does in such matters, when he made King John begin the suggestion of the murder of Arthur thus:—

> Come hither, Hubert. Oh my gentle Hubert,
> We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
> There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
> And, with advantage means to pay thy love:
> And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
> Lives in this bosom dearly cherish'd.
> Give me thy hand—I had a thing to say,—
> But I will fit it with some better time.
> By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
> To say what good respect I have of thee.

So ends this chapter of the morality of princes in the good old times! B.

THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

On the couch's softest pillows
Stilly rests the slumbering maiden:
Closely prest her brown eyelashes,
And her flush'd cheeks crimson-laden.

Near her, richly cut and glittering,
Stands a vase with flower-wreaths drest,
Flowers dew-bathed and many coloured,
Freshly torn from earth's fair breast.

All within her little chamber
Hangeth hot and sultry air;
And the still night-breath of summer,
Close shut in, weighs heavy there.

It is still and deeply quiet,—
When behold, among the flowers,
Starts a rustle and a murmur,
Whispering to those silent hours.

From the flower-bells, gently sweeping,
Come these spirits robed in air;
Shields they bear, with light emblazoned,
Crowns amid their flowing hair.

Starts a tall and graceful maiden
From the Rose's purple lap;
Pearls upon her forehead glisten,
Waving curls her bosom wrap.

From the "Iron-Casque" up-springeth,
Girt with sword, a valiant knight;
From his helm a heron's feather
Pending, long and silver bright.

From the Lily sweeps a Virgin,
With a veil of gossamer;
And so fair, the pale light brighter
Shines, as it comes back from her.

From the "Turkish turban," stalking
Proudly, comes a Moorish king;
With the half-moon's golden crescent
On his turban glistening.

From the "Emperor's crown" there starteth
One with sceptre-bearing hand,
While the rich blue Iris yieldeth,
From its cups, his sword-girt hand.

From the languishing Narcissus
Comes a youth with sadden'd eyes,
Showering on the maiden kisses,
Mid the torture of his sighs.

But the others, wildly circling,
Round the sleeper turn and wheel,
Wheel and turn, and, in hush'd numbers,
Bid this song unto her steal:—

"Maiden, maiden, thou hast torn us
From earth's bosom cruelly;
And, in this gay vase imprison'd,
We must languish, fade, and die.

"Oh, how blissfully we rested
On our mother's gentle breast!
Through the green leaves came the sunbeams,
And hot kisses on us prest.

"And the breeze of spring refresh'd us,
Bending o'er our gentle stems;
And the dew and rain around us
Hung in braids of sparkling gems.

"And in might we play'd as fairies,
Stepping from our leafy bowers;
While the stars a tender cadence
Sang for us, their darling flowers.

"Now dull water round us circles,
Fading in thy thoughtless thrall;
But before we perish, maiden,
Our revenge on thee shall fall!"

Then they gather round the maiden,
As it fades, that spirit-strain;
And the rustling and the murmuring,
With the silence come again.

How the maiden's cheeks are glowing!
How the spirits breathe on her!
How the air is moved and waveth,
Round the fated slumberer!

Then the sunbeams greet the chamber,
And the shadows disappear;
But the couch on which she slumber'd,
It is now that maiden's bier.

With her cheeks still gently redden'd,
Cold that faded flower, in death
Lieth 'mong her faded sisters—
They have kill'd her by their breath!

J. O. M.

ULRICI ON SHAKSPERE.

(*Continued from page 450 of our July number.*)

We have already learned, from our author's own lips, what is his view as to the poetical essence of dramatic art, as conceived by Shakspere. We are now to see how the critic explains his own view as to the manner in which the particular circumstances wherein Shakspere was placed modified his general conception of his art in such a manner, as to make his works what they are alleged to be, the magnificent poetic representation of the ideal of Christian life in action.

Shakspere's invention, composition, characterization, and language—in short, his dramatic *style*, although in the first instance qualified by the notion of dramatic art which lived within him, derives its most decided peculiarity from his particular view of that relation between God and the world, from which the nature, life, and history of humanity, first derives its true import. We allude to his poetical *apprehension of the universal system of things*. Essentially it was based upon Christianity and its leading ideas; as any tolerably profound inspection of his poems is sufficient to demonstrate. It is only in the Christian view of things that the proposition,—mind (character) and destiny are synonymous terms,—may be truly affirmed, even though it be but a partial truth; for in Christianity alone is man truly free. In the ancient world, destiny, even though carried on and developed by the volition and actions of man, nevertheless stood, as an unalterable necessity, directly opposed to his freedom of will. Even because, like Œdipus, he sought to escape or oppose it, did he fall the more surely its victim. It appeared there to dominate in the history of the world as the everlasting law of nature and morality; which, however, as being without life and motion in its manifold ramifications, fell into contradiction with itself, and so brought human duties into collision with each other (Orestes, Antigone, Electra;) over against which human liberty stood as infinite will with finite power, and above which, in the illimitable independence and vitality of his volition, man felt himself to be raised, even when in the finiteness and circumscription of his power he was most under its control (Prometheus, Ajax, Philoctetes, Deianira, Niobe, Medea, &c.) The ancient drama did not stand in need of the same fulness and accurate working-out of strongly marked characters, or the same refraction of the idea, and the like diversified flow and irregularity of language, which the modern admits of. The contrasts in the former were given and predetermined in the very idea, and were thoroughly objective, and stamped in a precise and fixed mould: they could not be, and therefore required not to be, exhibited in their gradual evolution out of the mind and its freedom, and in their original unity, divergence, and ultimate reconciliation. . . . . .

In the Christian view of things, on the other hand, there is no such rule as that of destiny. God there regulates the course of history by His love and justice; and, because He is a pure living, self-acting, and free personality, He can and does set limits to Himself in order to give liberty to man; consenting to and permitting the independent development of his spirit, to which, even because it is and ever will be spirit, He has conceded a free causation, and a spontaneous and creative operation. While to Himself and to His Providence he reserves the objective disposition of the consequences and effects of human conduct; on the other hand, having restored to man what he had lost by the Fall, the possibility of redemption and sanctification, he leaves him to work out this great end by his own free agency, and the assistance of the indwelling co-operation of the Holy Spirit of Christ. Consequently, in the view of the Christian, destiny is nothing more than the actions and mass of ideas which make up the history of the world. Man is, in fact, the arbiter of his own fate, which is at the same time a divine dispensation. The modern drama has to exhibit an indissoluble organic unity, and the reciprocal action of the several constituents. As the course of historical development is conditioned by the will and actions of men, but at the same time regulated by the eternal counsels of God,—the destinies of the several personages of the drama must be derived step by step from their respective characters, and their own free volition and conduct; but at the same time the influence which the general state of history and politics, and also the divine providence, exercises upon them, must be duly set forth. To all these separate agencies, which mutually limit and complete each other, must be assigned their due place in their joint action. Their antagonism, which in the ancient drama is every where apparent, or at most but superficially healed over, is here intrinsically dissolved and reconciled for ever. God himself has willed the adjustment of these contrarieties, which in the ancient view of the Universe stand out in irreconcilable opposition; their resolution is objectively apparent; an expiation has been made for *humanity*, and such schism can no longer exist except in the heart of *individuals*, and their respective relation to the divine universal atonement: and, consequently, the termination of the conflict can only be accomplished by the joint operation of these several causes. And hence arises the necessity for the rich variety of incidents and personages, the correct and requisite development, the manifold reflection of the idea, the elastic movement as well as the compression both of the action and language, which distinguished the modern drama generally, and the compositions of Shakspere in an eminent degree.

As, then, the Christian view of things exhibits both factors of history,—on one side God with his love and justice, and on the other human activity in its contrariety of objective and subjective freedom, (the one coinciding with moral necessity—the other with human caprice,)—so does it present two views, in the union of which alone the full truth consists. The justice of God and moral necessity demand on every transgression the doom of whatever opposes itself; and require universal and strict observance of law and moderation: the love of God, on the other hand, is ready to pardon, and desires the conversion and redemption of the sinner; while the human will allows itself free course, and looks every where for unlimited room for its own whims, humours, and impulses.

So much for the development, real or possible, of the Christian view of life in real action,—a view in regard to which, as here described, we shall at least allow that it is set before us with eloquent warmth, and in a becoming and reverent spirit. We are next initiated into the critic's doctrine as to the manner in which this view can be, and by Shakspere (and by him alone fully) has been, made available as the object-matter of dramatic representation. We must quote at considerable length; because we wish to let our author speak, in his own words, upon that which is the most characteristic part of his critical system.

If, therefore, the divine justice and moral necessity—human freedom—be regarded as the leading principles of history and the arbiters of man's fortunes, then it follows, that not merely the common, hateful, and unworthy, but also whatever is the greatest, noblest, and loveliest among men, must fall a victim to suffering, want, and perdition, whenever it seeks to make itself in any way independent of God and of moral justice. This is the *tragic aspect* of the Christian view of Providence. Tragedy, in Shakspere, is invariably the exhibition of the immediate sovereignty of divine justice and moral necessity. With him the tragic element consists in the sufferings and final ruin of the humanly great, noble, and beautiful, which has fallen a prey to human weakness, and, looking alone to the present existence, has sought its contentment and consummation in this

earth exclusively, and consequently, mistaking its real objective liberty, has rejected the constraints of moral necessity. Thus does Shakspere portray the human mind in its essential vocation and innate requisition to conform in its volitions and actions with the divine will. Man's conformity to God is nothing less than that moral necessity, which is at the same time his true liberty, inasmuch as his own will cannot be really free when it is not in unison with the will of God. When man goes counter to the requisitions of his own nature, then does moral necessity meet him from without, in the form of destiny, or rather as divine justice: his volition and endeavours are rendered nugatory, and prove his destruction; his earthly life comes to an end, even because he had preferred the perishable to the real, held to it, and looked to it for support.

If, on the other hand, the divine love, with the motley play of human caprice, be taken as the leading principles of man's life and destiny, then the delineation of the latter will prove wholly different both in form and character. The divine love comes to the aid of human weakness and perversity. Wherever the mind and feelings, neither radically corrupt nor hardened in vice, have deviated from the right path transiently only, or from momentary caprice, the foolish, vain, and immoral whim or error is left to work out its own destruction in such a manner, that its absolute consequences, punishment and ruin, do not immediately proceed from it, but the disappointment of its designs and its own annihilation ultimately bring about the good and right. This result is fully correspondent to the nature of human caprice. Its appropriate expression is in acts of silliness and folly, and in perversity, weakness, and immorality of every kind; inasmuch as, being the opposite of moral necessity, it must in action prove itself such. If that which in itself is nothing less than intrinsic contingency, and to which, consequently, the seemingly accidental corresponds from without, be taken as the ruling principle of life, it must of necessity give rise to a world of contradictions and absurdities, without order or regularity; an aimless and a planless world, made in sport, and consequently in itself nothing better than a play and a semblance. But such a world cannot last long; it must quickly work its own ruin; for every contradiction must destroy itself. Chance and caprice, weakness and perversity, error and stupidity, mutually dislodge each other, so that ultimately the good and the rational prevail, and prove to be alone persistent. Accordingly, the best of the current definitions of Comedy,—which make it to be a higher necessity in harmless play with human freedom (caprice,) or the mind disturbed and in revolt against itself, but at the same time beginning to reflect upon itself and preparing to return to its propriety, (to the good, *i.e.* and the true,)—although far too vague and general, (for such definitions make much to be comic which in reality is not so,) nevertheless touch upon the essential part of the notion. They give, in short, the comic *view of the world* in the sense of Christian art; for in every case the ridiculous rests ultimately on a mental titillation: it is invariably founded on a contradiction, which, however, must be æsthetical, and a contradiction to the immediate intuition, feeling, and perception. And as this appertains exclusively to the subjectivity, the ridiculous must always be dependent on the character and frame of mind of the auditor or spectator. There is nothing absolutely ridiculous; nothing which as such is laughable. But still there may well be a general and objective *view of things* which in and by itself sustains the laughable, and to which every thing *appears* an object of laughter: in other words, the comic is a mental state in which subjective and objective come together into unity. The Comic of Art is exactly such a view of things; it consists not in single witticisms, and laughable situations and characters, but rather in the contradiction which runs through the whole representation, lying partly in the represented object, and partly in an apparent inconsistency of the matter and the representation, in so far as the latter cannot be artistic without order, harmony, and regularity, and in consequence has nothing in common with a loose and orderless subject-matter. The former can therefore only represent the latter, while it is destroying it and transforming it into its opposite. The Comic of Art may, consequently, be designated in one word as the Dialectic of Irony, which does not merely look upon human life onesidedly, as a world of contradictions and absurdities, and swayed by accident and caprice of every kind, so as to appear thoroughly laughable; but which also reigns and rules within this world, and of itself corrects the onesidedness of such a view, by allowing caprice and accident, and consequently the world also, which is swayed by them, to dissolve themselves (dialectically) and converts them into their opposites. In all this there is a surpassing joyousness, which, diffused over all the representation, wells forth out of it again. In this unreal world we recognise all our human frailties and perversity; but they cannot cost us a pang or tear; for the light of divine love shines upon us throughout, and all the errors of head and heart, and all the accidents to which, through sin, the life of man is exposed, appear to be baffled and corrected by one another. On the contrary, there is surpassing pleasure in the thought, that even against our will, and in spite of us, the good and right is somehow brought about at last.

But this joyousness cannot continue, except so long as it is accompanied with the deepest earnestness. For the comic view of things is not confined to the exhibition of the divine love, or of human caprice *exclusively*, no more than the tragic is limited to setting forth *merely* the divine justice and moral necessity. If, in the latter, suffering and death follow upon every transgression of the moral law, they have an end beyond the destruction of the sinner. For, in truth, eternal death is only for the obstinate continuance in sin forbidden by God; their design is to bring man truly to live: in other words, that, being purified by suffering, and made to see the vanity of human counsels and pursuits, he may turn from them to that which alone possesses a real life and eternal persistency, and so may attain to true union with the Deity, and therein to genuine happiness and liberty. It is thus that, in tragedy, moral order and necessity spring up from the midst of its disturbances and perplexities, in the same way that in comedy the unreal world of caprice and chance eventuates in the true world of freedom, the eternal home of mind. The love of God is revealed to us in tragedy also, though it be only indirectly, and as working *mediately* by his justice. And similarly, in the comic view of things, the reign of divine love is not exclusive, but is associated with the divine justice; for it is the latter that baffles the perverse will and machinations of man, making them to be their own correctors, and to inflict their own penalties. But it is only a latent motive in the comic paralysis; ostensibly and pre-eminently, divine love is here the guiding principle, which seeks the amelioration and salvation of man through and by means of this annihilation of his hopes and plans. In tragedy, it may be justly said, that God's justice is exhibited in the *agent*, and his love in the *act*; while in comedy the reverse is the case. For in the former, suffering and ruin overtake the guilty actors, while all that man suffers is but a mean to his amendment and salvation: in the latter, on the contrary, the act is annihilated; while, by such frustration of his plans, with all its consequences and effects, the doer himself arrives at a different fate, and happily attains to what will really benefit him. But this apparent difference exists only in the outward form, and the superficial consideration of both: essentially both aspects are identical, having the same substratum and the same import. For the love which, in one, employs the deed as a means to the amelioration of the doer, embraces him at the same time; and the justice which, in the other, brings the act to nought, reaches therein to the actor also. The exhibition of the nullity of the deed sets forth at the same time the will of man, and consequently his very life and essence, as nought in itself. And in this truth consists that solemn earnestness, with which the joyousness of the comic view is always associated.

In the view of Christian art, therefore, tragedy and comedy are but two different *forms* of the same matter — two different aspects of the *general* view of things. They may, accordingly, pass directly one into the other: in the same drama the comic may be joined with the tragic. When, for instance, art attempts to set forth the nothingness of the world before God,—in the consciousness of which, acquired only by the disappointment of its own hopes and schemes, it is led to lean upon God, and thereby first attains to a real existence,—it must at the same time *exhibit* the unsuitableness of every mundane form to express the Divine essence, the matter breaking through the form, and only revealing itself by its annihilation. This, however, is exactly the form and import of that sublime to which tragedy aspires, by showing how the life and essence of humanity, breaking through its own nothingness and finiteness, is raised by suffering and death to eternal life with God, and bringing distinctly to view this its soothing, expiatory, and cheerful element. This sedate joyousness of tragedy becomes actual pleasure in the tragic annihilation (which, however, seizes upon nothing but the absolutely worldly and human,) wherever the human and earthly is viewed, not from the side of its greatness and nobility, which, however, are at best but relative, but from that of the infinite littleness and insignificance, to which, when compared with God, the very greatest appears reduced. And the comic view and representation, which have their root in this pleasure of annihilation, is properly humour — the comic view of things. It is, therefore, simply the comic in the spirit of Christian art. That profound tragic seriousness which in all cases is contained even in the joyousness of comic exhibition, becomes in Shakspere a predominant and marked element; no longer forming its unseen under-current, but distinctly flowing on the very surface.

Ulrici afterwards concludes, in the following terms, this general enunciation of his theory as to that view of the moral constitution of the world and of human action, upon which, according to him, is based the characteristic peculiarity of Shakspere's dramatic image of reality.

If now, in conclusion, we are asked wherein consists the *originality* of Shakspere's view of things, in both its tragic and comic aspects, we answer, that it is not made up of the already-mentioned particulars, but that the latter, on the contrary, result from, and are conditioned and supported by it. The characteristic peculiarity of Shakspere's poetry must lie in the entirety and in the inmost core. But this, it has been shown, is one with the Christian view in general. How, then, is Shakspere's poetry distinguished from the poems of other modern dramatists, whose compositions likewise are, we presume, founded on the Christian view? The distinction is, we admit, one of degree rather than of kind; but then in this domain every difference of quantity becomes one of quality also. Shakspere's originality consists in the greater purity, distinctness, and completeness, with which he has exhibited the Christian view in his dramas: in all, the two factors of human life and history, the superintendence, viz. of God, and the liberty of man, the objectivity and subjectivity of mind and life, are brought before us in their due relative importance, co-operating with and re-acting on each other, in intrinsic interpenetration, and consequently established in all their truth and reality. Other poets, on the contrary, (as Calderon, for instance, and Goethe,) lay the weight on one or the other; either the objective freedom being constrained and repressed now by the divine counsels, now by the objective influences of moral causes, or the right of subjective liberty being exalted into an unlimited prerogative; and so either scale is alternately raised and depressed, according as the poet places the greater weight in one or the other. Shakspere, however, preserves them in constant equilibrium during the rapid movement of the action; the index may appear to tremble, but it nevertheless maintains the true perpendicular direction. . . .

Lastly, it scarcely seems necessary to observe, that when I speak of the especial purity and completeness with which Shakspere has preserved the Christian view of things, I do not leave out of the account those elements even, which many may consider unessential, and which, indeed, are not met with at all in some poets (Goethe,) but in others (Calderon) appear misunderstood, or else are exhibited in a manner which is far from poetical. I allude, particularly, to the doctrine of man's universal sinfulness, and the divine grace of redemption. They are not, indeed, to be found in Shakspere's view of things under the form of religious edification, moral instruction, or philosophical disquisition; but still they are there, and in a mode which in every respect is truly poetical.

Upon the striking theory thus expounded, we should have liked to be able to remark with a fulness which our limits forbid. A very few observations must be made, before we give an example or two of the interesting manner in which the theory is brought to bear upon the criticism of particular works of the great poet.

We hinted, some time ago, that the theory is evidently one-sided, incomplete. Its author has modestly called it "an approximate development" of Shakspere's notion as to the essence and application of his art; and more than an approximation to the truth, and an approximation not very close, it does not deserve to be called. Into this remark may be resolved almost all the specific objections, that may be taken both to the theory in itself and to the writer's use of it.

In the first place, it is imperfect, in respect that it does not, uniformly, keep sight of an important principle, which some of the best of the æsthetical theories of Germany have clearly enunciated, and which Ulrici himself has asserted and illustrated in the very chapter from which we have so largely quoted: — the principle, namely, that, in the act of poetic creation, there is necessarily much that neither the poet himself, nor those who analyze his completed work, can satisfactorily describe or account for. That genius can work without consciousness is, no doubt, an exploded fallacy; but the consciousness of the poetic imagination is a consciousness of things in the concrete, and a consciousness whose elements cannot, in all their parts, be dissected. Indeed, one of the highest problems in the theory of poetry, — a problem of which, perhaps, we shall never reach the exact solution,—is the determination of the point which separates that which admits of analysis and resolution in the processes of art, from that which is utterly unsusceptible of analysis. The founders of æsthetical theories, and the critical users of such theories, are alike apt to be tempted too far in their attempts at analysis; and the treatise before us is certainly no exception to this general truth. The truth can hardly be better put than in Ulrici's own words.

The enduring intrinsic communion between the poet and his poem, the predominance of fancy and feeling in his mind, leading him to see at all times the part in the whole, and the whole in the part, consorts but ill with the sharp distinctions of the intellect and reflection; and thus it comes to pass that, his work once completed, he can rarely give an account of its gradual execution. The language of the artist is poetry, music, or painting; in any other form he cannot express himself with equal depth and clearness. Who would require of the horse

that it should bark like a dog? Equally absurd is it to argue, because the poet is unable to philosophize, that is, to explain in philosophical form what in the first design he had willed and proposed to himself, that therefore he could not have been conscious of it, but that whatever the inspiration of God had suggested had been matured in fancy before him, without the aid or intervention of his own thought. Goethe, in his later years, attempted occasionally to point out the ideal germ of some of his own poems. How striking is the contrast between the meagreness and superfluity of these authentic interpretations, and the profundity and fulness of the poetic originals! Of Shakspere we fortunately possess no such revelations. The age in which he lived was not deficient in reflective power and acuteness; but it never entered the head even of others, least of all of the poet himself, to give a philosophical analysis of his own works, in order to reduce the "disjecta membra poetæ" into some single (so called) pure thought. It was left for Ben Jonson and his successors to adopt "ex professo" such reflective criticism.

We would say, in the next place, that the peculiar point of view, from which Ulrici looks at Shakspere's works, leads him to give what we cannot but consider as an undue prominence to the *moral* elements of his works. We would guard ourselves against being understood as either placing little value on the moral or religious aspect of works of art in general, or as denying that Shakspere's works, in particular, owe very much of their indestructible value to the high, and, indeed, somewhat stern temper, in which he looks upon the position of man as a being created for the fulfilment of momentous duties. But what we would say is, that, as to art in general, this view of it has an unfortunate tendency to tempt us into regarding direct instruction as its proper function; a mistake which is alike dangerous to our estimate of art, and unjust towards those higher employments of mind to which art stands related; and that, as to Shakspere's works in particular, by the very fulness and richness, the overflowing and uncontrollable activity, the restless and unconfineable versatility, of the imagination which prompted them, they are made less fit than many works of much inferior genius for being adopted as the types of a class of productions, in which the systematic representation of one great moral aspect of the world is stated to be the specific distinction. Even the "Paradise Lost" would not be the masterpiece it is, were it primarily designed to teach either theology or primeval history: and yet there is much of what is here said of Shakspere, which, both in its substance and in its tone, might more easily be justified, were it said of the solitary and awful musings of Milton. In the systematic exposition of the theory, indeed, the predominance of the purely poetic element is, on the whole, kept sufficiently in view; the moral element is presented to us but as a kind of under-current, whose solemn colours every where tinge the bright surface of the superfluent stream. It is chiefly, if not exclusively, in the application of the theory to specific instances, that its inherent weakness becomes discoverable.

The tendency it has to degenerate into direct moralizing shows itself, especially, in the criticisms on the particular dramas. In these fine and original speculations, the tendency receives room to display itself, from the very fact that the view of each drama is admirably comprehensive. We have been accustomed, chiefly by Augustus Schlegel, and by Coleridge, and others, who have benefited by his teaching, to aim at regarding each of these works as a whole. We are not content to look merely at one of the elements which constitute its dramatic totality; and our best critics, like Hazlitt, and Mrs. Jameson, and Mr. De Quincey, even when they professedly take up merely the characters of a play of Shakspere as the object of their analysis, diverge into an analysis of the relation in which the characters stand to each other, and to the leading idea of the piece. The recognition of the leading idea of each drama, the identification of the bond by which that idea is made to unite into one organic whole the story and the characters, and the sentiments and the imagery, —these are the tasks which, in going through each drama in succession, Ulrici has proposed to himself. Now, the recognition, real or supposed, of the fundamental idea of a poetical work, is apt to become for us the same thing as the supposition, that the work was composed with the express view of illustrating that idea. The work, in short, is apt to be regarded by us as didactic; and, with one who, like Ulrici, seeks the leading idea among the truths of morality and religion, religious and moral teaching is apt to be regarded as the primary purpose.

It is further to be observed,—and this is one of the most serious exceptions that can be taken to our author's views, — that they lead him, almost by necessity, into the recognition of that most narrow and erroneous law of art, which has been called "poetical justice." Even in the few instances which we shall be able to give, it will be seen that this principle is distinctly adopted; a fault which, as we cannot but think, derogates from the value of the criticism, alike in its æsthetical and in its moral bearings.

Here, as before, it is in details that he falls into the mistake; here, as before, he is correct and distinct in protesting against it in his general announcement of doctrines.

It is above all things necessary to guard against the error into which Goethe himself seems to have fallen, of supposing that the fundamental idea of a work of art could have for its *subject-matter* any *particular* religious dogma, moral law, philosophical conception, or even a mere maxim of the world or political principle. Goethe tells us, that through the whole of "Coriolanus" runs "the complaint that the populace refuse to recognise the precedence of their betters; that in 'Julius Cæsar' all is relative to the conception that the nobles see unwillingly the supremacy assumed by one, while they fondly dream that they can still act in common; and that 'Antony and Cleopatra,' trumpet-tongued, proclaims the incompatibility of business and pleasure." But if such be really the fundamental ideas of the above poems, then, may we assert, with equal justice, Goethe himself sought to illustrate, in his Tasso, the proverb, "Pride must have a fall;" in Egmont, that other adage, "Who will not hear must feel;" and in Faust, the philosophical commonplace, "Man is a finite limited being, and ought to be conscious of such his nature." But the end of art — and on this consideration the whole question hangs — is far higher than to exhibit such so-called truths, which indeed, in their one-sidedness and exaggeration, are nothing less than errors. . . . .

When, therefore, we speak of the fundamental ideas

of Shakspere's plays respectively, nothing more is meant than that each expresses a special aspect of the *organic* totality of mind; each of them exhibits a particular *modification* of the general comic or tragic view of things, dependent upon the special conditions of space and time, the posture of affairs, and accidental circumstances and relations, in which the dramatic persons are placed. It is this alone that makes the ground idea of each of Shakspere's dramas such as we have described it; that enables it, according to Goethe's observation, to furnish a central point to which the world and universe admit of being referred; it is only because it contains within itself the universality of all relations, that every one admits of being carried back to it.

And he is not less decided and prudent in disclaiming the purpose of reaching a full or exact identification of the fundamental idea of any particular work.

The attempt to give a proximate determination of the ground idea of Shakspere's dramatic pieces severally, will prove at best but an imperfect essay. Each succeeding age will discover a greater store of references to the middle point of the whole, even because every genuine work of art bears, in itself, all the riches of life. To give them all, therefore, cannot be my design, otherwise I must give to each piece a volume. And on this consideration I must dispense with a critical analysis of the single dramas. All that I can do is to give the results of my own studies; that is, to point out the leading idea, and to show generally how far it has determined the tone and colouring, the keeping and composition of the whole, and in what degree the choice and co-ordination of the several characters appear to be dependent on it. To trace all this through minute details, and scene by scene, must be left to the reader's own discernment.

Yet, after all deduction from the completeness of the view which is thus presented, it cannot be doubted that it is one of the worthiest aspects in which a great work of poetic art can be regarded; and, after all qualifications by which approval of Ulrici's specific analyses ought to be limited, they must be pronounced to be among the most philosophically comprehensive and most critically accurate of all the analyses, to which the works they handle have ever been subjected.

We will content ourselves with setting down a few specimens, interrupting these by no observations of our own. As an example of the critic's method of dealing with the tragedies, we take the principal passages of his remarks on "Lear," which had been preceded by notices of "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello."

In "King Lear," *Love* is once more employed by Shakspere as a leading principle of human conduct; but under a new and wholly distinct manifestation. It is here exhibited in the last of the three principal forms under which it exercises an immediate and direct influence on the destinies of man; and in that particular one in which it reveals itself as the natural and most intimate bond of the great organism of society, and consequently as the principal and fundamental condition of all intellectual and moral development. In "Romeo and Juliet" its virgin devotedness and enthusiastic dreaminess formed the centre of interest, which, in "Othello," revolved around the manly earnestness and the unsuspecting fulness of wedded affection. In "King Lear," *parental affection* and *filial reverence* are contemplated as the focus towards which all the ties of life converge; and the *family*, in its largest and historical import, is the particular grade of life in which the poet has here taken up his position within the domain of poetry. Such is that particular modification of Shakspere's general tragic view, which constitutes the groundwork of the present drama.

The high mid-day sun has now sunk into the fresh, glowing, but fast fading tints of evening. The old Lear is still vigorous both in mind and body; his old age has not tempered the faults of his nature; his obstinacy, love of power, passion, and rashness, are as strong as ever; his heart still retains all its freshness and impetuosity. The rich measure of love which has fallen to the portion of Lear's heart, is blindly lavished by him to the last drops upon his children; he resigns to them his all, in the hope of finding in their love and gratitude repose from the storms and fatigues of his long life. But the affection of Lear leads him to forget the king in the parent, and in a father's care to overlook all other duties. Mistaking the outward sign for the deep internal feeling of affection, he has himself in some measure accustomed his children to flattery and hypocrisy. His error is not momentary, but so wilful and deliberate, that the attempt of Kent (of which the artistic necessity is obvious) to bring him to a better judgment, totally fails, in spite of the pertinacity with which it is repeated. Like the love of Romeo and Othello, that of Lear is far from being pure from gross and earthly alloy; in him, too, it possesses a character of passionateness, as is shown in his hasty and unjust banishment of Kent and Cordelia. Its first thought is of the external and terrestrial, not the inward and everlasting welfare of his children. As it has not its root in the divine truth, it consequently mistakes its true nature, and, refusing the genuine return of deep and silent gratitude, accepts in the stead a worthless counterfeit. Such a false, and in fact immoral love of the parent, is, by an intrinsic necessity, closely followed by the perfidy, ingratitude, and guilt of the children. . . . . .

Accordingly, we must look upon Lear himself as the prime cause of the tragic complication, and the guilty author of his own fate, no less than of the crimes and sufferings of his daughters. He falls the victim of the errors and weakness of his own affectionate heart. Thus invariably does the lovely and noble of this earth hasten to perdition, whenever, unpurified and earthly, it neglects to look back to its divine origin for its true strength and support.

As Shakspere every where exhibits the most wonderful power in completely exhausting the particular subject he has in hand, so, in the present piece, he is not content with simply exhibiting the fundamental idea in the fortunes of the King and his family. He sets it forth under another aspect. In the same way that he contrasted the passionate ardour of Romeo with the equally guilty but prosaic coldness of Paris, and that the ill-conditioned union of Iago and Emilia is placed side by side of the married bliss of Othello — so pure and genuine, and yet so liable to be disturbed—he has associated the story of Lear and his daughters with the similar but divergent story of Gloster and his sons. In order to show that a moral corruption is never solitary, but is in its seed and principle *universal*, and ultimately resting on the sinfulness of the whole human race, he has taken the noblest families as representatives of the great family of man, and made them the victims of the moral pestilence. While a passionate unreal tenderness avenges itself on Lear, the fate of Gloster is the consequence of unrepented juvenile excess, on which, (as shown in the first scene) the old man still reflects with wanton pleasure. . . . . .

The composition or structure of the piece is here again regulated by the several groups, into which the dramatic personages spontaneously fall by reason of their respective characters, or of the predominant relations between them. On one side we have Lear with his family, attended by Kent and the Fool; on the other, Gloster with his two sons Edgar and Edmund. This arrangement of nature is, however, quickly disturbed and altered by the characters of the individuals that compose them. Regan, Goneril, and Cornwall, violently detach themselves from Lear and Cordelia; while Edgar is driven away by the enmity of his father and brother. The realm of darkness separates itself from the region of light. The two old men, though henceforward quite powerless and merely passive, continue nevertheless to

be the main-springs of the plot, which by their modes of thinking and acting they originally set in motion. . . . .

Out of the reciprocal action and opposition of these groups, the evolution of the plot, and the series of its leading incidents, proceed spontaneously, and by an intrinsic necessity. After Lear had disinherited Cordelia, and rendered Kent outwardly powerless by his sentence of banishment, and when Gloster has driven his legitimate and noble son from his home, the two weak old men fall helpless victims to the wickedness and insolence of their enemies. Blow by blow their misery is raised to the highest pitch; wherever the family tie, that foundation of all moral feeling, is so entirely subverted as in the present case, the triumph of evil is necessarily rapid and complete. . . . .

These horrors,—such is the suicidal energy of sin,—are the inevitable results of the dissolution of all natural and moral ties. But amidst them all, we clearly trace the guiding finger of God. The officious villain of a steward is providentially delivered into the hands of Edgar, and thereby that discovery of treason brought about which induces Albany to take a decided part against his own wife. In all this there reigns an intrinsic necessity.

But the death of Cordelia: is not this sacrifice of an innocent victim, if not wholly without motive, certainly without poetic justification, and therefore devoid of all ideal necessity? By no means. On closer consideration all such doubt vanishes; and what at first sight looks like a blemish, becomes the highest splendour of perfection. Cordelia pays the penalty of the fault she committed, when, instead of affectionately humouring the weakness of her aged father, she met him with unfilial frowardness, and answered his, no doubt, foolish questions with unbecoming harshness and asperity; a father's curse lights upon her head, and its direful consequences cannot afterwards be avoided. The slighter her failing may appear, the deeper is the tragic effect of its heavy penalty. For the true force of the tragic lies exactly in this, that the trivial faults of the good are overwhelmed in the same ruin as the most revolting offences of the bad; with this difference, however, that whereas to the former purification and atonement (and consequently true life also) is conveyed in its annihilation, to the latter temporary destruction and punishment bring likewise eternal death. . . . . .

In conclusion, I shall briefly call attention to the thoughtful and appropriate correspondence between the general subject of the drama, and its no less touching than sublime conclusion. Gloster has repented and atoned for his faults. After the failure of his cowardly attempt at self-destruction, by which he weakly sought to rid himself of the burden of life, he submits and suffers in patience; for man must learn to be patient, or, in other words, to conquer himself. His soul is thus emancipated from its suffering body; in the arms, in the embraces of his long lost son, who repays a father's injustice with child-like love and affection, his heart breaks; the tumult of this his last earthly happiness shakes off the earthly dust from his soul, and it mounts pure and clear to heaven. The weary Kent, too, has fallen asleep; with his sterling, earnest, but rugged virtue, he has lived, struggled, and endured enough; his *softened* heart now longs only for the peace of heaven. Edmund, in his last moments, acknowledges his guilt, and seeks to make all the amends within his power. "Yet Edmund was beloved," *loved* in spite of all his selfishness. These words of comfort convulse him to the soul, and throw upon it the semblance at least of divine love; and we may indulge a hope that he closed his eyes with a sigh of penitence. Goneril and Regan — the unnatural daughters, whose crimes have no ignominy of origin to excuse them, whom their own lust and not circumstances plunged headlong into sin—fall by each other's hands, and are hurried into everlasting misery without hope or pity. How sweet and soothing the contrast, in the filial affection, and the lovely and blissful death, of Cordelia! Lear's madness, too, terminates with his mortal sigh for Cordelia's loss. In this moment of anguish all the rich intensity of love, which sat enthroned in the heart of Lear, has found its worthy object. While the faint sparks of life are extinguishing, his love puts off its last earthly weakness, and ascends purified and refined to heaven. The tragic impression loses its crushing and oppressive horror, and is transmuted into the calm consolatory feeling of a gentle death and a blissful peace.

The comedies are classified, fancifully but ingeniously, and not without reason, into two groups; the comedies of intrigue and the comedies of fancy; as to which division, however, it is truly observed that no one comedy belongs exclusively to either of its members, and that it indicates merely the respective predominance of the one or the other of two general characters. "The Merchant of Venice" may be taken as a specimen of the former class; the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" as a specimen of the latter.

The criticism on the piece last named, is one of the most pleasing examples of the quiet ingenuity with which the author applies his theory to particular cases.

At the first glance we are no doubt puzzled what to make, in an artistic and æsthetical point of view, of the strange aerial beings which revel before us in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream." Throughout there is such a wanton play of fancy and frolic, such cameleon-like succession of tricks and complicated cross-purpose, that at the first sight we are disposed to deny that it can possess any rational meaning. Theseus and Hippolyta, the Queen of the Amazons, are about to celebrate their nuptials; but with the proper action of the piece they have nothing to do. Then we have the love of two noble Athenian youths and maidens, whose happy union is hindered by the whim of a cross old father and their own caprice. In the midst of all, Oberon and Titania, in ill-humour and jealous bickering, pursue their own designs, or cross with their wanton tricks the wise plans of poor mortals; and, lastly, a company of amateur players are pressed into the service with their burlesque follies and silliness, who exhibit a play within the play, having as much connexion with the rest as the several parts have with each other. Such are the rare and heterogeneous elements of the piece, which at once give rise to the question, Whether it really satisfies the first requirement of art, that the several parts should round themselves into an organic whole; and if so, what is the centre around which they all adjust themselves?

Now it is the comic view of things itself that forms the basis of the whole piece. Its presence may be traced clearly and distinctly. Not merely in particular cases do the maddest tricks of accident, as well as of human caprice, perversity, and folly, destroy each other in turn; but, generally, the principal pursuits and provinces of life are made to parody and paralyze each other. It is this last particular that distinguishes the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" from all other comedies soever. Theseus and Hippolyta represent the grand heroic and historically important aspect of human life. But instead of maintaining the high dignity and exalted grandeur of history, they come down to a level with the common, every-day sort of folk; while, by seeming to exist for no other purpose than to marry with suitable pomp and splendour, they form with agreeable irony a merry parody on their own heroic importance. The Carpenter, Joiner, Weaver, Bellows-mender, and Tinker, present a merry contrast to the highest ranks, in the lowest and vulgarest region, the very prose of every-day life. But they, too, instead of remaining in their own true station, wherein they at once command respect, worm themselves into the higher domain of tragedy and poetry, and render it as well as themselves ridiculous. Between the two extremes stand the lovers, who belong to the middle ranks of life. But instead of behaving agreeably to their station, and regarding life in its plain and sober aspect, they lose themselves in the fantastic humours of a capri-

cious passion, and thereby parody themselves and the class to which they belong. Lastly, the fairy prince, with his interposition in the action, represents that higher power which guides human life with an invisible thread. But even this superintending power is not depicted in its true god-like grandeur and elevation; but, like all the other parties of the piece, is carried away by the same torrent of irony, and either appears as the nimble, frolicsome play of the personified powers of nature, or parodies itself, so far as it is subject to the universal caprice of chance and to its own waywardness; as is distinctly indicated by Titania's passion for the ass-headed Weaver.

It is on this basis of reciprocal parody, that the different and heterogeneous groups first coalesce into unity. From it they all derive the same characteristic tendency. The play of the Mechanics, which, at its close, so gaily ridicules the dramatic art, and thereby also the very piece, which pursues every thing with its unsparing irony, carries the parodical tendency to its utmost limit, and gives to the whole its point. But even an external bond is not wanting to combine the several parts, which, although but slight and loose, is nevertheless dexterously woven into all the parts. The marriage festival of Theseus and Hippolyta surrounds the whole picture as with a splendid frame of gold. Within it the sports and gambols of the elves and fairies, crossing and recrossing the story of the lovers, and the labours of the theatrical artisans, connect together these two different groups; while the blessings which at the end of the piece they bestow, by their presence at the nuptial festival, upon the house and lineage of Theseus, give reason and dignity to the part which they have been playing throughout.

The particular modification of the general comic view, which results from this ironical parodying of all the domains of life, at once determines and gives expression to the special ground-idea, which first reduces the whole into organic unity. Life is throughout regarded in the light of a "*Midsummer-Night's Dream.*" With the rapidity of wit, the merry piece passes like a dream over our minds; the most rare and motley elements, and the most fantastic shapes, are blended together as in a vision of the night, and form a whole highly wonderful, both in form and composition. Dreamlike does the play within the play hold up its distorting mirror; while a shadow of reason comments upon its own visionary creations, and half-doubting, half-believing their reality, at one moment opposes, and at the next is hurried along by the light gambol which frolics before it in a magic light and darkness. . . . . .

But Shakspere does not call his piece a dream merely; it is a *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* This closer determination of the title indicates, what indeed its whole structure loudly bespeaks, that we are not to expect a sad and gloomy vision of a dreary and benumbing winter's night; but such motley, cheerful, and aerial creations as the mind might call before it on some bright meditative and suggestive summer's night; on the eve, for instance, of a festival of St John, on which probably the piece was first acted.

Among the comedies of intrigue is placed "Much Ado About Nothing." The idea of this piece is thus felicitously seized :—

In "*Much Ado About Nothing,*" as in most other comedies, a love-story forms the centre of interest, around which the whole plot revolves. And yet love itself is not the object, whose comic paralysis, by the dialectic of irony, the poet here proposes to exhibit. He rather seems to have drawn his ground-idea from a contemplation of the contrasts which human life presents, between the reality of outward objects, and the perceptions of the inward subject; between that which the world really is, and that which it appears to those who yet live in it, and have experience of it. Love, as the ordinary occasion of mischances and complications,—which, although in themselves insignificant and not uncommon, appear in a very different light to those immediately concerned in them,—is merely the medium which the poet employs for projecting these contrasts on a luminous field. We are, throughout, sensible of their presence in the chief moments of the action. The most ordinary and insignificant matters and circumstances are arrayed in all the pomp of form, and, by the personages of the drama, stuffed out with the gravest possible importance. First of all, the bastard John's aversion for his brother the Prince of Arragon—for which no reasonable ground exists—as it began in nothing, so it ends in nothing. Then, as an intermezzo, Claudio's suspicion of Don Pedro's honesty in his vicarious wooing of Hero, whose effects are as grave as itself is groundless; for the unparalleled falsehood has no existence except in his own love-sick brain. The former,—with the story of the loves of the two sworn foes of matrimony, Beatrice and Benedick, who keep up a perpetual skirmish of wit, and rail at every thing like love or tenderness, yet are at last, by a very common trick, themselves caught in the meshes of love, and contract together that which they were wont to ridicule, with all the expenditure of wit and humour, form the ground-plan on which the leading idea of the piece is brought forward under different modifications; they are the moving side-pieces, which serve to vary the principal scene, on which are depicted the unhappy disturbances in the history of the loves of Claudio and Hero. The intrigue is very superficial and lightly woven: an evil whim of the worthless John breaks, for a time at least, the loosely tied bond of love; an event which, though it never ought to happen, is of daily occurrence. Mere appearances, without examination or inquiry, are at once invested with all the importance of truth by the parties whose dearest interests are at stake. A pretended death and burial, friendship broken off, and challenge and defiance, follow each other; until that nothing, chance, brings the truth again to light, and inquiry at last leads to the vindication of injured innocence, and the appeasing of her wrongs by funeral honours; upon which, Hero, who is supposed to be dead, comes forth from her hiding-place, and the whole closes in merry wedding festivities.

This contrast between the objective reality and the subjective apprehension of things, is most amusingly set forth and embodied in the senseless and stupid Dogberry; who is continually contradicting himself, ordering at one moment what, however, in the next, he thinks had better be left undone, and praying that it may be written down and remembered, that he is an ass. He is the very impersonation of the ground-idea: it is exhibited in him in immediate and vivid transparency, and consequently in full comic force. This contrast, which, agreeably to its nature, usually appears divided between subject and object, is here combined—in Shakspere's usual manner—in *one* individual, who forms the most laughable character of the piece. But besides, the part of Dogberry was even dramatically necessary, for the detection of the rascality of John and his instruments, which forms the plot of the fable. The comic humour of chance chooses to employ the silliest and most ridiculous of simpletons, to bring to light what no doubt lay near enough to the surface, but nevertheless escaped the discernment of the cleverest. It is therefore a grave misconception of the whole composition, to doubt the propriety of the parts of those doughty constables, Dogberry and his follower. He is equally, not to say more, necessary than all the other dramatic personages together. . . . . .

The very title of the piece prepares us for the nothingness of the final *éclaircissement.* However, the title of "*Much Ado About Nothing*" is not, it is obvious, to be understood in an external sense merely; it rather indicates the inherent nothingness of human life, whenever its hopes terminate in mere earthly interests and relations. *Every one* of us makes much ado about nothing in this life, so long as he is unable, by the annihilation of the terrestrial nought, to attain to the eternal realities which he has within himself. Whenever, therefore, we attempt to follow the grand but quiet-working genius of our poet, we invariably discover, beneath the rich profusion of seemingly insignificant jokes, trifling combinations and inventions, the golden

grains of profound thought, and a sound, a Christian, and consequently a truly philosophical view of things.

From the refined and masterly observations upon the historical dramas, we can only cull one or two paragraphs, containing a part of the general estimate; and with these we close this hasty notice of a work which merits much closer attention.

As history is raised far above art, as being but a single element of its great organic whole, so historico-dramatic poetry appears, as it were, to be art raised to its *highest power*; a poesy, in short, which comprises both tragedy and comedy, as special elements of itself, in the same way that the history of the world comprises art. A *single* historical drama may therefore have a tragic or comic result, though it need not *necessarily* have either the one or the other. (It would, for instance, be difficult to say, whether the two parts of "Henry the Fourth," "Henry the Fifth," and Henry the Eighth," be either tragedy or comedy.) On the contrary, so far as it is at most but a single member of a grand organic whole, it ought to produce a different effect; even the poetico-historical one, which raises man at once above both the tragic and the comic view of things.

Shakspere was the creator of this grand historico-dramatic poesy, in which the idea, which was the ultimate ground of the trilogical form of the Greek drama, is more adequately apprehended and better worked out. Shakspere was the first to recognise with clearness and distinctness the true essence of the historical drama; he was the first to rise superior to the usual forms and divisions of art; (in "Hamlet" they are the subject of a refined raillery, Act II., Sc. 2;) and, what is more, he has been able to realize and to perpetuate, in noble and imperishable archetypes, what he was the first to recognise and to perceive. From the present position of æsthetical criticism, it is not difficult to censure and find fault with his details of execution. But it is a much harder task to enter into the depth and the grand connexion of his artistic activity, which never allowed the individual to stand forth merely as such, but regarding it only as a single member of a great whole, universally worked in great masses, and penetrated into every domain of art. The mind that can do this will at once acknowledge, that the artistic labours of Shakspere advanced the development of æsthetical taste a whole century at least.

As, in his Comedies, for instance, Shakspere has noted down all the possible figures of the comic form of art, and exhibited the comic view of the world under all its essential aspects, so in his five great Tragedies, to which the "Timon of Athens" forms as it were the key-stone, he has run through all the most important stages of human life, and the leading springs of its development; so that, in both cases, the single dramas, and consequently each of these special branches of art, adjust themselves into *one* organic body, and constitute *one* grand work of art. In a corresponding spirit, Shakspere, in his historical dramas, which again combine the tragic and comic forms of art into a higher unity, has dramatically worked out in two great cycles the most important events of ancient and modern history. The first of these two great cycles brings before us the political history of the Roman people, the original of the modern European polity, in all its most essential moments. In *Coriolanus* we have the contests of the plebeians and patricians, and the gradual rise of the republic; in *Julius Cæsar* the last fruitless struggles of expiring liberty against the new, but rapidly encroaching form of despotism. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the character and essence of the empire of the Cæsars is depicted; while lastly, in *Titus Andronicus* we trace, on the one hand, the entire and irremediable decay of the ancient spirit, but on the other the new principle of vitality which the German nations, by their inroads on the Roman empire, infused into the history of Europe. For although, properly speaking, "Titus Andronicus" does not belong to the historical pieces, it may nevertheless be classed with them, in so far as it does not depict any definite deeds of fortunes or persons, so much as a particular epoch in an historical colouring, and consequently, as it derives its true import and explanation from the character of the age, is itself semi-historical. Together, the whole cycle exhibits the lofty energy and virtues, but at the same time the profoundly tragic decline of a great nation and empire. The tragic impression, however, is not unfolded in its fullest force. For in the same way that in each single drama the tragic fate of the chief agents is compensated by the fresh vitality which accrues from it to the whole people, so in the genuine spirit of history the whole cycle closes with a slight allusion to the new and better glory of Europe, which is to unfold itself within the bosom of the German family.

The second and larger cycle, consisting of ten dramas, and drawn from the history of England, places us at once within the very heart of the middle ages. From the reign of King John, to which England owes Magna Charta, that fundamental law of its constitution, the history of England is carried forward to the times of Henry VIII., to which the religious regeneration of the people belongs, and which first began distinctly to evolve the *new and modern* form of social and political life. Here, too, we have laid before us the leading moments in the life and progress of the English people up to Shakspere's time; in which, again, all the most characteristic features of the historical development of Europe in general are reflected. In "King John," the spirit of the middle ages still breathes; the chief features of the feudal system are distinctly traceable; knights, barons, and earls, are here seen establishing their rights against all the influence and usurpations of sovereign authority, and the political life of the Commons is struggling for a more fixed shape and stability; warfare yet appears as a knightly tourney, decided by the superior personal bravery of single combatants; political wisdom is impotent against the youthful energy of the momentary feelings, affections, and passions; in short, the chief levers of political events, and the ruling influences on the spirit of the age, — chivalry, the free corporations, and above all, the Church,—are here made to stand out distinctly. Accordingly, as Schlegel justly remarks, "King John" forms, as it were, the prologue to the eight following dramas, in which are portrayed the great wars, civil broils and dissensions, which, from the deposition of Richard II. to the death of Richard III., even while they tore and distracted, nevertheless strengthened and advanced, the power of England.

AN EVENING'S ADVENTURE AT A COUNTRY INN.

Even in this age of rapid locomotion, there must be few of my readers who have not been, at least once in their lives, the habitant of a Scottish country inn on a Sabbath evening. It is necessary, however, that they should have been in the same situation on some other evening of the week, that they may properly appreciate that sober quiet, that softened stillness, that more than partial cessation from labour, and din, and discord, of things animate and inanimate, that pervades the precincts of a country inn on the evening in question. The lighting of a bed-room candle, or the ringing for a pair of slippers, at such a time, seems to be done under protest. The chambermaid, who the evening before looked so made up of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," that you wondered whether she smiled through her sleep, or even if she ever shut her eyes at all, they glanced so bril-

liant, and cheerful, and happy, now looks demure and grave, while every dimple seems to say, "Nae daffin the night; ye ken it's Sunday."

Go down stairs, and you find the ostler seated at the kitchen fire, listless, inactive, with a face ten times more demure than the maid's, his finger and thumb inserted in a well-worn edition of the "Scots Worthies," or "The Confession of Faith." Passing the bar, you observe the landlady seated, similarly occupied; her snow-white cap and collar, and sober silk gown, proclaiming that maid and matron are at peace. Scolding is banished for a day. Mine host is stretched, pipe in hand, now eyeing his portly helpmate, anon watching the clouds that curl in regular succession from his almost motionless lips. The clock at the top of the staircase is the only object, within or without, that seems to court your observation; its constant, well-marked march sounding, amid the stillness, louder than you ever heard it before, till you attach an importance to it that amply makes up for your neglect of it in time past, because you have nothing else to listen to.

In such circumstances did I find myself the solitary incumbent of the travellers' room, in the snug little inn at ———, on an evening in November 18—. In frame of mind I was listless, indolent, too lazy to be fretful, and too solitary to be altogether comfortable. I had swallowed three tumblers of toddy, each mellowed by its accompanying cigar, without producing any change beyond an increase of my indolence, and a tendency to nap. The yew trees which grew in the church-yard, that stood on the opposite side of the way, had gradually become dark, and more dark, as I looked at them: the autumn wind gently swaying the lighter branches to and fro, against the dull sky beyond. One by one the head-stones disappeared, first the old, then the new. The old belfrey, the white-washed walls of which had made the room seem light even after sunset, had given in, and looked sombre as all which surrounded it. I tried to pick out the grave-stones, the records of which I had conned over that afternoon, instead of listening attentively to the sixteenthly, seventeenthly, and lastly, of a discourse excellent in all things but its length, which the parish minister had delivered; till I lost those frail memorials of the village dead in the gradually increasing darkness.

I had begun to nap in my chair, as it was too early to go to bed, when the sound of the mail rattling through the street impelled me once more to the window. It stopped for an instant, and, to my infinite consolation, deposited a passenger at the door of "mine inn." "The night is not yet altogether lost," thought I; "I will have something to interest me now; if not to chat with, at least to look at, or drink with, or quarrel with, or—any thing rather than this dormant, thumb-sucking use of time." The step of a light foot, followed by the tramp of a heavy ditto in the lobby, on the stair, crowned my hopes; and Martha immediately appeared, ushering in a bundle of wearing apparel, consisting chiefly of mufflers, boots, and greatcoat, surmounted by a hat: the only glimpse of humanity that could be obtained being a portion of a nose, much resembling the toe of a crab in formation; the colour rich, rare, burnished red.

Hamlet's churchyard acquaintance, the grave-digger, might, for aught I know, possess a more extensive wardrobe in waistcoats; but I would have backed the new comer, for any odds, in greatcoats. One by one they fell from his shoulders, till I wondered how he had managed to carry them, and then how the mail had undertaken the transmission of such a mass. Greatcoat after greatcoat fell from his shoulders; muffler after muffler from his neck; till, stripped to a kind of covering that halted midway between a greatcoat and a surtout, and a woollen neckerchief not smaller than a blanket, the stranger, in his "habit as he lived," took his place on the opposite side of the fire-place; and drawing his hand across his eyes, and his legs to the fender, he rang the bell.

"Stiff and hot," said the stranger to Martha, who appeared and immediately withdrew.

I looked at the stranger, as he warmed his purple-pointed fingers at the blaze. There was something in his appearance which raised a feeling of dislike in my mind, although, if asked the reason, I probably could not give one. I scanned him from the boots to the wisp of hair, half gray, half black, which hung like a leaden waterspout over his forehead. My dislike grew as I gazed. I felt a kind of fidgety feeling: I was disappointed. Like Frankenstein, the being I had so ardently longed for was an annoyance which I now could have as ardently wished away. I thought of retiring to bed, when I recollected that I had not yet spoken to him: to leave without doing so would have been absolute rudeness. I said, "Mild weather for travelling, sir."

"It is," said the stranger, fixing his eyes on me as if he had observed my presence in the room for the first time. If my dislike was great when I looked at him, it grew greater now that *he* looked at *me*. Such eyes! they were neither black, blue, hazel, nor gray, but a kind of neutral tint, which I cannot give a name to; and yet they sparkled and glowed in the light like a cat's; bright, piercing, they seemed almost to stand out from under the pent-house of his brows, looking up and down a face which appeared as if the outer skin had been peeled off, and the under cuticle suddenly frozen, so red was it;—not the redness of health, but an unearthly, dark, crimson hue, like a stain of blood on a towel.

"Mail full to-night, sir?" said I, making an attempt to overcome a dislike which seemed to have now reached its climax.

"Nobody outside but myself," said he, as he wriggled his nose into his tumbler. I was in momentary expectation of seeing the mixture ignite from the fiery quality of his facial protuberance. *It*—the nose—avoided the collision, however, by a dexterous jerk, which could only have been obtained by long practice. The liquid did not take fire, although it appeared considerably diminished, probably absorbed by the intense heat.

Another half hour elapsed, while I puffed my

cigar with all the energy my lungs would permit. The stranger ordered glass after glass of "stiff and hot," while I mechanically followed his example. My friends tell me I get prosy when elevated; my readers may think I am so now. I had gazed so long in the face of the stranger that I wondered how it would look from the other side of the room. I tried the experiment without satisfying myself either one way or other. The church-yard caught my eye, and I again ventured an observation. "Bad taste to stick those grave-yards always in the centre of a town," said I.

"Very inconvenient," said he. "Those who did so were no friends to science."

The remark puzzled me. "In which way?" said I.

"Why, you see," said he, "a subject can't be got without running great risk. The Scotch are so nasty particular on that score."

"On the subject of science?" said I: "I thought they liked to dabble a little in all, from metaphysics to mesmerism."

"As to dabbling in the sciences, they like them well enough in the abstract: but they have not arrived at that *acme* of liberality which prompts them to give a subject now and then to the dissecting room."

"I don't wonder at that," said I; "such a course outrages one of the finest feelings of our nature — respect for the dead."

"Stuff! stuff!" said he; "such feelings are a remnant of barbarism or something worse. How much better if 'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,' instead of stopping holes 'to keep the wind away,' had given his carcass to the schools. What a splendid action that would have been! Cæsar was a great man, sir!"

I assented to the opinion of ages by a nod of the head. "It can't be remedied now," said I.

"And though it could," said the stranger, "if the fortieth cousin of Cæsar were a Scotsman, that man would object to it. Shameful, sir!" and again the nose of the stranger gleamed like a fiery meteor in the tumbler.

"And yet there is no lack of subjects for the schools, in spite of Cæsar's forgetfulness," said I.

"Ay, but the risk that is run," said he. "No later than yesterday two gentlemen, or at least one of them, was nearly made a subject of himself in his endeavours to benefit posterity."

Something to interest me now, thought I, as I settled in my chair. "How was that, sir?" I inquired. He began—

"It was rumoured in Edinburgh that a case of more than usual interest had been interred in the church-yard of ——, some miles from this. Something handsome was offered for the purpose of securing it; but men who had never been known to stickle before, fought rather shy of this. From the state of feeling lately evinced in two or three affairs of the same kind, the attempt was a very hazardous one. Dr. —— offered still more handsomely, as he was anxious to procure the subject in question to illustrate a course of lectures he was then delivering. With such warm offers the difficulties melted like wax, and T—— and W——, two gentlemen well known for their friendly disposition to science when any thing was to be got by it, made the necessary arrangements, and even succeeded in disinterring the body, but, unable to convey it to town that night, left it in a heap of manure in a field by the road side, with the intention of removing it early next morning.

"Every thing had succeeded as they could wish, and a gig was hired from mine host of the ——, in the ancient burgh of L——, to convey the prize to town. In removing it, however, a herd boy, who had been snoozing away his time at the back of a dyke, was witness to the transaction, and immediately ran and informed his master, who, mounting his pony, set off in pursuit. W—— and T——, seeing they were pursued, and rightly judging that the only chance was to outstrip the pursuer in speed, drove with fury. Still the farmer gained upon them. If they could only get through the burgh which lay in their way without discovery, all would be well. If he overtook them before they accomplished this, life was in jeopardy. The souters of L—— were no hands to trifle with; as they had lately shown in the case of their grave-digger, another friend to anatomical pursuits in the first stage, viz., the procuring the subject. The danger was imminent; and T——, seeing the farmer making upon them every moment, had no disposition to try such an ordeal. He would not go on, but entreated W—— to stop, relinquish the body, and cut for it. His friend, however, was in no such humour: having brought it thus far, it was like snatching the bite from his mouth to relinquish it. The other remonstrated, but without effect, and finding nothing else would do, left the gig and made off across the fields. Unfortunate stoppage. Still the farmer spurred, and was soon neck and neck with the gig and its remaining occupant, and thus they entered the burgh. The only chance now was that the farmer's cries would be drowned in the noise, or that the gig would precede the alarm, and thereby escape. Speed must do it. Seeing the idlers in the street, the farmer bawled out in a thick burr, 'Corpse, corpse!' In a moment all was commotion, every window was opened, every head was thrust out. Great black-bearded fellows, with the implements of their trade in their hands, rushed from every doorway. Old women, at other times unable to move, *stoited* out to swell the uproar with their cries. The inhabitants, one and all, were on the street in less time than I have taken to tell it. Still the gig careered onwards, the horse covered with foam. Still the farmer lashed his shelty, and this might have continued till the burgh was cleared, had not a carrier, who was packing his cart in the street, thrown a block which he held in his hand, with the view of stopping the gig; instead of going under the wheel as intended, it got between the spokes, and striking the shaft, wheel and block flew in the air in a thousand pieces, and down fell man, horse, and gig in the street.

"'Whar's the corpse?' shrieked out a plurality of voices.

"'I have none,' cried W——; 'you are mad, why do you stop me thus?'

"'Corpse, corpse!' shouted the farmer, who was buried in the crowd, shelty and all.

"All this was spoken in a breath. In another instant, the contents of the gig were strewed in the air, and the sack containing the subject was dragged on the street. This was damning evidence. A universal groan was emitted, and for some minutes not a word was spoken. The stillness was broken only by the sound of the blows which fell thick and three-fold on the devoted carcass of the resurrectionist,—he was up in an instant. A hundred hands were at his throat; a hundred fists were beating like sledge-hammers at his ribs. His cloak, his coat, his vest, and even his shirt, were torn to shreds by the infuriated multitude. He always contrived to rise the moment he was knocked down, about thirty times to the minute: had he lain on the ground one instant he would have been trampled to death. While this unequal war was going on, others were employed in wreaking vengeance on the gig. They made chips of it in a few moments, and would have sacrificed the horse as well, but for the interference of the farmer. He could do any thing with the mob for the time. Never was man so applauded.

"The noise of the riot having reached the town hall where the magistrates were assembled that morning, in furtherance of some burgh business, they hastened to interfere, impressed with a notion of the illegality of the proceedings and the likelihood of a long bill of damages against the burgh, which already had more debts than they were well able to liquidate. The provost, in virtue of his office, was foremost, and had his silver spectacles smashed to atoms in his endeavours. The town drummer was served with a similar reverence; till the remonstrances of the magistrates prevailing, our friend of the gig race was taken under their protection, and escorted to the Tolbooth: the mob followed to the door, and the moment it closed, swore and stamped like madmen, and vowed they would drag him out, in spite of nail and plank. The provost addressed them from the steps, and induced the more peaceable to go home; the more riotous waiting and uttering threats, and keeping the Tolbooth in a state of siege till supper-time, when they dropt off one by one.

"By this time the magistrates had begun to feel some alarm of the probable consequences of the riot, damages, &c. Some wiseacre among them having urged the necessity of getting quit of W——, and in all likelihood nothing more would be heard of the matter; it was thought the best course to pursue. Another incentive to this course lay in the fact, that a number of the townspeople had bound themselves together to force the Tolbooth door during the night, and have their will of him.

"With this view, then, did the magistrates visit the prison in a body; and for the better security of W—— from the fangs of the mob, he was transferred by a back way through the churchyard to a cellar belonging to the provost, that he might be conveyed away the succeeding evening by the mail, which, being Sunday, the magistrates rightly judged could be effected with more secrecy and silence as the streets would then be empty. In the cellar, then, did W—— lie all that day, and the evening again brought the worthy council, each with a greatcoat or some other article of clothing, as a donation or peace-offering, and by six o'clock the mail had received its destined passenger."

To attempt an analysis of my feelings during this narration, would be useless. If I had ever entertained a hatred of any class of men, it was of those grave-robbers, and my silence and satisfaction during the stranger's tale proceeded entirely from the conviction which had taken hold of my mind, that the stranger would end his story by asssuring me that the mob had torn the fellow in pieces. No such fate had awaited him, however, notwithstanding my good wishes; and I was just about to vent an execration at my disappointment, when he said,—"Lucky escape wasn't it, and not so great a loss after all; I have made half-a-dozen greatcoats by the job, although little of the needful."

"You! you!" I gasped or rather shrieked, while my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. "I shall drag you before the nearest magistrate to answer this. I——"

In rising to lay hold on him, however, either the six tumblers I had swallowed, or the hearth-rug was the cause, I slipped a foot, and fell heavily on the fender.

* * * * *

When I awoke next morning I was in bed, my tongue dry and parched, and an insufferable nausea pervading my whole frame. I managed to rise, and staggered rather than walked to the ewer to get a draught of water, when passing the dressing-glass a stained bandage on my head caught my eye, and, although but half awake, the events of the previous evening rushed like a flood across my memory. It is not too late yet, thought I; he can't be gone, I'll secure him; and, bawling loudly for Martha, I found the door had been locked on the outside.

"Is he gone?" I continued to shout, "is he away?"

"Wha is't ye mean?" cried Martha, through the key-hole.

"The man who came by the mail last night," I cried. "Open the door, why am I locked in? who dared to lock me up in this manner?"

"It was the man, and my mistress has the key," shouted Martha.

In due time the landlady joined Martha, making our duet a trio, and telling me "tae gang awa back to my bed; that I wasna weel able to rise yet; just tae tak another bit sleep, and I would be a' right."

"Is the man away?" shouted I, scorning all advice. "Detain him, he's a resurrectionist: detain him till I get out," and I vainly attempted to force the door.

"Awa! Lord bless ye, sir, he's awa by the sax o'clock mail, and left you his best respects and kind wishes, and said he forgied you for a' the ill names ye ca'ed him last night when he was putting ye till yer bed."

"The villain," muttered I.

"And better nor that," chimed in Martha, "he gied me half-a-crown tae mysel', and said ye wou'd pay a' the toddy that was drank last night."

"Doubly sold," groaned I, and, assenting to the entreaties which the landlady and Martha forwarded through the key-hole, I crawled back to bed.

MICHELET'S NEW WORKS.*

THERE seems so much that is honest, earnest, and right-hearted in the mind of M. Michelet, so much that is original and brilliant in his genius, that it must deeply grieve his admirers in this country to find him, by the paradoxes, crochets, and blind and bigoted nationality of his recent writings, neutralizing the happy influences, if not altogether destroying the beneficial effects which ought to arise from the fervour, freedom, and eloquence of his general strain. His previous work, "Priests, Women, and Families," though not without the faults which belong to all his compositions, led us to form high, and it would now appear over-wrought, expectations from his book on "The People." He was sprung from the people; most of his life had been spent among them; he loved them; and was supposed to understand their condition, their noble elementary qualities, their faults and wants, better than any other philosophical writer of his country. He has shown very little of the practical or useful part of this knowledge in this tissue of eloquent ravings, in which nothing is entirely consistent or even intelligible, except that intense hatred and jealousy of England, which, with a certain class of Frenchmen, more prominent we trust than numerous or powerful, pass for pure patriotism, and the enthusiastic love of France.

The principle upon which the work is based — if any thing so discursive may be said to have a coherent or assimilating element — is, that the People, or the rural population, being less instructed, and consequently more ignorant and prejudiced than mechanics and artisans, and being less fettered by the bonds of property than the *bourgeoisie* class, are much better haters of the English and Prussians, and much more ready, as well as physically abler, to fly to arms to revenge the discomfiture of France upon all the other nations of Europe, and to carry her arms and her glory to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Unless the evidence lay before us in many pages of fair print, it would be impossible to believe that a man of fine intellect, who had studied history, though not perhaps in the clearest and calmest light, and lived in the heart of Europe in the first half of the nineteenth century, had surrendered his understanding to the chimeras that haunt the brain of M. Michelet: mischievous evil-boding chimeras, if the power of those who amuse themselves by conjuring them up were equal to their recklessness. It is not without instruction to see a man like the Duke of Wellington or Louis Philippe deprecating war as the greatest of evils, and to find our philosophers of the closet, our popular penmen, so bitterly contemptuous of the grovelling modern taste for what Mr. Carlyle terms "Peace and Provender," and so tenacious of questions relating solely to "provender and a whole skin;" of which the French writer is even more angrily impatient than his oracular brother. How far M. Michelet is the dupe of his own illusions, or how much of his philippics is the effusion of sheer egotism and the love of producing a tremendous sensation at whatever cost, we do not pretend to say; nor is it, we hope, improbable that the good sense of the French nation may appreciate this vapouring manifesto against all other nations more justly than foreigners might suppose. Its glaring inconsistencies cannot escape their notice, and they may not so far mistake its spirit as to be misled by its inspirations; while, by the author's eloquent exhortations to the fusion of all classes through the principle of love and brotherhood, all may be touched and benefited.

Let us not be thought to misjudge, much less to misrepresent the character and objects of the work, if indeed it have any object beyond a piece of eloquent mouthing and self-laudation, or of acquiring popularity, cheaply purchased by ministering to the vainglory and prejudices of the multitude. To prevent all misconception, we shall give, in his own words, M. Michelet's reasons for publishing this rousing "word in season" to his supine countrymen:—

"Why do you publish it?" If you really insist on knowing, I will tell you.

I speak, because nobody would speak in my stead. Not that there is not a crowd of men more capable of doing so, but all are soured, all hate. As for me, I still loved. Perhaps, also, I knew better the antecedents of France; I lived in her grand eternal life, and not in her present condition. I was more alive in sympathies, more dead in interests; I came to the questions with the disinterestedness of the dead.

I was suffering, moreover, far more than any other, from the deplorable divorce that some are endeavouring to produce among men, between different classes; I who combine them all within me.

The situation of France is so serious, that there was no room for hesitation. I do not exaggerate to myself the power of a book; but the question is one of duty, by no means of ability.

Well! I see France hourly declining, engulfed like an Atlantis. Whilst we were here quarrelling, this country is swallowed up.

Who does not see, that, from east to west, a shadow of death is pressing upon Europe, and that every day there is less sun; that Italy has perished, that Ireland has perished, that Poland has perished, and that Germany is bent on destruction? O Germany! Germany!

If France were dying a natural death, if her hour had come, I should, perhaps, be resigned; and, like a passenger on board a sinking ship, cover up my head, and commend myself to God. But her situation is no-

* "The People." By M. Michelet, Member of the Institute of France. Translated, with the Author's approbation, by C. Cocks, B.L., &c. London: Longman & Co.
"The Jesuits." By MM. Michelet and Quinet. Translated from the Seventh Edition, with the approbation of the Authors, by C. Cocks, B.L., &c. London: Longman & Co.

thing like that; and hence I am indignant: the idea of our ruin is absurd, ridiculous; it proceeds only from ourselves. Who has a literature? Who still sways the mind of Europe? We, weak as we are. Who has an army? We alone.

England and Russia, two feeble bloated giants, impose an illusion on Europe. Great empires, weak people! Let France be united, for an instant; she is strong as the world.

The first thing is, that before the crisis we should reconnoitre ourselves well; and have not, as in 1792 and 1815, to alter our line, manœuvres, and system, in presence of the enemy.

The second is, that we should trust in France, and not at all in Europe.

Here every one goes to seek friends elsewhere:* — the politician hies to London, the philosopher to Berlin, the communist says, "Our brother Chartists!" The peasant alone has preserved the tradition of salvation; to him a Prussian is still a Prussian, an Englishman an Englishman. His common sense has been right against all of you, refined gentlemen though you are! Your friend Prussia and your friend England drank the other day to France, the health of Waterloo!

Children, children, I say unto you, — Climb up a mountain, provided it be high enough: look to the four winds, you will see nothing but enemies.

Try, then, to understand one another. That perpetual peace which some promise you whilst the arsenals are smoking! (see that black smoke over Cronstadt and Portsmouth!) — let us try to begin that peace among ourselves.

One people! one country! one France! Let us never become two nations, I entreat you. Without unity, we perish. How is it that you do not perceive this?

Frenchmen, of every condition, every class, every party, remember well one thing! — You have on earth but one sure friend, France! Before the ever-enduring coalition of aristocracies, you will always be guilty of one crime, — to have wished fifty years ago to deliver the world. They have not forgiven it, nor will they ever forget it. You are always their dread. Among yourselves, you may be distinguished by different party names; but you are, as Frenchmen, condemned together. In the face of Europe, know that France will never have but one inexpiable name, which is her true, eternal designation, The Revolution!

Thus is the tocsin sounded anew: Begin to be at peace among themselves, that they may be more free to go to war with all the rest of the world!

"The People," no doubt, contains many eloquent passages and fine thoughts, and also facts and deductions worthy of profound attention; but ravings like those above cited, and a mass of contradictory or fermenting and crude opinions upon many subjects, shake the reader's confidence in the judgment of M. Michelet, and compel him to think that no man of equal talents was ever so far tempted to outrage common sense by all manner of extravagances.

M. Michelet professes strong love and deep respect for the small peasant-proprietors of his country. He believes them the truest, if not the only true patriots; the bravest men; the most thorough Frenchmen of all his compatriots. They are, and have always been. They were the soul and sinews of the Revolution, though they neither originated it nor gave it direction. They were its blind animal instruments; but not for that, in the eyes of M. Michelet, the less noble. After graphically describing the strong passion of this class for the possession of a piece of land, and the temptations and dangers into which the peasant is betrayed in his struggle to obtain, or hold, a small portion of the soil — to secure which he encounters hunger, cold, thirst, and nakedness, nay, risks his freedom, by borrowing money at an enormous usurious interest, which grinds him to the dust, — the nobleness of the motives which urge to the desperate and hopeless conflict, are thus stated in his justification:—

In this vile, obscure, and filthy land, he distinctly sees the gold of liberty gleaming. Liberty, for him who knows the forced vices of the slave, is virtue (*la vertu possible.*) A family, who from hirelings become proprietors, respect themselves, rise in their own esteem, and change altogether; they reap from their land a harvest of virtues: the father's sobriety, the mother's economy, the son's brave toil, the daughter's chastity, — all those fruits of liberty. Are these, I ask, material possessions? Are these treasures that can be bought too dearly?

Men of the past, who call yourselves men of faith, if you are so indeed, own that that was a faith which, in our own days, by the arms of this people, defended the liberty of the world against the world itself. Be not, I entreat you, for ever prating of chivalry. That was a chivalry, and the proudest chivalry, — that, viz., of our peasant soldiers. It is said the Revolution has suppressed the nobility; but it is just the reverse; it has made thirty-four millions of nobles. When an emigrant was boasting of the glory of his ancestors, a peasant, who had been successful in the field, replied, "I am an ancestor!"

This people is noble, by reason of those grand doings; Europe has remained plebeian. But we must take serious measures for defending this nobility.

The avidity for land is thus exalted into generous passion, while the love of money-wages felt by the artisan is regarded as a grovelling desire. Much rhodomontade follows this, of which, if any thing is to be made, it is that the peasant-nobility must be exempted from paying interest for the money they borrow on their land, and that the laws must be altered to suit the emergency.

Think you that that man, a sad, restless, trembling debtor, afraid to meet his creditor, and skulking about, preserves much courage? How would it be with a race thus brought up, in awe of the Jews, and whose emotions are those of arrest, seizure, and ejectment?

The laws must be altered; law must undergo this high moral and political necessity.

If you were Germans or Italians, I should say, "Consult the civilians; you have only to observe the rules of civil equity." But you are France; you are not a nation only, but a principle, a great political principle. It must be defended at any cost. As a principle, you must live. Live for the salvation of the world!

And so perish capitalists, laws, and lawyers! The brave peasant must be placed above their reach, because he has to fight, not alone for France, his first duty and his crowning glory, but for a great political principle.

At present, the capitalist and the manufacturer govern alone. Agriculture, which goes for more than half in our income, receives only a hundred-and-eighth part in

* Take the most liberal, a German or an Englishman, at random, — speak to him of liberty; he will answer, "Liberty." And then just try to see what they understand by it. You will then perceive that this word has as many meanings as there are nations; that the German or English democrats are aristocrats at heart; that the barrier of nationalities, which you believe effaced, remains almost entire. All these people, whom you believe so near, are five hundred leagues from you.

our expenditure! It is not much worse treated by government than by political economists, who are especially anxious about manufactories and manufacturers. Several of our economists speak of the *labourer* (*travailleur*) instead of the workman (*ouvrier*,) forgetting only twenty-four millions of agricultural labourers.

And yet the peasant is not only the most numerous class of the nation, but the strongest, the most healthy, and, if we fairly weigh the physical with the moral, on the whole the best. In the decline of the belief which formerly sustained him, left to himself, between the old faith which he no longer has, and the modern light which is not given to him, he preserves for his support the national sentiment, the grand military tradition, something of the honour of the soldier. He is self-interested, churlish in business, no doubt; who can blame him, when we know what he suffers! Such as he is, though he may occasionally be blamed, compare him, I pray you, in ordinary life, with your tradespeople, who lie all day long, and with the manufacturing vulgar.

Man of the land, and living wholly in it, he seems formed in its image. Like it, he is greedy; the land never says, "Enough!" He is as obstinate as the land is firm and constant; he is patient, like it, and not less indestructible; every thing passes away, but he remains! Do you call this having faults? Ah! if he had them not, you would long have had no France.

M. Michelet has said, though unintentionally, more against the minute division of land, to which principle he cleaves, than any of those political economists who are the most decidedly opposed to small holdings. He states that the small proprietors of France pay every year five hundred millions of francs to the public revenue, and double that sum to those he terms the "usurers." Nay, more,—

These men, so laborious, are the worst fed. They get no meat; our cattle-breeders (who are manufacturers in an abstract sense) prevent the agriculturist from eating any, alleging the *interest of agriculture*. The lowest workman eats white bread; but he who grows the corn eats only brown. They make the wine, and the townsman drinks it. Nay, more, the whole world drinks joy with the cup of France, save the French vine-dresser.

The manufactures of our towns have recently received a considerable relief, the weight of which recoils upon the land, at a moment when the smaller industry of the country, the humble work of the spinning-girl, is devoured by the flax machine.

The peasant, thus losing, one by one, his trades of industry, to day flax, to-morrow silk, perhaps can with difficulty keep his land. It escapes from him, carrying along with it all the fruits of his laborious years, savings and sacrifices. He is ejected from his very life.

It is calculated that the number of peasant-proprietors has already diminished one-fortieth; and sufficient reason is shown for this, and for a much farther decrease. It is not clear that M. Michelet sees any one good whatever in manufactures, save that the glut in 1842 so reduced the prices of linen and cotton fabrics, that every cottage and hovel in France experienced, for the first time, the comfort and cleanliness of decent clothing.

Spinning was at its last gasp,—stifled; the warehouse choke-full, and no sale. The terrified manufacturer durst neither work, nor cease working, with those devouring machines; but usury does not stand still; he worked, therefore, half-days, and encumbered the encumbrance. Prices were lowering,—all in vain; they lowered till cotton had fallen to six sous. Then something unexpected occurred. The words *six sous* aroused the people. Millions of purchasers, poor people who never bought any thing, began to stir. Then we saw what an immense and powerful consumer the people is, when they interfere. The warehouses were emptied in a moment: machinery began to work again with fury, chimneys to smoke. It was a revolution in France, little noted, but great; a revolution in cleanliness; a sudden embellishment in the homes of the poor,—body linen, bed linen, table linen, and window curtains; whole classes had them who had had none since the beginning of the world. . . . .

Wool, thank God, has every where descended among the people, and warms them, and silk is beginning to adorn them. It has required the combined efforts of science and art to force that rebellious and ungrateful tissue, cotton, to undergo every day so many brilliant transformations; to diffuse it every where, when thus transformed, and put it within the reach of the poor. Every woman wore formerly a blue or black gown, which she kept ten years without washing, for fear it might tear to pieces. But now her husband, a poor workman, with the value of a day's work, covers her with a garment of flowers. All that female population, who now present on our *promenades* an iris of a thousand colours, were, till lately, all in mourning. Of these changes, which are thought futile, the bearing is immense.

Our author does not seem either indifferent or insensible to the vast moral as well as physical consequences of the cotton-revolution, which imparted cleanliness and decency to a squalid and degraded population. He returns to it again and again, and exultingly; yet still bewails the rapid spread of manufactures,—or what he terms the "bondage of man to the machine."

To have, in machines, created creators, powerful workmen, who invariably pursue the work once imposed upon them, is certainly a grand temptation to pride. But, on the other hand, what humiliation to behold, in presence of machinery, man fallen so low! The head is giddy, and the heart oppressed, when, for the first time, we visit those fairy halls, where iron and copper, of a dazzling polish, seem going of themselves, and to have both thought and will, whilst pale and feeble man is the humble servant of those giants of steel. "Behold," said a manufacturer to me, "that ingenious and powerful machine, which takes vile rags, and after passing them, without ever making any mistake, through the most complicated transformations, turns them into tissue as fine as the most beautiful silk of Verona!" I admired in sadness; it was impossible for me not to see at the same time those pitiable human faces, those faded young girls, those crooked or dropsical-looking children.

Many people of keen sensibility, not to be the martyrs of their compassion, silence it by saying off-hand that this population presents so sad an appearance only because it is bad, spoiled, radically corrupt. They judge of it, generally, at the moment when it is the most shocking to the sight; according to the aspect it presents on leaving the manufactory, when the bell casts them forth into the street. This exit is always noisy. The men speak very loud; you would fancy they were quarrelling: the girls scream to one another with discordant hoarse voices: the children fight and throw stones, and are violent in their behaviour. This spectacle is not pleasing to behold; the passengers turn aside; the ladies are afraid, fancy a riot is at hand, and take another street.

We must not turn aside. We must enter the manufactory whilst it is working, and then we understand how that silence, that captivity during long hours, enjoin, at their exit, noise, cries, and movement for the re-establishment of the vital equilibrium. That is especially true for the great spinning and weaving workshops,—that real hell of *ennui*. *Ever, ever, ever*, is the unvarying word thundering in your ears from the automatic rumbling of wheels shaking the very floor. Never can one get habituated to it. At the end of twenty years, as on the first day, the *ennui*, the giddiness, and the nausea, are the same. Does the heart beat in that crowd? Very little; its action is as if suspended; it seems, during those long hours, as if another heart, common to all, has taken its place,—a metallic, indifferent, pitiless heart;—and that this loud

rumbling noise, deafening in its regularity, is only its beating.

The solitary task of the weaver was far less painful. Why? Because he could muse. Machinery allows no reverie, no musing. Would you for a moment lessen the movement, with liberty to increase it afterwards, you could not. The indefatigable chariot, with its hundred spindles, is scarcely thrust back before it returns to you. The hand-weaver weaves fast or slow, even as he breathes; he acts as he lives; the occupation conforms to man. But there, on the contrary, man must conform to the occupation; and the being of flesh and blood, in whom life varies with the hours, must submit to the unchangeableness of this being of steel.

It happens in the manual labours subject to our impulse, that our inmost thought becomes identified with the work, puts it in its proper place; and the inert instrument, to which we impart the movement, far from being an obstacle to the spiritual movement, becomes its aid and companion. The mystic weavers of the middle ages were famous under the name of *Lollards*, because, in fact, whilst working, they *lulled*, or sang in a low tone, some nursery rhyme, at least in spirit. The rhythm of the shuttle, pushed forth and pulled back at equal periods, associated itself with the rhythm of the heart; in the evening it often happened that, together with the cloth, a hymn, a lamentation, was woven to the self-same numbers. What a change, then, for him who is forced to leave domestic work to enter the manufactory! To quit his poor home, the worm-eaten furniture of the family, so many old cherished objects, is hard; but harder still is it to renounce the free possession of his soul.

The condition of the intelligent artisan of the present times, is contrasted with that of the ignorant but joyous workman of past ages; and it is not easy to say in whose favour the balance of happiness is struck, though few besides our paradoxical writer will hesitate to affirm the superiority of the modern workman, whether in mind, character, or social condition. The workman of the past,—

Enjoying a sort of monopoly, suffered none of the cares of our workman. He gained much less, but he was seldom without work. He was a gay, active companion, who travelled much. Wherever he found work, he remained. His master most generally lodged him, and occasionally fed him with wholesome, light food. In the evening, when he had eaten his dry bread, he went up to his garret under the tiles, and slept contented.

How many changes have taken place in his condition, but for the worse! A material amelioration, but an inconstant uneasy condition, the sombre security of fate! A thousand new elements of moral sufferings!

Let us sum up these changes in one word: *He has become a man!*

To be a man in the true sense, is first, and especially, to have a wife.* The workman, generally single in former times, is often a married man at the present day. Married or not, he generally finds, on his return, a female in his house; a home, a fireside, a wife. — Oh! life has been transformed!

A wife, a family — children presently! Expense, misery! If work failed!—

It is very affecting to see all these hard-working men in the evening, striding homewards at a rapid pace. See this man, after his long day's labour, often at a league from home, after a miserable breakfast and a solitary dinner, who has been standing for fifteen hours, — see how active he is at night! He is hastening to his nest. To be a man one hour a-day, in fact, is not too much.

A sacred sight! He is carrying bread home, and, when once arrived, he rests himself; he is no longer any thing, but gives himself up, like a child, to his wife. Nourished by him, she nourishes and warms him; they both serve the child, who does nothing, but is free, and is their master. That the last should be master,—such is, indeed, the city of God!

The rich man never tastes this delightful enjoyment, this supreme blessing of man, to feed his family every day with the essence of his life — his work. The poor man alone is a father; every day he creates anew, and reproduces his family.

This grand mystery is better felt by woman than by the sages of the world. She is happy in owing every thing to man. That alone imparts a singular charm to the poor household. There, nothing is foreign or indifferent; every thing bears the stamp of a beloved hand, the seal of the heart. Man very often little knows the privations she endures, in order that, on his return, he may find his dwelling modest, yet adorned. Great is the ambition of woman for the household, clothes, and linen. This last article is new; the *linen closet*, the pride of the countrywoman, was unknown to the wife of the town workman, before the revolution in industry which I have mentioned. Cleanliness, purity, modesty, those graces of woman, then enchanted the house; the bed was surrounded with curtains; the child's cradle, dazzling with whiteness, became a paradise: — the whole cut out, and sewed in a few evenings. Add, moreover, a flower at the window. What a surprise! the husband, on his return, no longer knows his own home!

This taste for flowers, which has spread, (there are now several markets for them here,) and this little expenditure to ornament the interior, are they not lamentable, when these people never know whether they have any work on the morrow?—Call it not *expenditure*, say rather *economy*. It is a very great one, if the innocent attraction of the wife renders this house charming to the husband, and can keep him there. Let us ornament, I beseech you, both the house and the wife! A few ells of printed cotton make her another woman. See, she is regenerated, and become young again.

"Remain here, I entreat you." This is on Saturday evening; she casts her arms round his neck, and saves her children's bread that he was about to squander away.

The Sunday comes, and the wife has conquered. The husband, shaved and changed, allows her to clothe him in a good warm garment. That is soon done. But that which is a long, serious business, is the child, such as they would like to dress him out on that day. They then set out, the child walks on before, under his mother's eye; let him take especial care not to spoil her capital work.

Look well at these people, and be well assured that how high soever you go, you will never find any thing morally superior. This woman is virtue, with a particular charm of unaffected reason and address to govern strength, without being aware of it. That man is the strong, the patient, the courageous, who bears for society the heaviest load of human life. A true *companion of duty*, (a noble title of *compagnonage!*) He has stood strong and firm, like a soldier at his post. The more dangerous his trade, the more sure is his morality. A celebrated architect, sprung from the people, and who knew them well, said one day to a friend of mine, "The most honest men I have known were of this class. They know, at their departure in the morning, they may possibly not return in the evening, and they are always ready to appear before God." Still, such a profession, however noble it may be, is not that which a mother desires for her son. Hers promises much; he will go far. The *Frères* speak highly of him, and caress him much. His drawings, holiday compliments, and writing-specimens, already ornament the room, between Napoleon and the Sacred Heart. He will be certainly sent to the free school for drawing. The father asks why? Drawing, replies the mother, will always be serviceable to him in his business.

This is at least beautiful writing. But now the ambition of the modern workman's wife comes into play, and ruins all. Her son must rise above his father's trade. He must be made an artist, and a

* A very French definition this of Man.

miserable fate awaits him; but as this, if not wholly fanciful, is much more unreal than the happier lot of his humbler father, and as there are but a small number of workmen's sons who can be exposed to the penalties of a mother's idle and restless ambition for her children, we let this pass at its worth, along with the hard-heartedness, and faint human aspirations of the great manufacturers. In this country it is generally, if not indeed universally, remarked, that the workmen employed by the great masters are in the best condition, and the reasons for this superiority are obvious; but, according to M. Michelet, they do not always hold in France. But, whether great or small, this is the unfortunate master's personal condition:

He must conquer or die; make a fortune, or jump into the river.

A man in this state of mind is not very tender-hearted. It would be a miracle if he were gentle and kind to his people, his workmen. See him as he strides along his vast workshops, with a sullen, unfeeling air. When he is at one end, the workmen, at the other, say in a whisper, "How furious he is to-day! how he has treated the foreman!" He treats them as he has just been treated himself. He has just returned from the money-market—say, from Bâsle to Mulhausen, or from Rouen to Déville. He bawls, and they are astonished; they little know that the Jew has just taken from his body a pound of flesh!

From whom will he try to get it back? From the consumer? The latter is on his guard. The manufacturer falls back upon the workman. Wherever there is no apprenticeship, wherever apprentices are imprudently multiplied, they present themselves in crowds, and offer themselves at a low price, and the manufacturer profits by the fall of wages. . . . . .

It is curious to observe, that the only persons (few indeed in number) who show any regard for the workman's lot, are occasionally the very small manufacturers, who live with him on a patriarchal footing; or, on the contrary, the very large and powerful establishments, which, founded upon solid fortunes, are sheltered from the ordinary disquietudes of trade. All the intermediate space is a pitiless battle-field.

And in this battle-field very unfair advantages are taken. The consumer is cheated by bad goods; the workman and the apprentices are reduced in their wages, and also defrauded as to the quantity of work done by them. Sad rogues these French master-manufacturers must be. But they have, some of them, one greatly redeeming virtue, "They have nobly prosecuted the war against England," against her spinning-jennies, her looms, her workshops and forges.

We thank them for their heroic efforts to raise the stone under which she expected to crush us. Their industry struggling against her, under every disadvantage, (often at one-third more of expense!) has nevertheless defeated her on several points, even those which required the most brilliant faculties, the most exhaustless richness of invention. She has conquered by art. . . .

They buy—patterns, which they go and copy, ill or well, at home. Many an Englishman has declared, in an inquiry, that he has a house in Paris *to have patterns*. A few pieces purchased at Paris, Lyons, or in Alsatia, and afterwards copied abroad, are sufficient for the English or German counterfeiter to inundate the world. It is like the book trade; France writes and Belgium sells.

Thus matters look ill enough for France, who invents and writes for the whole world, and reaps little benefit from her talents and ingenuity. Physical pains and moral sufferings press upon her on all sides. There is for her but one sure hope—one great chance. But let us glance at the worst condition of each separate class, before coming to the grand, the sole remedy.

I must banish my own sentiments and my own memory, and follow my glimmering light through this obscure mist.

My light, one that will not deceive me, is France. The French sentiment, the devotedness of the citizen to his native country, is my standard for estimating these men and these classes; a moral, but also a natural standard; in every living thing, every part is especially valuable by its relation to the whole.

In nationality as in geology, heat is below. Descend, and you will find it increases; in the inferior layers it is burning hot.

The poor love France, as being under an obligation towards her, and having duties towards her. The rich love her as belonging to them, and being under obligations to them. The patriotism of the former, is the sentiment of duty; that of the others is a demand, the pretension to a right.

The peasant, as we have said, has espoused France in legitimate marriage; she is his wife for ever; he is one with her. For the artisan, she is a handsome mistress; he has nothing, but he has France, her noble past existence, her glory. Free from local ideas, he adores grand unity. He must be very miserable, enslaved by hunger or by toil, when this sentiment fades within him;—it is never extinct.

The unhappy bondage of interest still augments if we ascend to the manufacturers and tradespeople. They feel themselves always in danger, and walk as if upon a tight rope. Bankruptcy! to avoid a partial bankruptcy, they would rather risk making a general one. They have made and unmade July.

And yet, can we say, that in that great class of several millions of souls, the sacred fire is extinct, absolutely, and beyond all remedy? No, I would rather believe that the flame is within them in a latent state. Foreign competition, the Englishman will prevent them from losing the spark.

What chillness, if I ascend higher! It is like the cold among the Alps. I reach the snowy region. Moral vegetation gradually disappears, the national flower grows pale. It is like a world seized in one night by a sudden chill of egotism and fear. Should I ascend one step higher, even fear has ceased; it is the pure egotism of the calculator who had no country; no more men, only ciphers. An actual glacier abandoned by nature.

There is thus little hope from the artisan, although he has employment, as that may fail, nor yet from the manufacturers, unless they are impelled by the dread of bankruptcy, and the rich are impregnable to the sentiments of patriotism, save through their fears. "What," it is said,

What can be more melancholy than to fall ever lower, and never to be able to effect any act of the will that might restore you? From being a Frenchman to dwindle to a cosmopolite, to any kind of man, and from man to the molusca! . . . . . .

What I ought to hope from the rich and the *bourgeois*, towards a broad, frank, generous association, I know not. They are very ill; people so far gone are not easily cured. But, I confess, I have still some hope in their sons. Those young men, such as I behold them in our schools, before my chair, have a better tendency. They have ever welcomed with a generous heart every sentence in favour of the people. Let them do more; let them give them their hands, and form early with them the alliance of common regeneration.

But after this gloomy view, hope revives. The pure mass of the People is not to be judged by the floating scum. The sentiment of military glory is in their breasts, ever renewed by heroic traditions,—by the songs of Beranger too, it might

have been said, and the declamations of M. Michelet, — by the costume, manners, and bravadoing of Young France, and by the breath of the old-flag! And here follows a burst that might have graced the sermon of an English court-chaplain, in the days when public thanksgivings were appointed for the brilliant victories which had crowned the British arms. French writers do not monopolize all folly, though one of the most popular of them raves in this style.

Ah! my hope is in the flag! that it may save France, the France of the army! May our glorious army, upon which the eyes of the world are fixed, maintain itself pure!* May it be a sword against tne enemy, a buckler against corruption! may a spirit of police never enter there! and may it ever have a horror for traitors, villanous proposals, and backstairs promotion.

What a deposit in the hands of those young soldiers! what a responsibility for the future! On the day of the last grand battle between civilisation and barbarism, (who knows but it may be to-morrow!) the judge must find them irreproachable, their swords pure, and their bayonets gleaming without spot! Every time I see them pass, my heart bounds within me: "Here, and here only, strength and mind, valour and right, those two blessings, separated throughout the earth, go hand in hand. If the world is saved by war, you will save it. Holy bayonets of France! watch that nothing may darken that glory, impenetrable to every eye, now hovering above you.

Our readers have by this time seen enough of the wildfire of Michelet; sheet-lightning merely, innocuous, though it flashes so madly.

The degeneration, the faults, nay the vices of "the People," are not wholly overlooked; but the consolation is always at hand, that the English, of the same class, are much more vicious and degenerate: and again, only one thing is wanted to transform the lowest of Frenchmen into heroes.

Take from that man, now so repulsive by his vulgarity, his old clothes, put him in uniform, with a sabre, a gun, a drum, and a flag before him. He is no longer to be recognised; he is another man. Where is the former!— Impossible to find him.

This depression, this degeneration, is only superficial. The ground-work remains. This race has always wine in its blood; even in those who seem the most extinct you will find a spark. Ever a military energy; ever a brave carelessness; ever a grand exhibition of an independent spirit. This independence, which they know not where to place, (shackled, as they are, on every side,) they too often throw into vicious courses, and boast of being worse than they are. Exactly the reverse of the English.

Shackles without, and a strong life broaching its claims within,—this contrast produces many false movements, a discordance in word and deed, which shocks at first sight. It is the cause, also, why aristocratic Europe delights to confound the people of France with the imaginative and gesticulating nations, such as the Italians, the Irish, the Welsh, &c.

What distinguishes our people from them, in a very decided and distinct manner, is, that in their greatest transports, in their sallies of imagination, in what people are pleased to call their fits of Don Quixotism, they still preserve common sense.

As we read, it would be consolatory to be able to say, that this common sense does not always desert them, when judging of the compositions of their favourite authors. On the fictions of the more popular of these, M. Michelet makes some excellent remarks; and he censures the novelists for painting the corruption and vices of their countrymen, because Europe will take French society on their representations, which are false or exaggerated, if not entirely exceptional. But again, France engrosses the whole literature of the age—of all Europe; and writing chiefly about herself, foolishly gives herself a very bad name. But hear M. Michelet.

Europe, long little inventive, receives with avidity the produce of our literature. The English scarcely write any thing now-a-days but articles in reviews: as for German books, who reads them but the Germans? . . . .

France has this serious point against herself,—that she shows herself naked to the nations. All others, in a manner, remain clothed, and dressed. Germany,—nay, even England, with all her inquiries, all her publicity, are, in comparison, little known. They cannot see themselves, not being centralized. . . . . .

Every aristocracy, English, Russian, or German, needs only to point out one thing as testimony against her,—viz., the portraits she makes of herself by the hand of her great writers, most of whom are friends of the people and of advancement. "Are not the people thus described the terror of the world? Have we armies and fortresses enough to pen them up, and watch them till a favourable opportunity occurs to crush them altogether?"

Some classic and immortal novels, revealing the domestic tragedies of the wealthy classes, have firmly established in the mind of Europe, that domestic ties no longer exist in France.

Others, of great talent, and with the darkest and most fantastic colours, have represented the common life of our cities as nothing but a point round which felons, escaped from justice or the galleys, are congregated by the police.

A sketcher of manners, admirable for his genius for details, delights in depicting a horrible country *cabaret*, a tavern for rogues and thieves; and beneath this hideous sketch he boldly writes a word which is the name of most of the inhabitants of France.

Europe reads it eagerly; admires and recognises this or that petty detail. From some minute accident, of which she feels the truth, she easily infers the truth of the whole.

No people could stand such a test. This singular mania of slandering one's self, of exposing one's wounds, and, as it were, courting shame, would be fatal in the long run. Many, I am aware, thus denounce the present, to hasten on a better future.

M. Michelet, at all events, is not guilty of their error: he has not slandered France. She is the soul of the world: if she perished, its vitality were gone! And France is also the first and the holiest sentiment that warms the breast of her sons, and lingers the last in that of the most debased among them. There is indeed something stirring and exalting in the enthusiasm with which M. Michelet's eloquence occasionally invests the feeling of nationality.

Say not, I beseech you, that it is nothing at all to be born in the country surrounded by the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine, and the Ocean. Take the poorest man, starving in rags, him whom you suppose to be occupied solely with material wants. He will tell you it is an inheritance of itself to participate in this immense glory, this unique legend which constitutes the talk of the world. He well knows that if he were to go to the most remote desert of the globe, under the equator or the poles, he would find Napoleon, our armies, our grand history, to shelter and protect him; that the children

* If atrocious actions have been committed, they were commanded. May they recoil upon those who gave such orders! — Let us remark, by the way, that, from party interest, our newspapers too often welcome the calumnious inventions of the English. — [So says M. Michelet, referring, we hope, to the atrocities of Algiers.—E. T.M.]

would come to him, that the old men would hold their peace and entreat him to speak, and that to hear him only mention those names, they would kiss the hem of his garment.

For our part, whatever happens to us, poor or rich, happy or unhappy, while on this side the grave, we will ever thank God for having given us this great France for our native land. And that, not only on account of the many glorious deeds she has performed, but because in her we find especially at once the representative of the liberties of the world, and the country that links all others together by sympathetic ties, the initiation to universal love. This last feature is so strong in France, that she has often forgotten herself. We must, at present, remind her of herself, and beseech her to love all the nations less than herself.

Doubtless, every great nation represents an idea important to the human race. But, gracious Heaven! how much more true is this of France!

M. Michelet's earnest entreaty that France would not wholly forget herself in her stronger love for all other nations, is not in the least meant for a joke, though there are more nations than one who might fancy this advice a piece of delicate irony.

There is no end to the glory and glorification of France.

How many men like better to live here than in their own country! As soon as ever they can break for a moment the thread that binds them, they come, poor birds of passage, to settle, take refuge, and enjoy here at least a moment's vital heat. They tacitly avow that this is the universal country. . . . .

The day when France, remembering that she was, and must be, the salvation of mankind, will place her children around her, and teach them France, as faith and as religion, she will find herself living, and firm as the globe.

Germany and England are naught in every respect, when compared with France. They want a great something which we do not pretend quite to understand—they want a complete "national and universal legend." The legends they do possess, are "like isolated points of light;" but,—

The natural legend of France is an immense, uninterrupted stream of light, a true milky way, upon which the world has ever its eyes fixed.

Germany and England, in race, language, and instinct, are strangers to the great Romano-Christian and democratical tradition of the world. They have a certain share in it, but without well bringing it into unison with their basis, which is exceptional: they have it obliquely, indirectly, awkwardly—have it, and yet have it not. Observe well those nations; you will find in them, both in their physical and mental endowments, a discordance of life and principle, which France does not present, and which (even without reckoning intrinsic value by stopping at the form and consulting only art) ought ever to prevent the world from seeking there their models and their instruction.

The world will surely take the lesson. Germany has no great man on whom to found a legend, not Luther, not Frederick the Great; and as for England, "where is her complete man or woman on whom a legend might be founded?" She has neither a Maid of Orleans, a Henri Quatre, a Louis XIV. nor a Napoleon. Yet, alas! France, in spite of her "complete legend," has degenerated. With her citizen-king, her cautious *Bourgeoisie*, her cowardly Middle Class, and growing industrial spirit, she has sunk; and the only hope of her renovation lies, not in Young, but in Infant France. But first of all, Infant France must be taught in free national schools and asylums. And what?—

The country, as a dogma and a principle. Next, the country, as a legend: our two redemptions, by the holy Maid of Orleans and by the Revolution; the enthusiasm of '92; the miracle of the young flag; our young generals admired and mourned by the enemy; the purity of Marceau; the magnanimity of Hoche; the glory of Arcola and Austerlitz; Cæsar and the second Cæsar, in whom our greatest kings reappeared still greater, &c. &c.

Child, let this be thy first gospel, thy staff of life, the aliment of thy heart. . . . .

The child will know the world, but he must first know himself,—the best part of himself,—I mean France. The rest he will learn from her. It will be for her to initiate him, and tell him her tradition. She will tell him the three revelations she has received; how Rome taught her the Just, Greece the Beautiful, and Judea the Holy.

It is thus M. Michelet calls upon France to save those children who are to be the salvation of the world. But,—

You will save your children, and with them France, and the world, only in one way:—Found their faith.

Faith in devotedness, sacrifice, and the grand association, where all sacrifice themselves for all,—I mean, our native country.

If any one on this side of the Channel were to write in this strain about this heroic and glorious little England,—what she has been, what she has done for liberty, and for mankind, and of the hopes placed in her, with whose destinies the freedom and happiness of universal man are bound up, the orator would undoubtedly be laughed at, if not hooted—unless the effusion were merely a flourish to grace an after-dinner speech. Now, difference of latitude makes little difference in sound judgment and sober sentiment; and, saving the courtesy due to a foreigner, whose manners differ from ours, we cannot think M. Michelet's harangues entitled to a much better reception. They are worse than idle; they are, in their tendency, if not in their purpose, mischievous. But the consolation occurs, that they are not likely to have much influence of any sort; while the regret remains, that what in this work is really true, useful, and beautiful, loses its natural effect when found in such equivocal neighbourhood. We must also regret that, limited in space, we have found it a duty to give more way to the blemishes than can be afforded to the beauties of this singular composition. Had we been able to show the circumstances under which the character and habits of thought of M. Michelet were formed, we should have given the reader a clue to much that is extravagant or eccentric in his compositions. The son of a poor master-printer in Paris, self-taught, and probably self-willed, "very lonely," as he describes his boyhood, "very free; left entirely to myself by the excessive indulgence," [in other words, negligence,] "of my parents, I was all imagination." And still, whether very lonely as a teacher and author, or living in his study among old chronicles, and legends, whether ancient or recent, of the glory of France, M. Michelet continues to be "all imagination." The predominance of this faculty is visible in all that he does. It vivifies his writings, beautifies every page with the sparkling, changeful lights of

genius, and lessens their moral weight. This is peculiarly felt in his exposure of the Jesuits, or of the true character of their Institutions, in which evident exaggeration mars the effect of both argument and fact. There is some excuse for the warmth or occasional bitterness with which M. Michelet speaks of a fraternity which not only tried to crush the spirit of liberty in France, but, while attempting to usurp the most dangerous power, persecuted and inflicted serious injury on himself and his personal friends. His picture of the Jesuits is, therefore, in some respects, a caricature, but one which yet preserves a remarkable likeness. Giant and hideous shadows of actual substances are cast upon the wall, by the dexterous management of light.

The Jesuits, whom the admirers of the principle of centralization ought to regard as its most perfect type, have, once more, unsuspectedly, grown up in France, and through the whole civilized world, into a mighty power,—mighty from the character, consolidation, and preternatural activity of the fraternity. In France, they now number one thousand. But what is a thousand Jesuits in such a country as France? Much, it would appear; for they have already, for one thing, enslaved the forty thousand regular clergy, and all the other religious orders! A thousand Jesuits have, in a few years, subjugated forty thousand clergymen, and the yoke they have silently imposed is galling. The Jesuit is every where: he even takes possession of the parish pulpit — "the priest hides himself."

The Sulpicians have confined themselves to the education of priests, to the seminary routine, leaving the world to the Jesuits. Saint Sulpice seems to have been created for the joy of the latter; as long as the priest is brought up there, they have nothing to fear. What can they desire more than a school that teaches nothing, and will not have any thing taught? The Jesuits and Saint Sulpice now live on good terms together: a contract has been tacitly made between *death* and *emptiness*.

What is done in those seminaries, so closely shut up from the law, is scarcely known except by the nullity of the results. What we know also are their books of education, superannuated, rejected as rubbish every where else, but ever inflicted on the unfortunate young priests. . . . Slighted by the world, ill-treated by their own class, the parish priest (look at him as he walks in the street) sneaks along sadly, often with a timid and bashful mien, giving you the wall of his own accord!

But do you want to see a man? See the Jesuit walk along. Why do I say *a* man? Several in one. His voice is meek, but his step is firm. His gait says, without his speaking, "My name is *legion*." Courage is an easy thing for him who feels he has an army with him to support him, who sees himself defended, urged on, both by that great body of Jesuits and by a whole world of titled individuals and noble ladies, who, if necessary, would agitate the world for him.

He has made a vow of obedience — to reign; to be a pope with the pope, to have his share in the great kingdom of the Jesuits, diffused throughout all the kingdoms of the earth. He pursues its interest by intimate correspondence, from Belgium to Italy, and from Bavaria to Savoy. The Jesuit lives in Europe, yesterday at Fribourg, to-morrow at Paris; the priest lives in one parish, in the little damp street adjoining the church wall; he resembles but too much the sickly drooping gillyflower which he raises at his window.

Let us see these two men at work. And, first of all, let us see on which side that thoughtful person will turn, who is now crossing the square, and seems to be still hesitating. On the left, is the parish priest; on the right, the house of the Jesuits.

On one side, what will she find? a decent sort of man, a good-hearted man perhaps, under that stiff and awkward form, who is all his life striving to stifle his passions, that is to say, to be more and more ignorant of the things about which people come to consult him. The Jesuit, on the contrary, knows beforehand the matter in question, he divines the precedents, very easily finds extenuating circumstances, arranges the thing in a godly, occasionally in a worldly way.

The priest bears the Law and the Decalogue, like a weight of lead; he is slow, full of objections and difficulties! You speak to him of your scruples, and he finds still more; your case seems to you bad: he thinks it very bad. Much good you have got by consulting him! It is your own fault. Why do you not rather go to that gaudy coquettish Italian chapel? Though it be rather dismal, be not afraid; enter; you will soon be comforted and speedily relieved. Your case is very trifling; there is a sensible man there to prove it to you. Why did they speak of the Law? The Law may reign yonder; but here is the Kingdom of Grace, here the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary. The good Virgin is so kind!*

. . . . .

Where shall we find to-day a bishop bold enough to doubt whether the Jesuit be himself the rule and the law?

. . . . .

People say there are no longer any serfs in France. There are forty thousand. I advise them to be silent, to swallow their tears, and try to smile.

Many would consent to this silence and vegetate in some corner. But they are not let off so cheap. They must bark, bite, and damn Bossuet from the pulpit.

But the power of the Jesuits would have been slight if it stopped here. The subjugation of the clergy was but a consequence of previous scheming and mining.

While we slept, they had crept stealthily, and surprised people off their guard,—priests, women, and religious houses.

It is hardly conceivable how many good easy people, simple minds, humble friars, charitable *sisters*, have been thus deluded. How many convents have opened their gates to them, deceived by their whining tone; but now, they speak out boldly, and people are afraid, and smile while they tremble, and do whatever they are commanded.

Let us be shown any one rich *œuvre* (work of charity) in which they have not the principal influence, distributing as they will, and to whomsoever they please. So, it was high time that every poor corporation (Missionaries, Picpus friars, Lazarists, and even Benedictines) should go to them to receive the watchword. And now all those are like a vast army, which the Jesuits are bravely leading to the conquest of the age.

Astonishing!—In so short a time to have brought together such forces! However high an opinion one may form of the cunning of the Jesuits, it would never be sufficient to explain such a result. There is a mysterious hand therein:—that hand which, well directed, has, from the first day of the world, performed with docility the miracles of stratagem. A feeble hand, which nothing withstands,—the hand of woman. The Jesuits have employed the instrument of which Saint Jerome speaks: "Poor little women, all covered with sins!"

To entice a child to us, we show it an apple. Well! they showed women pretty little feminine devotional

* The Jesuit is not only a confessor, but a *director*, and as such, consulted about every thing; as such, he thinks he is in no way bound to secrecy; so that twenty directors living together may lay out in common, examine and combine the thousands of souls open to them, and which they see from side to side. Marriages, wills, all the acts of their male and female penitents, may be discussed and prepared in those conventicles!

exercises, saintly playthings, invented yesterday; they arranged for them a little world of idolatry.—What signs of the cross would Saint Louis make, if he came back and beheld!—He would not remain two days. He would prefer returning to captivity among the Saracens.

These new fashions were necessary to gain over the women. Whoever will win them, must sympathize in their little weaknesses, little cares, and often in their taste for the false. . . . . .

The simple and natural way which has generally succeeded, is to catch wild birds by means of tame ones. I speak of the Jesuitesses,* cunning and gentle, adroit and charming, who, ever marching before the Jesuits, scatter every where the honey and the oil, and smooth the way. . . They have enchanted the women by becoming their sisters, friends, or whatever they would; and mothers especially, by touching the sensitive point, the poor maternal heart. . .

Out of friendship, they consented to take the young daughter; and the mother, who, otherwise, would never have parted from her, gave her up with a good heart into such kind hands. . . She found herself so much the more free; for, indeed, the amiable young witness was sometimes troublesome; especially if, becoming less young, she saw the dear, the adored, but too dazzling flower blooming by her side.

All that has been done very well, very quickly, with an admirable secrecy and discretion. The Jesuits are not far from having thus the daughters of all the influential families of the country in the houses of their *dames*. An immense result! Only, they ought to have waited. These young girls, in a few years, will be women, mothers. Whoever has the women, is sure, in time, to have the men.

One generation would have been enough. These mothers would have given their sons. But the Jesuits had no patience. A little success from the pulpit or in the saloons has turned their heads. They have laid aside the prudent behaviour to which they owed their success. These skilful miners, who worked so well under-ground, have wanted to work in the open air. The mole has left his hole, to walk in the full sun.

M. Michelet traces the results of this premature display of a power not yet sufficiently established, in the history of the indecent squabbles between the priests—the Jesuits rather, and those they incited—and the College of France. On this occasion, Michelet, and his friend, M. Quinet, had the honour of being singled out for persecution and outrage; and, upon this subject, he expatiates with as much honest pride as natural resentment; and his warnings to France will, we think, be listened to by all Europe, though the danger may not be so great as he represents it.

It is, however, M. Quinet's lectures against priestly and Jesuitical interference with the seminaries of education, and his able and well-timed exposure of the attempt to crush and destroy liberty in the name of religion—an attempt how often made!—that in this little volume merit special attention. Few of the faults or peculiarities of his colleague attach to M. Quinet; but his denunciation of the Jesuits is as uncompromising, his representations equally startling. He begins by describing many of the symptoms of an approaching storm, and proceeds:—

The ground was, moreover, well prepared. They had been for several years working society high and low; in our workshops, and in our schools; by the heart, and by the head. Opinion seemed to yield on every occasion. Being accustomed to give way, why should it not retreat one step further? At the first word, Jesuitism had naturally found itself in harmony with Carlism, in one same spirit of intrigue and varnished decrepitude; and what Saint Simon calls *the scum of the nobility* had not failed to mix themselves up with this leaven. As to a part of the Bourgeoisie, busied in counterfeiting a false remnant of aristocracy, they were very near considering as a mark of good taste the imitation of our religious, literary, and social decay.

Thus carefully prepared, the moment seemed favourable for surprising those whom they thought asleep. They had perceived very plainly that, after so much declamation, it would be a decisive affair to annihilate the freedom of speech and teaching in the College of France.

They failed; and that signally. Opinion and the press were too powerful for them. But Jesuitism, if defeated for the moment, is far from being extinct. "It gains, noiselessly, in the dark, what it lost in daylight," and by a rash and premature demonstration.

But this forms only the introduction to the course of lectures in which M. Quinet traces the history of the Jesuits, and exposes the genius and tendency of the doctrines and institutions of that remarkable confederacy, from its origin until the period that he came into collision with it; and also as it now exists and works. He may, occasionally, push his deductions too far; but there is cogency in his arguments, nor much over-statement in his facts. We can give but one specimen of these lectures, which, unlike so much of the lucubrations of M. Michelet, are quite as well adapted to English readers as to the lecturer's students or countrymen. He concludes his observations on the fundamental maxims of the Order of Jesus by saying:—

We have combated Jesuitism in the spiritual order. That is not sufficient; we must all of us watch that it do not penetrate into the temporal order.

It is certainly a great evil for it to have entered the Church; but every thing would be lost if it insinuated itself into our manners and into the State; for you well know that politics, philosophy, art, science, and literature have, as well as religion, a Jesuitism that is proper to them. It consists every where in giving to appearances the signs of reality. What would become of a nation in general, if, in politics, it possessed all the appearances of movement and liberty: ingenious machinery, assemblies, discussions, a medley of doctrines, words, changes of names, and if, peradventure, amid all this outward noise, it turned perpetually in the same circle? Would there not be reason to fear lest so much outward semblance of life might accustom it gradually to dispense with the reality of things?

What would become of a philosophy that would, at every price, exalt its own orthodoxy? Would there not be reason to fear lest, without attaining the rigour of theology, it might lose the inward god? What would become of art, if, to replace the ingenious movement of the heart, it would create an illusion by the bustle and noise of words? What would all this be, but the spirit of Jesuitism introduced into the temporal order?

I do not say that these things are accomplished; I say they threaten the world. And what is the way to

* The ladies of the *Sacré-Cœur* are not only directed and governed by the Jesuits, but ever since 1823, they have the same constitutions. The pecuniary interests of these two branches of the order must be common to a certain degree, since the Jesuits, on their return after the revolution in July, have been assisted by the treasury of the *Sacré-Cœur*. They have expressly annulled the prohibition made to the Jesuits by Loyola to direct convents of females.

obviate them? It is in you, you who possess life without calculation; preserve it in its primitive source, since it has been given you, not for yourselves, but to regenerate and renew the world. I know that all ideas in these days are treated with suspicion; yet do not freeze your life beforehand with too many suspicions; neither believe that, in our own country, there no longer exist any upright men, decided to carry out, in their conduct, the full extent of their thoughts. Shall I tell you the surest way to foil Jesuitism in every shape? It is not my discoursing from this chair; any body can do so, and many better than myself; it is not your listening to me with benevolent attention. No, words are no longer sufficient, amid the stratagems of the world which envelop you. Life is also necessary; we must, before we separate, swear all together, publicly and in one bond of fellowship, to found our lives upon the maxims the most opposed to those which I have described,—that is to say, to persevere to the end, in all things, in sincerity, truth, and liberty. In other terms, it is to promise to remain faithful to the genius of France, which is altogether movement, enthusiasm, strength, and loyalty, since it is by these tokens that foreigners know you to be Frenchmen. If, for my part, I ever break this oath, may every one of you taunt me with it wherever he may meet me!

But, they cry, you who speak of sincerity, you think in secret that Christianity is at an end, and yet you say nothing about it. Tell us at least, amid the crowds of different creeds in our times, by what sect you pretend to replace it.

I have not exaggerated my orthodoxy; neither will I exaggerate the sectarian spirit which they would like to attribute to me. Since we are asked, we will speak very plainly. We are of the communion of Descartes, Turenne, Latour d'Auvergne, and Napoleon; we are not of the religion of Louis XI., Catherine de Medicis, Father Le Tellier, M. de Maistre, nor even of that of M. de Talleyrand.

Moreover, I am so far from believing that Christianity is at an end, that, on the contrary, I am persuaded that the application of its spirit is only just beginning in the civil and political world. . . . . .

Cast your eyes, not upon the Pharisees of Christianity, but upon the spirit of the Gospel. Who will pretend that that word is entirely incarnate in the world, that it is no longer capable of any transformation, any new realization, that that fountain has dried up after having quenched the thirst of too many nations and states? I look at the world, and find it still half possessed by the pagan law. Where is brotherhood, and the promised bond of fellowship? In written laws, perhaps; but where will you find them in life, in the heart?

Concluding another point of the disquisition, he says, in warning against an opposite and equally perilous extreme:—

The greatest pleasure we could give our adversaries would be, in opposing Christian Phariseeism, to cast ourselves into absolute scepticism. No! neither Jesuitism nor Voltairianism! Let us seek elsewhere the star of France.

This lecture, the last of the course, closes with an exceedingly beautiful address to the students, calling upon them to extend the advantages and pleasures of the intellectual culture which they enjoy to their less favoured young compatriots; ardent, like them, in the pursuit of knowledge, but, having enough to do, in their present condition, to earn their daily bread. One would be glad to hear every public instructor in England closing his course in a strain like the following:—

I say, into whatever career fortune may cast you, you are the brothers of those men, that you ought to turn to their profit, to the improvement of their condition and dignity, whatever knowledge you have acquired under a happier star; I say, that you belong to the crowd of those unknown brethren, and that you contract here an obligation of honour towards them, which is to represent every where, to defend every where, their rights, their moral existence, and to prepare for them, as much as possible, the road to science and the future, which has opened before you, without your having been obliged ever to knock at the gate.

Share, then, and multiply the food of the soul; it is an obligation for science as well as for religion; for it is certain that there is a religious science, and another which is not. The former distributes, like the Gospel, and diffuses afar whatever it possesses; the latter does the reverse of the Gospel. It is afraid of lavishing, of dispersing its privileges, and of communicating right, life, and power to too great a number; it exalts the proud, it abases the humble; it enriches the rich, and impoverishes the poor. This is the impious science, and one which we will not accept.

One word more, and I have done. This contest, [with the Jesuits,] which, perhaps, is only beginning, has been useful to all; and I thank Heaven for having given me the opportunity of taking my part in it: it may also serve as a lesson to those who are able to profit by it. It had been supposed that the souls of men were divided and lukewarm, and that the time had come when the most daring enterprise might be attempted. It only required a manifest danger. The spark fell; then all united together like one man. What has taken place here, in this question, would happen to-morrow, if necessary, in every part of France, for any question fraught with manifest danger.

The "contest" was, in fact, nominally with the clergy; but as the Professors Michelet and Quinet were well aware, that many, if not all, of the clergy, (and indeed every thinking man in France,) were either the enforced or the duped instruments of the Jesuits, they placed them quietly aside, and singled out the real instigators of a scheme organized by the Jesuits, and in which, though working partly in the dark, they were the most active instruments.

Cheap editions of both the above works have been published by the Messrs. Longman and Company. "The People" we have endeavoured to describe. It is, with all its anti-English prejudices, and Young England dislike of manufactures, the composition of a man of warm affections and fine genius, and well worthy of perusal; but "The Jesuits," from containing the lectures of M. Quinet on this body, and on the tendency of the spiritual movement of the present age, is to be regarded as a philosophical work of great value, which merits to be carefully studied.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages, in Black and White. Made on the spot, by a Wandering Artist. In two volumes, post 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

The Artist is a lady. Her pictures are chiefly drawn from the traditionary history and legendary lore of Switzerland, and from old chroniclers, and also modern historians; for she has wandered over a wide field. One of her narratives is entitled *The Nun's War*, and relates to a remarkable struggle between the monks and nuns of Little Basle; and another, yet more full of romantic

interest, is the history of "Bertha, Queen of Transjurane-Burgundy," a famous lady; the golden days when Queen Bertha lived being still remembered in Helvetia, as once were in England and Scotland those frugal times when "Good King Stephen" or King Robert "wore the crown," and rated the royal tailors for charging the high price of half-a-crown for their breeches; swearing they were "a groat too dear," and calling the tailor "thief and loon." The history of Queen Bertha, in some of its details, may not be much better authenticated than the traditionary anecdotes respecting the thrifty habits of King Stephen or King Robert; but yet her beneficent reign forms, in these pages, a charming picture of primitive times, and of a sovereign lady as benevolent, and almost as powerful for good, as any Queen of Fairyland. Bertha was married very young to Rudolph II., one of the handsomest and most gallant princes of his age, and descended of a house that had maintained a brave struggle for independent sovereignty with the Emperor of Germany. Rudolph, as well as Bertha, was sprung from the royal line of Charlemagne. The period of his fair consort's noble and magnificent deeds was in the early part of the tenth century; and we cannot better do justice to the good Queen and her admiring historian, than to present Bertha in all her freshness and loveliness, when the eyes of the youthful bride first fell upon her future dominions.

As Lake Leman in all its wondrous beauty burst on her delighted eye, and she felt the soft breezes of its gentle climate blow on her young cheek, how that heart, so prone to piety and gratitude, and awake to all the charms both of the inanimate objects of creation and those of a higher grade, must have rejoiced that her lot had fallen on so "fair a ground."

The Canton-de-Vaud, thenceforth the seat of Bertha's principal labours, and hallowed by being the chosen scene for their termination, is perhaps the richest and most lovely portion of the Swiss confederation. It does not offer the majestic grandeur of the Bernese Oberland, or the sublime horrors of the Valais; but in the picturesque variety of its landscapes—the blue waters of Lake Leman on the one side, bordered by the wild yet noble Alps of Savoy, and on the other by the chain of the Jura mountains, rising gracefully from its crystal waves, covered to their high romantic summits with vineyards and villages, and rocks and woods, while antique cities and feudal towers, in almost pristine strength, repose at their feet, or crown their hoary heads—in its salubrious climate and profusion of fruits and flowers—in its romantic poesy, and the generous spirit of its sons and daughters, it stands unrivalled.

To the eye of Bertha, indeed, the scene wore a different aspect. Many of the towns and villages bordering the Leman rose under her fostering hand; and the vineyards which now, perhaps too profusely for pictorial beauty, clothe its mountains, sprang from the liberal encouragement she gave to cultivation: but the grand outlines of nature were ever there and ever fair. The variegated foliage of the pine and the chestnut—the walnut and the wild cherry—the clear blue waters of the lake—its lovely bays and mountains—the flocks of curious birds peculiar to its shores—the myriads of painted butterflies, and bright insects glancing in the sunbeams, and filling the pure air with their hum of gladness, and flowers of every form and hue and odour, were there to charm the sight and the heart even as now.

The numerous charters she signed, as contracting party or witness, and the many monuments she reared, still subsist to prove her beneficent and active reign; but the barren chronicles of the obscure age in which she shone, have registered few historical memorials of her *private* life; and it is from traditions collected and preserved by the descendants of those whom she governed that they are principally drawn. . . .

Every thing relative to Bertha was so important and so dear, that it assumed a sacred character. She never died for the people she had so much loved. Ages ran their course, but the dominion of Savoy—the heavier sway of Berne, anxious to efface all remembrance of any other—made no change as to her in Swiss Romande. She never ceased to be the protector of the peasantry, the encourager of the good, the punisher of the wicked: and the inhabitants of the places where she tarried, though but for a brief season, still pride themselves on the circumstance, and point out the ruins of the house, or its site, which had received the glorious guest: occasionally, in their unwillingness to lose the honour of the visit, the very chamber of some antique edifice built, perchance, four centuries afterwards, is shown as the one where she "certainly slept," by some aged crone or pretty *paysanne*, undisturbed by fears of chronological inaccuracy. . . . . .

Bertha soon evinced the energy of her mind, and the goodness of her heart, in her new characters of queen and wife. Rudolph, habituated from infancy to his father's erratic court, pursued the same course; and Bertha was ever his companion. She rode by his side; and without any fixed capital the youthful pair thus dispensed their blessings, turn in turn, over all the great cities of their kingdom. Bertha does not seem to have had that sympathy for intellectual pursuits which led her stepmother, Hedwige, to open her castle to all who had any pretension to literature; but she evinced great respect for learning in general, and multiplied its sanctuaries by founding and preserving monasteries and chapters. She was herself lettered for her age and sex; she knew Latin, and a portion of each day was solemnly and conscientiously set apart for the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. She endeavoured to prevail on the stern barons to bring their wives and daughters to these ambulatory courts; and, amongst those who composed her suite, strove to infuse a portion of her own unwearied industry, and a taste for the refinements which adorn and give a charm to life. Chavorny, where her beloved husband first saw the light of Heaven, became her favourite abode; and there, within twelve months, the young queen gave birth to a son, destined to strengthen but not succeed to his paternal throne.

It was at this moment, when Rudolph's domestic happiness was increased, and his kingdom consolidated by posterity, that he rashly hazarded the loss of both; and plunged into a war alike perilous and uncertain.

Rudolph, while pursuing the objects of a restless and insatiable ambition in Italy, had, however, the discretion to appoint Bertha regent of his home dominions; and now the calm but masculine vigour of her understanding, her energy in action, and the enlarged goodness of her gentle and womanly heart, began to display themselves. She became the nursing-mother of her subjects,—a nobler kind of "Good Queen Bess," in a far more romantic age.

She commenced a journey of inspection to all the principal towns of the Transjurane, resting at Soleure, Payerne, St. Maurice, Lausanne, Geneva, and Orbe, holding at each a court, to which she invited all whose situation could, in the smallest degree, entitle them to appear as guests in the royal presence; and these little levees were said to be conducted with great pomp and circumstance; for Bertha well knew the mighty power of outward and visible signs over a rude generation. Every morning she sat for some hours to receive petitions or petitioners, for none were excluded from admission; and she then sallied forth, attended by her ministers and nobles, to suggest and direct plans for the improvement of the country, in an agricultural point of view, or the amelioration of the people in a moral one. . . . . Morges, a small and picturesque town on the Lake of Geneva, was just emerging from a mere assemblage of scattered fishermen's huts into a hamlet; and, although it received its charter of incorporation more recently, Bertha's hand first raised it into impor-

tance. So anxious was she to act with impartiality towards all parts of her dominions, that she occasionally resided in the castles, as well as towns: having held several courts at Chavorny and at Strätlingen, on the Lake of Thun, the cradle of the Rudolphian race. In honour of that circumstance one of her first architectural efforts was the foundation of the church of Amsoldingen, in its immediate vicinity, conferring on the new edifice many estates for its future conservation and the support of a priest. It was dedicated to St. Maurice; and this endowment, in an especial manner, was beneficial to a wild desert country, gifted, however, with a lake full of fish, and with land that only required the hand of labour to yield abundant produce.

But there is no end to what Queen Bertha did in building, re-edifying, and founding, monasteries, churches, chapels, and castles. But she did more, and better: she encouraged industry, and was a warm advocate of the enfranchisement of the serfs, many of whom were manumitted on condition of bringing a portion of waste land into cultivation. As her principal engineer in constructing roads through the wildernesses of the Transjurane, Bertha had a countryman of ours, named *Mackenbri*, or *Mackenbren*, who had somehow forced his way into Switzerland. Rival clans may yet contend for the honour of numbering Mackenbren among their ancient worthies, as he became the ancestor of a noble Swiss family. The gratitude of Bertha—

Laid the foundation of a fortune which rendered him the stock of the Lords of Tavannes, a sweet little town in the canton of Bâsle, some of whose branches are believed to have remained within the last hundred years. And well did the enterprising Scot deserve all he obtained from his royal mistress; for, among other works of great utility to the land of his adoption, he re-opened the celebrated pass called *Pierre Pertius*, near the source of the Birs or Byrse, a singular and most picturesque archway, not far from Tavannes, formed in the solid rock,—which, during the many ages that had swept over it since its Roman origin, had become blocked up, and thus closed one of the romantic and grand passages of Switzerland.

While Bertha was in every way improving her country, she was suddenly invaded by "the Saracens."

At this fearful juncture Bertha's courage and sagacity were equally conspicuous; and the strong sense of a woman, simply seeking to protect her people, gave rise, perhaps, to the first idea of the modern telegraph. On a prolonged line from the Alps to the Jura, may yet be seen many little solid fortresses, called "the towers of Bertha or Bertholo;" they are built at certain distances, permitting each to understand and reply to the signals of the other. All were constructed for defence only, the walls very thick, the windows narrow and high up; whilst the low arched doorway, ten or twelve feet from the ground, can be reached only by a ladder let down from above. The tower of Gourze, crowning a steep pinnacle of the Jorat, is at the summit of a pyramid of smooth turf, joining to the very edge of the circular walls. The tower of Bertholo, which has preserved her name in the *patois* romane, protected in an especial manner the royal vineyard at Lutry. The tower of Moudon commanded the course of the Broie; and that of Molière, surnamed "the eye of Helvetia," overlooked the river Broie on one side, and the lake, on which arose the tower of Neuchâtel, on the other. All these towers, now dilapidated and crumbling, were constructed by the queen as a refuge to the population of their respective districts. At the first signal, lords and peasants collected together their most valuable articles, and carried them to the shelter of the same hospitable walls which received themselves and families. These little miniature castles had commonly only a dark, but dry kitchen stocked with wood, and a rude oven on the ground floor. A room for arms, and the missiles then in use before the invention of gunpowder, formed the first. The second was divided into three or four very tiny apartments, to separate, in some degree, the different classes thus thrown by a common calamity into collision; and the garret above was kept filled with grain, cheese, and provisions for the use of all the fugitives generally. When the little ladder was drawn up, the inmates were usually safe from these wandering robbers, and without a garrison, could keep even a powerful enemy at bay a considerable time.

In one of these primitive abodes, Bertha was herself obliged to seek security from a desperate body of Hungarians, who, in 927, after having burnt the convent of St. Gall nearly to its foundation, and carried fire and sword through Argovia, approached from the Lake of Bienne. The king was in Italy, with a numerous force of the best Burgundian troops; and, in the utter impossibility of stemming the torrent, she fled with her children, her cousin Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg, who had been just driven from his diocese by the same foes, her ministers, and whole court, to the tower of Neuchâtel, where she had to mourn the death of the good bishop of Lausanne, Boson, murdered in his ninetieth year. . . . . With her usual judgment, anticipating fresh inroads, she provided against a recurrence of the same horrors, by increasing the number of her strong citadels. She founded, after this event, the castles of Champvent, near Yverden; and added materially to the castle of Vufflens. Amid these active employments and public cares, she had become twice again a mother; and every successive year proved, that toil and sorrow is ordinarily the lot of all — the common lot, from which the good and the gifted, the noble and the serf, are not — cannot, from the nature of man, be exempt. . . . . One of the trials of Bertha, and a bitter one indeed, was the precarious situation of her husband; and the moral snares, as well as personal dangers, which environed him on all sides. He had conquered Berenger; but, like his father, he was soon doomed to know that a crown won by fraud or violence, is seldom worn without care, or retained without having recourse to the same weapons.

Severe conjugal trials awaited Good Queen Bertha. At Milan, where was held the Italian court of her husband, she found herself rivalled in his affections, and the Italians extended to her their prejudice against all Germans.

The lovely young queen, then in the prime of womanly beauty, awakened little or no admiration in a people prepared to dislike her because she was German. Her accent, however softened by feminine tones, was still guttural; and, remembering that Bertha, the mother of Charlemagne, was termed by the uncourtly chroniclers of the day, "Bertha with the large foot," they most unceremoniously (and as all Swiss historians indignantly notice with a flat denial of the fact) applied to her the same injurious cognomen! whilst *Testa Tedesca* (German head) became a familiar phrase, applied to the perpetrator of any act of uncommon slowness, awkwardness, or stupidity, by Rudolph's vivacious subjects of the sunny South, in allusion to their new compatriots, of certainly heavier calibre, who had followed him from the North.

Rudolph, enslaved and infatuated by his passion for a beautiful and artful Italian lady of high birth and connexions, was soon supplanted in Italy; and, filled with grief and remorse, he returned in disgrace to his faithful partner, under whose gentle and wise influence he again became a good husband and a virtuous ruler. But the domestic records of the olden time, when "Bertha spun," are of more interest than the history of the fierce wars of her age; and the following passage, at the same time, affords a fair specimen of the somewhat quaint and therefore apt style in which her story is related:—

As the acute queen knew that example is a far more efficient assistant in the guidance of others, than even that "line upon line, precept upon precept," enjoined

to all in authority, she had soon after Rudolph's first departure for Italy adopted a custom, which she seems never to have relinquished through her whole life, the habit of spinning as she rode on her little palfrey. The distaff, then the sole instrument by which thread could be spun for the use of the loom, admitted of being placed on her saddle; and thus as she travelled from castle to castle, and town to town, the gentle queen realized one of the most beautiful descriptions of industry in Sacred Writ, so full of exquisite imagery :—"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." Nor must the fair netter of purses, embroiderer in German wool, or manufacturer of the thousand ingenious and elegant trifles that so well become her sex, regard this occupation as below the dignity of a great queen. So important did the invention of the loom and the distaff appear in the early ages of civilization, that it was piously ascribed to the gods; and in every succeeding century a variety of animal and vegetable productions have been skilfully manufactured through their medium, to protect or adorn the noble but defenceless form of humanity. Each country, and each epoch, has its own separate arts and embellishments. The empress Irene, wife of Leo IV., when banished to Lesbos, gained her bread by spinning, and rejoiced in her possession of the power to do so; and Charlemagne had all his daughters taught both to spin and work wool, that idleness might not corrupt their morals. Bertha seems to have half lived in the open air, and this was clearly the only mode she could, under such circumstances, adopt for the employment of her fingers — one of the most graceful and most useful of all the multiplied acquirements of woman.

At first it appears almost impossible that Bertha could ride and spin simultaneously, or that what she might thus achieve on her palfrey could be of any worth; but, in all probability when she appeared in state, she had a page to guide her palfrey. At other times she probably rode slowly over the unmacadamized bridle-paths of the eleventh century; and as it was her custom to sit for hours together inspecting the progress of her gigantic undertakings, this might very easily have been no mere vain display to excite attention, or attract popularity. She is, besides, stated to have really spun great quantities of the finest thread, afterwards woven for the use of the royal family. She does not appear to have aspired, like her stepmother, to literary renown. Nor is it recorded that she imitated Hedwige in the embroidery of priests' garments, or altar coverings, then the fashionable "ladies' work" of the day, for which the Duchess was almost as distinguished as for her erudition. Bertha was eminently *utilitarian* in all her proceedings; and her capacious mind displaying to her the vast power of majesty for effecting great objects, seems to have rendered her, to a certain degree, indifferent to minor pursuits; and without the smallest affectation or pretence of any kind, from which she was singularly free, her sole feminine amusement, when not actively engaged in governing her kingdom or superintending her household, seems to have been her ever-ready distaff, the employment of which rendered her besides a striking model for the female subjects of her realm. Her incessant activity, and the fearless energy of her character, are thus strongly painted by a very old writer:—"She went spinning along, over mountains and valleys; building castles and convents, and putting into them châtelains and monks, and nuns, on her way." How truly anxious Bertha was to inspire a love of industry, her quick perception and her generous yet shrewd character, is shown in a little anecdote related by many chroniclers. Being one day on her palfrey, crossing some retired pasturages, she came unexpectedly upon a young girl seated quite alone, spinning like herself while she watched her flock of sheep; and the good queen, all pleased to find her so careful not to lose time, rode up to her and gave her a very handsome present with much commendation. The next day several noble ladies, hearing of this from their lords, appeared before her in like manner with a *fuseau*, in the hope of some recompense; but Bertha, knowing their industry was only assumed for a purpose, contented herself with saying, making allusion to the Holy Scriptures, which she daily read, "The peasant girl came first, and like Jacob, she has carried away my blessing, leaving nothing for Esau."

The Wandering Artist, at last, fairly inspires her readers with her own affectionate enthusiasm for her sage, gentle, and womanly heroine; and the story of Bertha, real and conjectural, becomes as interesting as the best-written romance. Recommending it, in particular, to our fair readers, we shall conclude with an elegant and spirited translation of "The Wheel Song," one of the Helvetian national melodies in which the memory of Queen Bertha is enshrined, though probably not composed till long after her death.

THE WHEEL SONG.

Just as *we* spin, of old 'tis said
Queen Bertha used to twine the thread . . . I spin.
And with our wheels and merry song
Winter's dark hours flow blithely on.
We spin, my girl and I.

When my neighbour comes at night
With her niece—around the light . . . I spin.
Round the blazing fire we gather,
And we sing and spin together.
We spin, my girl and I.

While I twist the whistling thread
The daily task is quickly said . . . I spin.
And then my little happy boy
Frisks round my wheel in careless joy.
We spin, my girl and I.

We may gossip as we spin,
But to backbite is a sin . . . I spin.
They who slander soon shall find
Coarse and rough the thread they wind.
We spin, my girl and I.

Twist it neither slack nor tight.
Keep between and 'twill be right . . . I spin.
Girls who think of lovers, go
Always over fast or slow.
We spin, my girl and I.

Oil your wheel, that turning round
It may make no creaking sound . . . I spin.
Oil of patience is the oil!
Sweetener *that* of every toil!
We spin, my girl and I.

Maid whose wheel turns gratingly
Day and night shall lonely be . . . I spin.
Of her temper 'tis a proof
Frighten'd love will keep aloof.
We spin, my girl and I.

Spin, spin from morn till night:
Maidens, do your task aright . . . I spin.
And in time some lover true
Shall twine a thread of love for you.
We spin, my girl and I.

Spin, girls, then spin ever,
Spin along—spin well together . . . I spin.
Gently go, and steadily too,
You for us and we for you.
We spin, my girl and I.

In the same year, 1818, in which the tomb of Robert the Bruce was discovered in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, the sarcophagus of Bertha was found in a vault of St. Michael's tower, which had anciently been the peristyle of the abbey church of St. Michael. To this place, which tradition had always pointed out as the spot of her burial, the devout Catholics of the Vaud had for centuries made pilgrimages, to recite prayers for the repose of the soul of the good queen. The relics of Ber-

tha were reinterred with great pomp and solemnity: the magistrates and Protestant ministers, with a large concourse of people, attending the affecting ceremony. The chief magistrate pronounced an elegant eulogium on her memory; and a black marble slab, with a suitable inscription, has been placed on the ancient sarcophagus. After a solemn dirge had been performed on the organ, and the lid of the sarcophagus fixed down, the assembly burst into a pathetic address, of which this is a translation :—

> Thy name is ever blest,
> Thy memory ever fair,
> And peaceful be thy sainted rest,
> Beloved queen! in earth's cold breast
> As in our hearts .... for thou art there.'
>
> With thine own hand thou didst the spindle guide;
> Thy royal hand, that oft a sceptre bore.
> Instructress of the hamlet! and the pride
> And solace of the city: yet not more
> A model for the great ones of the earth
> Than for the dwellers round the poor man's hearth.:
>
> Ah! who that reads the tale of days gone by
> But loves to turn .... yet turns with half a sigh
> Back to the good old times, the golden age
> When first *thy* name sheds brightness o'er the page!
> Times full of teaching for those yet to run,
> When Bertha on her palfrey rode and *spun*, &c. &c.

Lectures on Painting and Design. By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter, with Designs on Wood by himself. Post 8vo, pp. 295. London: Longman & Co.

[The following hasty commentary on what hasproved Haydon's last work, was not only written, but in type, before the occurrence of that catastrophe which has given so deep a shock to the public mind. In looking it over, the writer finds nothing either to alter or suppress, though, if still unwritten, much more might have been said, and may yet be said, when the right time shall come. Haydon's Life and Death are pregnant to all men, but especially to men of genius, with the most solemn lessons. We now rejoice that the last literary work of the unfortunate artist bears decided signs of an enlarged and rectified judgment, and of a temper sweetened and mellowed, and that we had thus been enabled to note a change so welcome. It is one which, in a man like Haydon, "take him for all in all," must sooner or later have taken place.]

This is a sort of supplementary volume, consisting of lectures, which bear less directly upon painting and the arts, than those previously published. But it bears all the marks of the author's mind, in its idiosyncrasies, as well as in its distinguishing characteristics; with this decided improvement, that as Mr. Haydon advances in life, his temper becomes more mellow; and that he is more rarely betrayed into impetuous bursts of virtuous indignation, contempt of dulness, and scorn of fools. The main interest of the volume, to the general reader, will be found in the biographical notices of two eminent painters, the antipodes of each other, whose acquaintance and friendship Mr. Haydon enjoyed for many years,—Fuzeli, and David Wilkie. The sketch of Wilkie in particular, with whom Mr. Haydon was on the most intimate terms from early life, gives us a more lively and distinct idea of the individual peculiarities of the Scottish Artist, than any other memoir we have perused. There is truly something noble in the candour with which Mr. Haydon, misled by false taste, owns that he was long in perceiving the force and beauty of Wilkie's genius. His mind and perceptions had been early warped by blind admiration of Fuzeli and his works; Fuzeli came between him and Nature. Now, while still feeling and acknowledging whatever was pure and grand in the style of this remarkable genius, he can forgive the multitude for being blind to his imputed excellences.

From disgust of his profession of a classical tutor, and love of the arts, Fuzeli, late in life, with little study, and no manual preparation, became a painter, and by the mere force of native genius, succeeded, as no other man following the same royal road to art, could have done; and yet failed, from causes which Mr. Haydon describes, in a passage which embodies valuable counsel to every young artist who imagines himself a great genius.

Fuzeli, almost ignorant of all the simple elements of design, plunged at once to the highest efforts; and his deficiency of elementary knowledge harassed him, as he richly deserved, the whole of his life.

With a fancy bordering on frenzy, the becoming again a little child (as our Saviour beautifully says) when arrived at man's estate, was an effort of philosophy and a mortification of pride, a humility of spirit and an acknowledgment of error, I regret to say, Fuzeli had not common sense enough to reverence as became him; he found Nature did not come up to the uncontrollable fancy of his own outrageous dreams, and he concluded at once Nature was tame, and unworthy the admiration of a great genius. At the very outset he got into the wrong road, and through the whole of his life he obstinately maintained it was the right one; but every now and then his conscience gave indisputable evidence it was not easy, and that it was his pride, and not his conviction, which induced him to defend his error.

When painters let their imaginations take entirely the reins, before they are perfect in the language of their art, every day's indulgence renders them more helpless and more sophisticating.

Their great delight is perpetual invention, which, being involuntary, is no trouble; not realizing or identifying one superb thought, not dwelling for years in completing the thought to the highest degree of excellence and perfection: but such men as Fuzeli, as soon as the relish of a new thought is over, fly off to another; content if, in spite of any deficiency of form, or any abomination of colour, or any violence of action, the *thought* be intelligible to themselves; and to their limited perceptions of the moral utility of the art, *that* is always sufficient.

To such temperaments the modest loveliness of Nature becomes a reproof and an annoyance: finding her simplicity an evidence of their own extravagance, they shrink from her with affected contempt and real apprehension. . . . . .

The people of England have been blamed for not relishing Fuzeli's works: this is unjust. Fuzeli, when he first appeared, astonished and attracted; but every year finding his works nothing but modifications of the first they had seen, of course they felt weary of such talented violations of nature.

His original conception of the Night-mare, spread his name over the earth: *he*, the inventor, was paid £30, whilst the engraver of it cleared £600! by the print.

So far from blaming the English people for their apathy to Fuzeli in his latter days, so extravagant had he become, it was to their honour and credit they had taste to perceive he deserved it.

The people of Britain are often blamed for not having taste for this style or that. First they are told they have no taste, because they perceive the extravagance of the German school; then they have no taste, because they abhor the false view of Nature in the French school; but you never find them having these objections to Titian, to Raffaelle, or the Greeks. Believe me, to me these are evidences that my countrymen are organized to receive true impressions from Nature, and not false ones; I believe the people and know them to be in advance of the production; and if our statesmen would back their sympathies for great

works, we should soon see productions which would put a stop to this calumnious and offensive censure. . . .

To be thoroughly versed in the *materiel* of his art was beneath him; he disclaimed the knowledge of brushes, and colours, and grounds, and all those technicalities the great men were so versed in.

Lounging a whole day over Homer may indulge your imagination, but not give power to your hand. This was making a principal of what ought to have been but a subordinate aid, and not the way to acquire the ordinary human means of imitating human life in form and colours.

A man who finds he must descend from his highest flights, to eat, should disdain nothing.

Mr. Haydon gives a picturesque description of his first interview with this redoubted person. He had but recently arrived in London from Devonshire, young, enthusiastic, and devoted to art, and adoring Fuzeli. Of this awful interview, he says:—

Such was the horror connected with his name, that I remember perfectly well the day before I was to go to him, an introduction having been prepared by Prince Hoare, a letter from my father concluded in these words: "God speed you with the terrible Fuzeli."

I never had heard his person described, and apprehended, with a sort of mysterious doubt, he was at least as tall as his own Satan, certainly hardly less than seven feet!

Awaking from a night of extraordinary dreaming, the awful morning came. I took my sketch-book and drawings, invoking the protection of my good genius to bring me back alive, and sallied forth to meet the Enchanter in his den!

After an abstracted walk of perpetual musing, on what I should say, how I should look, and what I should do, I found myself before his door in Berners Street,—1805.

I remember taking up the knocker with a nervous energy, but so unconsciously violent, and beyond the usual motion of the hinge, that it absolutely stuck in the air as if bewitched, increasing my mysterious fears. I stared at the knocker, as much as to say, is this fair? when, driving it down with great violence, the servant came to the door as if the house was burning! I stammered out my wishes, and was shown into a room which did not add to my self-possession, for it was full of Fuzeli's hideous conceptions! galvanized and spasmodic demons! Satans crossing Chaos! witches, malignant and ugly, brewing their incantations! Medusa's snaky head! Paulo and Francesca, Lady Macbeth, and the dreadful Lazar-house! with its insanities, its diseases, and its pathos, winding up the hideous assembly. Imagine a young man of nineteen, fresh from Devonshire, who had relished and brooded over the works of this wild genius from eight years old; hour after hour had he dwelled on his sublime conception of Uriel and Satan, as he dived to the earth in many an airy wheel, and now he was actually in his room, and actually heard his footsteps!

Men who are brought up in London have no idea of our freshness of feeling when from the provinces we enter it for the first time, and see and talk to the celebrated men we have heard of, and read of, and seen of from boys, for years.

At last, whilst I was wondering what metamorphosis I was to undergo, the door slowly opened, and I saw a little hand come slowly round the edge of it, which did not look very gigantic, or belonging to a very powerful figure, and round came a little white-faced, lion-headed man, dressed in an old flannel dressing-gown tied by a rope, and the bottom of Mrs. Fuzeli's work-basket on his head for a cap. I was perfectly amazed! there stood the designer of Satan in many an airy wheel plunging to the earth, and was this the painter himself? Certainly not such as I had imagined when enjoying his inventions.

I did not know whether to laugh or cry, but at any rate I felt that I was his match, if he attempted the supernatural!

We stared quietly at each other, and Fuzeli kindly understanding my astonishment and inexperience, asked in the mildest voice for my drawings.

Here my evil genius took the lead, and instead of showing him my studies from the antique, which I had brought, and had meant to have shown him, I showed him my sketch-book I did not mean to show him, with a sketch I had made coming along, of a man pushing a sugar-cask into a grocer's shop. Fuzeli seeing my fright, said, by way of encouragement, "At least the fellow does his business with energy."

From that hour commenced a friendship which lasted till his death, though of course my political opposition to the Academy rendered our meetings sometimes rather stormy, and less frequent during the latter part of his life.

Though young men may perhaps have a teacher more attentive in the detail of instruction, yet never again can they have a nobler inspirer, one more cultivated in literature, more elevated in his views, or better acquainted with the history of his art.

Nearly all the students who came in with him are now distinguished men,—Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Hilton, Collins, Pickersgill, and others; and I attribute it to his plan of never tormenting a student into following an authorized plan, but always giving them fine examples, and leaving each youth to imitate them according to his own genius and perceptions.

Some just, and penetrative criticism, on Fuzeli's works, and the causes of his failure, is subjoined; and Nature, Shakspere, and Phidias, are exalted above the Greek and French tragic dramatists, and painters like Fuzeli. An amusing illustration is given of the difference between the true and natural style, and the grand or stilted. Mr. Haydon is speaking of the natural vein of Shakspere's dialogue, in which clowns, fools, and porters, are allowed to talk in the scene as they would certainly talk any where else. He says,—

Shakspere, and Raffaelle, and Phidias, did not make their invented characters mere automatons, for the delivery of the author's sentiments; *they* always let their characters explain themselves by thoughts and expressions which belonged to such characters in nature, influenced by circumstances, opportunity, or motive.

That such a class as porters are never met in the highest life, or even in such moments of horror, is beneath reply; or that such a known fact as a porter and a king hardly meeting, or that sentiments of the highest poetry and elevation, and the lowest ribaldry and wit, seldom or perhaps ever occurring under any circumstances together, at the same time, or about the same time, in actual life, is so too. We have all met these contrasts: we have all met Punch and a Funeral, or a Wedding and a Man being carried to an Hospital, crossing each other in the same street; and a proof of the truth of Shakspere occurred to me of the very nature alluded to, which Sir Walter Scott again and again made me repeat, to his infinite delight,—for no man relished, as his works show, so intensely those Shaksperian bits of nature.

It is rather singular it should have happened at the reading of this very Macbeth by Mrs. Siddons, who, it is well known, in her latter days, used to delight society by reading whole plays of Shakspere during a night.

That was a delight which posterity can never estimate; and when I heard Macbeth read by her, it is not hyperbolical to declare, I had never heard it read or acted properly before in all my life.

Such was the sublimity of her countenance at all periods of her life, such the intonation of her awful voice, such the depth of her genius, and the truth of her feelings, that I believe in my conscience, Shakspere himself would have discovered beauties in his own works he had not anticipated, could he by any possible magic have been present at the time.

Before it was all over, being an early man, I went out on the landing-place of her house, in Baker Street to get

cool, and was meditating on the sublime things I had heard, when my servant, who was in the hall, which was full of servants, said to Mrs. Siddons' old porter, "Why, the old lady keeps it up, doesn't she?"

Alive to the value of such a bit of nature, as the critical opinion of that class on the genius of such a woman, I listened for the reply; when I heard the old porter say, "Yes! she tunes her pipes as well as ever she did:" at which there was a sort of chuckling triumph among the men.

I only appeal to you all, if this were not a bit of that very nature, that exact mixture of elevation and low life, the sublime and the ridiculous, so constantly met with in life, and so constantly combined in Shakspere.

"Il n'y a qu'un pas de sublime au ridicule."

Was there, could there, ever be a finer illustration! here was no disguise; here were the real sentiments of uncultivated minds. This miracle of genius was the old lady who tuned her pipes! and after all, your servants are your only philosophers. Mrs. Siddons was the aged woman on the brink of the grave; the servants saw quietly through all her struggles to keep up her noble fame; we, upstairs, were the imposed on; we saw and trembled before her genius and her power; we forgot her mortal in her immortal part; the servants coolly shook their heads, and quietly smiled at the delusion of their masters.

Fuzeli was a thin-skinned, irritable genius, who lived most of his life in hot water, and as the butt of the lively "gentlemen of the press," who delight to play with such geniuses, as boys do with frogs. This leads his apologist into a long dissertation on the irritability of genius, though he confesses that the greatest men have also been the gentlest. We shall copy out part of this for the guidance of wives and servants, who may have the misfortune to be connected with irritable geniuses.

It is indisputable, that during the time their imaginations predominate, their brain is so alive to the internal pictures of the imagination, that all sensation to external objects is utterly gone. There is no speculation in their eyes; the organs are open, but their sense is shut at such moments. Men of genius are as if mesmerized; it is therefore very likely, if not allowed to wake by degrees, that their nerves are so shaken by noise, by friends calling, children romping, or by servants knocking, that, before the imagination has exhausted itself, to be called to the sensation of daylight is absolute torture.

Such men are not understood, as Burns' wife understood him when he was what she called crooning, insensible to all about him but his internal thoughts; they are accused of singularity, affectation, bad temper, insanity, and nobody knows what.

Who suffered more from this view of his grand mind than Byron? Why?—because the people about him were the reverse of his nature.

Scrutinized night and day by a domestic police, haunted, distracted, and driven from one room to another, so that every abstraction was shattered by the valet or the lady's maid, or the butler, or the steward, creeping in to see my lord did no injury to himself!

Unable to endure this, he hired a room to be alone in one of the streets in Piccadilly; here, whilst in the very act of writing the Siege of Corinth, without notice or announcement, in bolted two physicians, felt his pulse, looked profound, looked into his eyes, looked at each other, took their leave, and declared in writing, that at present they did not think they were authorized to advise confinement!

Byron sometimes woke in the night, like other people, with a brilliant train of thought, and rose to secure them; this was a bad symptom! Byron loved solitude and silence for the acting of his imaginative power; this was a worse!—sometimes, too, he, like other people, fancied himself the hero he was depicting, and talked loudly to himself; this was very near the point, you must admit! He refused money for his works,—the strongest evidence of all: at last, my friends, he went to Greece, devoted his genius, his influence, his fortune, and his person, to rescue the descendants of Aristides and Leonidas from their oppressors, and died gloriously just before seeing all his immortal wishes realized to the full.

Oh the madman! Bedlam was too good for him! Men of this nature must be managed, and led, not checked and disturbed.

If in their moments of phantasmagoric internal pictures, a servant bolts in to look after the fire, or a cherub child puts in its innocent laughing face, and says, "Papa, mamma wants the *keys*," the shock is dreadful to such brains. Fuzeli, at such moments, would rave, and away went the household,—Oh, master is mad!—what a violent man he is!—whereas, in reality, he was the mildest of human beings, if his imagination were allowed—peace! the great secret for women who marry men of genius.

As to Byron "refusing money for his works," and dying "gloriously" a martyr for Grecian freedom, the reader must judge for himself. Truly does Mr. Haydon remark in another place, "genius is quite enough if you have enough of it; but one of the component parts of the greatest men, has been a sound understanding."

In opening the lecture on Wilkie, a cordial and even tender eulogy is made on a valued and dear departed friend, with whom the lecturer had often differed, and that hotly,—but ever esteemed and loved. The biography of Wilkie is minute. It is known that "wee Davie" in the manse of Cults, drew before he could well speak.

The parents and the grandfather often shook their heads at little David, and one day as he was drawing, the old man said,—"Ah, my mon Davie, it will be a long time ere daubing wie a stick wooll do any thing for thee."

But grandpapa was mistaken—as grandfathers sometimes are, and as the sequel will show.

Mr. Haydon is as unhappy in his Scotch, as all Englishmen are, with the rare exception of Hood, whose Scotch was as pure as that of any native of the Scott generation. Wilkie's childhood, boyhood, and period of study in the Edinburgh School of Design are pleasantly got through. It was thus early, and while a student with Graham, that he painted "Pitlessie Fair," a work exhibited in Edinburgh, in the season of 1845. It is said of it,—

He began this work, from the sheer impulses of his own great genius, after seeing the Fair, and it is composed in a style of knowledge and science that argues most extraordinary diligence in study, to have discovered, so early, the hidden principles of composition worthy of a higher style, and without having ever seen a picture by Teniers, at that time, in all his life, as he told me. Prints from Raffaelle he must have seen, as he acknowledged, and from Raffaelle he undoubtedly imbibed those early hidden secrets of arrangement which distinguished every thing he did.

To show you the power of innate genius over difficulties, when he began this picture he had not been able to save money enough to buy an easel: but, like a great mind, his ingenuity at once contrived an admirable substitute; he used to pull out the under drawer of an old chest in his upper room, and resting his picture on the projecting drawer, lean it against the body, and paint: thus he began and proceeded with that wonderful production.

The prudential virtues are exemplified in extracts from Wilkie's letters to his early friends. In one of these he records his good luck in getting three miniatures to paint in Aberdeen; commissions three penny-worth of flake white, and one penny-worth of ivory black, and continues,—

"I assure you I am getting into extensive business, and am covering a great deal of canvass in the country, for, in addition to what you send, the carriage brings me great pieces of it every week; and there is one advantage attends me, that is, I am well paid, and I believe I will raise as much money as will keep me in *London for some time.*"

Shortly after this, having accumulated the sum he wanted to come to London, he sailed from Leith; and I have often heard him express his delight as he entered the Thames, at the superb and rolling volumes of a London sky.

When Wilkie came to town, it was during the Exhibition of 1805. The schools of the Academy were broken up; Jackson and myself had been admitted students in March. I was then in Devonshire, working very hard; and Jackson in town. But, in July, the schools again opened; and I received a letter from Jackson, at Plymouth, saying,—"Make haste back; there is a queer, tall, pale, keen-looking Scotchman come into the Academy to draw.—N.B. There is something in him! he is called WILKIE."

I set off immediately, hoping, in God, this keen-looking Scotchman at least was not going to be an Historical painter. . . . . .

Well, the next day I hurried away to the Academy: Jackson was delighted to see me, and so were others, and they all told me there was certainly something peculiar in this new student. Jackson said he drew too square; another said his style was vulgar. "What does Fuzeli say?" said I. Fuzeli said, "Dere is something in him." I was rather uneasy all night, for Jackson said he had done something from Macbeth, which all agreed must be a picture in high art.

The next day I went as usual, when, in about an hour after we were all drawing, in came David Wilkie: he was tall, pale, quiet, with a wonderful eye, short nose, and vulgar humorous mouth, with a look of great piercing energy of investigation.

In the course of the morning, he began behind me to get into some argument, in a whisper, of which he was always very fond; and after a little, I am proud to say, he got up and quietly looked over me; he then sat down, and I got up, and looked over him: however, I am delighted to say, he moved first.

The next day we got into a fierce dispute, in which neither gave in, and we went away and dined together.

He used to dine at an ordinary in Poland Street, where a great many Frenchmen assembled: here he got that old man with glasses, reading the paper to himself, in the Village Politicians.

By the time the vacation commenced, the habit of dining together, drawing together, and arguing, had generated a sort of necessity to be together, which insensibly grew upon us.

When the Academy closed, Wilkie came up to me, and said in the broadest Scotch—"Whar d'ye stay?" and invited me to breakfast. I went to No. 8, Norton Street, knocked at his ground-room door, and a voice said—"Come in." In I walked, and, to my utter astonishment, instead of a breakfast, there sat Sir David, "in puris naturalibus," drawing himself in the glass! "Good heavens!" said I, "where am I to breakfast?" Without the slightest apology for this position, he replied, with the greatest simplicity, "Its copital practice, let me tell you: jist tak a walk." I took my leave and walked till he was ready.

At this first meeting, he showed me his picture of the Fair: the colour was bad, but the groups exquisite. But I was so full of Raffaelle, I had a sort of contempt for a young man so devoting himself: the fact was, I did not know enough of art to see its great value. I had a very different opinion when I did. . . . . .

Wilkie, Jackson, and myself, became three inseparable companions — drew together, dined together, and talked together, and we became attached in proportion to our intense distinctions of character.

Wilkie, highly gifted, diligent, modest, humble, timid, quiet, submissive, full of humour and original thought, obliged to get his own living, and docile, of course, as well as pursue his art; — Jackson, amiable, idle, good-natured, talented, with exquisite feeling for colour, and alive only to its beauties, with £200 a-year; and I, full of Plutarch and fury, ambitious, believing I had nothing to do but express my will, and that all the world would hail me as a blessing! — you may imagine the scenes which took place. Jackson was the philosopher, Wilkie the good Christian, and I the reckless soldier: in all our disputes, sword in hand, I was ready to storm any fortress, however impregnable; reckless of myself—reckless of my friends.

The scenes with three young men of such opposite natures were worthy of notice. Wilkie and I were generally the disputants; and Jackson, very coolly, when we got into a passion, used to take out his book, and sketch us both. (I made the sketch attached to this lecture, when he was arguing with Jackson.)

At this time, Sir David Wilkie was the most jovial and hospitable man I ever met; poor as he was, he shared his meal with us, and if we were all very merry after hard work, he used to take out a little kit, and scrape a Highland reel, and dance himself, whilst we clapped our hands, or joined in with roars of laughter. We worked intensely; and these scenes generally took place after Academy hours.

Wilkie had come *fresh* from his hearty, honest country, SCOTLAND,—

"The land of mountain and of flood."

And had not had time to get rid of the native hospitality of his glorious country, by the responsibility of great repute, or the timidity of a courtier's life.

The subject in Mr. Haydon's handling is tempting, but we must not give way to its seductions. In summing up it is said,—

Such was this great artist as painter, and as man; in art he never reached the surface, the genuine touch, or colour of the Dutch school; but in power of mind, in expression of thought, distinction of character, and telling a story, and in beauty of composition, he greatly surpassed it.

I do not think he had a fine eye for colour; he drew well enough for his style, but as a designer the size of life he was weakly deficient. His composition is perfection; there, the youth may consider him infallible; it was the composition of Raffaelle in a coarser style.

My not seeing the beauty of his works at first was entire ignorance: as my knowledge increased, my admiration went with it; exactly as I understood Raffaelle, I understood the beauty of Wilkie's art.

Of his latter attempts, Knox is the finest; his Lord Kelly, in Scotland, and Duke, at Merchant-Taylors', are his most able portraits: he painted one landscape, and touched animals with exquisite truth.

As a painter, he was the founder of our domestic school; and the soundness of his first practice, his careful study of Nature, and his having models for every thing, may, without exaggeration, be said to have influenced the advance of every part of the art.

Great as his genius was, his intellectual perception was not rapid, nor highly imaginative; he provoked one sometimes by his slowness in perceiving the point of a good thing. His love of art was a passion; his industry great; his communications frank and fearless; he had no secrets in art, but told all he discovered, as if he wished, as he did, to benefit all.

Find as many faults as you can—discover more weaknesses than any other human creature ever possessed—censure his occasional envies—lament his slavish submission to the world, at the expense of the best feelings of his natnre—abominate his chilling manners, and his horror at being discovered to know poverty and sorrow — still no man ever knew him long without being attached.

The other lectures, first delivered at the London Mechanics' Institution, contain valuable rules, principles, and remarks on art; and on the best way of promoting

its true interests. Some of them are on limited and specific subjects, as the Elgin Marbles, and Fresco Painting, with a disquisition on the Principle of Beauty, in which the theories of Burke, Reynolds, Alison, and Jeffrey, are examined; and the Principle of Association, held by the latter authorities, not, as we think, very fairly stated. Mr. Haydon succeeds better in propounding his own theory, which, if not so subtle and philosophic, will be more popular. His theory, in outline, briefly is,—

That there is nothing in the world beautiful, but the perfect face and figure of woman, and that there is nothing dignified with that appellation which has not either by association, or form, or colour, some relation to that creature. Then what is beautiful has a base; and hundreds of thoughts, because they are powerful; hundreds of theories, because they can be proved; hundreds of tastes, appetites, feelings, sentiments, and sights, are beautiful only as they can be traced to the sympathies that face and form invariably excite; and, if they cannot be traced either in form, colour, or association, to such a basis, the term beautiful ought to be discarded as inappropriate, and others more fit adopted in their stead.

We do not bestow the term beauty on the Hercules, but the Apollo; not on the Gladiator, but the Bacchus; not on the Juno, or Minerva, but the Venus; because the manly form is never termed beautiful, but as it approaches, without losing its characteristics, the delicacy and tenderness of woman's form.

The manly has nothing essentially beautiful, physically or by association, unless it so approach. . . .

When Adam first saw Eve, what experience could he have had in the emotion of beauty from form? None: and yet such an impression was made by this creature, so lovely fair—

> That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now
> Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained;
> Or in her looks, which from that time infused
> Sweetness into my heart, *unfelt* before:
> And in all things from her air inspired
> The spirit of love.
> ——— On she came.
> Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love.

Afterwards Adam might analyze the emotion, but I affirm the object made the impression first; continued to make the impression first; and will continue to make the impression on all future generations; and the impression so made is the emotion of beauty. . . .

Alison says, "The interesting form of woman may be condemned to the debasing offices of servitude, or in angry contests of domestic economy. In such situations, is the attitude or gesture of any form (however naturally beautiful in itself,) ever remarked as beautiful?" (Page 363, Vol. I.)

I reply, Most undoubtedly. No woman, naturally beautiful, can be employed in any office where her beauty will not be visible, and rather heightened than debased by the contrast. Lady Hamilton was cleaning the step (as housemaid) of Boydell's door, when her beauty attracted the notice of those who brought her into fame: and what does the world mean by—she is a beautiful devil?

Throughout, Mr. Haydon gives battle with equal spirit, and makes hard and telling hits.

Hints on Angling, with suggestions for Angling Excursions in France and Belgium, to which are appended some Brief Notices of the English, Scottish, and Irish Waters. By Palmer Hackle, Esq. London: Robinson.

Here is another elegant and charming volume, formed on the model of old Izaak Walton. The theme, combining so many elements of beauty and delight, is indeed exhaustless; and the writers upon angling, generally continue to impart something of the fascination of their favourite pursuit to their pages. This Mr. Hackle has done in no common degree. Verse and more poetic prose, descriptions of river scenery, and all the lovely and rural objects, which in the course of desultory and meditative rambles, fall under the eye of every angler, suggest soft and gentle images, and harmonizing trains of thought; so that from Izaak, the patriarch of the clan, to "Christopher in his sporting jacket," or our new friend Palmer Hackle, they are, to busy men, the most delightful of all occasional companions. And bating worms, flies, and such small deer, their humanity encircles every animated thing that moves above the waters. Mr. Palmer Hackle is the latest and not the least engaging of those of his fraternity who have adorned the literature of Angling. His topics are also recommended by comparative novelty; for it is the rivers of France and Belguim, to which he has devoted the far greatest share of his space and attention. But his treatise, in reference to its main object, an Angler's Guide, has also a character of completeness. He begins with a description of the different kinds of fishes found in fresh water, from the lordly salmon, to the delicate minnow, and the tiny smelt; and next discusses the various materials used by the Angler; as rods, fish-hooks, nets, flies, and the kinds of bait employed to entrap the different species, before coming to the multitudinous fishing streams of France, Belgium, and Britain. Without ever wandering very far from the main subject, nothing is considered irrelevant, which can illustrate or enrich it. The whole is "the harvest of a quiet eye," which, during many years of rambling, especially in France and Belgium, has gleaned much, while it dwelt on men and things, as well as on streams and fishes. The treatise is therefore at once a guide to the angler in pursuing his amusement, and an instructor and companion in his graver moods. The author writes with ease and elegance, and, what is more, he thinks wisely, and feels kindly and gently. A defence from the charge of cruelty made against the sport, and a vindication of the uses and dignity of the angler's amusement, form a proper introduction to the treatise. A little of this may be flat or superfluous, like the first speech of every new candidate for honours or fame, which he makes, not because he has much to say, but because a speech is expected from him on the occasion.

Mr. Palmer Hackle laments the woful decrease of fish in many famous English streams, and attributes this falling off in no inconsiderable degree to the system of exclusive privilege, and the consequent increase of poaching. The French angling code is much more liberal than that of the English. This is partly owing to the extensive subdivision of land in France, which, by the absence of a rural aristocracy, has the practical effect of throwing open all the streams. Besides, angling in France is hardly yet become a gentlemanly sport. It is chiefly practised by the labouring classes, as much with an eye to the frying-pan, as from delight in a favourite pastime. French gentlemen are however beginning to follow the example set by their English visiters. On the question of privilege and exclusiveness, Mr. Hackle—he might have got a better name—speaks wisely and manfully, when he says of the freedom found by the angler in France and Belgium:—

The angler, who has been dogged and bullied by a

keeper in our merry England—himself often the greatest poacher on a manor—will feel the full force of these advantages, and bless his stars, that there are yet countries on the face of the earth where fish is not preserved for the sole enjoyment of a few, and where the foot of the enthusiast can wander, unfettered and free.

But squabbles may arise even here, though the fault generally, if not always, lies with the English stranger. Mr. Hackle has uniformly found the country people on the banks of the rivers abroad, civil and obliging.

We have sometimes experienced the kindest attention from the cottagers, who have willingly showed us the best path through their little gardens; and in more than one instance, they have actually broken down their own newly-reared fences, to enable us to approach the stream with greater ease and convenience. . . . .

For our own part, we repeat, with a sense of grateful obligation, we have found the French occupiers, with very rare exceptions—and those confined to the drunken bombastic bullies who swagger in *cabarets*—extremely liberal, and invariably civil and polite.

This is doubly pleasant, as some late writers of name have represented the French peasantry, as sadly degenerated, since the Revolution, from the courtesy and politeness which was once their distinction among the European families. But it is when describing the *Thames*, the *Wandle*, the *Cray*, and other English streams, that the political and moral bearings of closed rivers are fully discussed; and there certainly is almost as much room for reform in angling laws and customs, as in the notorious English Game Laws. It is said,—

Comparatively, the rivers of England are becoming closed to the brother of the craft. It is not pretended that he is not permitted to pursue his avocation in many, or, indeed, in most of the rivers in this country without molestation; but the position assumed is this, that a system of preserving fish for individuals, instead of protecting them for the public benefit, is calculated to destroy the breed of fish, annoy the angler in the pursuit of his amusement, and, in time, be subversive of his art. The private gentleman of small means, is fast losing all the little enjoyments that made a country life once so very desirable; and, deprived, in common with the great bulk of the middle classes, of all fair and legitimate participation in the fish and game of the land, he rejoices in his secret soul that the lower orders are avenging the injustice, by a sytem of determined and reckless poaching, which the country magistrates are beginning to discover it is impossible to put down.

Nothing can be more clear, than that the present piscatory regulations engender habits of selfishness, and foster notions of exclusiveness, which are totally at variance with the public good, and yet are utterly incapable of effecting the object for which it is professed they were framed. The lord of a domain is enabled, it is true, to shut up his water, through their instrumentality, from the casual and injurious visitation of a fair and quiet sportsman; but they afford him no protection whatever from the midnight marauder—the man of snares, and traps, and nets, and night-lines, who plunders his waters far more in one week, than all the fair and legitimate sportsmen in his district, put together, would accomplish in a year.

Under this system, the preserved or private rivers are becoming empty of fish.

Most of the open rivers in England are in a similar predicament; and, therefore, what with the preserving of private streams and waters, and the non-preserving of public rivers, the angler's occupation is undoubtedly on the wane; and, in all probability, unless a change take place very speedily, will soon be gone altogether.

But resistance to this system has commenced exactly where it ought—on the Thames, and the spirit and example will spread. One national mischief is pointed out, as a consequence of the exclusive spirit in this, as in other things.

The gentleman of small means—the half-pay officer—the retired tradesman—the young man with an income derivable from the funds, sufficient for rational wants, but destitute of landed estate;—hundreds of persons of this description seek, on the continent, the recreation and reasonable amusement which are denied them at home; and there, permanently residing in comparative luxury, expend the money which is drawn from the resources of their own country. Whose fault is this? Where lies the blame? Laws which are made for one class only, and are therefore entirely one-sided and exclusive in spirit and operation, are sure to produce this, in common with other evil results. High-minded men are driven from their country when it becomes the theatre of injustice.

And of the entire laws which regulate field-sports, it is added:—

The present code of laws, with reference to field-sports in general, must undergo a speedy and searching revision, with a view to some comprehensive alteration and amelioration. It is useless for the advocates of exclusiveness to deny the fact that these laws, in their present form, are generally detested through the country; and that they constitute a fertile source of the acknowledged increasing degeneracy of the English peasantry. These unjust laws seem to tell them that they are to have no enjoyments except in the beer-shops; that every slight recreation by which they may alleviate their condition is to be churlishly forbidden; and that ceaseless, unmitigated, hopeless toil is to be their legalized portion. And how, indeed, can they think otherwise, when they find the poor wretch who snares a hare, or kills a fish, for a starving family, is subjected to a severer punishment and a deeper degradation, than the remorseless scoundrel who lives by swindling the unsuspecting; or the shameless lady of rank, who, unurged by misery and want, steals his lawful and undoubted property from the counter of some industrious, or, perhaps, needy tradesman?

The statesman who will deal justly and fearlessly with these bad laws, treat them with a high hand, and look only to the public good, will do more to shut up county jails, and empty union workhouses, than all the law-tinkers during the last half century put together.

We once had a conversation on this subject with a Yorkshire peasant—a fine fellow—who was a day-labourer in the village where his grandfather had formerly been a small occupier. His remarks were shrewd, temperate, and, for the most part, just. His head was full of natural good sense; and his ideas were delivered under the calm and settled conviction that, although his own chance was pretty well over, a brighter day would certainly return for a future generation. We purchased an old top joint of him; and the little incident gave rise to the following song, which embodies much of what he said, and faithfully expresses the tenor of his thoughts:—

SONG.

When this old rod was new—
(My grandsire cut the bough,
And formed its tapering length;
Methinks, I see him now!)
Old England's noble peasantry
Were loyal, firm, and true;
And blithe were English hearts,
When this old rod was new!

When this old rod was new,
Our fathers lived like men;
They wrought their toil with joy,
O'er all their native plain:
And merrily foam'd the ale,
Which each good wife could brew,
For all untax'd it ran,
When this old rod was new!

When this old rod was new,
  Each farm was snug and small;
Each "rood maintained its man,"
  And Hope shone out for all!
Now, paupers crowd the soil,
  Since farms grew large and few;—
They dared not use us so,
  When this old rod was new!
. . . . . .

When this old rod was new,
  No fires illumed the sky,
To write in words of flame
  The poor man's misery.
Employment was his right,
  His wages *fair* he drew—
Oppression was unknown,
  When this old rod was new!
. . . . . .

When this old rod was new,
  The sons of toil could ply
The "gentle art" right cheerily,
  And cast the treacherous fly;
But time hath wrought sad change,
  A change the land shall rue—
No keeper marr'd the sport,
  When this old rod was new!

We have now seen Palmer Hackle, Esq., as a practical philosopher, and as a poet; and we should have liked exceedingly to have tracked him by his rod and basket, along the "willowy Loire," or the lovely and majestic Garonne, and a hundred more enchanting streams; but it may not be; and we shall readily be pardoned for devoting our remaining space to our own romantic land, which, for the purposes of the angler, is stated to be for its extent, when taken all in all, the finest in Europe.

Every little river, burn, torrent, or creek, however narrow its bed or limited its range, is full of fine trout; whilst at the same time, the whole country abounds with immense quantities of the varieties of the noble salmon. . . . There are here no long tracks of flat country, through which drowsy rivers meander with a sluggish motion, and thus become comparatively unfit for the higher and more skilful species of angling; but every thing is rushing, rapid, clear, and sparkling; from the banks of the Tweed to John-o'-Groat's house. In every direction, and in beautiful variety, you fall in with the fine majestic river, the limpid bubbling stream, the mountain torrent, and the silvery rivulet, with their countless millions of salmon and trout, which revel in unbounded freedom in their delicious waters, without a rival, and unconscious of any enemy, save the tyrant, man.

But, rich as Scotland is in piscatory resources and facilities, this is not her only claim upon the attention of the angler. There is a remarkable degree of ease and pleasure in angling in this country, arising from another source. Scotland affords, in the first place, a comparatively open and free field for the pursuit of this delightful and rational amusement. Impediments arising from exclusive preserves, and pet waters, are of very rare occurrence indeed; and the fair and gentlemanly sportsman, will experience but little interruption from obstructions of this description. Indeed, it may almost be said, that nuisances of this nature are entirely unknown in Scotland. On this account all the movements of the wanderer are free and unfettered. The sport is so universally indulged in, that there is not a town or village in the whole country, situated near a river or stream of any kind, in which you will not meet with anglers of first-rate pretensions; men, too, who are far above any mean feeling of petty jealousy at your intrusion into their accustomed haunts, or your participation in their favourite amusement. In fact, despicable and unworthy feelings or sentiments of this kind, can never be encouraged, or even generated in a country, where every mere boy can go out and fill his creel with the finest trout in a few hours, and perhaps bring home half-a-dozen prime and delicious salmon into the bargain.

But free and unrestrained as the angler's personal movements are in this country, they are not more so than the movement of his tackle. Here there are scarcely any impediments to the full and free use of the fly, arising from trees, or bushes, or underwood of any kind. The country is remarkably open; and the rushing and impetuous waters of the fresh streams, scoop out for themselves such broad and capacious beds, that ample room is afforded for the full swing of the very longest line, which a man can use with a rod. You may wander down the banks of a river for twenty or thirty miles, and never stumble on a single tree or bush. This is especially the case with the river Tweed; for from its source to the town of Peebles, there is scarcely a solitary twig to be seen on its banks. . . . .

The Tweed is, beyond all question, the finest river in Scotland for either trout or salmon; nay, we may almos venture to add, that, take it as a whole, there is no river like it in all Europe. The angler can fish it with the fly perfectly unmolested, from its source to its mouth. During the first thirty miles of its course, not a bush nor a tree is to be seen; nothing but the limpid stream winding its murmuring way among hills of considerable elevation, in many cases rounded as in a lathe, and covered with the loveliest verdure to their very summits. To an eye long familiarized with the soft and rich, but comparatively tame scenery of merry England, a ramble along the banks of the Tweed in this part of its course will afford a novel and truly delightful treat.

The take of a "half dozen prime and delicious salmon," does not perhaps occur just every day; yet is Master Hackle's laudation of the Scottish rivers, and especially of the Tweed and its tributaries, entirely deserved; and it cannot fail, we should think, to bring such an influx of anglers over the Border next season, that it is high time to look to the enlargement of the *Fisher's Trystes*, and their other haunts, from the Crook down to Berwick.

The reader must not conclude that our author is a mere angler, or so much wrapped up in this absorbing amusement, that he can think of little else. On the contrary, in passing through the ancient towns and rural villages of France, he always pauses to tell us what is to be seen that is either rare, beautiful, or venerable. And though his descriptions are necessarily brief, they are numerous and satisfactory; so that we have an agreeable topographical work, as well as a treatise on angling in all its departments.

Stable Talk and Table Talk; or, Spectacles for Young Sportsmen. By Harry Hieover. Vol. II. London: Longman & Co.

This is the second volume, or second series, of a lively and clever book of sporting-sketches, which was published some months since, and of which we spoke on its appearance. The cream of the subject appeared in the first part of the work; but this, too, contains, with a fair intermixture of the practical and useful, much agreeable matter; while a portrait of the author looks so bland and gentlemanly, as irresistibly to invite to a good-humoured perusal of his anecdotes and sketches. To the good-humoured, we accordingly leave them, and they will, especially if fond of horses and field-sports, find much to charm and edify. We quote but one short passage, which goes some length in destroying a favourite fallacy of members of the teetotal societies, and others of the more intolerant Temperance faith. There is no doubt that animals of many different kinds relish strong liquors, and would become arrant topers, if not drunkards, if they had the opportunity. Elephants, the wisest of quadrupeds, are noto-

rious for their drinking propensities; but so are horses, lap-dogs, parrots, and, we may say, every animal that is fairly tempted. Harry Hieover contends for the propriety, if not the necessity, of occasionally giving hunters cordials, or "comforters."

There can (he says) be no doubt of their great utility; and knowing this I always adopted the plan of teaching every horse I had to drink ale if offered him. They will all take to it: some will refuse it for some time; but I never knew one who, after taking it once or twice, but was quite as ready as the groom would be, if he could get it. If a horse does not quite like his first taste, a spoonful or two of brown sugar is sure to give him a gusto for it; and when he has once got that, he would, if permitted, get "as drunk as a lord." . . . . . I have rarely found a horse refuse to feed when a quart of sound ale had restored the tone of the stomach; nor will the ale-drinking nag refuse his beverage should a glass of gin be put in it, which I have often done if I found the extremities cold. Let me recommend the master to administer the medicine, for very obvious reasons. In Ireland, where heats are often run in steeple races, I have many times seen a glass of whisky given in a pint of water between the heats to a horse, the rider often showing him how beneficial was the practice, by taking an allowance to himself. "It's a way they have," and not a bad one either.

NEW MEDICAL WORKS.

Clinical Illustrations of the Diseases of India, as exhibited in the Medical History of a body of European Soldiers, for a series of years from their arrival in India. By William Geddes, M.D. Surgeon of the Madras European Regiment, &c. &c. Octavo, pp. 492. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

The most striking feature of this volume, to a non-professional reader, is the persevering and, we should think, superfluous minuteness of the author's observations on the diseases of India, and every circumstance connected with the sanitary condition of the soldiers under his care and his daily or hourly inspection. He is a man of facts and figures, and his volume may be regarded as tables of medical statistics, regularly kept during the four years, (from 1829 to 1833,) that he continued with the Madras European regiment. It accordingly supplies copious materials for generalization, especially where it treats of the specific diseases which fell under the author's personal observation; but Dr. Geddes, though sometimes throwing out pertinent suggestions and remarks, does not often attempt to draw large general conclusions himself. This may be reserved for the forthcoming division of his work. The diseases treated of are Fevers, Diseases of the Head (*Delirium Tremens*, being of very frequent occurrence among the soldiers,) Thoracic Inflammation, Diseases of the Liver, and Rheumatism. Fevers and Hepatic disease naturally fill large sections. We do not pretend to give any account of the more strictly professional part of the volume; and the introductory dissertations on climate, the diet and lodging of the troops, and collateral topics, are so full and minute in detail, as to preclude our giving satisfactory extracts within moderate limits. The following portion of a summary, will at once furnish a specimen of the style of the work, and afford some condensed information:—

The most important diseases exhibited in the Tables which have been given above, are Fever, Hepatic disease, Abdominal and Cephalic Inflammation, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Indigestion; together with Syphilis, local and some other diseases. It may be worth while to examine the proportion which the admissions to hospital with each of the above forms of morbid affection bear to each other throughout the five years; and also the degree in which the absence from duty of the soldier is to be referred to each class of diseases. It appears that of 6590 cases admitted into hospital from 694 individuals — of which number this body of men was originally composed, — nearly one in every four cases was affected with Fever; and that a like proportion prevailed of local complaints; therefore nearly one-half of the whole number was admitted with one or the other of these forms of disease. The Dysenteric disorders range next in order of frequency, being one in every eleven; then follow Rheumatism, Indigestion, and the class of other diseases, being each one in 12. To these succeed Syphilis, one in 14; Cephalic Inflammation, one in 16; Diarrhœa, one in 23; Hepatic disease, one in 24; Abdominal Inflammation, one in 61; and lastly—though certainly not the least important of the whole—the Epidemic Cholera, cases of which occurred as one to 74 of those of other disorders. Of all these, the class of local diseases, compared to any of the others, was the predominating cause of absence from duty. The average duration in hospital of each case of these diseases was 15 days; and the total number of days' residence there, occasioned by this source, amounted to rather more than a fourth of that induced by the prevalence of all other complaints. Again, the average stay in hospital of each of the cases of Fever being only six days, the absence from duty occasioned by this cause did not extend beyond one-seventh of that produced by all other diseases. Rheumatism and Syphilis nearly equalled Fever in this respect, being respectively one-eighth; the average duration in hospital-of each case of the former, being 17, and of the latter, 21 days. That of the Dysenteric cases was 15 days; and the absence from duty occasioned by this disease equalled one-ninth of the whole. Then follows the class of other diseases, the average stay in hospital occasioned by each of which amounted to 13 days; and the total residence there formed one-eleventh of all other complaints. To these succeed Hepatic diseases, with an average stay in hospital of 21 days, forming one-fourteenth of other disorders; Indigestion having an average of six days in hospital, and a residence there amounting to one twenty-fifth of all the others; Diarrhœa, which amounted to one-thirty-fifth, with an average stay of six days in hospital; and Abdominal Inflammation, which formed one fifty-second part, with an average residence in hospital of 14 days. The remaining classes of Cephalic Inflammation and Cholera, comprehend one eighty-second and one ninety-ninth portion of the absence from duty occasioned by all diseases; the average stay in hospital with instances of the former affection, being a period of eight, and of the latter, of nine days.

The existence of so many young soldiers in this body of men—with the opportunities afforded by the hospital records, of ascertaining, accurately, the state of health of each individual from the period of his arrival in India—gives sufficient grounds to prove that, in usual circumstances, there is in that country no disease of the nature of what has been named a seasoning one; which is usually understood to affect Europeans at some period shortly after their arrival in the warm climates of the west. It is true, indeed, that for the first few months of his residence in India, the young soldier is in general more frequently on the sick-list than at an after period of his sojourn there. The diseases which are the occasion of this circumstance are, however, seldom of the nature of that which has received the name of a seasoning one; and may often be referred to causes connected with the drill necessary for the recruit, or with the change of habit and food consequent to his landing, after a long voyage, as a soldier, in a country so widely different from his own as that of India.

Commentary on the Hindu System of Medicine. By T. A. Wise, M.D. &c. &c. Bengal Medical Service. Octavo, pp. 431. Calcutta: Thacker & Co. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

It may not be quite correct to classify this curious addition to the library of the physician, fond of the literature and of the philosophy and the antiquities of his science, with regular modern medical works; but this is of small consequence. Among the sacred records of the Hindus, there is to be found a system of medicine, prepared at a very remote period; and here we find its essence, and much of its literal substance, in an ample commentary. Dr. Wise probably attaches more importance to the purely scientific part of his subject, than many of his professional brethren will allow; and yet they will readily acquiesce in the opinions which have led him to devote so much time and care to elucidate Hindu medicine. These opinions are thus stated:—

The description of the medical profession by a people, so remarkable for the early period at which they reached an advanced state of power and learning, must be interesting, as it will enable us to trace the extent and modifications of civilization in a nation unconnected with any other, and instructive as pointing out the means by which such an advancement in the social state was accomplished.

In tracing the progress of Philosophy among such a people, it is necessary to observe, that human nature exhibits a general resemblance among all nations; while the absence of absolute identity, is accounted for by the influence of climate, habits, customs, and political state. Hence there exists a certain resemblance in the general speculations of different nations, which, however erroneous in many respects, must be acknowledged to have some foundation as regards the facts upon which they are based. This will be pointed out in the following work, and will be of use as defining, with more exactness, particular opinions. Doubtful facts in medicine may thus be illustrated and established, and distant analogies between tenets detected, which will corroborate the testimony of history, and lead us to compare those first principles, upon which systems are founded. With this intention I propose, in the following work, to follow the classification pursued by the Hindus, in some of their minor particulars, and shall add as much of their reasoning on facts, as will enable the reader to understand their system; but, in order that the value of these ancient records may be better appreciated, I have reduced the medical knowledge of the ancient Hindus to what I suppose to be the order best adapted for exhibiting its real value.

In a second part, it is my intention to trace the decline of the medical profession in India, and the best means of removing the state of ignorance, which now prevails over the whole of Hindustán.

This work has grown upon me imperceptibly. Interested in the History of the medical science, for a number of years I had employed my leisure in noting the development of systems in different schools and nations, and was induced, at an early period of my residence in Bengal, to examine the Hindu medical Shástras. I translated and compared what I considered the most valuable parts of different manuscripts, when I found that my materials had accumulated so much, that they were too bulky for my original purpose; it then occurred to me that the following commentary might be worthy of being published separately, as containing interesting information, which had not, hitherto, been placed before the public.

After noticing what has been done by previous writers to elucidate the Hindu medical Shástras, and regular medical works, and in particular by Dr. Heyne, Professor Wilson, Royle, and others, Dr. Wise still thinks it requisite to refute the rash assertions of Sir William Jones, and of Mr. Mill, who seems to have followed Sir William, and to prove, by this "Commentary," that the ancient Hindus cultivated the science of medicine as successfully as any other contemporary oriental people. The ancient system has, however, from various causes, been nearly lost, while superstition and quackery were substituted in its place, and native practice is now in the lowest imaginable state.——This singular fact is mentioned by Dr. Wise:—

A very few practitioners may still be found in the neighbourhood of cities, in the service of rich individuals in whose families the ancient treatises of their forefathers are studied, and transmitted from generation to generation. I have had the happiness of knowing such a family of hereditary physicians, rich, independent, and much respected. Among such, the ancient Medical Works are so highly valued, that the influence of station, rank, and money, will often be ineffectually exerted in procuring these manuscripts. In some cases, it is even difficult to obtain permission to copy such works, at the owner's house, from a belief that all the good to be derived from their possession, which God had bestowed on the individual and his family, would vanish on the work being sold, or even the precepts communicated to unauthorized individuals.

The climate, and the materials of which these ancient Works are composed, render them very liable to be destroyed. Some are already lost, and the difficulty of procuring correct copies of the remainder, is yearly increasing. Under these circumstances, it is believed that the following Commentary will be considered interesting, as embodying all that is considered worthy of preservation in the ancient Hindu medical writings.

Many parts of these treatises are certainly highly curious, though much of them bears no remote affinity in character to the herbals and medical chap-books of England and Germany; mixing up astrology, necromancy, charms, amulets, and all manner of superstitions, with the most absurd prescriptions, intermixed, however, with occasional gleams of sagacious good sense, and homely philosophy. Thus,—"Early to bed and early to rise," is the sound maxim of those ancient Hindu doctors, who at the same time prescribe the most preposterous means for procuring refreshing sleep. In the treatment of some diseases, small-pox, for example, the Hindus seem to have had more knowledge than European physicians of a century since. The Hindu doctors appear to have been fond of very minute divisions of disease. Some of our own physicians, we believe, describe fifteen or twenty kinds of insanity; but the Hindus make out thirty different diseases of the nose, twenty-eight of the ear, seventy-six of the eyes, and eleven varieties of headach. Their theory of life and mind seems as rational as many that have been propounded in the west in latter times:—

Life (*Prána*) consists in the combination of the soul (*bhútátmá* purusha, jívátmá;) the mind (manah;) the five senses (Indriya;) and the three qualities of goodness, passion, and inertness, (Satwa, Raja, and Tama.)

. . . . . When the soul enters the embryo it forms the knowledge (vidyá,) and ignorance (avidyá,) wickedness, &c., of that individual. In some medical works the soul is represented to exist in beasts, animals, and demigods, according to its conduct in former states of existence. When the soul, (Jívátmá,) has bedewed the body with its twenty-four qualities, it performs all the corporeal functions, and sensible actions; as vision, hearing, touch, &c.; and by it we speak and act. If it acts on good works, the person will be good, and his soul will go to Heaven after death.

When the soul is united with the mind (manah,) it produces desire, activity, enmity, happiness, grief, misery, intelligence, exertion, judgment, memory, dexterity, and useful knowledge. It produces expiration and inspira-

tion, closing and opening the eyelids, understanding, reflection, consideration, memory, the exercise of the arts, and performs the action of the senses.

The mind (manah) is a quality or power of the soul by which the person thinks and reasons. . . . .

The mind is chiefly situated in the head, between the eyebrows; others suppose that it is in the heart, and resembles the light of a lamp, by which the person knows, sees, hears, tastes, and moves. It proceeds from itself, as the silk-worm weaves its thread from itself, and forms its own house, which it regulates, and in which the different qualities (guns) are produced. When disposed to separate from the body it is drawn back by these qualities, as a loadstone retains a piece of iron, by their mutual influences; in which situation it remains immovable.

Our mutilations do some injustice to the Hindu system; but we cannot take the whole, and merely indicate the general outline of the theory. They have, too, a theory of temperaments, which, like some others of the kind, is at least amusing.

Very copious and minute directions are given for the diet and regimen of those in health, as well as the sick. Prayers to God, and above all, gifts to the Brahmins, are never forgotten, as the means of cure and health. In the long classified list of diseases, we find the following described under a name which, of itself, looks formidable :—

Daibabalprabritta. When improper actions are performed, a class of disease of the most loathsome appearance, and incurable nature are supposed to be produced; such as by the abuse of the Deities, or Brahmans, the contempt of spiritual preceptors, and other heinous offences. Such can only be cured by a course of severe and long continued penance, by mysterious performances, and liberality to the sacred Brahmans. . . . .

The particular causes of disease are those which affect the air, bile, phlegm, and blood.

Another form of disease is produced by sin, which is to be suspected when a disease is not cured by the means pointed out by the shasters. These diseases are called *karmaja*, and are to be cured by good actions, by prayers, by certain forms of penance, &c. "If the disease is incurable, let the patient advance in a straight path, towards the invisible north-eastern point, feeding on water and air, till his mortal frame totally decay, and his soul become united with the Supreme Being." (Menu. p. 175, ch. vi. s. 31.)

Many forms of disease are very conveniently said to be produced by devils, as they were among ourselves, by, if not the devil, then by his agents, the sorcerers and witches :—

There are two kinds of spiritual beings, a good and a bad spirit, which are supposed to enter the body, and to produce disease. These are called *Bhútonmáda*, (*Devil-Madness*;) and *Debonmáda*, (madness produced by good spirits.)

When produced by attack of devils, the person shows his aversion to every thing divine, is very strong, and has much knowledge; and when from the entrance of good spirit or (*Debtá*) the person has a pleasure in flowers and good smells, becomes pure and holy, and is inclined to speak Sanskrit. He obeys bráhmans with strictness, and looks courageous. There are no intermissions in these forms of madness. . . . .

There are eight principal devils that torment the human species.

1. When *Debagraha*, or good spirit, enters a body, the person is always happy and contented, remains clean in his person, and wears garlands of the sacred flowers, &c.; his person has a pleasant smell, and he has no sleep. He speaks Sanskrit correctly. The person is strong, his eyes remain fixed, and he blesses those who approach him. He has a great love for bráhmans, and performs the prescribed ceremonies, and attends to old customs of his ancestry.

2. *Asuragraha.* They are the enemies of the *Debtás*. When the person is possessed with them, he perspires much, speaks of the bad conduct of bráhmans, and the *Debtás*. His eyes are turned and fixed, he has no fear, and is always performing bad actions.

The varieties of devil-madnesses, and the habits of the persons possessed, are as diverting as the description of the characters and habits of individuals of different temperaments. Disrespect shown to "holy men," is a frequent cause of devil-madness; yet nine sorts of devils obtain power over innocent babes; but this is caused by the sins or improprieties of their mothers or nurses.

The medical caste was one of high rank among the ancient Hindus. Its mythic origin is thus described in the *Puranas* :—

A young woman of the *Vaisya* caste, called *Ambá*, was serving as a menial to *Galaba*, the Muni. He was much pleased with her, and while blessing her, informed her, that she would have a beautiful and respected son. She told this to her parents, who asked the sage how that could be, as she was not married; and that the birth of a child would bring disgrace upon the whole family. The sage told them that it would be so; that the child should be called *Virabhadra* (very fortunate,) that he would be much respected, and his profession would be that of medicine. This child was the first of the Vaidya, or Medical caste.

His thirteen sons were taught by the sacred Sages the works they had written, and they became most learned pundits, and skilful physicians. It is from their descendants that the Hindu physicians are derived, and now form the caste of Vaidhyas. These physicians have free access to various shastres, or commentaries on the sacred writings. Brahmans learn the medical shastres for their advantage; Khetriyas for the benefit of their health, and Vaidyas for their subsistence. The two first castes are not allowed to receive any pecuniary recompense for their assistance to the sick.

Other castes may learn the medical works when they are honest, learned, and men of good descent.

The Hindu character of a good medical teacher might, with slight modifications, be adopted in any country :—

"A good teacher is like rain falling upon the germinating seed, and should possess the following qualifications: — A perfect knowledge of the shastres, joined to extensive practical knowledge and skill. He should be kind and humble to every one; he should have no defects of body, and should always be ready to expose the good, rather than the bad qualities of others; he should be clean and neat in his person, and possess and exhibit to his pupils all kinds of medicines and instruments. He should always be increasing his knowledge of books, and should neither be angry by the improprieties of others, nor fatigued by their importunities. He should be kind and considerate to his pupils and be able to explain the most complicated statements, in the simplest, and most perspicuous language. Such a person as this, who instructs a pupil, when of good parentage, is like the seasonable cloud and rain upon the corn field, which quickly matures its valuable produce."

"Such a man is not therefore aged, though his hair is gray. The Gods considered as aged the person who, though young in years, has read, and understands the vedas. As an elephant made of wood, or an antelope made of earth, such is an unlearned Brahman, who has nothing but the name."

Dr. Wise states that these Vaidya teachers are often more learned, while they have less pride than the Brahmins. As a rare curiosity, we recommend this learned "Commentary" to both medical and philosophical readers; while general readers may also find much to entertain them, in the ancient wisdom and modern superstitions of the Hindu medical faculty.

Suggestions towards a General Plan of Rapid Communication by Steam Navigation and Railways, between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. By Edward M'Geachy, Esq. Crown Surveyor of Jamaica. Illustrated with Maps. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

A scheme which has been projected and talked of for three centuries, before steam power was known, will no doubt be accomplished some time. The project has for a long while occupied the mind of Mr. M'Geachy. He has laid his plan before Lord Metcalfe, before the British Minister at Washington, the Hon. R. Packenham, before the Earl of Elgin, Governor of Jamaica, and now before Sir Robert Peel and the British public;—before the Eastern and Western world indeed, for both are alike interested in what must, when effected, largely benefit both. One of the great points of concentration, by this plan, is to be Jamaica; which is suggested, to speak familiarly, as the next stage from Panama. The route is thus laid down.

Beginning then in the Pacific; we have now a continuous and certain steam communication from many of the principal places, and centering in Panama. Ere long, additional steamers must follow, sweeping the entire Pacific from China to Chili, into this great and interesting focus; which, there can be little doubt, will be shortly opened to the world, and thus a safe and easy passage from ocean to ocean may be effected in a few hours. Of the easy passage of the Isthmus I speak with confidence; having, expressly with that view, crossed it in four different directions, early in the year 1845. . . . . From the Isthmus, we have a direct line of the West India Mail Steamers to Jamaica. At this latter point, from its geographical position, numerous lines are concentered; and from it the communication by these steam ships to many parts is already in operation: namely, to Cuba, Mexico, the Windward Islands, Demerara, Bermuda, and England; and finally to the United States of America, by additional steamers proposed to be put on, and thence northwards by railway to Halifax.

The detailed route from Jamaica through the United States and North America to Halifax, is a very important part of my plan: how far it may be the most beneficial, I submit, deferentially, to public opinion. It will accomplish the distance in the shortest period; and if economy of time be a paramount object, the advantages of my plan will be obvious. Thus, from Kingston I propose a line of railway to the west end of Jamaica; thence by steamer to Batabano; thence by the railway to Havanna. From the Havanna, a steamer to Tampa Bay; thence a continuous railway to Halifax: a great part of this line is already made, and much of the remainder is in contemplation by American companies.

The engineering difficulties for a railway from Tampa Bay to Halifax are of a minor character. Such as appeared to me the most difficult I investigated on the spot; and of those which my time did not permit me to examine, I obtained the most authentic information. Florida is a flat country, intersected with swamps; but these can be readily avoided. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and a part of the state of Maine, seemed most difficult, but nevertheless practicable. From Charleston, a railroad is now projected to Wilmington; and thence a continuous railway to Portland: unbroken, except by some short ferries, which, in the event of the completion of this great line, will easily be overcome.

It may here be in place to state the time that would be occupied in travelling by the lines I propose. Commencing then in the Pacific: the voyage from Canton to Panama may be estimated at about six weeks.

From New South Wales and New Zealand to Panama, from four to five weeks.

From Panama to Jamaica, about four days.

From Jamaica to New York, (by proposed route,) five or six days.

So that from Canton to England may be estimated at about nine weeks.

From Valparaiso, Lima, (Callao,) &c., the Pacific Company's Steamers form a complete line to Panama. This great focus, geographically and otherwise considered, seems destined to be an important point in the great highways of the world.

The communication from all the West India Islands, Demerara, &c., to America, and *vice versâ*, would be considerable. The present Royal Mail lines of steamers could, at a very little extra outlay, complete this route; and the distances would be accomplished in from nine to twelve days.

Jamaica is so centrally situated that the time of travelling from it may be estimated more minutely.

But we shall not go into these calculations. On the map the great points of concentration laid down are Panama, Jamaica, Havanna, Tampa Bay, Charleston, (and Bermuda,) Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Halifax; and in Europe, Valencia Island, or Bantry Bay, in Ireland. From Halifax this point may be reached, it is estimated, in seven or eight days; while, by the proposed course, in fourteen days the transit from Jamaica to Ireland is effected, and from New York in nine. To get from Canton to England in about nine weeks, is something yet more splendid. The rate of speed is calculated at ten miles an hour by steamers, and by railroads thirty miles. The number of transshipments are not reckoned, but they must of themselves present a serious obstacle to the plan.

Its advantages, as the author of the plan states, it is impossible to foresee.

Passengers will be the chief source of profit: of which that portion of the proposed plan now in operation affords abundant proof. The traffic of New Orleans, with its immense wealth and European trade, will all pass over this line. The great valley of the Mississippi is within its reach; and the back countries, extending even to the Michigan. Huron and Erie are, at this moment, being joined by railway to the important Atlantic cities, and must necessarily fall into this great trunk line; as also will the great railway projects of Canada now in contemplation, and all centering in that important point, Halifax.

The lines I propose will not interfere with any that are now established; but, on the contrary, will tend to increase their traffic.

Mr. M'Geachy does not give out his plan as one perfect in all the details, but as one worthy of drawing the attention of the public to "an important and practicable object." And this much he is entitled to affirm.

Life at the Water Cure; or, a Month at Malvern. A Diary by Richard J. Lane, Lithographer to Her Majesty, &c. With numerous Illustrations, and a Sequel. Post 8vo, pp. 386. London: Longman & Co.

One might fancy the Waters of the Malvern Hills were veritable sparkling pink champagne, in such high and buoyant spirits, in so sprightly and jocund a vein, does Dr. Wilson's water-patient write, after having bathed and imbibed. A man suddenly restored to health from a world of ailments, and rescued too from a whole legion of blue-devils,—which were exorcised, in a few days, by Cold Water and Dr. Wilson,—may, however, be pardoned for exuberant spirits, if not sympathized with; and we can forgive Mr. Lane, except that, giving us a great deal of irrelevant matter, he slurs over the minute details of his own cure, if cured he be. That he is much better than when he went to Malvern, there is no doubt; and very substantial reasons

there are for the improvement, independently of water and Dr. Wilson's skilful treatment.——Mr. Lane was quite broken down, ill all over, suffering from those complicated ailments to which hard-working professional men in London are peculiarly liable; really in wretched health, and probably fancying himself worse than he was, when the persuasions of a friend induced him to "throw physic to the dogs," and go to the Malvern Hydropathic Establishment. In the words of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, "At the water cure, the whole life is one remedy." The air, the exercise, the rest, the ease of mind; the food, the early hours, the general temperance, the *water* also, in its different modes of application, and above all, the hope of recovering health, and the strong resolution to do so, combine to make the course of life "one remedy." Mr. Lane found it so, and after a stay of a month at Dr. Wilson's establishment, returned home comparatively well, and to keep so, persists in much of his cold water practice. Real invalids consulting his book for information and counsel, may perhaps get a little impatient of the excessive friskiness of a middle-aged convalescent: but what is well-meant, should not be ill-taken; and thus viewed, the book is readable by all, though it does occasionally give the painful impression of a modest man, betrayed into flippancy, or downright impertinence, perhaps from an excess of *mauvaise honte*. Both directly and indirectly, the Journal bears testimony to the skill and judicious character of the superintendent at the Malvern Establishment, Dr. Wilson, who, though a modified hydropathist, is assuredly no quack. The book externally is handsome, and is likely to be popular.

D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. Oliver & Boyd's Standard Edition. Vols. III. and IV.

The Messrs. Oliver & Boyd claim for their edition the name of the *Standard* one, because it is the only English one which Dr. D'Aubigné recognises, and because he has bestowed labour and pains in rendering it worthy of the popularity which the work has acquired in England. The fourth volume is besides the sole property of the above publishers, by right of purchase, and yet it is produced in the series at as cheap a rate as any of the previous volumes, which cost English publishers no expense for copy-money, save to the translators, if their remuneration may be termed copy-money.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. Supplement to the first edition. London: Chapman & Hall.

In the preface to a second edition of his Cromwell, which seems to have been called for with a suddenness that has taken by agreeable surprise an author well disciplined to patience, Mr. Carlyle intimates that a whole deluge of Cromwellian letters and documents poured in upon him on the appearance of his book. And he farther states, that they were not in general "of much, or almost of any importance," an opinion which the perusal of them entirely bears out. He has, however, made the best of them, inserted some in the proper order, in his second edition, and in a *Supplement* given all the new matter, which his publishers are to furnish to those who bought the original edition at "prime cost." The new letters are commented upon in the old style, but sparingly. Some of the letters, and all the Elucidations, are quite as characteristic of Oliver, and his Commentator, as those originally printed.

Bohn's Standard Library.

The latest production of Mr. Bohn's excellent series is the first volume of that standard and favourite work *Beckman's History of Inventions*, carefully revised and enlarged. By the annotations given, it is, as the map-drawers say, "from the latest authorities." This revision has been made by Mr. Francis, Editor of the Chemical Gazette, and Dr. J. W. Griffiths; and every one has liberally afforded them the means of perfecting a work which was the delight of every one's boyhood and youth who had the good fortune to peruse it.

Guide to the Investment of Capital; or how to lay out Money with safety and profit, &c. &c. By G. M. Bell, author of the "Philosophy of Joint Stock Banks," &c. &c. London: C. Mitchell.

This guide to capitalists, whether great or small, tells all about the purchase of land and houses, and about annuities or government securities, joint stock banks, railways, and all the varied ways of investing money. It also gives some good advice and useful cautions to capitalists and speculators.

The Past and Future of the British Navy. By the Hon. E. Plunkett, Commander, R. N. London: Longman & Co.

The Hon. Captain Plunkett here sounds an alarm to Lord Auckland, the new "First Lord;" and, though the details and opinions were not intended for his lordship's ear in particular, they may be worthy of his attention. There is no more true wisdom in over security than in vague or idle apprehensions. It is, at all events, worth while to consider the grounds of confidence entertained by France from her *future* navy, and of our own perhaps overweening trust in the *past* of the British maritime power; and in doing this, a useful auxiliary will be found in Captain Plunkett's facts and disquisitions.

Watson's Tutor's Assistant; or, Complete School Arithmetic, &c. &c. By W. Watson, author of an "Easy and Comprehensive Introduction to Algebra." Fourth edition, improved. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Klauer's Miniature German Grammar, in nine Synoptical Tables. New edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Sale's Brigade in Affghanistan, with an Account of the Seizure and Defence of Jellalabad. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. London: John Murray.

This work, which forms a Part of Murray's Colonial Library, is in fact a complete though brief history of the Affghan campaigns; though those events are lightly touched or passed over, which have already had wide publicity from the Journals of Lady Sale, Lieutenant Eyre, and other annalists of this fatal war.

The Englishwoman's Family Library.

The second volume of this series is Mrs. Ellis's "Daughters of England."

The Speculative Difficulties of Professing Christians. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

This is a well-intended little treatise, which properly falls under the critical jurisdiction of the religious magazines.

The Godly Sayings of the Ancient Fathers upon the Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. Edited by the Rev. C. J. Daniel, M.A. London: Rivington.

A Few Notes on Cruelty to Animals; on the inadequacy of Penal Law, on General Hospitals for Animals, &c. &c. By R. Fletcher, Esq. Octavo. London: Longman & Co.

Nothing need be said about cruelty to animals. Of the details of horrible cruelties we have heard enough. The more important thing, the remedies which Mr. Fletcher suggests, are hospitals, with veterinary inspectors, which would afford students a school of experience in disease; and which, he believes, many humane persons would employ and support. He also suggests various moral remedies, and means of training children to the humane and considerate treatment of every creature whom the Great Master of Life has endowed with sensation. This is a well-meant and praiseworthy effort.

NEW POEMS.

New Poems multiply so rapidly in what is described, or hopelessly given up, by the critics, as an unpoetical age, that we are barely able, as month rolls on after month, and the tide of verse rises higher and higher, to catalogue their names. Some of them, however, will force their way, by inherent vitality, to permanent distinction. Of this number is Dr. Mackay's

Voices from the Crowd, which, when taken all in all, if not the most poetical, will probably be the most popular of his volumes. Some of the pieces have already gained extensive publicity, and corresponding fame, in the columns of the *Daily News*. No one can have forgotten "Clear the Way," which lately ran through most of the newspapers in the kingdom. Of the *Remonstrance with the Americans*, the *Poetry of Railways*, *The Poor Man's Sunday Walk*, *England and France*, and many other pieces, the philosophy, the humanity, is as fine as in the celebrated pioneer, "Clear the Way," and the poetry not inferior.

The Strathmore Melodist: being a collection of Original Songs and Poems. By John Niven.

This is a small volume of songs, and Scottish and other poems, of a kind with which the public is now so perfectly familiar that it can only interest the poet and his friends to hear much about them. If all of these publications are not equal in poetical merit, they have all, the very poorest of them, moral uses, on which we have descanted so often as to make the renewed theme superfluous. Mr. Niven's "My Man Robie," for example, which is a Temperance song, and his "Jolly Bakers," which we should like to quote, are at once good popular songs, and genial moral lessons.

The Mountain Minstrel; or Poems and Songs in English. By Evan M'Coll. A new edition, enlarged.

The Mountain Minstrel has, we understand, gained some fame as a Celtic bard. His English lays and songs will not detract from his reputation.

The Conquerors of Lahore. An Ode. With other odes and sonnets. By the author of "The Christian Pilgrim." London: Newby.

The battle of the Sutlej occurred opportunely to furnish a theme for an ode, and to give a catching name to a small volume of which it forms but a small part. We are, however, bound to say, that both this ode and the other lyrics are, in poetic fire, considerably above the average of the verses that pour in upon us; and that they are worthy of a more minute and extended notice than we have the means of giving them.

The Muckomachy, or Midden-fecht. A poem in three cantos. By William Drummond, Esq. of Hawthornden. With enlargements by the Moderns. Edinburgh: Menzies.

We cannot guess who may have raked the "Polemo-Middinia" into light, or if aught is new in it except the "enlargements." We should doubt of many moderns possessing so much mastery of the classic old Scottish dialect, or if very many are able to understand it, now that this racy specimen is before them. Our Scottish readers will have a notion of a production which we cannot better describe than by saying, the Midden-fecht bears close affinity to Professor Tennant's *Anster Fair*; or, if a picture may interpret a poem, to Wilkie's *Pitlessie Fair*.

NEW NOVELS AND TALES.

Of these the publishers now spread out a continual feast; fitted for every variety of taste, and degree of appetite. First, and of the first, we have —

The Privateer's-man. By Captain Marryat. 2 vols. small 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

We have not for years past read any thing from the pen of Captain Marryat so worthy of his peculiar genius, as these "extracts from the log of a privateer's-man a century ago." The hero, in every quarter of the globe, meets wild, daring, but not improbable adventures, related in a style of simplicity and graphic fidelity, which never for a moment suffers the reader's interest to flag. The work is based on sound, accurate, and extensive knowledge, displayed in the captivating guise of fiction, by a skilful artist; and hence its power.

Second on our list comes *Abel Massinger; or, the Aëronaut;** a romance that will charm the lovers of the wild and wonderful. In one volume it contains what would fill three of the ordinary size. The Aëronaut, which takes its title from the hero having been carried away in a balloon ascent, and for a long while lost to his friends, displays considerable invention and power of imagination, though somewhat in want of a small checkstring to bridle it in. The adventures of Abel among the Italian brigands, are of high-wrought romance. We have Italian revenge, female devotedness, and every other element of fiction, mingled with some vigour, if with little of modern professional skill. The romance is quite of the school of Mrs. Radcliffe; and that was a great one in its own day.

III. *The Life of a Beauty.* By the Author of the "Jilt," "Cousin Geoffrey," "The Marrying Man," &c. 3 vols. London: Newby.

The author of "The Life of a Beauty," must be well-known to the hackneyed frequenters of the circulating library. To them, and them alone, her novel is adapted. It is not absolutely stupid, by any means, and yet it contains a vast quantity of a jargon, or *lingo*, meant for Scottish, which betrays a degree of positive ignorance one would have fancied impossible in any person able to write English. The knowledge of our national habits is not much superior to that of our ancient language.

* By Thomas Tod Stoddart, Author of "The Death-Wake," "The Scottish Angler," &c. Edinburgh: Menzies.

IV. *The Three Students of Gray's Inn.* By William Hughes, Esq., Contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* of "It's all For the Best." Three volumes. London: Newby.

We may safely leave Mr. Hughes to rest upon the diploma or degree which he has taken from "*Blackwood.*" Henceforth, we presume, authors will come forth with, instead of B.A., M.A., F.R.S., of L. or E., as it may be; (or the good old A.S.S.,) with C.B.M.; or C.T.M., signifying Contributor to *Blackwood's*, or *Tait's*, or any other magazine. The new degrees are certainly a better assurance of some talent than the regular ones. Many a man has taken a degree at Oxford and Cambridge, who would not pass, or who would be *plucked* at the literary tribunals whose fiat is to be either confirmed or reversed by the court of last resort — the Public. "The Three Students" is a modern story of English characters and life; and, as a picture of manners, not a bad one.

V. *The Poor Cousin.* Three volumes. London: Newby.

This novel is edited by the author of "The Scottish Heiress," "The Young Widow," &c. &c., who speaks of it in high terms. It is a domestic tale of the good old kind; amiable and lovely, and vain and heartless young ladies — faultless heroines and their foils and contrasts; kind guardians and fathers; with endless cross-purposes among the lovers; death by true love and consumption; elopements; and a moral drawn, as is usual of late, from the pernicious effects of girls being educated in France, or living on the continent, exposed to the contagion of foreign manners, which prove so injurious to the frail virtue of English young ladies. Yet the book is, with all this, of the class, "readable novels."

VI. *Darnley; or The Field of the Cloth of Gold.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Darnley is the IXth volume of the octavo edition of the romances of Mr. James, of which every work forms one volume. The numerous admirers of Mr. James do not need to be told that this was one of his earliest and most popular romances.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

The Labouring Classes in Ireland. An Inquiry as to what beneficial changes may be effected in their condition, by the Legislator, the Landowner, and the Labourer, respectively. By Martin Doyle. — Master Martin would have the State to assist in reclaiming waste lands; he would have landlords give the labourers more employment, better cottages, and allotments of land; and he exhorts the labourers to give up agitation, to restrain their appetite for potatoes, and take more to preparations of oatmeal, like the Scotch, and to wooden shoes like the French peasants.

A Letter from Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D. to the Bishop of St. David's, on the means of rendering the Education of the People more efficient. —For a high churchman, Dr Hook has in this letter got what may be regarded as a hopeful length in liberality. We may hereafter give the outline of his plan, which has several features which we were not prepared to expect.

The Restoration of the Parthenon, as the National Monument of Scotland. By George Cleghorn, Esq. — We have here an animated exhortation to complete the dilapidated erection on the Calton Hill, in a pure classical taste, and "constrain" the government to make "a grant in aid of an object so truly National," by the example of our ever munificent nobility and gentry first giving largely.

A Medical, Moral, and Christian Dissection of Teetotalism. By Democritus. With Illustrations by Phiz. Eleventh Edition. London and New York. — This *brochure* flies as far to one extreme as the most fanatical of the Teetotalers do to the other; but it is fair to hear both sides.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

Since we last wrote, great changes have occurred. The Corn Law Repeal Bill has become the Law of the Land, and the Anti-Corn Law League has been dissolved; the Oregon question has been settled; the Irish Coercion Bill has been thrown out; Sir Robert Peel has resigned; and we have, once more, in the direction of the national affairs, Lord John Russell and a Whig Ministry.

The retirement of Sir Robert Peel, after carrying his great measure of Free Trade, was seen to be inevitable; yet it has been much regretted. During five years he has conducted the business of the nation with admirable skill and success; he has effected the most important measure of reform since the Reform Bill itself became law; the measure, above all others, to obtain which the people strove to obtain Parliamentary Reform. He has left the government to the Whigs with a grand difficulty subdued, the national finances in a flourishing state, the country prosperous and at peace, and agitation for organic changes unheard of. With the exception of the Protectionists, whose monopoly he has destroyed, and those Whig partisans who profit, or hope to profit by his fall, the whole nation regrets the loss of Peel. No minister, in our time, has left power, followed by so much popular sympathy and affection. Who could have thought that this would ever be said of the Tory Premier? While he served a party, opposed to the interests of the people, he was the most unpopular of public men. He threw off party, and worked for the people, and speedily became the most popular man of the day. Let it never be said that the people are ungrateful.

The course the Whig leaders pursued in relation to the measure which caused the downfal of Peel, was not without suspicious circumstances. No doubt, the Irish Coercion Bill was a bad measure; unconstitutional, oppressive, and, above all, useless as a cure for the evil against which it was directed. Any minister who should propose so tyrannical an enactment deserved to be driven from power; and it was the duty of all the Liberals in Parliament to oppose the Bill. But this was not the first Irish Coercion Bill. Ireland has never wanted such blessings. The two immediately preceding were both brought in by the Whigs. Peel only followed the established practice; and this last of all the Irish Coercion Bills, as we trust, was passed in the Upper House of Parliament, with the concurrence of the Whig Lords; and not ill received by the Whigs in the Lower House, at its introduction. But Lord George Bentinck and the Protectionists, who had at first supported the

Bill, and who were ready to support it to the last, if Peel would have consented to postpone to it the Free Trade Bill, having, in revenge of Peel's disregard of their selfish proposal, sworn to effect his downfal at the first opportunity, the Whigs became suddenly aware of the enormities and absurdities of the Irish measure; and by them and the Protectionists the minister was outvoted. The act at least was right; let us hope the motive was right also. Ireland must now be governed otherwise than by coercion; and owes that immunity to Lord John Russell and the Whigs.

To Lord John and his friends, no small share of the merit of carrying the Free Trade Bill is also due. Ever since his memorable Letter, of last autumn, to his Constituents of London, Lord John has steadfastly adhered to the principle he then announced, and has zealously co-operated with Peel in pushing the measure through the House of Commons. To Lord John's firmness, and his influence with his party, is ascribed the support given to the measure by nearly all the Whigs in the House. He has merited the place he now occupies. All the shortcomings and misdeeds of the Whigs have, for the time, been forgotten; and the people are well content to see them once more in place and power. Those of the party who had to vacate their seats, in consequence of appointment to office, have in every instance been re-elected, with general satisfaction, if not with acclamation. In only two cases (Edinburgh and Plymouth) has there been the shadow of opposition. In one of these it was only the shadow: in the other the opposition was real, and, from special circumstances, might have been formidable. But even there, the opposition was directed against the person and not against the party to which he belonged.

Apparently, the circumstances in which Lord John Russell has succeeded to power, are most auspicious. The danger of war with America is over; with France we are again on cordial terms; and with all the world, (except Rosas, at La Plata,) at peace. O'Connell, and Ireland, represented in his person, are well disposed to Whig government, (witness the unopposed return of Mr. Sheil, although not a repealer, by the repeal constituency of Dungarvon;) and the Chartist agitation is asleep. Very little dissatisfaction, at the announcements of Whig policy, made by the ministers who have had to face their constituents at the hustings, has been any where expressed. Such social improvements as have been promised, are all highly acceptable; and more is scarcely expected or required at present. People have become tired of political agitation, and desirous of a period of repose. Under the Whig rule, it is felt there is a prospect of quiet and prosperous times. The advent of the Whigs to power is, therefore, welcomed by the great majority of the nation; and deprecated, in so far as we have observed, by only Mr. Duncombe, Mr. O'Connor, and their followers, if, indeed, their followers are with them at present. If infinitely less ardent, the welcome of the Whigs to office has been far more general, than it was in 1830, when so much national benefit was expected from a liberal ministry. Every thing seems, at first sight, to promise a long and happy Whig reign.

The Whigs re-enter office in circumstances unprecedented in our history. There is no Opposition; for an opposition implies leaders who could be supposed to aspire to office without provoking a laugh, and this can scarcely be said of the party represented by the hundred patriots who, under the auspices of Mr. Bankes, ate white-bait at Blackwall, and, intrenching themselves behind the walls of the Church, swore to maintain an armed neutrality, unless the Church were attacked. These gentlemen apart, every man appears to be of every man's way of thinking. Within the Cabinet, every man is allowed to have his own opinions: Earl Grey, who would crop and dock the Irish Church; Lord John Russell, who would leave the Irish Church its revenues, and establish the Romish Church in Ireland in addition; and Mr. Macaulay, who would neither assail the Irish Church, with Earl Grey, nor endow the Romish, with Lord John; have made up their minds to a harmonious difference of opinion. Outside of the Cabinet, the Peel party having been worsted on the Irish Curfew Bill, have given up the hope, and apparently even the wish, to try another. They have adopted the same eclectic system of politics as the Whigs, and differ from them in no essentials. Sir Robert Peel having been fairly complimented out of office, bowed down stairs with an excess of civility, Lord John is welcomed, not exactly with *empressement*, but with a fair amount of cordiality. Whig, Tory, and Radical, —the lion, the lamb, and—any animal the reader pleases to select as typical of the third party, have couched together amicably in Parliament.

Out of doors the people are looking on to see what is to be the "upshot" of all this cordiality, what the first fruits of this political millennium. "Haud equidem invidio, miror magis," is the prevailing sentiment. Notwithstanding the famine and railway panics, there is no general pressure at this moment beyond what men have got accustomed to. Agitators (except in Ireland,) find the masses, worn out with protracted struggles, rather difficult to excite. No-Popery and Free-Churchism made as indifferent a rally in Edinburgh as Chartism did at Nottingham or Plymouth. There is a general disposition,—now that the old Whig and Tory and Parliamentary Radical parties are broken up, pounded down to a uniform consistency, and prepared for fusion,— to wait and see what kind of a government is likely to be produced by the amalgamation. In this state of the public mind, it is not so rash in Lord John to take office without a numerical majority in Parliament as might at first sight appear. Where there is little difference even of *professed* principle among parliamentary men, place is a wonderful eradicator of mere personal incompatibilities. The Treasury Bench is a magnet that, except on exceptional occasions, is sure quietly to draw a majority to it. Then if with the support of such a majority for one year, ministers can contrive to avow principles and carry measures that may, in the Taper and Tadpole language, serve as a "cry;" what with watchwords under which no political Dalgetty may be ashamed to rally, what with the influence of office, and what with the excellent organization of the Whig standing electioneering committees, ministerial chances of a majority in the next Parliament are as fair as could be desired.

But, to those who scan the whole political horizon, the prospect is not without clouds. One dark cloud, especially, seems not unlikely from the course of the wind to overshadow, ere long, the ministerial position. The state of Ireland cannot fail to bring on the question of Church Establishments or the Voluntary Principle; the most formidable question of the day. Other vexed questions will be brought forward, in the course of next

session, to say nothing of the sugar duties in the present. For although the ministers and their partisans will do their best to prevent the introduction and the discussion of troublesome questions, and although the nation is likely, for some time, to prefer quiet to agitation, it is scarcely possible but that offences will come. By the resistance to every successive measure of reform, a whole generation has been trained to agitation. There is a reform press, which must have topics for dicussion: there are reform orators, who must have grievances about which to declaim; there are independent members, representing reform constituencies, who must bring forward reform measures to please those who sent them to Parliament, and to acquire distinction; and there are countless thousands of reformers, whose aspirations after progress must be gratified. In the course of time, all the old questions will again be propounded. Extension of the franchise, ballot, repeal of the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Act; the legacy duties, and other inequalities of taxation; currency reform; repeal of death punishment; church rates, &c., will all reappear, notwithstanding every attempt of the party in power to keep them in abeyance. Above all, the state of Ireland, and the Irish church question, will force themselves on public attention. Verily there will not long be peace for peace-loving Whigs.

The elements of disturbance are not dead, but sleep. The Chartists are scarce seen or heard of at present: but the Chartists still exist. Let there come a season of monetary pressure, accompanied by want of work, and the millions will become uneasy; let the millions feel uneasy, and the natural and necessary distrust of a government over which they exercise no control, which is entirely under the management of classes who have stored up means to weather a season of distress, will revive. We have not heard the last of Extension of the franchise; no, nor of the five points either.

Again, the spirit of sectarian bigotry is scarcely even asleep. If it slumbers, it is a nightmare slumber, and its groans and tossings are as full of meaning as those of Richard the night before Bosworth field. Old Intolerance is preparing for a last rally, and, like Captain Macheath, he will "die game." The cause of religious liberty has been more rapidly advanced in practice than in theory. Two parties have co-operated in this, who but imperfectly felt the divine nature of the mission they have been fulfilling, and who cordially distrust and dislike each other—the latitudinarians on the one hand, and the sectarians on the other. By the latitudinarians, (we use the word in no dislogistic or offensive sense,) we mean the scholars and thinkers, and the statesmen and lawyers, who, by reflection or mere habit, have come to look with indifference upon the minor controversies of sects, so long as the great essentials of devotional feeling and moral convictions are safe. Under every form and phasis of society, this class of intellect must be the governing one. Religious controversies are so many impediments to their political schemes, and they would fain suppress them. When men of this class are intolerant, (and there s sometimes a natural intolerance of disposition which no schooling or training can subdue,) it is of sincere impracticable, narrow-minded religious conviction. Our Chesterfields and Bedfords, and our literary promoters of Catholic and Jewish emancipation, have belonged to this class. They are not truly tolerant; for, incapable of conceiving the deep devotion to peculiar dogmas, which seems inseparable from many of the highest virtues of human nature, they would emasculate public opinion, by suppressing it. The other class, to whom we alluded, are the sectaries, or dissenters. There is a grandeur and single-heartedness about the readiness of the better minds of this class to sacrifice every thing for conscience sake, that commands involuntary homage. But linked with this, even in the best of them, there is a habit of attaching exclusive importance to those opinions by which they differ from others, a repulsive and polemical tendency, that confines their most genial feelings to the narrow circle of their sect, and chides the sympathy of those who do not entirely concur with them. Various sects from time to time ally themselves with each other, and even with the latitudinarians, to ward off danger: but their consciences check them for such compliances; when they can, they prefer standing aloof, and even in aggressive relations to all who think differently from them. Such intellects are incapable of governing a state wisely; wo to the nation which is subjected to their sway! but they have many of the sturdy and independent qualities of the good hater, and in our country they are numerous, and as powerful as a multitude of independent self-willed guerilla troops can be. The conscious and avowedly intolerant section of society, still too numerous among us, is ever ready to avail itself of the distrust and want of cordiality between the statesmen and scholars who compose the latitudinarians, and the innumerable communions who compose the sectaries, and, among the latter, in regard to each other. And already we have had symptoms preparative for a fierce Exeter Hall campaign.

Ministers may make up their minds that the present lull is deceptive; that all the elements of as fierce a political strife as this country has ever witnessed, are actively fermenting beneath the surface. It is not by fair words, or graceful concessions, that they are to neutralize, pacify, or divert them. The drawing-room liberalism of politics is too diluted — the bookish policy of the metropolitan press too unreal, to serve the purpose. They must look at the cravings of the densely-packed quivering masses in the manufacturing districts, at the dull chronic nightmare suffering of the agricultural districts, at the deranged social relations of Ireland, and apply real remedies to real agonies. Thus only can they render permanent their precarious tenure of authority.

And how will the new ministry meet the rising demands of reformers? The question is of more importance to themselves than to the people; for the spirit of progress is so powerful that, if resisted by the Whigs, their resistance will only be fatal to their retention of place.

Their position is not so secure as it seems, from the ready acquiescence of the nation in their return to power, and the present lull of political agitation. There are dangers within and without the camp of the Whigs. From Lord Grey within, and from Sir Robert Peel and Mr. O'Connell without, they have much to apprehend. If they act rightly, Lord Grey will be to them a tower of strength. We trust the same thing may be truly said of Sir Robert Peel, and also of Mr. O'Connell. But certainly in Lord Grey, the Whig officers have a dangerous messmate. Should they retrograde or march in a wrong direction, he will assuredly desert them, and join the more dangerous party of their enemies. The danger to be apprehended from Sir Robert Peel, is not less. He has promised them his support in all good measures; and there is no reason to doubt either the sincerity of

his intention in their favour, or that he will faithfully perform what he has promised. But that he should have any personal favour for them, or that he should wish to see them longer in office than they use their power for the public benefit, is not to be supposed. We believe that he will act towards Lord John Russell, with more magnanimity than Lord John displayed towards him. For, while supporting Peel's great measure, Lord John could never refrain from unnecessary and mischievous sallies, depreciatory of its author. No petty ebullitions of spite or spleen are likely to proceed from Peel. But it may be expected that he will be quite ready to withdraw his support from Lord John Russell, at the very time when support shall be most required; that is, when the Whigs are doing something both wrong and unpopular; turning his force suddenly against them, to their destruction as a ministry, and his own restoration to office as the Minister of Progress. From Peel as again a Conservative, the Whigs have not much to fear. If they attack the Church Establishment of Ireland, the friends of that church would scarcely choose Peel as their champion. They would feel instinctively that *their* cause would not be safe under his charge. The part he acted in the cases of Catholic Emancipation and Corn Law Repeal, could not fail to impress on their doubting consciences, what they might anticipate from Peel. Should the Whigs attempt organic reforms, there might be more danger from Peel; again become leader of the Conservatives, Protectionists and all. That danger, the Whigs, however, will not incur. It is more likely that Peel may go beyond them, in that direction, by originating or supporting a new Reform Bill, retaining the £10 franchise, but abolishing all the corrupt small Constituencies, and establishing Equality of Districts, with Triennial Parliaments; a measure which, although far short of Radical Reform, would immensely increase the power of the middle classes to return men of their own sentiments to Parliament.

From Mr. O'Connell, the danger to the Whig Cabinet is not so great, as from either Lord Grey or Sir Robert Peel; that is, if Mr. O'Connell continue to agitate solely for Repeal of the Union. Against that agitation the Whigs will have the support of the whole British public, including, with scarcely an exception, the whole British Press. But if he should direct his force against the monster grievance of Ireland, the Established Church, the Church of one-tenth of the population, which yet monopolizes the whole National Church property, the case would be very different. That grievance is utterly indefensible. Apart from the opinion so rapidly gaining ground, that all Church Establishments are injurious to the cause of true religion, and, where there is not one sect of Religionists but many, flagrantly unjust to all the Dissenting Churches; there is no gainsaying the truth, that, on every principle of equity and common sense, if there must be a Church Establishment in Ireland, it ought to be that of the national religion of Ireland,—the religion not of *one*-tenth of the people, and the richest portion of them, and therefore the best able to provide religious services for themselves; but that of above *eight*-tenths of the people, and these the poorest. England has its establishment; the church of the majority of the English people. Scotland has its establishment; the church of, till very lately, the majority of the Scottish people. Why should not the establishment of Ireland, if establishments are to be maintained in each of the three kingdoms, be that of the majority of the Irish people? a majority greater than the English church can boast in England, or the Scottish church ever could pretend to in Scotland. The Episcopal church is more odious to the dissentients, in Ireland, than the establishments in the other two kingdoms are to the dissenters in these kingdoms. Besides being the churches of a present majority in the one case, and of a very recent majority in the other, these churches were the original choice of the English and Scottish people. Not so the Church of Ireland. It was forced upon the Irish nation by invaders and oppressors. It was established by force, on a reluctant people; it has been maintained, by force, among a people whose original aversion to it has never known diminution; and it is maintained by force, at the present time. Without the vast body of troops quartered in Ireland, amounting to about one-third of the British army, the English church establishment in Ireland could not maintain itself for a single day. It is nonsense to pretend that the English Church in Ireland is not an injustice and an oppression, because it takes nothing from the Irish people, but subsists on its own funds. The whole property and possessions, as they are called, of that Church Establishment, were taken from the Church of the Irish people: who are forced to pay their own Ministers of Religion; the funds and possessions formerly devoted to that purpose being forcibly appropriated by an alien Church. Can such a violation of every principle of Religious Liberty be supported by Englishmen and Scotsmen? Can it be expected that such a degrading infliction on the feelings of Irishmen should be much longer submitted to? The thing is impossible.

Had there been no Presbyterian Establishment in Scotland,—had the English Church been established there also,—the insult, if not the injury to the people of Ireland would have been less palpable. It might have been said that the Episcopalian was the Church of the majority of the people of the United Kingdom; and, as it is the duty of the State to maintain an Establishment of Religion, that Establishment could only be the Episcopalian. But the successful armed resistance of the Scottish people to the thrusting upon them of an alien and hated Church Establishment, has destroyed that plausible argument, and leaves the Episcopalian Establishment of Ireland a crying injustice, a degrading insult, and a monument of foreign oppression, which cannot be maintained with the smallest pretence to fair dealing, or conformity with the great Christian principle of doing to others as we would that they should do unto us.

The Whigs, it is only justice to admit, have long been sensible that this state of things in Ireland ought not to be maintained. Lord John Russell and other leading statesmen of the party have proposed a remedy. The Rev. Sydney Smith advocated the same remedy, in an eloquent and powerful appeal, published after his decease. And the great Whig organ, *The Edinburgh Review*, at various times, but especially in an elaborate article in the Number for January,] 1844, (vol. lxxix. p. 189.) took the same view of what was required to give peace to Ireland. We doubt not the sincerity and good intentions of the Whigs. But *their* mode of redressing the grand Irish grievance will not do. They wished to pension the Romish Priests, and have *two* Church Establishments in Ireland. A better way of putting the Catholics and the Episcopalians on a par, would be to have no Church Establishment in that country. Nothing can be more clear than that either the Roman Catholic Religion

must be there established, or the Episcopalian Church be dis-established. It is to the honour of Lord John Russell and the Whigs that they acknowledge the wrong and wish to redress it. Most of them probably think the double Establishment the better mode of doing justice; and all of them that it is the more practicable. There we believe them to be mistaken. They have not taken sufficient account of either the religion or the bigotry of the people of England and Scotland. Any attempt to pension the Romish Priests would be instantly fatal to the Whigs, or to any ministry. Their generous purpose must needs be abandoned. Its avowal at any time was a great imprudence. Mr. Macaulay, at his meetings with his Constituents, found it necessary to disclaim all intention of paying the Irish Priests; and to assure his hearers, that if the ministry to which he belongs had contemplated such a measure, he would not have joined them. Lord John Russell also, in his exposition in the House of Commons, of the ministerial intentions, declares that although "he retains his opinions with respect to Roman Catholic Endowment, he does not think it necessary that he should urge these opinions at present; for he should be doing that which he must confess at the present moment to be impracticable." Impracticable, no doubt, at the present moment; impracticable, we believe, at any future time; and as improper as impracticable, there being another way of doing justice between Catholic and Episcopalian. To that other and better way, we recommend the Whigs to turn their attention. Although it, too, at the present moment, may be impracticable, public opinion is taking that direction; and it may, before long, be as practicable as it is just.

It seems strange that, supposing the religious and the bigoted feelings of the British people would permit the pensioning of the Catholic priests, sensible men should believe that such a measure would remove Catholic discontents. The Catholics cannot forget that to their church belonged the chapels, revenues, and dignities now occupied by another church. Yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that they might be quite contented with an equality with the adherents of the rival sect, by the abolition of the present establishment; and not aspire to attain their original ascendency. But with less than equality, how can it be supposed the Catholics would be contented? And what equality would there be, if the Episcopal church were allowed to retain all, or nearly all its present possessions, and the Catholic church were merely to obtain pensions for its priests, with perhaps a number of cheap and inelegant chapels built for them? Could the Catholic priests be contented with the very moderate stipends proposed for them by *The Edinburgh Review* in the article above alluded to, while the Episcopalian clergy had hundreds of pounds for the Catholic tens, and the Episcopalian Dignitaries thousands for the Catholic hundreds? It is not possible that the Catholics could be satisfied with such a meagre and degrading allotment of state pay; although they might take it as a step towards obtaining more. The cry of Justice to Ireland would soon be raised; and the principle that the Catholic Church was entitled to be made a State Establishment, having been admitted, the inequality of the two Establishments would be utterly without defence. After working together for a few years, with any thing but harmony and brotherly love, the rival Establishments would assuredly get to a state of war for supremacy; a war possibly of more than words.

It must not be forgotten that there are other religious sects in Ireland besides Catholics and Episcopalians. These sects, of course, would require to have their religious services paid for by the State, were the Catholic religion endowed. Justice requires that all should be endowed or none. Not even those sects which are not allowed by others to be Christians at all, could be fairly excluded. We trust that the proceedings at the late election in Edinburgh will receive due attention from the Whig ministers, and that we shall hear no more of pensioning the Catholic priests. Edinburgh is far from having an extra quantity of bigotry; we believe it has less than the other large towns of Scotland and England, London perhaps excepted; and it is not behind any of them in enlightenment. Yet, if Mr. Macaulay had denied the intention of endowing the Catholic religion in less strong terms than he did; had he said no more to his constituents than Lord John Russell said in the House of Commons in answer to Mr. Thomas Duncombe, he most certainly would have exchanged places at the poll with Sir Culling Eardley Smith.

In writing as we have done, we do not affect to be disinterested. As friends of religion, and of Religious Liberty, we are opposed to State Churches, and do not wish to see the number of our enemies increased. Religion and Church are very different things. Religious Liberty and Church Establishments are totally opposed to each other. We know how Churchmen of different sects, however antagonistic their respective Church Establishments may be, are disposed to fraternize, for mutual defence of their respective positions. What sects were more opposed to each other than Episcopalians and Presbyterians? Scorn on the one side was met by detestation on the other. But Episcopacy in England, and Presbyterianism in Scotland, being established, the scorn has diminished, and the detestation has ceased. The English Establishment now regards the Scottish with some small measure of respect. It is felt that the former may be one day in danger from the enemies of all Establishments. Black Prelacy has ceased to be hated by the Scottish Establishment, because the latter finds itself already in danger, outnumbered and surrounded by foes who have sworn its destruction, that is, its separation from the State. Let Popery be established in Ireland, and the other two Establishments will speedily recognise her as a sister; of a different and not over lovely favour, compared to themselves, but still a daughter of the same lordly family. The friends of Religious Liberty in Britain, deserted by their Irish allies, would have three enemies to contend with, instead of two, as at present; and although, their cause being that of truth and righteousness, ultimate victory might be certain, it would undoubtedly be postponed to a day comparatively distant.

We hope for good government from the Whigs. But what security for it have we, under the present Reform Act, when the country shall be delivered over to Whig rule for seven long years of a new parliament? None but that of public opinion, and the possibility of some new League for giving effect to it. But such monster associations are not the proper remedy for misgovernment. They are difficult, laborious, and costly; and would be highly objectionable, were they not necessary, owing to the deficiency of the proper constitutional remedy. All who desiderate civil and religious liberty, must wish for other and more regular and easily-working means of letting the popular will be imperatively felt.

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SEPTEMBER, 1846.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

Some four or five years ago, the inhabitants of a large city in the north of Scotland were apprised, by handbills, that James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, the poet, was to address a meeting on the subject of Moravian missions. This announcement, in the language of Dr. Caius, "did bring de water into our mouth." The thought of seeing a live poet, of European reputation, arriving at our very door, in a remote corner, was absolutely electrifying. We went early to the chapel where he was announced to speak, and ere the lion of the evening appeared, amused ourselves with watching and analyzing the audience which his celebrity had collected. It was not very numerous, and not very select. Few of the grandees of the city had condescended to honour him by their presence. Stranger still, there was but a sparse supply of clergy, or of the prominent religionists of the town. The church was chiefly filled with females of a certain age, one or two stray "hero worshippers" like ourselves, a few young ladies who had read some of his minor poems, and whose eyes seemed lighted up with a gentle fire of pleasure in the prospect of seeing the author of those "beautiful verses on the Grave, and Prayer," and two or three who had come from ten miles off to see and hear the celebrated poet. When he at length appeared, we continued to marvel at the aspect of the platform. Instead of being supported by the *élite* of the city, instead of forming a rallying centre of attraction and unity to all who had a sympathy with piety or with genius for leagues round it, a few obscure individuals presented themselves, who seemed rather anxious to catch a little *éclat* from him, than to delight to do him honour. The evening was rather advanced ere he rose to speak. His appearance, so far as we could catch it, was quite in keeping with the spiritual cast of his poetry. He was tall, thin, bald, with face of sharp outline, but mild expression; and we looked with no little reverence on the eye which had shot fire into the Pelican Island, and on the hand, (skinny enough we ween,) which had written "The Grave." He spoke in a low voice, sinking occasionally into an inaudible whisper: but his action was fiery and his pantomime striking. In the course of his speech he alluded, with considerable effect, to the early heroic struggles of Moravianism, when she was yet alone in the death-grapple with the powers of Heathen darkness, and closed (when *did* he ever close a speech otherwise?) by quoting a few vigorous verses from himself.

We left the meeting, we remember, with two wondering questions ringing in our ears: first, Is this fame? of what value reputation, which, in a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, is so freezingly acknowledged? Would not any empty, mouthing charlatan, any "twopenny tear-mouth," any painted, stupid savage, any clever juggler, any dexterous player upon the fiery harp-strings of the popular passions, have enjoyed a better reception than this true, tender, and holy poet? But secondly, Is not this true, tender, and holy poet partly himself to blame? Has he not put himself in a false position? Has he not too readily lent himself as an instrument of popular excitement? Is this progress of his altogether a proper, a poet's progress? Would Milton, or Cowper, or Wordsworth have submitted to it? And is it in good taste for him to eke out his orations by long extracts from his own poems? Homer, it is true, sang his own verses; but he did it for food. Montgomery recites them, but it is for fame.

We pass now gladly—as we did in thought then—from the progress to the poet-pilgrim himself. We have long admired and loved James Montgomery. We loved him ere we could admire him: we wept under his spell ere we did either the one or the other. We will not soon forget the Sabbath evening—it was in golden summer tide—when we first heard his "Grave" repeated, and wept as we heard it. It seemed to come, as it professed to come, from the grave itself—a still small voice of comfort and of hope, even from that stern abyss. It was a fine and bold idea to turn the great enemy into a comforter, and elicit such a reply, so tender and submissive, to the challenge, "O Grave, where is thy victory?" Triumphing in prospect over the Sun himself, the grave proclaims the superiority and immunity of the soul—

> The Sun is but a spark of fire,
> A transient meteor in the sky;
> But thou! immortal as his Sire,
> Shalt never die.

Surely no well in the wilderness ever sparkled out to the thirsty traveller a voice more musical, more tender, and more cheering, than this which Mont-

gomery educes from the jaws of the narrow house. Soon afterwards we became acquainted with some of his other small pieces, which then seized and which still occupy the principal place in our regards. Indeed, it is on his little poems that the permanency of his fame is likely to rest, as it is into them that he has chiefly shed the peculiarity and the beauty of his genius. James Montgomery has little inventive or dramatic power; he cannot write an epic: none of his larger poems, while some are bulky, can be called great; but he is the best writer of hymns, (understanding a hymn simply to mean a short religious effusion,) in the language. He catches the transient emotions of the pious heart, which arise in the calm evening walk, where the saint, like Isaac, goes out into the fields to meditate; or under the still and star-fretted midnight; or on his "own delightful bed;" or in pensive contemplations of the "Common Lot;" or under the Swiss heaven, where evening hardly closes the eye of Mont Blanc, and stirs lake Leman's waters with a murmur like a sleeper's prayer: wherever, in short, piety kindles into the poetic feeling such emotions, he catches, refines, and embalms in his snatches of lyric song. As Wordsworth has expressed sentiments which the "solitary lover of nature was unable to utter, save with glistening eye and faltering tongue," so Montgomery has given poetic form and words, to breathings and pantings of the Christian's spirit, which himself never suspected to be poetical at all, till he saw them reflected in verse. He has caught and crystallized the tear dropping from the penitent's eye; he has echoed the burden of the heart, sighing with gratitude to Heaven; he has arrested and fixed in melody, the "upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near." In his verse, and in Cowper's, the poetry of ages of devotion has broken silence, and spoken out. Religion, the most poetical of all things, had, for a long season, been divorced from song, or had mistaken pert jingle, impudent familliarity, and doggerel, for its genuine voice. It was reserved for the bards of Olney and Sheffield, to renew and to strengthen the lawful and holy wedlock.

Montgomery, then, is a religious lyrist, and as such, is distinguished by many peculiar merits. His first quality is a certain quiet simplicity of language, and of purpose. His is not the ostentatious, elaborate, and systematic simplicity of Wordsworth; it is unobtrusive, and essential to the action of his mind. It is a simplicity, which the diligent student of Scripture seldom fails to derive from its pages, particularly from its histories and its psalms. It is the simplicity of a spirit which religion has subdued as well as elevated, and which consciously spreads abroad the wings of its imagination, under the eye of God. As if each poem were a prayer, so is he sedulous that its words be few and well ordered. In short, his is not so much the simplicity of art, nor the simplicity of nature, as it is the simplicity of faith. It is the virgin dress of one of the white-robed priests in the ancient temple. It is a simplicity which, by easy and rapid transition, mounts into bold and manly enthusiasm. One is reminded of the artless sinkings and soarings, lingerings and hurryings of David's matchless minstrelsies, which come and go like the sounds of music borne on the wind. Profound insight is not peculiarly Montgomery's forte. He is rather a seraph than a cherub; rather a burning than a knowing one. He kneels; he looks upward with rapt eye; he covers at times his face with his wing; but he does not ask awful questions, or cast strong though baffled glances into the solid and intolerable glory. You can never apply to him the words of Gray. He never has "passed the bounds of flaming space, where angels tremble as they gaze." He has never invaded those lofty but dangerous regions of speculative thought, where some have dwelt till they have lost all of piety, save its grandeur and gloom. He does not reason, far less doubt, on the subject of religion at all; it is his only to wonder, to love, to weep, and to adore. Sometimes, but seldom, can he be called a sublime writer. In his "Wanderer of Switzerland," he blows a bold horn, but the echoes and the avalanches of the highest Alps will not answer or fall to his reveille. In his "Greenland," he expresses but faintly the poetry of Frost; and his line is often cold as a glacier. His "World before the Flood" is a misnomer. It is not the young virgin undrowned world it professes to be. In his "West Indies," there is more of the ardent emancipator than of the poet; you catch but dimly, through its correct and measured verse, a glimpse of Ethiopia, a dreadful appellant, standing with one shackled foot on the rock of Gibraltar, and the other on the Cape of Good Hope, and "stretching forth her hands" to an avenging God. And although, in the horrors of the middle passage, there were elements of poetry, yet it was a poetry which our author's genius is too gentle and timid fully to extract. As soon could he have added a story to Ugolino's tower, or another circle to the Inferno, as have painted that pit of heat, hunger, and howling despair, the hold of a slave vessel. Let him have his praise, however, as the constant and eloquent friend of the negro, and as the laureate of his freedom. The high note struck at first by Cowper in his lines, "I would not have a slave," &c., it was reserved for Montgomery to echo and swell up, in reply to the full diapason of the liberty of Ham's children, proclaimed in all the isles which Britain claims as hers. And let us hope that he will be rewarded before the close of his existence, by hearing, though it were in an ear half-shut in death, a louder, deeper, more victorious shout springing from emancipated America, and of saying, like Simeon of old, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

The plan of "The Pelican Island" was an unfortunate one, precluding as it did almost entirely human interest, and rapid vicissitude of events; and resting its power principally upon the description of foreign objects, and of slow though majestic processes of nature. Once, and once only, in this and perhaps in any of his poems, does he rise into the rare region of the sublime. It is in the description of the sky of the south, a subject which

indeed is itself inspiration. And yet, in that solemn sky, the great constellations, hung up in the wondering evening air, the Dove, the Raven, the Ship of Heaven, "sailing from Eternity;" the Wolf, "with eyes of lightning watching the Centaur's spear;" the Altar blazing, "even at the footsteps of Jehovah's throne;" the Cross, "meek emblem of Redeeming love," which bends at midnight as when they were taking down the Saviour of the world, and which greeted the eye of Humboldt as he sailed over the still Pacific, had so hung and so burned for ages, and no poet had sung their praises. Patience, ye glorious tremblers! In a page of this "Pelican Island," a page bright as your own beams, and like them immortal, shall your splendours be yet inscribed. This passage, which floats the poem, and will long memorize Montgomery's name, is the more remarkable, as the poet never saw but in imagination that unspeakable southern midnight. And yet we are not sure but, of objects so transcendant, the "vision of our own" is the true vision, and the vision that ought to be perpetuated in song. For our parts, we, longing as we have ever done to see the Cross of the South, would almost fear to have our longings gratified, and to find the reality, splendid as it must be, substituted for that vast image of bright quivering stars, which has so long loomed before our imaginations, and so often visited our dreams. Indeed, it is a question, in reference to objects which must, even when seen, derive their interest from imagination, whether they be not best seen by its eye alone.

Among Montgomery's smaller poems, the finest is the "Stanzas at Midnight," composed in Switzerland, and which we see inserted in Longfellow's beautiful romance of Hyperion, with no notice or apparent knowledge of their authorship. They describe a mood of his own mind while passing a night among the Alps, and contain a faithful transcript of the emotions which, thick and sombre as the shadows of the mountains, crossed his soul in its solitude. There are no words of Foster's, which to us possess more meaning than that simple expression in his first essay, "solemn meditations of the night." Nothing in spiritual history is more interesting. What vast tracts of thought does the mind sometimes traverse when it cannot sleep! What ideas, that had bashfully presented themselves in the light of day, now stand out in bold relief, and authoritative dignity! How vividly appear before us the memories of the past!

How do, alas! past struggles and sins return to recollection, rekindling on our cheeks their first fierce blushes unseen in the darkness! How new a light is cast upon the great subjects of spiritual contemplation! What a "browner horror" falls upon the throne of death, and the pale kingdoms of the grave! What projects are then formed, what darings of purpose conceived, and how fully can we then understand the meaning of the poet,

> "In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,
> When the still nights were moonless, have I known
> Joys that no tongue can tell; my pale lip quivers
> When thought revisits them!"

And when, through the window, looks in on us one full glance of a clear large star, how startlingly it seems, like a conscious, mild, yet piercing eye; how strongly it points, how soothingly it mingles with our meditations, and as with a leash of fire, leads them away into still remoter and more mysterious regions of thought! Such a meditation Montgomery has embodied in these beautiful verses: but then HE is up amid the midnight and all its stars; he is out amid the Alps, and is catching on his brow the living breath of that rarest inspiration which moves amid them, then and then alone.

We mentioned Cowper in conjunction with Montgomery in a former sentence. They resemble each other in the pious purpose and general simplicity of their writings, but otherwise are entirely distinct. Cowper's is a didactic, Montgomery's a romantic piety. Cowper's is a gloomy, Montgomery's a cheerful religion. Cowper has in him a fierce and bitter vein of satire, often irritating into invective; we find no traces of any such thing in all Montgomery's writings. Cowper's withering denunciations seem shreds of Elijah's mantle, torn off in the fiery whirlwind. Montgomery is clothed in the softer garments, and breathes the gentler genius of the new economy. And as poets, Montgomery, with more imagination and elegance, is entirely destitute of the rugged strength of sentiment, the exquisite keenness of observation, the rich humour and the awful personal pathos of Cowper.

Montgomery's hymns, (properly so called,) we do not much admire. They are adapted, and seem written, for such an assemblage of greasy worshippers, such lank-haired young men, such virgins wise and foolish, such children small and great, as meet to lift up their "most sweet voices" within Methodistic sanctuaries. They have in them often a false gallop of religious sentimentalism. Their unction has been kept too long, and has a savour not of the sweetest: they abound less indeed than many of their class, in such endearing epithets as "dear Lord," "dear Christ," "sweet Jesus," &c; but are not entirely free from these childish decorations. A stern Scottish taste, accustomed to admire such effusions as the Dies Iræ, and to sing such productions as our rough and manly Psalms, and our sweet and unpretending Paraphrases, cannot away with the twopenny trump of the English devotional hymn, degraded by recollections of Watts' Psalms, Wesley, Tate, and Brady, even when it is touched by the master hands of a Cowper or a Montgomery. That one song, sung by the solitary Jewish maiden in Ivanhoe, (surely the sweetest strain ever uttered since the spoilers of Judah did by Babel's streams require of its captives a song, and were answered in that melting melody which has drawn the tears and praises of all time,) is worth all the hymn-books that were ever composed. Montgomery's true hymns, are those which bear not the name, but which sing, and for ever will sing, their own quiet tune to simple and pious spirits.

Of Montgomery's prose we might say much that was favourable. It is truly "Prose by a Poet," to borrow the title of one of his works. You see the poet every now and then dropping his

mask, and showing his flaming eyes. It is enough of itself to confute the vulgar prejudice against the prose of poets. Who indeed but a poet has ever written, or can ever write good prose, prose that will live? What prose, to take but one example, is comparable to the prose of Shakspere—many of whose very best passages, as Hamlet's description of man, Falstaff's death, the speech of Brutus, that dreadful grace before meat of Timon, which is of misanthropy the quaintest and most appalling quintessence, and seems fit to have preceded a supper in Eblis, &c. are not in verse? Montgomery's prose criticism we value less for its exposition of principles, or for its originality, in which respects it is deficient, than for its generous and eloquent enthusiasm. It is delightful to find in an author, who had so to struggle up his way to distinction, such a fresh and constant sympathy with the success and the merits of others. In this point he reminds us of Shelley, who, hurled down at one time, by universal acclamation, into the lowest abyss of contempt, both as an author and a man, could look up from it, to breathe sincere admiration toward those who had usurped the place in public favour to which he was, and knew he was, entitled. We are not reminded of the Lakers, whose tarn-like narrowness of critical spirit is the worst and weakest feature in their characters. Truly a great mind never looks so contemptible as when, stooping from its pride of place, it exchanges its own high aspirations after fame, for poor mouse-like nibblings at the reputation of others.

Many tributes have been paid of late years to the Pilgrim's Progress. The lips of Coleridge have waxed eloquent in its praise; Southey and Macaulay have here embraced each other; Cheever, from America, has uttered a powerful sound in proclamation of its unmatched merits: but we are mistaken if its finest panegyric be not that contained in Montgomery's preface, prefixed to the Glasgow edition. In it all the thankfulness cherished from childhood, in a poet's and a Christian's heart, toward this benign and beautiful book, comes gushing forth; and he closes the tribute with the air of one who has relieved himself from a deep burden of gratitude. Indeed, this is the proper feeling to be entertained toward all works of genius; and an envious or malign criticism upon such is not so much a defect in the intellect as it is a sin of the heart. It is a blow struck in the face of a benefactor. A great author is one who lays a priceless treasure at our door; and if we at once reject the boon and spurn the giver, ours is not an error simply, it is a deadly crime.

The mention of Bunyan and Montgomery in conjunction, irresistibly reminds us of a writer who much resembles the one, and into whom the spirit of the other seems absolutely to have transmigrated: we mean Mary Howitt. She resembles Montgomery principally in the amiable light in which she presents the spirit of Christianity. Here the Moravian and the Friend are finely at one. Their religion is no dire fatalism, like Foster's; it is no gloomy reservoir of all morbid and unhappy feelings, disappointed hopes, baffled purposes, despairing prospects, turning toward heaven, in their extremity, for comfort, as it is with a very numerous class of authors. It is a glad sunbeam from the womb of the morning, kindling all nature and life into smiles. It is a meek, womanlike presence in the chamber of earth, which meanwhile beautifies, and shall yet redeem and restore it—by its very gentleness righting all its wrongs, curing all its evils, and wiping away all its tears. Had but this faith been shown more fully to the sick soul of Cowper! were it but shown more widely to the sick soul of earth,

> Soon
> Every sprite beneath the moon
> Would repent its envy vain,
> And the earth grow young again.

And how like is Mary Howitt to Bunyan! Like him, she is the most sublime of the simple, and the most simple of the sublime; the most literal, and the most imaginative, of writers. Hers and his are but a few quiet words: but they have the effect of "Open Sesame;" they conduct into deep caverns of feeling and of thought, to open which ten thousand mediocrists behind are bawling their big-mouthed talk in vain. In "Marion's Pilgrimage," (thanks to the kind and gifted young friend who lately introduced us to this beautiful poem,) we have a minor "Pilgrim's Progress," where Christianity is represented as a child going forth on a mission to earth, mingling with and mitigating all its evils; and is left, at the close, still wandering on in this her high calling. The allegory is not, any more than in Bunyan, strictly preserved; for Marion is at once Christianity personified and a Christian person, who alludes to Scripture events, and talks in Scripture language; but the simplicity, the child-likeness, and the sweetness, are those of the gentle dreamer of Elstowe. Why does she not more frequently lean down her head upon his inspired pillow?

We return to James Montgomery only to bid him farewell. He is one of the few lingering stars in a very rich constellation of poets. Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, &c. are gone: some burst to shivers by their own impetuous motion; others, in the course of nature, having simply ceased to shine. Three of that cluster yet remain, in Wordsworth, Moore, and Montgomery. Let us, without absurdly and malignantly denying merit to our rising luminaries, (some of whom, such as Browning, Tennyson, and Baillie, we hope yet to see emulating the very highest of the departed,) with peculiar tenderness cherish these, both for their own sakes, and as still linking us to a period in our literary history so splendid.

TEMPTATION AND ATONEMENT.

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAPTER I.

Peasants must weep,
And kings endure;
That is a fate that none can cure.
Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow:
She bringeth bright hours,
She weaveth sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers,
For all below. PROCTOR.

HARTINGTON is one of the pleasantest villages of the county of Sussex, where pleasant villages abound. No where is brighter verdure to be met with; no where a clearer or more rapid stream. The district, in a green nook of which it lies imbedded, is essentially rural. For ten miles round, nothing in the shape of a factory is in existence. No mechanic employs more than his single pair of hands, whether shoemaker, saddler, wheelwright, or carpenter.

The main cause, however, of the cheerful aspect of Hartington is a pleasant village green; having at one extremity a group of fine lime trees, whose blossoms form the sustenance of all the beehives in the neighbourhood, and whose shade the refuge of the village children during the six brighter months of the year; and at the other, a duck-pond, the watering-place and rendezvous of all the carters and cowboys of the place.

On a strip of ground beyond the road skirting one portion of the green, is a saw-pit, surrounded by the usual depository of planks and timber; a happy resource for the urchins of Hartington, to form see-saws, or benches when weary of flinging stones at the ducks and injuring the branches of the lime trees.

Around the green are dotted the more thriving and sightly cottages of the village; and, at a turning of the lane leading from its southernmost corner, you catch a glimpse of the wicket-gate of the churchyard: the curious old Saxon church, of sandstone, standing a trifle back from the road; its stunted tower so completely overgrown with ivy, that it might almost pass for a pollard of one of the stately chestnuts surrounding the venerable structure.

This lane, by the way, forms the chief causeway of the place. For, independent of the grand distinction which entitles it to be called Church-lane, both the blacksmith and wheelwright,—the two kings of Hartington, have their workshops therein; as may be inferred, even at a distance, from a variety of old broken wheels, deficient some in spoke and some in tyer, that lie crushing the hawthorn hedge opposite the house nearest the church: while a little farther on, the hedge is not only crushed but withered by the emanations of the adjoining forge.

In compensation for the mischief, however, the blacksmith's shop throws ever and anon a cheerful glow upon the surrounding objects, which, in winter-time, assume far from an agreeable aspect; thanks to an overflowing or rather everflowing ditch: the oozings of the duck-pond on the green making their way to the stream that ripples athwart the bottom of the lane,—rendering it, the greater part of the year, plashy, muddy, and hard to pass.

Still, as has been said before, the green, situated at the highest point of the village, is an unusually pleasant spot. On emerging into it from Warlingwood, some miles in depth, in the skirts of which Hartington lies nestled, the broad sunshine, enhanced by such continuous shade, often appears too bright to live in.

And then, after the stillness of the wood, where nothing louder than the song of the birds is ever audible, the village appears so wide awake! There is so much life in the laughter of the carters, the whooping of the cowboys, the clang of the anvil, the mallet of the wheelwright, the grinding of the sawyer; the

Village children just let loose from school,
The noisy geese that gabble in the pool.

The very dunghill-cock that struts and crows before the door of the little public-house of the Black Lion, makes more noise in a day than any three of his species elsewhere in the county.

From all this it will be inferred that Hartington is a thriving spot. It was so, at least. Thirty years ago, it might be cited as exceeding prosperous. The larger half of the village belonged to Sir Clement Colston, who resided at an old-fashioned manor-house about a mile distant; and the old baronet being a kind-hearted and careless landlord, letting people and things about him go their own way and do as their fathers had done before them, if he did not interfere to repair their houses or amend their system of morals or education, at least he neither raised their rent nor depressed their spirits.

The consequence was that they flourished. All that they did, whether as husbandmen or artisans, was done in the clumsiest and most slovenly way. But it answered. The system worked well. The unpruned branches bore fruit in due season. Extreme poverty was as unknown at Hartington as extreme comfort. The venerable father of Sir Clement might have protruded his well-wigged head from the huge slate stone under which he reposed in peace in the parish church, without finding so much as a new hovel on his property; but he might have laid it down again after his survey, satisfied that his tenants were not a jot worse off than when he bequeathed them to his son. Far more than can be said of the Helots of many a more theoretic and more active country baronet.

Among strangers in the county, Sir Clement passed for an old bachelor. And no wonder; for nothing could be more bachelor-like than his ways and appearance. But the families coeval with his own, knew better; and were disposed indeed to retrace the oddity of his habits to having been as much married as possible,—married to a woman

who gave him so sickening a dose of matrimony, that on her decease, at the close of a couple of unquiet years, he had relapsed at once into the habits of his single life, in order to drive from his mind all trace of the overbearing, restless Lady Margaret Colston, who, during her wedded life, had taken care not to spend two days at his country-seat; and whom, at her death, he was equally careful to inter in the gay city in which her soul delighted, in order that nothing at Hartington might ever serve to remind him of a person so disagreeable.

No wonder, therefore, that people should forget he had been married. He had almost forgotten it himself. Forty years of profound peace had happily obliterated all remembrance of those unquiet days, when he was racketed from one watering-place to another, from London to Paris, from Paris to Naples, without rest or intermission; distracted by the balls, operas, and masquerades of half the capitals in Europe. In the joy of his release, the widower had probably made some secret vow that, being his own master again, nothing should induce him a second time to renounce the ease and comfort of a country life; for, from the day he returned to Hartington Hall after his lady's funeral, he was never known to quit the precincts. An easy walk, an easy ride, an easy drive, constituted the pleasures of his tranquil life. Early hours and moderate diet, old-fashioned books and old-fashioned habits, satisfied his unambitious mind; the sort of yea-nay existence that makes neither friend nor enemy.

But it is under the sceptre of such country gentlemen that our oaks acquire giant growth, that a few village greens are left unencroached upon by the lord of the manor; and that such highways or rather byways as the Church-lane of Hartington, are left to put to the proof the pattens and patience of the church-going old dames of the parish.

The crossest of them, however, never uttered a word of displeasure against Sir Clement. The quiet, little old gentleman was the idol of his tenants; half of whom had never exchanged a word with him, though for nearly half a century he had dwelt upon his estate. But in England this is no uncommon thing; and many are the men who lead the life of Robinson Crusoe, without having been cast away on an uninhabited island.

The only person with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, was the parson of the parish, an old college chum, whose temper and pursuits were nearly as torpid as his own. In youth, both of them had been fond of fishing; in age, both of them were zealous antiquaries; and they met daily and talked of the things of this world as though they dwelt in another; a little to the indignation of Mrs. Wigswell, the rector's wife, who saw no reason why a man of Sir Clement Colston's fortune, and a beneficed clergyman like her husband, should not extend the sphere of their hospitalities, and live like the rest of their neighbours.

She was forced, however, to limit her appeals for sympathy to letters to her married daughters in London; for, at Hartington, what auditor could she have found for grumblings against the rector or lord of the manor? Both were so good to the poor, so kind to their servants, and so guiltless of offence to man or beast, that, in the eyes of the parish, they could do no wrong. Madam Wigswell herself, indeed, passed for "a little uppish, and a bit of a skinflint;" but not a tongue was ever wagged against the parson or his patron.

Among those by whom this species of steeple-loyalty was mainly upheld, was the parish-clerk; not in an abject spirit, but in pure thankfulness for having been, for the last five-and-twenty years, an object of bounty to both. And, in his turn, John Downing was a man who had some need of bounty. In the uneventful history of the village, *his* was the tragic tale. When a young man, struggling with the world, and having four children to maintain out of the humble fees of his clerkhood, he had been deprived of the best of wives, a pretty young woman of five-and-twenty, by an accident which still served to excite on winter nights the sympathy of the firesides of Hartington. By the carelessness of a drunken nurse attending upon her fourth confinement, she was burnt to death; surviving the sad catastrophe only long enough to increase the anguish of the survivors.

To nurse her in her last moments, the sister of her husband, who inhabited a village about eight miles from Hartington, had hastened to his assistance; and, when her sufferings were relieved by death, the good woman had mercifully accepted the charge of the motherless infant.

Better had she extended her kindness to two others, who were scarcely able to run alone! HEAVEN, however, did for them what the circumstances of the husband of Dame Harman did not allow. HEAVEN took the helpless children to itself! Within five years after the loss of his wife, John Downing had but two children remaining,—Jack, his eldest born, a fine robust boy, well qualified to defy the rubs of life, whether of indigestion or starvation; and Luke, Dame Harman's adopted, whom his father would have been content to receive home again, now that the feebleness of his infancy was past. But the boy's attachment to the young cousins at Norcroft, among whom he had been reared, and the cuffs his milksop habits were apt to provoke from the rough hand of his sturdy elder brother, rendered the change hazardous; and the poor clerk was consequently obliged to solicit for the boy who had been so tenderly recommended to him on her deathbed by his unfortunate wife, the continued harbour of his sister and brother-in-law. Till ten years old, therefore, Luke remained at Norcroft, doing errands about his uncle's farm, and scouted as a poor relation by all the family except a little girl named Esther, a year younger than himself, who comforted him, by her overweening affection, for his troubles, past, present, or to come.

The first *great* trouble, however, of which he was conscious, was his final banishment from Norcroft. After a time, matters went ill with the Harmans. They were forced to give up the greater portion of the land they rented from a less indulgent landlord than Sir Clement Colston; and

get rid of their supernumerary labourers and sickly nephew. Willingly would Downing have paid for the keep of his boy. But as it sometimes occurs in a higher walk of life, his kinsfolk were too proud to receive money for what they were too poor to give for nothing; and Luke was transferred back to Hartington, to receive from his father those rudiments of learning which Downing, as became a parish clerk, assured him were better than house or land.

He had enforced the same axiom upon Jack. But the bolder boy dissented *in toto*. Because neither house nor land was to be his portion, why was he forced to accept a horn-book in their stead? He *would* not learn. Nothing and nobody could *make* him learn; not even his father, who wasted both argument and coercion in the attempt. Jack was thrashed and Jack was lectured: but he still persisted in believing that bird-nesting and wiring hares, rather than A B C, were the only pleasant substitute for lands and houses.

It is true the situation of Downing's cottage on the verge of Warling-wood, was peculiarly propitious to the development of this opinion. The wood was such a capital covert for his truancies! *There*, Jack was able at all seasons to defy his father's researches. He knew every tree and every step of it; besides bypaths and even runs through the underwood, made by the beasts of the field, but not the less available to the urchins of the village. The wood was in fact the natural home of Jack.

> A savage wildness round him hung,
> As of a dweller-out of doors;

for the avocation of his father rendering it impossible for him to be followed in the discharge of his duties by an ill-conditioned boy of fourteen, lacking the exterior decency indispensable to even the most minor of minor ministrants to the clerical calling, there were many hours of the day in which Jack Downing had every excuse for slinking along the brook-side, watching his opportunity, (as his enemies averred,) for tickling the trout of the preserved stream, or stealing off into the wood in search of squirrel's nests. For these purposes, the clerk's cottage was favourably situated; in the midst of a patch of garden ground at the bottom of Church-lane, divided from the stream only by a margent of short, green turf, dotted with straggling alder bushes,—a margent widening here and there almost into a little valley, still shrubby and still verdant, for nearly a mile, till it entered at one extremity the precincts of Hartington Park, and at the other afforded a short cut to the nearest market-town. Sloping upward from this riband of velvet-like herbage commenced the limits of Warling-wood; and Jack Downing had consequently a safe covert for his double depredations.

It was just when his father's indignation was at the hottest against him, in consequence of a domiciliary visit made to the cottage by Sir Clement's keepers, accompanied by the constable, to search for a brace of trout which had been seen thrust into a basket of grass by Master Jack, in the twilight of a fine midsummer morning on the banks of the stream, (known in the village by the name of the Hams,) and of which nothing was found but the baskets filled with grass and the fishy odour left behind them, that Luke was despatched home from Norcroft, to profit by the admonitions against picking and stealing bestowed upon his elder brother.

The moment was unlucky for the boy's inauguration at the cottage. The sudden change from a household governed by the experienced hand of his aunt and the gentle tendance of Esther, to a spot lacking all aid of womanly housewifery, was far from pleasant. He did not feel at home there; he could not feel at home there; and, when forced to become a witness of the furious altercations between his father and brother, his gentle nature shrank, as if touched with a hot iron. The very names he heard applied to his brother, were new to his ear. But more abhorrent still were those which Jack soon began to apply to himself,—as a poor, pitiful, sneaking urchin, who, after eating beggar's bread at his uncle's table, was returned as worthless on the hands of his father. To the young ruffian of Warling-wood, the poor boy seemed an instinctive object of hatred. Luke had seen him brought to shame; Luke had seen him chastised by his father. He had been specifically warned to avoid corrupting the morals of a brother more righteous than himself; had been told, that in the event of his persisting in his evil ways, his father's savings as well as his father's love, would be for the youngling. Every thing, in short, had been done, as is too often the case among injudicious relatives, to create dissension between the brothers.

Luke was bitterly disappointed. It had been his consolation for losing the company of Esther on his return home, that he should obtain that of his brother; and he had created a great joy to himself out of the endearments of brother-love. The rough entreatment of his harsh, hob-nailed, elder cousins had often caused him to sigh after a defender,—a defender and friend, such as an elder brother could not fail to be; a friend who would admit him to a share of his pastimes, and whose burdens and toils he would rejoice to share in return.

But this was not to be. He soon found that he was to be as lonely at home as he had been at Norcroft. Jack regarded him as the spy who was to obtain reward by denouncing his misdoings; a Benjamin, to whom was destined a double mess, purloined from his share. And right glad was poor Luke whenever his brother *did* set forth, during their father's absence, upon one of his marauding expeditions; not that he might betray his fault, but that he might be at liberty to follow unmolested his own more harmless devices.

For his spirit of orderliness had already devised means of adding to the comfort of the family. Though little more than twelve years old, Luke was an active and intelligent lad; and the industrious habits in which he had been reared by the Harmans enabled him to turn to advantage the intervals of the tasks of reading and writing, set him by his father. By his zeal, the cottage was whitewashed. By his zeal, the floor was new laid,

the furniture repaired and rubbed, the broken panes replaced, the thatch mended. A very small outlay, and a great deal of spirit and intelligence, sufficed to impart a completely new aspect to the place. From the day of his wife's death, Downing had never cared for such things, but suffered his house to fall into decay. Being a great gardener, the little leisure he could command was devoted to his out-door belongings; and so long as his early vegetables flourished, he had never troubled his head about the dilapidation of his premises, till the activity of his younger boy placed them before him in the state they ought to be.

The satisfaction he evinced on the occasion, however, served only to stir up further strife between Jack and his family. Encouraged by his father's praise, Luke took upon himself thenceforward the charge of the house: and though the elder brother declared the tasks he adopted to be just fit for such a milksop, who was good only to roast, and boil, and wash, and mend, he was not the less jealous of the affection which these aids and endeavours obtained for the new-comer from the old clerk.

Luke, however, was content. Finding that nothing like brotherly love was to be won from the uncouth Jack, he satisfied himself with the fondness lavished upon him by one who, since the death of his poor wife, had found no object of attachment, and devoted himself with all his heart and soul to his father. Submissive as he was industrious, his parent's slightest wishes were forestalled; and the poor clerk, who had been afraid of incurring an additional burden, soon found that he had obtained a faithful servant as well as a loving child.

And then, Luke evinced as much sympathy in his pleasures as zeal in his service. Luke assisted him in his garden, and was as proud as himself of his cauliflowers and prize carnations; and yet, of evenings, worked so hard with him at his lessons, that, by the time the lad entered his fifteenth year, no one — not even the parson of the parish — disputed John Downing's assertion, that at his death, or when he became too infirm to officiate, Luke would be fully qualified to succeed him in his clerkly vocation.

"A pleasant life, and I wish the spoony joy on't!" was Jack's comment on the announcement, when twitted with it by some of his loose companions. "Thank God, *I* knew better than ever to learn to sign my name! Readin' and writin' for them as is fond on 'em,—free air and a fair field for *me*;—none the worse if the hares come a-feedin' there of evenings. As to spendin' the best o' one's days in bawlin' 'Amen!' for the christenin' of a pack o' squallin' bantlings, or listenin' to the toll o' the bell for shovellin' poor folks into their last home, 'twasn't *that* for which God Almighty made me, or I'm much mistaken. *My* arm's got a plaguy deal too much whipcord in't for *that!*"

At length, after frequent threats of enlisting, in order to get away from Hartington and its discipline, on finding that his father was in treaty to bind him apprentice to a currier in the nearest town, Jack Downing proposed, by way of compromise, to enter the service of a farmer a few miles off, who had courage to encounter the hazards announced by his unpromising reputation, in consideration of obtaining, at low wages, one of the stoutest young fellows in the country.

CHAPTER II.

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
SHAKSPERE.

By this change, both father and sons became the happier. Conscious of having a character to acquire with the new master, who had accepted him on trust, the surly John addressed himself with some assiduity to his calling; and the two that were left, always happy in each other, had no longer a motive for concealing their mutual content. A painful constraint was removed, when the loud step and loud voice of Jack Downing no longer shook the cottage. His absence was as a lull after a raging storm.

Even Parson Wigswell noticed how much more sedately than usual John Downing's duties were discharged, after the removal of his sole cause of irritation; and many a time did the Rector's lady step into the little garden, to admire poor John's renowned auriculas and piccotees, (whenever the lower part of Church-lane was free enough from mud for a lady to pass dryshod,) now that the sullen young man was gone, who, on such occasions, used to stand surveying her, leaning impudently against the door-post, with a flower stuck in his mouth and his hat on one side, undoffed in deference to her presence.

There was peace, in short, in the cottage; and peace imparts the semblance of plenty, even where plenty is not. But in John Downing's house there was just so much more than enough as to enable him to lay by a trifle at the end of every week in the village Savings' Bank, and without churlishness or inhospitality. A friend was always welcome, nor was the beggar sent empty away. So quiet, indeed, was the cottage under the new order of things, as to have become a worthy corollary to hall and rectory. The squire and the parson were fitted to a nicety in their steady, taciturn, sober-suited clerk.

But, alas! as in the case of Sir Balaam,

The devil was vex'd such saintship to behold;

and one evening, when, after the ending of his day's work, Luke had obtained his father's permission to visit Norcroft, to carry a present to his aunt of some choice flowers, as a pretext, perhaps, for conveying to Esther tidings of the brighter prospects of his destiny, and the hopes it afforded that, some day or other, he might be able to earn a living and claim her for a wife; John Downing, while sauntering hatless and coatless up and down the narrow, thrift-edged walk of his garden, on the look-out for snails and other depredators, and lost in admiration of the happy results of one of the finest summers ever known, noticed with surprise a well-dressed gentleman pass the garden hedge, descending leisurely the lane towards the stream; and after

casting an admiring glance at the flower-plots, just then so bright with blossoms, quietly continue his perambulations.

"Some angler, attracted by the fame of our trout-fishing," thought the clerk, peering out at him as he pursued his way to the brook. "Afore he comes back with his rod and line, however, he must take care to get a regular ticket from Sir Clement's keepers, or no sport for him hereaway!"

After a few minutes' loitering along the Hams, however, the stranger retraced his steps. The spot was a damp one after sunset. But *this* time, on reaching the clerk's garden, he made a dead stop, as if the beauty of the flowers was not to be passed by; and stood gazing at the fine clove carnations, and inhaling their fragrance over the little gate, till even a less benevolent man than John Downing might have been tempted to say, "Walk in."

The stranger, however, was the first to speak.

"Mr. Downing, I believe?" said he, touching his hat,—though the clerk, in his own garden on a July evening, was uncovered. "My informants, I find, did not deceive me," he resumed, when answered by a civil bow of assent. "I was told to look for a cottage surrounded by the finest flowers in the county. By that direction, I readily found my way."

Touched in the tenderest point by this compliment, the old man no longer hesitated. Opening wide the wicket gate, he invited the stranger to a nearer inspection of the "finest flowers in the county," with all the simplicity of a Dr. Primrose; and though his visiter evinced in the course of the first five minutes' conversation a degree of ignorance concerning all things horticultural, which rendered somewhat extraordinary his deep interest in an humble cottage-garden in the village of Hartington, the clerk readily forgave his want of science, in favour of the encomiums lavished upon the parterres around him.

"I have been making a tour through the southern counties," said the stranger, seeming to think it necessary to account for himself,—"chiefly for the purpose of visiting their flower-gardens and mediæval relics."

(John Downing was puzzled,—marvelling much whether the plants whose names were so new to him, were annuals or perennials.)

"I am much struck by the beauty of the churches in this neighbourhood," added the stranger, "of many of which I have made sketches, and should be glad to add Hartington to my collection. I am told, Mr. Downing, that the keys are in your custody. May I inquire whether it is too late in the evening for a sight of the interior?"

"By no manner of means, sir," replied the civil clerk. "If you will have the kindness to wait while I slip on my coat, or walk slowly up the lane, I will join you before you reach the porch." The man who rejoined the scientific traveller, therefore, was no longer the free and easy amateur of streaked dahlias and spotted piccotees; but a spruce and sable-suited parish clerk, bearing in one hand two ponderous keys that might have put St. Peter out of countenance.

There was little enough to see in Hartington church. Not a monument worthy to be so called! One or two of the tombs erected to the Colston family were raised a degree above mere tablets, by having demi-columns and an architrave in coloured marbles, or the family arms emblazoned on a scutcheon in the corner. But all the other memorials to the departed were of an humble kind; mere gravestones of slate or granite, with long inscriptions

> Where, to be born and die,
> Of rich and poor made all the history.

The stranger, however, professed himself deeply interested in the architecture of the nave; pointing out imperceptible beauties in the capitals of the whitewashed columns, and a few fragments of coloured glass remaining in the often re-glazed windows, till John Downing began to fancy there must reside a charm in learning, even beyond the axiom he habitually recited to his sons; seeing that much reading enabled this stranger to discern not only the merit of a tricoloured piccotee, but the charm of an old oak staircase leading to the singing loft, which he declared to be contemporary with the Reformation.

"And the door under it, I conclude, leads into the vestry?" inquired the stranger.

"Would you like to see it, sir? Many folks declare it is the oldest part of the church," said the clerk, leading the way to the iron-knobbed door, which he opened with a curious old key. "The rectors of the parish, for the last four hundred years, lie buried under this here vestry," said he; "and we keep here the altar plates and parish registers," said he, opening a large oaken cupboard, which somewhat resembled a banker's safe.

"Do you mean that the curious old parchment-bound volume with iron corner-pieces, which I see chained yonder to the wall, is the register of Hartington?" inquired the stranger. In answer to which question, the civil clerk hastened to unfasten by a key appended to his pinchbeck watchchain, though pretty nearly of the dimensions of a latch-key, the padlock securing the "mighty book," which he regarded as the choicest treasure in his keeping.

"In most parishes, sir," said he, "the registers bide in the keeping of the clergyman. But his reverence and I comed to this parish together; and as he's a gentleman what does not like to be disturbed at unusual times, and knows the key's as safe in my keepin' as in the bank of England—"

"He leaves it in your custody. Quite right;" observed the stranger. "Trust engenders fidelity. The padlock is, as you remark, a curious relic; probably monastic,—a remnant of some old Abbey?"

"Ay, sir—sure enow—strange—I never thought on't before!—But his reverence, Mr. Wigswell, ben't a book-larned gentleman, beyond scripture matters and divinity. And as you say, there's the foundations of the old Priory still to be seen, half-a-mile or more adown the Hams, which ——"

"The register, however, scarcely belongs to so early a date," said the stranger, carelessly turning over the leaves. "Sixteen hundred and thirty-seven!" said he, placing his finger on the first leaf—

"The pages are a' most filled, sir, you see," said the clerk, as if in reply; "and when we gets to the last, no doubt his reverence will have a new volume, and this be laid by in the deed-chest!"

He spoke to disregardful ears; the individual he addressed was following with his fore finger, line by line, the faded and scarcely legible entries of the last century. Antiquaries have such strange crotchets in their brains! Otherwise, what interest could that long array of names—names of the grandfathers of the fathers of the existing generation, possess for a stranger sauntering his summer ramble through the county of Sussex? His eyes appeared literally to devour those crooked-legged signatures, and his whole soul seemed engrossed in the survey! Once, twice, thrice, did John Downing interpose his explanations touching the registers, the manor, the living of Hartington,—without so much as a nod of acknowledgment in return; nor was it till the increasing darkness of the evening rendered it impossible for even the most searching eyes to discern more than the form of the volume, that, with a great gasp to relieve the tension of his breast, he turned towards the clerk, as if suddenly recovering the consciousness of his presence.

"Night be comin' on, sir," said John Downing, who felt a little affronted at the damp thrown upon his endeavours at conversation. "Night be comin' on. I don't like to seem as if puttin' of a stranger out o' doors. But we can't bide no longer here."

"And my search but half accomplished!" was the involuntary ejaculation of his companion. "To be off at daybreak too!"

Quietly resuming possession of the huge volume, John Downing was beginning to attach the iron clasps, previous to replacing the chain in the staple of the padlock, when his visiter suddenly slipped a sovereign into the hand all but as hard and brown as the parchment binding.

"I must see this book a little longer, my good friend," said he. "Return to your cottage for a light, while I remain here; and you shall be no loser by obliging me."

The poor clerk was perhaps of the opinion entertained by many modern casuists, that Satan assumed in paradise the form of the serpent, only because coined gold was not in existence; for the moment he felt the touch of a coin, so much heavier than the shillings to which his palm was accustomed, John Downing recoiled as from some evil thing.

"I never loses sight, sir, of that volum'!" said he, with more dignity than he had even yet had occasion to infuse into the representation of his office. And the stranger, perceiving that his suspicions were awakened, and pressed for time, without further disguise of his purpose, drew from his pocket book a ten pound bank note, to enforce his request.

But the amount of the bribe served only to confirm the suspicions and refusal of the virtuous clerk. Was it likely that a man who all his life long had walked without swerving in the path of righteousness, would suddenly succumb to temptation without even the plea of personal need in extenuation of his fall?

John Downing held firm; and John Downing at length exhibited such sturdy disposition to eject by force from the vestry one who, in spite of his fair presence and fair speech, had manifestly entered it with evil intentions, that the soi-disant archæologist judged it wiser to make a hasty exit; and, thanks to the increasing darkness of the evening, contrived to make a rush up Church-lane, before the clerk could ascertain the direction taken by the delinquent.

He would almost have disbelieved the evidence of his senses, and fancied the following morning that all had been a vain delusion of his evening nap, but that there still remained imprinted on the clayey soil of the lane, which, even in summer time, was kept moist by the oozings of the pond above, prints of a foot of very different form and dimensions from the hobnailed shoes of the village.

For weeks afterwards, those foot-marks haunted the mind of John Downing, like the foot-print which so sorely agitated the soul of the unfortunate Crusoe. But with a species of false pride, savouring of more delicacy than belongs to his condition of life, he did not confide his story to his patron, lest peradventure his reverence might suppose that he insisted on the merit of his own magnanimity in refusing the bribe. Aware of his intentions of abdication in favour of Luke, the moment the young man's age and the sanction of the vestry permitted, he thought it might appear a too strong argument in his favour, if he related his heroic defence of the parochial archives. In the course of a few months, however, the circumstance passed altogether from his memory, as insulated events are apt to do from the memory of the old. He had a thousand other things to think of; and even the conduct of his sons afforded him painful grounds for reflection.

It happened that the farm in which Jack had engaged his services, was considerably nearer to Norcroft than to Hartington; and an acquaintance was consequently brought about between him and his cousins, which, so long as Luke remained their inmate, he would have been at little pains to meet half way. Besides, the Harmans were then rich,—far richer than himself,—a thing sufficient to provoke the enmity of his envious mind: whereas, they were now sufficiently fallen in the world for the heir of one whose deposits in the savings' bank were judged to be considerable, to be entitled to look down upon them, even though, like themselves, for the time an hireling. He therefore no longer made a difficulty about accompanying them home to Norcroft, from the fairs and junkets, where a common love of bowls, skittles, and cribbage, brought them into frequent fellowship.

The great recommendation, however, of Dick and

Maurice Harman, was that they hated his brother. The same meek spirit of order which rendered the serviceable lad an object of dislike to Jack, had made him unpopular with his cousins, — that is, with all his cousins but Esther; whom, on visiting the farm, Jack Downing beheld, and not unmoved, for the first time since they had been children together. And from the days of Cymon till now, the rural savage has been found more amenable to the influence of beauty, than to the laws of God or man.

"Hope thou 'rt not quite as poor a creature as thy milksop of a brother?" was old Harman's salutation to the handsome well-grown boor, who came smoothing down his shaggy curls to the hearthside where his aunt and cousin sat quietly at work.

"That I'll warrant him he ben't," was the favourable attestation of his cousin, Maurice. On which, Esther raised her gentle eyes in silence to examine him; and seeing that there was indeed no likeness between the brothers, speedily resumed her work.

But it was upon *her* only that the impression made was not in favour of the new-comer. Dame Harman liked him at first sight, as reminding her of her brother John in his days of jovial bachelorhood: and the others, because he was a strong-armed, stalwart, iron-natured boon-companion, always ready to wrestle, or drink, or play. The first notice, meanwhile, received by Luke of this untoward intimacy, was by meeting his brother staggering through the barn-yard gate of Norcroft one Sunday evening, when he had been obliged to postpone, till after the last evening service his trudge across the fields to obtain a glimpse of Esther, and carry her the plunder of his father's garden, in the shape of his choicest carnations.

Not recognising at once the fellow, a little the worse for ale, who came shouldering rudely against him, Luke endeavoured to fling him off; on which Maurice and Dick Harman, who had been watching the departure of their friend, the one with a pipe in his mouth, the other with his hands in his pockets, rushed forward for the purpose of what they called "seeing fair play,"—or, in other words, getting up a quarrel.

But Luke could not be provoked into fighting, —more especially with his brother,—still more especially on the Sabbath day.

"I did n't know him, I did n't see it was Jack," sufficed in *his* opinion for explanation.

"Then you must have thought 'twas one of us. 'Twas for one of *us* your d——d impudence was intended!"—rejoined Maurice Harman. "So strip, my fine fellow, and let's see what you're made of!" added he, rejoicing to have a match at fisticuffs transferred to his shoulders.

"I've no quarrel with any one of you, and am not fond of fighting for fighting's sake," replied Luke, thinking more of protecting his carnations than of protecting himself, as he endeavoured to ward off the attack of the bully. But the violence with which both the drunken man and his seconds now vented their invectives on his "confounded spooniness," luckily brought forth Dame Harman, who was dozing within, over a volume of occasional sermons. And though she exhibited the usual injustice of an umpire by protesting that they had "all been friends and happy together, and that there had been no squabbling till Luke made his appearance;" Jack Downing, conscious of seeing four cousins and two aunts, and afraid lest he might chance to see two Esthers, if he did not skulk off and make the best of his way home to his work, abandoned the field to his brother, while the two grumbling and muttering Harmans trudged after him to bear him company.

"No good ever com' yet of quarrels atwixt brothers!" was Dame Harman's gratuitous exhortation to her younger nephew, as he followed her with downcast looks into the house.

"'Birds in their little nests agree,'

as I used to teach my lads as soon as they was coated. And though a scholar, Luke, and a man grown, you needn't be ashamed, even now, of larning the lesson."

At that moment, Luke was ashamed of nothing. For at the sound of his voice, Esther, who all the afternoon had remained in her own room, waiting for the close of the carouse to steal down into the orchard for a breath of evening air, made her appearance to welcome their visiter; and long before the conclusion of her mother's homily, the nosegay had been given and accepted, unperceived by the somewhat lengthy expounder of Dr. Watts' pleasing philosophy.

But from that evening, poor Luke became less easy in his love. So great a favourite as Jack appeared to be with his aunt and cousins, might end by becoming the favourite of Esther herself. To be sure *she* said not. Esther assured him that, even had there been no cousin Luke in the world to bring her carnations, cousin John would have remained an object of aversion; and it was only when the younger brother passed with ease under the doorway of his father's cottage, which compelled the more finely developed Jack to bow his head, or surveyed his own inferior proportions, betrayed by his shadow, when walking homewards at sunset, that his heart sank within him on reflecting upon the influence exercised by personal attraction on every female eye and heart.

Of the charm of his sweet countenance and gentle address, he knew nothing. But even had he been aware that many an artist would have given him his day's worth in gold, to sit as a study for the head of St. John, or the beloved disciple, he would have dreaded lest the favour of Esther's family, the natural love of change, and the passion which, according to his misgivings, he soon found to be professed towards her by his brother, might, in the end, prevail against him.

All this he freely admitted to his only confidant and friend. For living in undivided affection with his indulgent father, what other friend or confidant had he need to seek? To all his lamentations, however, John Downing made his usual reply,—"Bide a bit, my boy, bide a bit till you're old enough to step into my shoes.

And when you've got a house over your head, and a living provided for you to give bread to a family, then, Luke, I'll step over to Norcroft myself, and have a talk with my sister about what's to be done for you, and settle all with her husband, so as a man in Harman's hap is not like to find fault with."

To a homestaying man like John Downing, who had not been half a mile beyond the bounds of the parish for as many years as Luke was old, the exertion of "stepping over to Norcroft," seemed to ensure half the success of the enterprise.

"But one thing, Luke," his father could not refrain from adding, "one thing, my dear boy, bear always in mind; that however long this wedding may be in coming about, none the less would be the sin in the sight of God, if you made it a pretence for wishing your brother ill, or withholding from him the love which the Almighty exacts between brethren. Remember, Luke, that however secret the sin, before the face of the quick and the dead must be the atonement! At the last day, that searching eye which seeth into our inmost hearts, will judge betwixt thee and thy brother!"

CHAPTER III.

Revenge my foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET.

As months and years passed on, John Downing's exhortations to his younger son concerning the virtue of family concord were so often renewed, as to afford proof that the young man's provocations were neither few nor far between. It is true that John seldom made his appearance at Hartington; never, unless for the purpose of wrangling out of his father the means of indulging more costly vices than were within reach of a farming man's wages. He usually came penniless, and rarely went away empty-handed.

But it was not on these occasions he vented his animosities against his father's favourite and successor in office. Backed in his own parish by the parson and constable, his father was a too important personage to be trifled with by maltreatment of his boy; and it was only when they met at Norcroft, that Jack took occasion to repay with interest the double injury of being supplanted with his father and his love.

His worst usage, however, was borne by Luke with the courage of the lion and meekness of the lamb; always the first to extend his hand for reconciliation, and comforted under the sense of his wrongs by the certainty not only of being best beloved by Esther and his father, but that throughout his native village there existed not a breathing soul he did not call his friend.

"They all like me. Not a neighbour we have got that would hesitate about doing me a good turn"—was his secret reflection; and it served to makehis head lie lighter on his pillow.

While things were in this situation, John Downing was standing one fine summer morning in his cottage, with the doors open to admit the dewy fragrance of the early morn, when a somewhat unusual sound became audible, as of an assemblage of many persons at no great distance. Probably a gang of Irish haymakers or harvesters, such as in summer-time may be found in every county and corner of England. Instead, however, of losing his time in idle speculation, he threw his spade over his shoulder and proceeded into his garden; where he was soon hard at work, trenching the ground, in preparation for some young cabbage plants that lay shaded from the sun, under the bushes hard by.

So busy was he with his task, that he seemed to take no heed of the gradual approach of the movement in question, or that it stopped suddenly, at about a hundred yards from the hawthorn hedge bounding his garden. His foot was on his spade, and his face bent over it, as if thoroughly absorbed; nor was it till one of the parties engaged in the throng alluded to, actually entered his garden, and was standing beside him, that he desisted from his work to look up and recognise the intruder.

It was no Irish haymaker. The broad handsome face of the young fellow who addressed him, was that of a brother cricketer and favourite company-keeper of his son Luke.

"Fine morning, Harry!" said he, resuming his trenching, when he saw who was his visiter.

"Fine morning, Master Downing!" repeated Harry Meade, who seemed heated and confused, as though he had been drinking. "Isn't Luke up and about yet? I want to speak a word with Luke."

And suiting the action to the word, he was turning to make towards the house, when the clerk, without discontinuing his labours, called him back.

"Luke's not at home," said he.

"Out so early?" cried Meade, looking grievously vexed and disappointed.

"Out sin' yesterday morn," rejoined his father, handling his spade as actively as either of his sons.

"Since yester-morning?" reiterated Meade, well aware how little his young friend was in the habit of quitting home.

"Luke's been talking this long time, you know, Harry, about goin' to Lon'on to get his ancle looked at, where the small bone was broke a year agone at the Hillfield match," resumed old Downing. "Mr. Wigswell got him a letter yesterday to St. George's Hospital from Sir Clement; and may be he took his uncle Harman on the way. Norcroft lies towards the Lon'on road where he talked of getting on the coach."

"And to think of his having choosed yesterday, of all the unlucky days in the year!" cried Meade, removing his straw hat for the purpose of wiping his forehead. "I made sure of findin' on him,—*sure!*"

"And can't I do as well for what you're wanting?" demanded the old man, apparently a little vexed in his turn.

"Yes, Master Downin', you *will* do, you *will* do, only too well!" said Harry; his voice becoming thick, and his manner still more confused as

he attempted to proceed. "Only I'd ha' been glad had poor Luke been at home to take the matter off my hand. Luke would ha' broken it to you, may be, kinder than I can. For after all, Master Downin', there ben't much to be said about things as troubles us that can ever make trouble come easy.—All must out, sooner or later, Master Downin'.—And I'm sure you'll bear it like a man, that is, like a Christian, when I tell you there's somethin' happened hard by, pretty near the worst as *could* happen.—And as folks is at hand who'll soon blurt out the truth, I'd better say it at once, Master Downin'."

But while threatening to speak out, the poor fellow literally stopped from inability to utter a short syllable. After a momentary pause, during which every vestige of colour forsook the face of the clerk, as he stood with his foot resting on the spade, and big drops, either from terror or hard labour, rising upon his brow, Harry contrived to stammer out—"Your poor son Jack's been foully murdered, neighbour Downing. We found the body just now upon the Hams, a quarter of a mile up the river, doubled up and cold. They're bringin' on him home, poor fellow, on a hurdle."

The young man was just in time to save poor Downing from falling, as, on hearing this terrible announcement, the spade dropped from his hands.

"If Luke had only been here!" muttered Meade, as the head of the half insensible man he was holding dropped heavily on his shoulder. "Luke would ha' broke it to him more nat'rally. Luke would have known how to comfort him. Better let me lead you into the house. Better not meet 'em at the gate;" continued the warm-hearted young fellow, whose eyes were moistened with tears.

And as though blindness had fallen on him, John Downing submitted to be guided into the cottage. The tramp of footsteps was again approaching, and he knew that the corpse was at hand. Smitten as he was, the old man could not bear to render his anguish a spectacle for the crowd.

Arrived in the house, he sank into his customary arm-chair, with a groan so heavy that it seemed wrung out of the depths of his heart; and covering his face with his hands, he awaited in inexpressible agony the coming of the dead.

At length, the sound of measured footsteps on the path became terribly audible. The crowd was evidently in the garden; to the utter demolition of those favourite flowers, so short a time before, how dearly treasured. Though their voices became subdued to a reverential whisper as they approached the presence of the father of (and as they believed, the brother of) the murdered man, it was not likely that their deference should extend to their garden.

But they might have trampled on the very heart of John Downing ere he was sensible of more than that the murdered body of his first born was about to darken his door!

Already, the shadow of the bearers was on its threshold. Already, the flesh of the poor father crept, and his hair stood up, as he knew himself to be in presence of the son whom, for some time past, he had not loved as a father, and whose voice he should hear no more.

Still, however, he did not remove the clasped hands from his convulsed face. The young men, the labourers, staggered in with their load. He heard the gasping of their manly chests. He heard the creaking of the hurdle. He *felt* that fearful object pass him by.

"Lay him on the bed.—There's a bed in t'other chamber.—Lay him on the bed;"—said Harry Meade.

And the men, who had rested for a second, obeyed. But when they reached the inner door, the anguish of John Downing burst forth into words.

"No, no,—not *there!*" said he. "That is his poor brother's room. Put him into mine. Yonder, yonder!" And pointing to the door of the small lean-to, in which it was his pleasure to sleep, in order that Luke might be better accommodated, he uttered a few incoherent inarticulate words; and endeavouring to rise to see that his injunctions were obeyed, rolled insensible upon the floor.

When he came to himself, he was seated in his chair before the cottage door, his neckcloth untied, and his garments wet with the cold water that had been humanely flung in his face by those whose arms still kindly supported him; and as he came gradually to himself, and beheld the summer sky and the vernal beauty of that favourite spot, he trusted—he fondly, faintly trusted—that the horrible impression on his mind had been all delusion,—all a dream;—that he was still a happy father, that he might still look up to Heaven,—still take delight in his flowers.—

"Harry Meade," said he, in a subdued voice, on ascertaining whose brawny arm it was that sustained his head. "Is it *you*, Harry?—Where is Luke?—Cannot you call Luke?—I want, I *want* my son."—

"Luke is gone to Lon'on, neighbour Downing," replied the young man, lowering his voice to the mournful whisper of the sufferer. "But you said just now as he'd soon be back again."

"Ay, so I *did*.—I forgot, Harry.—I was so lucky as to forget myself a moment. I wish I *could* forget myself again—I wish, I wish I could forget myself for always."—And turning round towards the friend of his beloved son, he hid his face in his breast, and sobbed like a child.

"Don't take on so, Master Downing, don't take on so!" cried a rougher voice than Harry's; the voice of his old neighbour, Jukes the wheelwright, who had hurried to the cottage on learning the calamity which had befallen his old friend. "Don't take on so, man.—You shall be righted. Poor Jack shall be avenged.—The spillers of blood shan't go free.—We have set people on their track a'ready.—The constable's off to the rectory, to ask parson Wigswell's advice about what magistrate is to be applied to for a warrant, and holding the crowner's 'quest. As sure as we live before God, neighbour, murder will out; and the wretch who did this bloody deed, shall answer on the gallows for the life of poor Jack."

Heavy moans were all the agonized father could utter in reply. But if incapable of speech, he was not incapable of hearing. And he soon learned how the reapers, in pushing their way along the stream to Warling farm, had discovered the body, lying among the alder bushes; and near it, a reaping hook, with which, it was supposed, the deep wound in the abdomen had been inflicted, that must have caused almost instantaneous death.

"Might not accident have done it?—Might n't his foot have tripped, if the poor fellow was in liquor (as was often the case,) and the hook entered into his body as he fell upon't?"—demanded John Downing, who listened with a face as pale as ashes.

"Not possible. You'll say so yourself, Master Downin', when you've taken heart to look at the body," said young Meade. "Besides, there was marks as of a struggle between two or more, near the place where the body was lying."

"Footprints?" demanded the father.

"No: they can't be called footprints. For 'tis where the turf's so oozy, that even the feet of the cattle coming to drink, don't leave a mark but is flooded out in an hour or so, by the force of the stream. But the grass was trailed over with water weeds, as though two or three persons had been pursuing each other into the brook and out again. And poor Jack's boots and stockings are still wet to the knee. No doubt some kind of brawl led to the fatal blow being struck."

"God sees all, and men will soon *know* all!" was the pious ejaculation of the wheelwright. "You must get up your courage, Downin', to face all this," continued he, on perceiving that, in spite of the endeavours of one or two of those who had accompanied the body home, and, by the constable's orders, were guarding the garden gate against intrusion, a few of the notables of the village had forced their way in, and were making their way towards the clerk, with neighbourly inquiries; while all along the hawthorn hedge, a line of faces was perceptible, peering with looks of wonder and horror into the garden, as if some concluding act of the tragedy were still to be enacted.

On perceiving this, John Downing was readily persuaded to re-enter the house; and scarcely had he sunk once more into his place, when the rector in person made his way into the house, unshaved, uncombed, half-dressed; having hurried to the spot on being waked from his sleep with tidings of the terrible event which had occurred in his quiet parish; occurred, too, to the person of all others, who, next to his own family, he could least afford to see overwhelmed with affliction.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Downing!" said he, placing his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the poor clerk. "It is long since any of us could expect other than a violent death for yonder unfortunate young man. But cheer up, Downing: you have still a hopeful child. You are not left wholly alone. God hath been pleased to visit you with a sore trial. But you must submit to His will, my good friend: you must submit, unquestioning, to his will; or Luke, your good boy, your excellent son Luke, may be made to pay the penalty of your want of duty. Render your sacrifice, Downing, even as Abraham rendered his sacrifice; for the son whom your soul loveth, is not his young life also in the hands of the Most High?"

Just as the kind pastor had anticipated, at the sound of that beloved name, the tears of the suffering man burst forth; and for a time, his sorrow was relieved.

As soon as he became more tranquil, the particulars of the unhappy case were fully entered into by Mr. Wigswell. By *his* instructions, a man and horse were despatched to Lewes with a summons to the coroner, till whose return no further steps could be taken. He also forwarded a letter to his friend Colonel Garrett, the nearest magistrate, requesting his immediate attendance. And what better proof of the habitual subordination of the village of Hartington, than the difficulty he found in deciding what steps were to be taken, and who were the proper persons to be applied to, to promote the avenging of the spilling of blood?

It was strange enough, as David Jukes observed aside, in a whisper to his reverence, that the only crowner's 'quest held in the village in the memory of man, was in that very house, on the body of poor Mrs. Downing.

When the business to be done was adjusted, the pastor prepared to return home, to satisfy the anxiety of his terrified family.

"If your reverence could only prevail on Master Downing to look at the body, afore you leave the house," resumed Jukes, in the same whisper; "the worst would be over, and a load off his mind. John Downin' isn't the man to resist whatever might be proposed by your reverence."

"I see no purpose in distressing him by such a spectacle," replied the humane clergyman, perhaps a little in awe of participating in the sorry sight. "There is no possible advantage to be derived from harrowing his feelings. Far rather that my influence could prevail with him to resign himself with meekness to the chastisements of the Almighty! I would fain hear him say, before I go, God's will be done!"

A moment afterwards, extending his tremulous hand towards his kind master, John Downing repeated in broken accents, "Yea, God's will be done!" as though he had overheard the merciful interposition of the pastor to secure him against the sight which he so much dreaded.

"Don't leave him alone, Jukes. *You* can be trusted to take care of him. You must give up your work for to-day," said Mr. Wigswell to the wheelwright, on quitting the cottage. "I will look in again presently: but I doubt whether we shall be able to get the jury summoned before to-morrow; and till then, remember, nothing,—absolutely *nothing*,—must be done to the body."

The worthy rector was true to his promise. But in the interim, manifold had been his duties. An occurrence of so appalling a nature might

have created consternation, even in such hotbeds of crime as Birmingham or Nottingham. But in the quiet Hams of quiet Hartington, in that unincidental village, the effect was almost alarming. Old men prophesied, and young men became speechless. Mothers grew hysterical, when they thought of their absent sons; and the maidens whose lovers were also gone forth to the fields, loitered in groups of two and three under the old lime-trees, wondering whether others besides John Downing, had enemies capable of waylaying and slaying a defenceless man.

All this irritation, old Mr. Wigswell, usually so inert, was forced to do his utmost to allay; exerting himself to pacify the poor old bed-ridden creatures who shuddered lest an assassin should be among them; and exhorting the young and active to join with him in his efforts to assist the researches of justice. It might still be possible to detect the track of the murderer.

But his greatest task of all was to tranquillize the mind of his poor old friend Sir Clement, to whom the news had been rashly conveyed by his servants, and who sat trembling in every limb at the notion of so heinous a perpetration upon his well-ordered estate. He, who had retreated to Hartington and enjoyed there nearly half a century's seclusion, as the most orderly place upon the face of the habitable globe, to be pursued even to his hearthstone by blood-thirstiness and violence! For he felt himself half-murdered in the person of Jack Downing.—Every nerve was thrilling and every bone aching in the body of the little nervous old gentleman, with the mere agony of his fears.

"My dear friend," faltered he, in answer to the pious exhortations of the wiser Wigswell, "say what you will, it is all over with us. I have been long aware of the growing malignity of the rural population. I knew what all this over-teaching and over-taxing would do, when brought into collision. Flint and steel, my dear Wigswell, flint and steel! Hitherto, by the mercy of Providence, we have had no incendiary fires in this neighbourhood. My barns and ricks have been respected; nor am I aware of an occasion for the interference of criminal justice in the parish of Hartington for twenty years past. But there is a beginning for all things; and mark my words, Wigswell, before the year comes round, our friend Garrett will have had to despatch half a dozen felons from hence to the county jail."

Wigswell hoped not, and Wigswell thought not; and Wigswell having induced the trembling little baronet to swallow the chocolate, which his scarcely less agitated body-servant brought frothing into the study, Sir Clement, a little restored in spirits, began to think and hope so too.

After many hours consumed in the discharge of these duties, the rector got back to the village, only in time to learn that the coroner had appointed the following morning, at ten, for holding the inquest; and had sent instructions concerning the summoning of the jury.

All that day, all that evening, the household labours of the village, nay, even the toils of the field, were left undone; while some sat cowering within doors, and some leaned against the shady sides of their cottages, neighbour with neighbour discussing the dread event of the day; what enemies John Downing had made for himself,—what brawls he had been engaged in,—surmising how the poor father, already once so heavily visited, would be able to stand against this new domestic calamity,—how soon the fatal news would reach poor Luke in London,—when the dead would be buried,—and *where*, if detected, the murderer would be judged.

So absorbed were they in the details of the case, the finding of the body, the shock of the first startled discoverers, the pool of blood in which the corpse was lying, the aspect of its face, the aspect of the poor clerk's when the intelligence was communicated, that they saw not the sun pursue its path in the heavens and go down in glory to the west, till the gathering shades of evening apprized them that the heavy day was done.

How it sped with the poor horror-struck old clerk, it were too grievous to inquire. His friends surrounded him, like those of the man of Uz; some declaring they always knew it would end so, that a violent end awaited the violent youth; others rebuking him for not having kept a tighter hand in boyhood over the poor lad, and in his riper years compelled him to remain at Hartington, instead of going to service, where indulgence in vicious courses had doubtless engaged him in evil company; while one or two went so far as to hint that his partiality for Luke had roused the devil within the mind of his elder-born, and driven him to acts of desperation, rendering him an object of desperate vengeance.

But to all this, John Downing answered never a word. Rebuked by the dread hand of God, he cared not for rebuking at the lips of mortal man. Bowed to the dust, he neither listened nor answered. His meekness was as that of stupefaction. No word seemed to have reached his understanding since the one that told him his son was lying dead by the river-side.

They placed food before him: but he took no heed, except to moisten his lips with a little water. They opened on the table near him the great book of the gospels, which had been his father's and his father's father's before him, and bore the names of each inscribed in their several handwriting, and the names of his two sons, with their date of birth, carefully entered in his own; a record now to be followed by that of a judgment how terrible! But there must have been a mist before his eyes. For he noticed not even that sacred volume, which he never permitted himself to open with unwashed hands, or without bending his head.

"Let him alone:—let no one harass him!"—said his kind patron, when he found him in this overwhelmed condition. "If left to himself, nature will work her way.—When Luke comes back, he will bring healing to his father. If you torment him by well meant consolations, he will perhaps be unable to afford his evidence to-morrow morning at the inquest."

CHAPTER IV.

The brand is on thy brow,
A dark and guilty spot,—
'Tis ne'er to be erased,—
'Tis ne'er to be forgot!
The brand is on thy brow,
Yet I must shade the spot,
For who will love thee now
If *I* love thee not!—
Thy soul is dark, is stain'd,
From out the bright world thrown,
By God and man disdain'd,
But not by me thy own!—
Oh! even the tiger slain
Hath one who ne'er doth flee,
But soothes his dying pain.—
That one am I to thee! PROCTOR.

When the morning dawned, the morning which at that season of the year steals so close upon the steps of midnight,—Jukes the wheelwright, who had repaired to his own house for a few hours' rest, was astonished, on returning to the cottage, to find his friend still seated in the old arm-chair wherein he had desired to be left to his reflections. He appeared never to have stirred. His eye was still fixed,—his hand still motionless. Yet when, accosted by his old friend, he turned his face wistfully towards him, time appeared to have stirred mightily with *him*. Years might have passed over his head on that single night,—so hollow were his eyes, so furrowed his withered cheek. Yet though in looks thus sunken, his soul had gained strength. He was able to listen while Jukes recounted all that had been done by the magistrates to further the ends of justice; and when, after the arrival of the coroner, and the calling over of the jury, summoned by the constable, the chosen twelve arrived at the cottage to view collectively the corpse which each had severally viewed the day before, poor Downing bore the intrusion without flinching; as he had borne, the evening before, the examination of the body by the surgeons deputed for that purpose by Colonel Garrett.

Not for a moment did he quit his seat, which commanded a view of the inner room, and from whence every syllable uttered there was audible.

When the jurors quitted the cottage, Jukes still remained.

"Mr. Wigswell seems to think they will want you as a witness, Downing," said he. "And Harry Meade bad me say, that, if required, he would come down himself with the constable, from the Black Lion, to lend you an arm up the lane."

"*I shan't go!*" was Downing's dogged reply. "I shan't make my sore trouble a sport for the eyes of all the folks of the village, assembled no doubt on the green, to pry into what is going on."

"Not a sport—don't say a *sport*, John," remonstrated Jukes, perceiving that trouble had somewhat cankered his mind. "Not one on 'em but has felt for you as neighbours ought."

And Downing, who knew that it was so, writhed under the consciousness of his peevish injustice.

"If Luke were here, if Luke were back again, it would be different!" said he, his eyes filling with tears of repentance. "But I am alone now, Master Jukes, alone and helpless. I *can't* go up to the inquest. Tell his reverence, I *can't!* Surely they won't force me,—*me*,—a sorely troubled man,—to go and talk about the spilling of my poor boy's blood?"

"But if what you've got to say, goes to help their laying their hand upon the murderer?" argued the wheelwright. "Surely *that* would make you overlook your own feelings?"

"His reverence said, at first, that the crowner would come and take my deposition here, when all the other witnesses had been examined," persisted the clerk.

"Oh! if Parson Wigswell said so, you're safe enow," rejoined his companion. And though soon afterwards the constable made his appearance to require the attendance of Downing at the Black Lion, when he saw the state of mind to which the mere proposal reduced him, he had too much tenderness towards his respected old neighbour, not to hurry back to the court, where both Mr. Wigswell and Colonel Garrett were in attendance, to entreat that the "Crowner" and jury would repair once more to the cottage.

The distance did not exceed five hundred yards. It would have been monstrous to refuse. The magistrate and rector were of opinion, indeed, that the examination might be altogether dispensed with; for what evidence could the poor clerk have to give? It was known that he was quietly in bed and asleep at the time the state of the body, when found, induced them to conclude the assassination had taken place.

The coroner, however, thought otherwise. At *his* suggestion, John Downing was questioned concerning what enemies the deceased possessed, and *who* had any thing to gain by his death.

"Poor John had many enemies!" was the reluctant reply. "My son's temper was violent, and when in drink, he was sure to be in quarrels."

He did not, however, like to particularize his son's enemies by name or number. It seemed like reflecting on the memory of the dead. "As to who had aught to gain by his untimely end,—the only gainer would be his brother,—his brother who was the kindest, meekest, and affectionatest creature upon earth."

"And where was his brother now, and where was he at the time of the murder?" was the next inquiry.

"Both then and now in Lon'on. Luke was an out-patient of St. George's Hospital. He had gone up with a letter from Sir Clement, to get his leg looked to, severely injured by an accident at cricket."

"Had the young man been made acquainted with his brother's death?"

"Ay! sure,—and I'm every hour expecting the poor lad home again;" replied John Downing, with a heavy sigh.

The coroner now applied to the foreman of the jury, (one of the most considerable tenants on Sir Clement Colston's estate,) as to the propriety of adjourning the inquest till the younger Downing's evidence could be forthcoming. But this proposal was coldly received. The time of such jurors as those of Hartington, is worth to them so much

per hour, and they were all disposed to make the one day lost to them, suffice. Moreover, the state of the weather rendered desirable the early interment of the body.

All present, therefore, were unanimous in opposition to an adjournment. What light could Luke Downing possibly throw upon the matter? He was at sixty miles distance when the murder was committed. It was, in fact, because his brother had promised to sleep at his father's during his absence, that the unfortunate young man was making his way to Hartington, when waylaid by one or other of the numerous enemies created by his lawless life, for purposes of vengeance, not for purposes of plunder,—since his pockets were found to contain all the money he had about him on quitting Norcroft, amounting to a small sum in silver and halfpence; as well as a handsome pocket-knife, still more likely to have become an object of rustic depredation.

The jury agreed, therefore, that Luke Downing, the mildest, worthiest, and softest-hearted young man in the village, might be spared the torment of a useless interrogatory in a public court.

An open verdict of "WILFUL MURDER by a person or persons unknown," was accordingly returned. But the evidence afforded by the surgeon of the nature of the wound inflicted upon the victim, and the next to impossibility but that the assassin must have been saturated with his blood, afforded some sort of hope of discovery to the magistrates; who, the moment the verdict was announced, repaired to the rectory to draw up minutes to be fowarded to the metropolitan police, and deliberate on the further steps to be taken.

Meanwhile, poor Downing was led home by the friend of his son. But so far from having to undergo by the road the molestation he dreaded, not a creature of the village but carefully avoided meeting the afflicted man. Church-lane was as silent and solitary for his transit, as on the Sabbath during the celebration of divine service. Strangely enough, however, as the poor clerk pursued his way down the hill, his downcast eyes falling upon the oozy channel that occupied one half of the road, recalled to his mind even in the extremity of his grief, the ominous foot-print he had discovered there the preceding year;—a memento of the mysterious interview so long forgotten.

"If I had *then* fallen into temptation," mused the heartbroken man, "I should have felt, perhaps, at this moment, as if my present misery were a judgment at the hands of God!"

On arriving at home, though his foot lingered on the threshhold, so great was his reluctance to re-enter the presence of death, it was rather a grievance than a comfort that his neighbour Jukes had profited by his absence to see the last duties discharged to the dead. With the aid of the almshouse nurse, the body had been washed, shrouded, and placed in its coffin; and though livid streaks were already apparent on the face, no one had looked upon that fine young man, untimely cut off in his sin, but admitted that his countenance was assuming in death an aspect of gentleness and serenity, such as, in his lifetime, had been foreign to his turbulent nature.

"Just take a single look at the poor fellow, neighbour Downin'," said the wheelwright, after replacing the clerk in his arm chair, "and you will be comforted. He looks for all the world as happy and peaceful as a child."

But the bereaved father would not be entreated. He had not yet looked, nor could he be induced to look, upon the face of his son.

"It will only disturb my mind. I am more easy now," said he.

He even proposed that, as the funeral was appointed to take place on the following morning, the carpenter who was still on the premises, should close the coffin at once.

"It will put an end to idle curiosity," said he, "and the summer weather may perhaps bring about a more afflicting change."

But to this Jukes strongly objected.

"Don't have the coffin screwed down before his brother arrives!" said he, almost indignantly. "I know poor Luke's affectionate heart. I know his pious feelings. He would never forgive us, if we denied him a sight of the brother whom, in spite of all Jack's lawless acts and misdoings, he loved as dearly, as dearly might be."

A heavy groan was the only response. For Downing knew by long professional observation, that the afflicted are never masters in their own house; that in moments of trouble, every stranger and every fool feels entitled to dictate.

All he begged further, therefore, was to be left to himself. "He wanted to be alone. He wanted to sustain his mind with prayer, that he might have strength to confer with his son Luke, on his arrival at home. It would be a trying time. He wanted rest, that he might meet it with composure."

Reluctantly, (for Jukes and his wife had little faith in the salutary effects of solitude, but on the contrary, entertained a notion that the human mind is only to be eased by much outpouring of its grief in friendly talk;) reluctantly did the kind neighbours bend their steps towards their own homes. They proposed, indeed, sending one of their children over to the cottage once or twice in the course of the evening, to see how Downing was, and whether he wanted for any thing. But of this he would not hear. "He could want for nothing, except the comfort vouchsafed him from on high; and it would be a trying thing to one of the poor children to enter that awful house! By the evening, too, Luke would arrive by the Lewes coach, and he should no longer be alone."

No sooner were they gone, than, the better to secure his tranquillity, John Downing closed and barred the door of the cottage, which, during the summer season, invariably stood open; the window shutters being already up to prevent the sun from shining into the house of death. And now all was still, and all was lonely, and all was dark, save the one bright ray of sunshine slanting across the room from the round opening in the shutter. None remained under that doomed roof

but the murdered man in his coffin, and the father whose heart was bleeding from a wound equally fatal.

The pastor, the only person living of sufficient authority to knock and know that the door would be opened, was up at the Hall, with his poor old friend; acquainting him with the proceedings of the inquest, and cheering him with hopes that, now the metropolitan police had got the matter in hand, the murderer must be speedily detected; while Sir Clement, with blue lips and a slight quivering of the cheek, sat with his hand fast locked in that of his companion, listening to details every syllable of which caused his thin blood to curdle.

Meanwhile the churchyard of Hartington for once replaced the favourite green as the rendezvous of the village. Into the deep grave which had been digged to receive on the morrow the body of the victim, every one chose to look down, as though the darkness of the pit had more to unfold concerning the dread event than the open light of day; shaking their heads in sad response to the lamentations of David, the gray-headed sexton, who could not restrain his tears while relating how "them poor Downin' boys had used to play about him in the churchyard, a'ter they'd lost their mother; and how little he'd ever thought, in them days, of livin' to make a grave for e'er a one o' their young heads."

It was late in the evening. The jackdaws had long deserted their perch on the weathercock creaking on its iron rod above the ivy-covered old tower, before the last of the visiters quitted the spot, friends of either Jack or Luke who had made their way to Hartington at the close of their day's work. One and all, however, had asked leave of their employers to attend the sad ceremony of the morrow. The murder was the great tragedy of the country round: and such a gathering was expected at the funeral, as never had been seen in Hartington.

At last, night came on, as dark as if overshadowed by the coming event. When the last straggler, (one of the young Harmans from Norcroft) quitted the churchyard, the dim twilight had given place to a leaden sky. Not so much as a single star twinkled out from the heavens, as a beacon of hope to the mourners.

But to *them* what mattered the gloomy aspect of the sky!

> There is no darkness like the cloud of mind
> On grief's vain eye, the blindest of the blind.

And had the fairest moonlight softened the surface of things, the soul of John Downing, as he sat beside his lonely hearth, would not have been less black with despair.

But if he saw not with his eyes, his ear was not equally deadened. Now that every human being was asleep in the village, and he was secure from all fear of intrusion, the cottage door was once more placed ajar to admit the sweet night air that came sweeping over his beds of flowers; and he sat and listened, as though there were something soothing in the gentle rustling of the leaves, as the long streamers of the variegated grass swept against each other in the flower-plot near the door. It was as a supernatural whispering, the voices of garden-haunting sprites communing with each other of their tasks.

At length, the listening man started up. His ear had caught a distant sound, for which, apparently, it had been long on the watch, the sound of coming footsteps. Yes; he was not mistaken! There were feet upon the sand near the brook. There were steps in the lane. The garden-wicket was cautiously opened. The gravel on the path creaked under advancing feet. "He was come at last!"

Stealing out into the darkness, with his heart swelling so as almost to suspend his breath, he advanced to meet the person who was coming under the shadow of night.

"All's safe, all's well," said he, whispering faintly, though no living soul was near but him he came to welcome. "God bless thee, Luke. God's mercy bless thee, boy! All's well!"

He was about to fall on the neck of his son, when the light of the watchlight within gave to view the features of the individual whose arm he was grasping. No! It was not his son!

His first movement was to drag the intruder into the cottage, to determine who had thus nefariously taken his place. His next was to recoil with horror, as the movement brought him face to face with one, beheld but once, and yet beheld too often.

The stranger of the preceding year! As though his presence there on such a night, at such an hour, were not of sufficiently evil omen, poor Downing staggered back to his chair with the cold dew of anguish rising on his brow, on discerning that a smile of sarcastic triumph brightened the Satanic face of his midnight guest.

(*To be continued.*)

RINGS AND POSIES.

"Ring,—a circle of gold, or some other matter, worn as an ornament."—DR. JOHNSON.

"You have chosen a very short text to enlarge upon: I should as soon expect to see a critique on the posy of a ring."
ADDISON.

FROM the earliest times, and in all countries, a little hoop of metal has played no insignificant part in the drama of life; and to this day a ring is the epilogue to many a comedy. Rings are mentioned by Moses, the first of historians; and we discover from several passages of Scripture, that at an early period they were in common use by the great. These were chiefly signet-rings, the impression of which was equivalent to a sign-manual. Hence they denoted authority and government. Thus, when Pharaoh placed Egypt under the command of Joseph, he gave his ring to the viceroy, and made him ride in the second chariot he had. The ring bestowed on Haman, who had his seat above all the princes that were with him, was taken away by the king, and given to Mordecai.

Part of the displeasure excited in the mind of the prodigal's brother, when he came in from the field, by the favours shown to the returned wanderer by his father, might arise from the notion that power in the household had been given to one who had proved himself unworthy of it; for the servants were commanded not only to bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, but to put a ring on his finger. Almost every one, who is not abjectly poor, amongst the modern Egyptians, carries a seal-ring on the little finger of his right hand. It is usually of silver, with an ornamental stone, on which is cut the wearer's name, with words signifying "the servant of God." The value of the impression is ranked above that of a simple signature by hand. The method of using it is to spread a little ink over the stone, and then to apply it to the proper place on the paper, which has been previously fitted to receive the stamp by being moistened. If the writer is particularly desirous of expressing his humility, the seal is affixed below the signature, but the general custom is to place it in a line with, and on the right of the name. Those amusing stories of our childhood, the Arabian Nights, contain numberless allusions to the Eastern method of using signet-rings; and perhaps our readers may not have forgotten that tale of the lady who took from her pocket a purse, and drew out from this a string, on which were the ninety-eight seal-rings of her different lovers.

The Greeks, and most of the Romans, wore their rings on the third finger of the left hand. It has been remarked, however, by Pliny, that in the portraits of the heathen deities, the ring was placed on the finger next the thumb. A passage in Juvenal, shows that the ring was used by the Romans in their marriage ceremonies. Amongst the same people, a gold ring was one of the vestments of a knight, furnished him, like his horse, at the public charge; and the disastrous slaughter of the equestrian order, at the battle of Cannæ, may be estimated from the statement, that the rings gathered from the field by the victor, filled several bushels. Addison records having seen some old Roman rings, "so very thick about, and with such large stones, that it is no wonder a fop should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer."

On the other hand, a ring was sometimes the badge of slavery. For instance, it was customary for the Roman slaves to wear iron rings; and, amongst the Eastern nations, a particular kind of ring was the mark of a person in a state of servitude.

We can easily conceive, that as soon as the art of working in metal became known, that love of personal finery, which seems a part of our nature, would employ itself in fashioning annulary ornaments. Eastern ladies still wear, as they wore in the days of the prophets, large rings round their ankles, to which smaller ones are attached, so as to produce a tinkling noise at every motion. In the Deccan almost every woman carries a glass ring on her wrist. The more closely the ring sits, the better is she pleased, because, as it must be passed over the hand, the smallness of that member is thereby proved. In forcing the hoop over it, the skin is very frequently rubbed off, and as the glass is apt to break, these dusky beauties suffer a good deal from their love of admiration. Neither has the thumb been without an ornament of this kind, though, to modern notions, a ring in that situation must have had an awkward appearance. The English formerly wore a metal hoop on the shortest and thickest of the processes of the hand. There was found a few years ago near Knepp Castle, in Sussex, a gold thumb ring, on which was engraved a device representing a doe reposing under a tree, with the motto, *Joye sans Fin*, cut in the inside. What a satire on human hopes and prophecies! Some love-gift, perhaps. Who was the donor, and where is he that wore it? Both gone, like the joy that was to last for ever. Nieuhoff, in his embassy to China, relates that the old Viceroy, with whom he had an interview, carried an ivory ring on his thumb as an emblem signifying the undaunted courage of the Tartar people.

In the marriage ceremonies of Christendom, "the link from earth that reaches heaven," has always found a place. Whether the Christian Church adopted a heathen rite, or made use of the ring, as some are inclined to think, merely as a symbol of the authority wherewith the husband endowed the wife over his worldly goods, seems a matter of little moment; but the taint with which the sacrament of marriage was thought to be infected, in the former supposition, almost induced the Puritans to abolish its use. Butler, in his Hudibras, has a passage alluding to the views of the ascetics on this subject. The fourth finger of the left hand was formerly believed to be selected to carry the badge of espousal; "presuming therein," says Sir Thomas Browne, in his Latinized diction, "a cordial relation that a particular vessel, nerve, or artery, is conferred thereto from the heart; and, therefore, that especially hath the honour to bear our rings." When that curious observance, the wedding of the Doge to the everlasting sea, took place in the palmy days of Venetian prosperity, a ring was thrown into the waters;

> And when she took unto herself a mate,
> She must espouse the everlasting sea.

The Knight of Norwich, in his list of "Rarities, scarce, or never seen by any man now living," enumerates "a ring found in a fish's belly, taken about Gorro, conceived to be the same wherewith the Duke of Venice had wedded the sea." We only know of one other case in which a ring has been found where Jonah had an uncomfortable lodging for three days and three nights. A pike was caught in 1497, near Heilbronn on the Neckar, which being cut open, a copper ring with a Greek inscription dropped out. The inscription was to this effect: "I am that fish which was first of all put into this lake, by the hands of the Governor Frederic II. on the 6 day of October, a. s. l." The date we leave for the antiquaries to decipher. The symbolism of the marriage ring has been frequently enlarged upon; but, though the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor was directed to this subject, even he has hardly excelled the following sentence

from an old writer: "The form of the ring being circular, that is, round and without end, importeth thus much, that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle, and that continually and for ever." The same author would seem to think the ring so consummate a piece of art that it required both a thoughtful designer and a cunning artificer to its perfect construction; the one being Prometheus, the other Tubal Cain! The ring, which forms part of the Episcopal apparatus, was used at a very early period, being deemed a symbol of the spiritual union of the bishop and his church. A ring is employed in the ceremonial of an English coronation; and amongst the treasures which each Pope transmits to his successor in St. Peter's chair, is a signet-ring, called the fisherman's ring, because tradition declares that it belonged to the apostle from whom the pontiffs derive the keys.

It was much more the usage, at one time, than it is at present, to distribute rings, in great numbers, on the occasion of any notable event. We are aware of only one instance of the usage existing now-a-days, and that is on the appointment of a serjeant-at-law. Rings, with mottos in Latin befitting the grave occupation of the distributor, are presented to her Majesty, the Lord Chancellor, and the judges. A marriage was especially an event of a nature to be commemorated by gifts of rings. Anthony Wood mentions, that Edward Kelly, a man of note in Queen Elizabeth's days, "was openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, and did give away, in gold-wire rings, at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of four thousand pounds." At the nuptials of her present majesty, Queen Victoria, some dozens of gold rings were presented to distinguished persons. A profile of the Queen, so small as to require the aid of a lens to perceive the truthfulness of the likeness, with a legend, "Victoria Regina," adorned each ring. Mourning rings were wont to be distributed at funerals; and still a testator who would link himself to his surviving friends for "a little month" after his departure, will bequeath them a ring with a *memento mori* inscription. From several passages in old writers, it seems it was fashionable for the fops of the time to wear rings with a death's head engraved thereon; but we are unable to learn what gave rise to the custom. Thus in "Greene's Farewell to Folie," "the olde Countesse, spying on the finger of Seignior Cosimo, a ring with a death's head ingraven, circled with this posie, 'Gressus ad vitam,' demanded whether he adored the signet for profit or pleasure." In the Strawberry Hill collection there was one of the seven rings given at the burial of Charles I. It had the King's head in miniature, and a skull in the background, with the letters C. R. The motto was, "*Prepared be to follow me.*"

The word "posy," according to Dr. Johnson, signifies "a motto on a ring;" but this definition is too narrow, the fact being, that any inscription or sentence epitomizing a thought, was termed a posy by our forefathers. Thus, the famous inscription on the banner of Constantine the Great, "Hoc signo vinces," in the homily against rebellion, and the writing at the top of the cross by Udal, in his "Commentary on St. Luke," are severally styled posies. Again, Hall the chronicler, in detailing the reign of the fifth Harry, states, that the king's tent, on one occasion, was "replenyshed and decked with this posie, 'After busy labour commeth victorious rest.'" "They count truth heresy; and, 'No promise to be kept with heretics,' is their posy," says the worthy Archbishop Sandys of bigoted heathens. Afterwards, the word came to be applied more especially to the motto engraved on a ring; and poetasters taxed their wits to compress an uncertain amount of meaning in the fewest possible words. Amongst Cowley's poems may be seen a copy of verses, addressed "To a Lady who made Posies for Rings." Every one remembers the pretty quarrel between the betrothed couples in the fifth act of the Merchant of Venice, when Portia and Nerissa pretend to discover that the rings they had given their lovers were no longer in their possession; the truth being, that one had been begged of its owner by the young doctor, whose learning received the commendations of all parties at the trial between the Jew and the Merchant, and the other by a little scrubbed boy, the judge's clerk. The hoop of gold which Gratiano had parted with, is described by him, in depreciating terms, as

> —— A paltry ring, whose posy was,
> For all the world, like cutler's poetry
> Upon a knife,—Love me, and leave me not.

And Hamlet, when the players deliver themselves of a preface to their tragedy, three lines in length, inquires,—

> Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Another example of a *spoken* posy, may be found in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," where the gaoler's daughter, having gone mad, (in palpable imitation of Ophelia, a fact decisive, to our minds, in disproof of Shakspere's having any thing to do with this fine play,) is thus described:—

> Rings she made
> Of rushes that grew by, and to them spoke
> The prettiest posies,—"Thus our true love's tied;
> This you may lose, not me;" and many a one.

It has been suggested, that the word was corrupted from 'Poesy,' meaning a poetical sentence or expression; and perhaps this derivation is correct. It is not so easy, however, to account for the origin of the word, as used in the north of England, where a posy signifies a bunch of flowers. Local dialects afford the student of language much amusing instruction; and the speech of the northern part of England is rich in forgotten words, the relics of ancient tongues. Sterile regions, and mountain fastnesses, repulse, as might be expected, the tide of civilization, whilst it is making a gradual progress along more accessible tracts; and thus they preserve the manners and language of their inhabitants from contact with alien races to a much later period. Hence, it happens that the remains of old customs, dialects,

&c. are more numerous in such places than elsewhere. And thus it occurs that our early writers abound with words and phrases which are orally used to this day in sequestered districts, though they have long ago dropped out of written language. In other words, retired places have tenaciously retained the ancient idiomatic phraseology, when open thoroughfares have readily adopted the changes which much intercourse generates; just as the mountain hollows keep their snow long after the earth's winter covering has disappeared from exposed situations. This word "posy," for example, is used in the sense of a nosegay by several writers; the latest of whom, as far as we know, was Swift. An old poet has this couplet :—

> With store of vermeil roses
> To deck their bridegroom's posies.

In Bishop Hall's sermon of thanksgiving on the departure of the plague, there occurs a passage, which has been erroneously quoted by Mr. Richardson in his valuable Dictionary, as an authority for the use of the word to signify a motto. "And if some infrequent passenger crossed our streets, it was not without his medicated *posie* at his nose, and his zedoary or angelica in his mouth." Perhaps a bouquet might receive this appellation, from the motto which sometimes accompanied the thread that tied it; a conjecture that seems half countenanced by the names of many flowers, and by a passage in Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals."

> So did the maidens with their various flowers,
> Deck up their windows, and make neat their bowers;
> Then with those flowers they most of all did prize,
> (With all their skill and in most curious wise,
> On tufts of herbs or rushes,) would they frame
> A dainty border round the shepherd's name.
> Or *posies* make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
> As if the muses only lived there,
> And that the after world should strive in vain
> What they then did, to counterfeit again.

To revert from the inscription to the ring itself: rings were frequently worn as amulets against disease. A jasper ring is described in the "Archæologia," with a Runish inscription, supposed to have been a charm against the plague; and a gold ring with a similar inscription, in the possession of Lord Aberdeen, is conjectured to have been a talisman against fever. Pegge the antiquary occupies some pages in describing a gold enamelled ring, that belonged to Bishop Athstan, who lived about 823. Amongst the oldest of existing rings, may be mentioned one, inscribed *Marta Marie*, which is conjectured to have been dedicated as a trophy to Marius, on his conquest of the city Marta in Etruria. Rings of much more modern date have posies of nearly as great obscurity. A large gold ring was found in the Thames a few years ago, upon which were cut a castle, and the words "*Un bon an.*" The inscriptions of others are not quite so unintelligible. A gold ring found in Kent, had this motto, "*Qui me portera, exploitera, et a grant joye revendra.*" A small gold ring found in Yorkshire, was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries in 1801, which bore the device of two Orpine plants, (the Orpine was a sovereign means of divination in love affairs,) joined by a true love-knot, with a motto above and below. The first one was, *Ma fiancé velt*, My beloved wills; the second was, *Joye l'amour feu.* Rings of this kind were doubtless preserved as heir-looms. The reader of Shakspere will recollect that a ring forms an important link in the disagreeable plot of "All's well that ends well." It was an honour "of high respect and rich validity," belonging to the house of the Count de Rousillon, and bequeathed down to him from many ancestors.

Amongst some of the early nations, metal rings were used as coin, and in some barbarous countries, at this day, they still form the "circulating medium." Annuli of gold and silver constituted the money of the ancient Egyptians. Hence they were offered as signs of tribute, or given as presents. In the paintings lately discovered on the walls of the royal tombs, near Thebes, (supposed to have been executed five hundred years before Christ,) there are seen figures of persons bringing bags of gold and silver rings to Pharaoh's footstool. In the Irish annals of eight centuries ago, we find the O'Flynns and others presenting weighty rings of precious metal to their most renowned Christian shrines. Julius Cæsar, in describing the possessions of the people of Britain, says that they used gold and iron rings of a regulated weight, for money; and in another passage he states, that the Gauls used similar things for a like purpose. Quantities of gold, silver, and brass rings have been found amongst the Celtic antiquities of Ireland. In the tombs of ancient Etruria, numbers of beautifully worked rings were discovered, though perhaps these last had been personal ornaments. In the Sennaar country on the Nile, at the present time, gold rings are current amongst the merchants; and we are told that during the whole time the market lasts, a government officer sits with scales before him, to weigh them for the people gratis.

A particular species of ring was called "gimmal," (gemellus, twin,) from its being formed in two parts fitting each other. A gold ring of this kind was found at Horsleydown in 1800. The hoops had one of their sides flat, each being twisted once round, whilst a hand coming from a rich sleeve formed the apex of each division. On bringing the flat sides of the hoops together, they were found to fit exactly, and the hands were seen to grasp a heart placed in the palm of the lower one. The posy was, *Usé de Vertu.* By a refinement of ingenuity, the gimmal ring was composed of more parts than two. Thus, in Herrick's "Hesperides,"

> Thou sent'st to me a true love-knot; but I
> Return a ring of *jimmals*, to imply
> Thy love had one knot, mine a *triple* tie.

No doubt the reader's memory will suggest many instances, both in history and in fiction, where a ring has performed services of more or less importance. To give or exchange rings, was a natural act in friends and lovers. Accordingly, we find Ovid, an accomplished master in the amatory art, presenting a ring to his mistress; and one of his minor poems is addressed to the piece of metal that was shortly to go into the presence of his

beloved. In lover's fashion he wishes to be the happy ring:

> See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
> O that I were the *ring* upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek!

In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," we see the fickle Proteus sending to his new love Silvia the ring which he had accepted as a precious boon from Julia. The mutual regard entertained for each other by Petrarch and Boccaccio was such, that we are told both bore the other's likeness on his ring. Was it not a ring that Essex, when in prison, intrusted to a treacherous woman, to use as a means of moving the queen's compassion towards the unfortunate nobleman to whom her majesty had given it in happier days? Had not the Caliph Vathek a faithful monitor in the shape of a stone set in a ring, that served him, like a conscience, telling him by its colour when he was doing things forbidden? We read that in 1813 the heroic women of Prussia gave up their wedding rings in order to supply funds for a patriotic war; and the king distributed iron rings in exchange, with this inscription, "I exchange gold for iron." As a close to these notes, we shall quote a passage from Goëthe's "Wilhelm Meister," which a friend has pointed out as containing an exquisite figure drawn from the subject before us: "Now, however, I was listening to music, which, as it originated in the deepest principles of the most accomplished human beings, was, by suitable and practised organs in harmonious unity, made again to address the deepest and the best principles of man. . . . They were all devotional songs in the Latin language; they sat like jewels in the golden ring of a polished intellectual conversation."

LOVE'S SEASONS.

THERE is an hour for the bud
To burst from the swollen bark:
There is an hour for the flood
To break from its ice-womb dark:
There is an hour for the bird
From the sunny palms to roam,
When its wandering heart is wildly stirr'd
With a voice from its northern home:
It is the time of Spring!
And in the heart there is a budding time,
Which longs to burst into its fullest prime,
A dawn which promises a summer day
Whose genial warmth can never pass away;
Love then unfolds his wing.

There is an hour for the leaf
To put on its darkest green:
There is an hour,—why so brief?
For the flowers' most vivid sheen.
There is an hour for the wood
To teem with perfume and song:
There is an hour for river and flood
To swarm with the finny throng;
It is the Summer's bloom!
And in the heart there is a time of bliss,
When number fails to mark each burning kiss,
When there's a spell, a loadstar in the eye,
The loss of which would make ye long to die;
Love broods then o'er his home.

There is an hour for the grass
To sicken beneath the sun:
There is an hour when the glass
From the summer wave is gone:
There is an hour for the leaf
To crimple and drop from the tree:
There is an hour for the dead-ripe sheaf
To be carried from off the lea;
Then Autumn chills the sky.
And in the heart there is a time of wo,
A madd'ning time, the cause of which few know,
When eye meets eye, but with a chilly stare,
When breast meets breast, but love is now not there:
His wings are stretch'd to fly.

There is an hour for the tree
To stand with a sapless heart:
There is an hour for the bee
To die 'neath the frost's fell dart:
There is an hour for the wreath
Of the white snow to bury all:
There is an hour for Earth's king, old Death,
To cover her face with his pall;
When Winter holdeth sway.
And in the heart there is a rayless time,
When sight, or sound, or action most sublime,
Cannot awake the soul from out the sleep
Of black despair.—How could it wake, how could it weep,
When Love hath flown away!

AOSTA.

SYSTEM OF THE HEAVENS AS REVEALED BY LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPES.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

SOME years ago, some person or other, [in fact I believe it was myself,] published in this Magazine† a paper from the German of Kant, on a very interesting question, viz., the age of our own little Earth. Those who have never seen that paper, a class of unfortunate people whom I suspect to form *rather* the majority in our present perverse generation, will be likely to misconceive its object. Kant's purpose was, not to ascertain how many years the Earth had lived: a million of years, more or less, made very little difference to *him*. What he wished to settle was no such barren conundrum. For, had there even been any means of coercing the Earth into an honest answer, on such a delicate point, which the Sicilian canon, Recupero, fancied that there was;‡ but which, in my own opinion, there neither is, nor ought to be, (since a man deserves to be

* Thoughts on Some Important Points relating to the System of the World. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D. Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. William Tait, Edinburgh. 1846.

† Tait's Magazine, First Series, Vol. IV. p. 165.

‡ *Recupero.*—See Brydone's Travels, some sixty or seventy years ago. The canon, being a beneficed clergyman in the Papal church, was naturally an infidel. He wished exceedingly to refute Moses: and he fancied that he really *had* done so by means of some collusive assistance from the layers of lava on Mount Etna. But there survives, at this day, very little to remind us of the canon, except an unpleasant guffaw that rises, at times, in solitary valleys of Etna.

cudgelled who could put such improper questions to a *lady* planet,)—still what would it amount to? What good would it do us, to have a certificate of our dear little mother's birth and baptism? Other people, people in Jupiter, or the Uranians,—may amuse themselves with her pretended foibles or infirmities: it is quite safe to do so at *their* distance; and, in a female planet like Venus, it might be natural, (though, strictly speaking, not quite correct,) to scatter abroad malicious insinuations, as though our excellent little mamma had begun to wear false hair, or had lost some of her front teeth. But all this, we men of sense know to be gammon. Our mother Tellus, beyond all doubt, is a lovely little thing. I am satisfied that she is very much admired throughout the Solar System: and, in clear seasons, when she is seen to advantage, with her bonny wee pet of a Moon tripping round her like a lamb, I should be thankful to any gentleman who will mention where he has happened to observe, either he or his telescope, will he only have the goodness to say, in what part of the heavens he has discovered a more elegant turn-out. I wish to make no personal reflections. I name no names. Only this I say, that, though some people have the gift of seeing things that other people never *could* see, and though some other people, or other some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, so that, generally, their geese count for swans, yet, after all, swans or geese, it would be a pleasure to me, and really a curiosity, to see the planet that could fancy herself entitled to sneeze at our Earth. And then, if she, (viz. our Earth,) keeps but one Moon, even *that* (you know) is an advantage as regards some people that keep none. There *are* people, pretty well known to you and me, that can't make it convenient to keep even one Moon. And so I come to my moral; which is this, that, to all appearance, it is mere justice; but, supposing it were not, still it is *our* duty, (as children of the Earth,) right or wrong, to stand up for our bonny young mamma, if she *is* young; or for our dear old mother, if she *is* old; whether young or old, to take her part against all comers; and to argue through thick and thin, which (sober or not) I always attempt to do, that she is the most respectable member of the Copernican System.

Meantime, what Kant understood by being old, is something that still remains to be explained. If one stumbled, in the steppes of Tartary, on the grave of a Megalonyx, and after long study, had deciphered from some pre-Adamite hiero-pothooks, the following epitaph:—"*Hic jacet* a Megalonyx, or *Hic jacet* a Mammoth, (as the case might be,) who departed this life, to the grief of his numerous acquaintance in the seventeen thousandth year of his age,"—of course, one would be sorry for him; because it must be disagreeable at *any* age to be torn away from life, and from all one's little megalonychal comforts; that's not pleasant, you know, even if one *is* seventeen thousand years old. But it would make all the difference possible in your grief, whether the record indicated a premature death, that he had been cut off, in fact, whilst just stepping into life, or had kicked the bucket when full of honours, and been followed to the grave by a train of weeping grandchildren. He had died "in his teens," that's past denying. But still we must know to what stage of life in a man, had corresponded seventeen thousand years in a Mammoth. Now exactly this was what Kant desired to know about our planet. Let her have lived any number of years that you suggest, (shall we say, if you please, that she is in her billionth year?) still that tells us nothing about the *period* of life, the *stage*, which she may be supposed to have reached. Is she a child, in fact, or is she an adult? And, *if* an adult, and that you gave a ball to the Solar System, is she that kind of person, that you would introduce to a waltzing partner, some fiery young gentleman like Mars, or would you rather suggest to her the sort of partnership which takes place at a whist-table? On this, as on so many other questions, Kant was perfectly sensible that people of the finest understandings may, and do take the most opposite views. Some think that our planet is in that stage of her life, which corresponds to the playful period of twelve or thirteen in a spirited girl. Such a girl, were it not that she is checked by a sweet natural sense of feminine grace, you might call a romp; but not a hoyden, observe; no horse-play; oh no; nothing of that sort. And these people fancy that earthquakes, volcanoes, and all such little *escapades* will be over, they will, in lawyer's phrase, "cease and determine," as soon as our Earth reaches the age of maidenly bashfulness. Poor thing! it's quite natural, you know, in a healthy growing girl. A little overflow of vivacity, a *pirouette* more or less, what harm should *that* do to any of us? Nobody takes more delight than I in the fawn-like sportiveness of an innocent girl, at this period of life: even a shade of *espiéglerie* does not annoy me. But still my own impressions incline me rather to represent the Earth as a fine noble young woman, full of the pride which is so becoming to her sex, and well able to take her own part, in case that, at any solitary point of the heavens, she should come across one of those vulgar fussy Comets, disposed to be rude and take improper liberties. These Comets, by the way, are public nuisances, very much like the mounted messengers of butchers in great cities, who are always at full gallop, and moving upon such an infinity of angles to human shinbones, that the final purpose of such boys (one of whom lately had the audacity nearly to ride down the Duke of Wellington) seems to be—not the translation of mutton, which would certainly find its way into human mouths even if riding boys were not,—but the improved geometry of transcendental curves. They ought to be numbered, ought these boys, and to wear badges—X 10, &c. And exactly the same evil, asking therefore by implication for exactly the same remedy, affects the Comets. A respectable planet is known everywhere, and responsible for any mischief that he does. But if a cry should arise, "Stop that wretch, who was rude to the Earth: who is he?" twenty voices will answer, perhaps, "It's Encke's

Comet: he's always doing mischief;" well, what can you say? it *may* be Encke's, it may be some other man's Comet: there are so many abroad and on so many roads, that you might as well ask upon a night of fog, such fog as may be opened with an oyster knife, whose cab that was (whose, viz., out of 27,000 in London) that floored you into the kennel.

These are constructive ideas upon the Earth's stage of evolution, which Kant was aware of, and which will always find toleration even where they do not find patronage. But others there are, a class whom I perfectly abominate, that place our Earth in the category of decaying women, nay of decayed women, going, going, and all but gone. Hair like arctic snows, failure of vital heat, palsy that shakes the head as in the porcelain toys on our mantel-pieces, asthma that shakes the whole fabric—these they absolutely fancy themselves to *see*. They absolutely *hear* the tellurian lungs wheezing, panting, crying, "Bellows to mend!" periodically as the Earth approaches her aphelion.

But suddenly at this point a demur arises upon the total question. Kant's very problem explodes, bursts, as poison in a Venetian wine-glass of old shivered the glass into fragments. For is there after all any stationary meaning in the question? Perhaps in reality the Earth is both young and old. Young? If she is not young at present, perhaps she *will* be so in future. Old? If she is not old at this moment, perhaps she *has* been old, and has a fair chance of becoming so again. In fact, she is a Phœnix that is known to have secret processes for rebuilding herself out of her own ashes. Little doubt there is but she has seen many a birth-day, many a funeral night, and many a morning of resurrection. Where now the mightiest of oceans rolls in pacific beauty, once were anchored continents and boundless forests. Where the south pole now shuts her frozen gates inhospitably against the intrusions of flesh, once were probably accumulated the ribs of empires; man's imperial forehead, woman's roseate lips, gleamed upon ten thousand hills; and there were innumerable contributions to antarctic journals almost as good (but not quite) as our own. Even within our domestic limits, even where little England, in her south-eastern quarter now devolves so quietly to the sea her sweet pastoral rivulets, once came roaring down, in pomp of waters, a regal Ganges,* that drained some hyperbolical continent, some Quinbus Flestrin of Asiatic proportions, long since gone to the dogs. All things pass away. Generations wax old as does a garment: but eternally God says—"Come again, ye children of men." Wildernesses of fruit, and worlds of flowers, are annually gathered in solitary South America to ancestral graves: yet still the Pomona of Earth, yet still the Flora of Earth, does not become superannuated, but blossoms in everlasting youth. Not otherwise by secular periods, known to us geologically as facts, though obscure as durations, *Tellus* herself, the planet, as a whole, is for ever working by golden balances of change and compensation, of ruin and restoration. She recasts her glorious habitations in decomposing them; she lies down for death, which perhaps a thousand times she has suffered; she rises for a new birth, which perhaps for the thousandth time has glorified her disc. Hers is the wedding-garment, hers is the shroud, that eternally is being woven in the loom. And God imposes upon her the awful necessity of working for ever at her own grave, yet of listening for ever to his far-off trumpet of *palingenesis*.

If this account of the matter be just, and were it not treasonable to insinuate the possibility of an error against so great a swell as Immanuel Kant, one would be inclined to fancy that Mr. Kant had really been dozing a little on this occasion; or, agreeably to his own illustration elsewhere, that he had realized the pleasant picture of one learned doctor trying to milk a he-goat, whilst another doctor, equally learned, holds the milk-pail below.† And there is apparently this two-edged embarrassment pressing upon the case—that, if our dear excellent mother the Earth could be persuaded to tell us her exact age in Julian years, still *that* would leave us all as much in the dark as ever: since, if the answer were, "Why, children, at my next birth-day I shall count a matter of some million centuries," we should still be at a loss to *value* her age: would it mean that she was a mere chicken, or that she was "getting up in years?" On the other hand, if (declining to state any odious circumstantialities,) she were to reply,—"No matter, children, for my precise years, which are disagreeable remembrances; I confess generally to being a lady of a certain age,"—here, in the inverse order, given the *valuation* of the age, we should yet be at a loss for the *absolute* years numerically: would a "certain age," mean that "mamma" was a million, be the same more or less, or perhaps not much above seventy thousand?

Every way, you see, reader, there are difficulties. But two things used to strike me, as unaccountably overlooked by Kant; who, to say the truth, was profound—yet at no time very agile—in the character of his understanding. First, what age now might we take our brother and sister planets to be? For *that* determination as to a point in *their* constitution, will do something to illustrate our own. We are as good as they, I hope, any day: perhaps in a growl, one might modestly insinuate—*better*. It's not at all likely that there can be any great disproportion of age amongst children of the same household: and therefore, since Kant always countenanced the idea that Jupiter had not quite

* "*Ganges*:" Dr. Nichol calls it by this name for the purpose of expressing its grandeur; and certainly in breadth, in diffusion at all times, but especially in the rainy season, the Ganges is the cock of the walk in our British orient. Else, as regards the body of water discharged, the absolute payments made into the sea's exchequer, and the majesty of column riding downwards from the Himalaya, I believe that, since Sir Alexander Burnes's measurements, the Indus ranks foremost by a long chalk.

† Kant applied this illustration to the case where one worshipful scholar proposes some impossible problem, (as the squaring of the circle, or the perpetual motion,) which another worshipful scholar sits down to solve. The reference was of course to Virgil's line,—"Atque idem jungat vulpes, et *mulgeat hircos*."

finished the upholstery of his extensive premises, as a comfortable residence for man, Jupiter having, in fact, a fine family of mammoths, but no family at all of "humans," (as brother Jonathan calls them,) Kant was bound, *ex analogo*, to hold that any little precedency in the trade of living, on the part of our own mother Earth, could not count for much in the long-run. At Newmarket, or Doncaster, the start is seldom mathematically true: trifling advantages will survive all human trials after abstract equity; and the logic of this case argues, that any few thousands of years by which Tellus may have got a-head of Jupiter, such as the having finished her Roman Empire, finished her Crusades, and finished her French Revolution, virtually amounts to little or nothing; indicates no higher proportion to the total scale upon which she has to run, than the few tickings of a watch by which one horse at the start for the Leger is in advance of another. When checked in our chronology by each other, it transpires that, in effect, we are but executing the nice manoeuvre of a start; and that the small matter of six thousand years, by which we may have advanced our own position beyond some of our planetary rivals, is but the outstretched neck of an uneasy horse at Doncaster. This is *one* of the data overlooked by Kant; and the less excusably overlooked, because it was his own peculiar doctrine,—that uncle Jupiter ought to be considered a green-horn. Jupiter may be a younger brother of our mamma; but, if he is a brother at all, he cannot be so very wide of our own chronology; and therefore the first *datum* overlooked by Kant was—the analogy of our whole planetary system. A second datum, as it always occurred to myself, might reasonably enough be derived from the intellectual vigour of us men. If our mother could, with any show of reason, be considered an old decayed lady, snoring stertorously in her arm chair, there would naturally be some *aroma* of phthisis, or apoplexy, beginning to form about *us*, that are her children. But *is* there? If ever Dr. Johnson said a true word, it was when he replied to the Scottish judge Burnett, so well known to the world as Lord Monboddo. The judge, a learned man, but obstinate as a mule in certain prejudices, had said plaintively, querulously, piteously,—"Ah, Doctor, we are poor creatures, we men of the eighteenth century, by comparison with our forefathers!" "Oh, no, my lord," said Johnson, "we are quite as strong as our ancestors, and a great deal wiser." Yes; our kick is, at least, as dangerous, and our logic does three times as much execution. This would be a complex topic to treat effectively; and I wish merely to indicate the opening which it offers for a most decisive order of arguments in such a controversy. If the Earth were on her last legs, we her children could not be very strong or healthy. Whereas, if there were less pedantry amongst us, less malice, less falsehood, and less darkness of prejudice, easy it would be to show, that in almost every mode of intellectual power, we are more than a match for the most conceited of elder generations, and that in some modes we have energies or arts absolutely and exclusively our own. Amongst a thousand indications of strength and budding youth, I will mention two:—Is it likely, is it plausible, that our Earth should just begin to find out effective methods of traversing land and sea, when she had a summons to leave both? Is it not, on the contrary, a clear presumption that the great career of Earthly nations is but on the point of opening, that life is but just beginning to kindle, when the great obstacles to effectual locomotion, and therefore to extensive human intercourse, are first of all beginning to give way? Secondly, I ask peremptorily,—Does it stand with good sense, is it reasonable that Earth is waning, science drooping, man looking downward, precisely in that epoch when, first of all, man's eye is arming itself for looking effectively into the mighty depths of space? A new era for the human intellect, upon a path that lies amongst its most aspiring, is promised, is inaugurated, by Lord Rosse's almost awful telescope.

What is it then that Lord Rosse has accomplished? If a man were aiming at dazzling by effects of rhetoric, he might reply: He has accomplished that which once the condition of the telescope not only refused its permission to hope for, but expressly bade man to despair of. What is it that Lord Rosse has revealed? Answer: he has revealed more by far than he found. The theatre to which he has introduced us, is *immeasurably* beyond the old one which he found. To say that he found, in the visible universe, a little wooden theatre of Thespis, a *tréteau* or shed of vagrants, and that he presented us, at a price of toil and of *anxiety* that cannot be measured, with a Roman colosseum,—*that* is to say nothing. It is to undertake the measurement of the tropics with the pocket-tape of an upholsterer. Columbus, when he introduced the Old World to the New, after all that can be said in his praise, did in fact only introduce the majority to the minority; but Lord Rosse has introduced the minority to the majority. There are two worlds, one called Ante-Rosse, and the other Post-Rosse; and, if it should come to voting, the latter would shockingly outvote the other. Augustus Cæsar made it his boast when dying, that he had found the city of Rome built of brick, and that he left it built of marble: *lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*. Lord Rosse may say, even if to-day he should die, "I found God's universe represented for human convenience, even after all the sublime discoveries of Herschel, upon a globe or spherical chart having a radius of one hundred and fifty feet; and I left it sketched upon a similar chart, keeping exactly the same scale of proportions, but now elongating its radius into one thousand feet." The reader of course understands that this expression, founded on absolute calculations of Dr. Nichol, is simply meant to exhibit the *relative* dimensions of the *mundus Ante-Rosseanus* and the *mundus Post-Rosseanus;* for as to the *absolute* dimensions, when stated in miles, leagues, or any units familiar to the human experience, they are too stunning and confounding. If, again, they are stated in larger units, as for instance diameters of the earth's

orbit, the unit itself that should facilitate the grasping of the result, and which really *is* more manageable numerically, becomes itself elusive of the mental grasp: it comes in as an interpreter; and (as in some other cases) the interpreter is hardest to be understood of the two. If, finally, TIME be assumed as the exponent of the dreadful magnitudes, time combining itself with motion, as in the flight of cannon-balls or the flight of swallows, the sublimity becomes greater; but horror seizes upon the reflecting intellect, and incredulity upon the irreflective. Even a railroad generation, that *should* have faith in the miracles of velocity, lifts up its hands with an "*Incredulus odi!*" we know that Dr. Nichol speaks the truth; but he *seems* to speak falsehood. And the ignorant bystander prays that the doctor may have grace given him and time for repentance; whilst his more liberal companion reproves his want of charity, observing that travellers into far countries have always had a license for lying, as a sort of tax or fine levied for remunerating their own risks; and that great astronomers, as necessarily far travellers into space, are entitled to a double per centage of the same Munchausen privilege.

Great is the mystery of Space, greater is the mystery of Time; either mystery grows upon man, as man himself grows; and either seems to be a function of the godlike which is in man. In reality the depths and the heights which are in man, the depths by which he searches, the heights by which he aspires, are but projected and made objective externally in the three dimensions of space which are outside of him. He trembles at the abyss into which his bodily eyes look down, or look up; not knowing that abyss to be, not always consciously suspecting it to be, but by an instinct written in his prophetic heart feeling it to be, boding it to be, fearing it to be, and sometimes hoping it to be, the mirror to a mightier abyss that will one day be expanded in himself. Even as to the sense of space, which is the lesser mystery than time, I know not whether the reader has remarked that it is one which swells upon man with the expansion of his mind, and that it is probably peculiar to the mind of man. An infant of a year old, or oftentimes even older, takes no notice of a sound, however loud, which is a quarter of a mile removed, or even in a distant chamber. And brutes even of the most enlarged capacities seem not to have any commerce with distance: distance is probably not revealed to them except by a *presence*, viz. by some shadow of their own animality, which, if perceived at all, is perceived as a thing *present* to their organs. An animal desire, or a deep animal hostility, may render sensible a distance which else would not be sensible; but not render it sensible *as* a distance. Hence perhaps is explained, and not out of any self-oblivion from higher enthusiasm, a fact that often has occurred, of deer, or hares, or foxes, and the pack of hounds in pursuit, chaser and chased, all going headlong over a precipice together. Depth or height does not readily manifest itself to *them*; so that any *strong* motive is sufficient to overpower the sense of it. Man only has a natural function for expanding on an illimitable sensorium, the illimitable growths of space. Man, coming to the precipice, reads his danger; the brute perishes: man is saved; and the horse is saved by his rider.

But, if this sounds in the ear of some a doubtful refinement, the doubt applies only to the lowest degrees of space. For the highest, it is certain that brutes have no perception. To man is as much reserved the prerogative of perceiving space in its higher extensions, as of geometrically constructing the relations of space. And the brute is no more capable of apprehending abysses through his eye, than he can build upwards or can analyze downwards the aerial synthesis of Geometry. Such, therefore, as is space for the grandeur of man's perceptions, such as is space for the benefit of man's towering mathematic speculations, such is the nature of our debt to Lord Rosse — as being the philosopher who has most pushed back the frontiers of our conquests upon this *exclusive* inheritance of man. We have all heard of a king that, sitting on the sea-shore, bade the waves, as they began to lave his feet, upon their allegiance to retire. *That* was said not vainly or presumptuously, but in reproof of sycophantic courtiers. Now, however, we see in good earnest another man, wielding another kind of sceptre, and sitting upon the shores of infinity, that says to the ice which had frozen up our progress,—"Melt thou before my breath!" that says to the rebellious *nebulæ*,—"Submit, and burst into blazing worlds!" that says to the gates of darkness,—"Roll back, ye barriers, and no longer hide from us the infinities of God!"

"Come, and I will show you what is beautiful."

From the days of infancy still lingers in my ears this opening of a prose hymn by a lady, then very celebrated, viz. the late Mrs. Barbauld. The hymn began by enticing some solitary infant into some silent garden, I believe, or some forest lawn; and the opening words were, "Come, and I will show you what is beautiful!" Well, and what beside? There is nothing beside; oh, disappointed and therefore enraged reader; positively this is the sum-total of what I can recall from the wreck of years; and certainly it is not much. Even of Sappho, though time has made mere ducks and drakes of her lyrics, we have rather more spared to us than this. And yet this trifle, simple as you think it, this shred of a fragment, if the reader will believe me, still echoes with luxurious sweetness in my ears, from some unaccountable hide-and-seek of fugitive childish memories; just as a marine shell, if applied steadily to the ear, awakens (according to the fine image of Landor,*) the great vision of the sea; places the listener

"In the sun's palace-porch,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Now, on some moonless night, in some fitting

* "Of Landor," viz. in his "Gebir;" but also of Wordsworth in "The Excursion." And I must tell the reader, that a contest raged at one time as to the *original* property in this image, not much less keen than that between Neptune and Minerva, for the chancellorship of Athens.

condition of the atmosphere, if Lord Rosse would permit the reader and myself to walk into the front drawing-room of his telescope, then, in Mrs. Barbauld's words, slightly varied, I might say to him,—Come, and I will show you what is sublime! In fact, what I am going to lay before him, from Dr. Nichol's work, is, or at least *would* be, (when translated into Hebrew grandeur by the mighty telescope,) a step above even that object which some four-and-twenty years ago in the British Museum struck me as simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world I had seen. It was the Memnon's head, then recently brought from Egypt. I looked at it, as the reader must suppose, in order to understand the depth which I have here ascribed to the impression, not as a human but as a symbolic head; and what it symbolized to me were: 1. The peace which passeth all understanding. 2. The eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation; the eternity which *had* been, the eternity which *was* to be. 3. The diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession — an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips; the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh.

In that mode of sublimity, perhaps I still adhere to my first opinion, that nothing so great was ever beheld. The atmosphere for *this*, for the Memnon, was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy thing seemed to live by silence. But there *is* a picture, the pendant of the Memnon, there *is* a dreadful cartoon, from the gallery which has begun to open upon Lord Rosse's telescope, where the appropriate atmosphere for investing it must be drawn from another silence, from the frost and from the eternities of death. It is the famous *nebula* in the constellation of Orion; famous for the unexampled defiance with which it resisted all approaches from the most potent of former telescopes; famous for its frightful magnitude and for the frightful depth to which it is sunk in the abysses of the heavenly wilderness; famous just now for the submission with which it has begun to render up its secrets to the all-conquering telescope; and famous in all time coming for the horror of the regal phantasma which it has perfected to eyes of flesh. Had Milton's "incestuous mother," with her fleshless son, and with the warrior angel, his father, that led the rebellions of heaven, been suddenly unmasked by Lord Rosse's instrument, in these dreadful distances before which, simply as expressions of resistance, the mind of man shudders and recoils, there would have been nothing more appalling in the exposure; in fact, it would have been essentially the same exposure: the same expression of power in the detestable phantom, the same rebellion in the attitude, the same pomp of malice in the features to a universe seasoned for its assaults.

The reader must look to Dr. Nichol's book, at page 51, for the picture of this abominable apparition. But then, in order to see what *I* see, the obedient reader must do what I tell him to do. Let him therefore view the wretch upside down. If he neglects that simple direction, of course I don't answer for any thing that follows: without any fault of mine, my description will be unintelligible. This inversion being made, the following is the dreadful creature that will then reveal itself.

Description of the Nebula in Orion, as forced to show out by Lord Rosse. — You see a head thrown back, and raising its face, (or eyes, if eyes it had,) in the very anguish of hatred, to some unknown heavens. What *should* be its skull wears what *might* be an Assyrian tiara, only ending behind in a floating train. This head rests upon a beautifully developed neck and throat. All power being given to the awful enemy, he is beautiful where he pleases, in order to point and envenom his ghostly ugliness. The mouth, in that stage of the apocalypse which Sir John Herschel was able to arrest in his eighteen-inch mirror, is amply developed. Brutalities unspeakable sit upon the upper lip, which is confluent with a snout; for separate nostrils there are none. Were it not for this one defect of nostrils; and, even in spite of this defect, (since, in so mysterious a mixture of the angelic and the brutal, we may suppose the sense of odour to work by some compensatory organ,) one is reminded by the phantom's attitude of a passage, ever memorable, in Milton: that passage, I mean, where Death first becomes aware, soon after the original trespass, of his own future empire over man. The "meagre shadow" even smiles (for the first time and the last) on apprehending his own abominable bliss, by apprehending from afar the savour "of mortal change on earth."

> ——— "Such a scent," (he says,) "I draw
> Of carnage, prey innumerable."

As illustrating the attitude of the phantom in Orion, let the reader allow me to quote the tremendous passage:

> "So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
> Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
> Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
> Against the day of battle, to a field,
> Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured
> With scent of living carcasses design'd
> For death, the following day, in bloody fight;
> So scented the grim feature,* and upturn'd
> His nostril wide into the murky air,
> Sagacious of his quarry from so far."

But the lower lip, which is drawn inwards with the curve of a conch shell,—oh what a convolute of cruelty and revenge is *there!* Cruelty! — to whom? Revenge!—for what? Ask not, whisper not. Look upwards to other mysteries. In the very region of his temples, driving itself downwards into his cruel brain, and breaking the continuity of his diadem, is a horrid chasm, a ravine, a shaft, that many centuries would not traverse; and it is serrated on its posterior wall with a harrow that

* "So scented the grim feature," [*feature* is the old word for *form or outline that is shadowy;* and also for form (shadowy or not) which abstracts from the *matter.*] By the way, I have never seen it noticed, that Milton was indebted for the hint of this immortal passage to a superb line-and-a-half, in Lucan's *Pharsalia.*

perhaps is partly hidden. From the anterior wall of this chasm rise, in vertical directions, two processes; one perpendicular, and rigid as a horn, the other streaming forward before some portentous breath. What these could be, seemed doubtful; but now, when further examinations by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, have filled up the scattered outline with a rich umbrageous growth, one is inclined to regard them as the plumes of a sultan. Dressed he is, therefore, as well as armed. And finally comes Lord Rosse, that glorifies him with the jewellery* of stars: he is now a vision "to dream of, not to tell:" he is ready for the worship of those that are tormented in sleep: and the stages of his solemn uncovering by astronomy, first by Sir W. Herschel, secondly, by his son, and finally by Lord Rosse, is like the reversing of some heavenly doom, like the raising of the seals that had been sealed by the angel, in the Revelations.

But the reader naturally asks, How does all this concern Lord Rosse's telescope on the one side, or general astronomy on the other? This *nebula*, he will say, seems a bad kind of fellow by your account; and of course it will not break my heart to hear, that he has had the conceit taken out of him. But in what way can *that* affect the pretensions of this new instrument; or, if it did, how can the character of the instrument affect the general condition of a science? Besides, is not the science a growth from very ancient times? With great respect for the Earl of Rosse, is it conceivable that he, or any man, by one hour's working the tackle of his new instrument, can have carried any stunning revolutionary effect into the heart of a section so ancient in our mathematical physics? But the reader is to consider, that the ruins made by Lord Rosse, are in *sidereal* astronomy, which is almost wholly a growth of modern times; and the particular part of it demolished by the new telescope, is almost exclusively the creation of the two Herschels, father and son. Laplace, it is true, adopted their views; and he transferred them to the particular service of our own planetary system. But he gave to them no new sanction, except what arises from showing that they would account for the appearances, as they present themselves to our experience at this day. That was a *negative* confirmation; by which I mean, that, had their views failed in the hands of Laplace, then they were proved to be false; but, *not* failing, they were not therefore proved to be true. It was like proving a gun; if the charge is insufficient, or if, in trying the strength of cast iron, timber, ropes, &c., the strain is not up to the rigour of the demand, you go away with perhaps a favourable impression as to the promises of the article; it has stood a moderate trial; it has stood all the trial that offered, which is always something; but you are still obliged to feel that, when the ultimate test is applied, smash may go the whole concern. Lord Rosse applied an ultimate test; and smash went the whole concern. Really I must have laughed, though all the world had been angry, when the shrieks and yells of expiring systems began to reverberate all the way from the belt of Orion; and positively at the very first broadside delivered from this huge four-decker of a telescope.

But what was it then that went to wreck? That is a thing more easy to ask than to answer. At least, for my own part, I complain that some vagueness hangs over all the accounts of the nebular hypothesis. However, in this place a brief sketch will suffice.

Herschel the elder, having greatly improved the telescope, began to observe with special attention a class of remarkable phenomena in the starry world hitherto unstudied, viz: milky spots in various stages of diffusion. The nature of these appearances soon cleared itself up thus far, that generally they were found to be starry worlds, separated from ours by inconceivable distances, and in that way concealing at first their real nature. The whitish gleam was the mask conferred by the enormity of their remotion. This being so, it might have been supposed that, *as* was the faintness of these cloudy spots or *nebulæ*, such was the distance. But *that* did not follow: for in the treasury of nature it turned out that there were other resources for modifying the powers of distance, for muffling and unmuffling the voice of stars. Suppose a world at the distance x, which distance is so great as to make the manifestation of that world weak, milky, nebular. Now let the secret power that wields these awful orbs, push this world back to a double distance! *that* should naturally make it paler and more dilute than ever: and yet by *compression*, by deeper centralization, this effect shall be defeated; by forcing into far closer neighbourhood the stars which compose this world, again it shall gleam out brighter when at $2x$ than when at x. At this point of compression, let the great moulding power a second time push it back; and a second time it will grow faint. But once more let this world be tortured into closer compression, again let the screw be put upon it, and once again it shall shake off the oppression of distance as the dew-drops are shaken from a lion's mane. And thus in fact the mysterious architect plays at hide-and-seek with his worlds. "I will hide it," he says, "and it shall be found again by man; I will withdraw it into distances that shall seem fabulous, and again it shall apparel itself in glorious light; a third time I will plunge it into aboriginal darkness, and upon the vision of man a third time it shall rise with a new epiphany."

But, says the objector, there is no such world; there is no world that has thus been driven back, and depressed from one deep to a lower deep. Granted: but the same effect, an illustration of

* *The jewellery of Stars.* And one thing is very remarkable, viz. that not only the stars justify this name of jewellery, as usual, by the life of their splendour, but also, in this case, by their arrangement. No jeweller could have set, or disposed with more art, the magnificent quadrille of stars which is placed immediately below the upright plume. There is also another, a truncated quadrille, wanting only the left hand star (or you might call it a bisected lozenge) placed on the diadem, but obliquely placed as regards the curve of that diadem. Two or three other arrangements are striking, though not equally so, both from their regularity and from their repeating each other, as the forms in a kaleidoscope.

the same law, is produced equally, whether you take four worlds, all of the same magnitude, and plunge them *simultaneously* into four different abysses, sinking by graduated distances one below another, or take one world and plunge it to the same distances *successively*. So in Geology, when men talk of substances in different stages, or of transitional states, they do not mean that they have watched the same individual *stratum* or *phenomenon* exhibiting states removed from each other by depths of many thousand years; how could they? but they have seen one stage in the case A, another stage in the case B. They take, for instance, three objects, the same (to use the technical language of logic,) generically, though numerically different, under separate circumstances, or in different stages of advance. They are one object for logic, they are three for human convenience. So again it might seem impossible to give the history of a rose tree from infancy to age: how could the same rose tree, at the same time, be young and old? Yet by taking the different developments of its flowers, even as they hang on the same tree, from the earliest bud to the full-blown rose, you may in effect pursue this vegetable growth through all its stages: you have before you the bonny blushing little rose-bud, and the respectable "mediæval" full-blown rose.

This point settled, let it now be remarked, that Herschel's resources enabled him to unmask many of these *nebulæ:* stars they were, and stars he forced them to own themselves. Why should any decent world wear an *alias?* There was nothing, you know, to be ashamed of in being an honest cluster of stars. Indeed, they seemed to be sensible of this themselves, and they now yielded to the force of Herschel's arguments so far as to show themselves in the new character of *nebulæ* spangled with stars; these are the *stellar nebulæ;* quite as much as you could expect in so short a time: Rome was not built in a day: and one must have some respect to stellar feelings. It was noticed, however, that where a bright haze, and not a weak milk-and-water haze, had revealed itself to the telescope, this, arising from a case of *compression*, (as previously explained,) required very little increase of telescopic power to force him into a fuller confesson. He made a clean breast of it. But at length came a dreadful anomaly. A "nebula" in the constellation *Andromeda* turned restive: another in *Orion*, I grieve to say it, still more so. I confine myself to the latter. A very low power sufficed to bring him to a slight confession, which in fact amounted to nothing; the very highest would not persuade him to show a star. "Just one," said some coaxing person; "we'll be satisfied with only one." But no: he would *not*. He was hardened, "he wouldn't *split*." And Herschel was thus led, after waiting as long as flesh and blood *could* wait, to infer two classes of *nebulæ;* one that were stars; and another that were *not* stars, nor ever were meant to be stars. Yet *that* was premature: he found at last, that, though not raised to the peerage of stars, finally they would be so: they were the matter of stars; and by gradual condensation would become suns, whose atmosphere, by a similar process of condensing, would become planets, capable of brilliant literati and philosophers, in several volumes octavo. So stood the case for a long time; it was settled to the satisfaction of Europe that there were two classes of *nebulæ*, one that *were* worlds, one that were *not*, but only the pabulum of future worlds. Silence arose. A voice was heard, "Let there be Lord Rosse!" and immediately his telescope walked into Orion; destroyed the supposed matter of stars; but, in return, created immeasurable worlds.

As a hint for apprehending the delicacy and difficulty of the process in sidereal astronomy, let the inexperienced reader figure to himself these separate cases of perplexity: 1st, A perplexity where the dilemma arises from the collision between magnitude and distance:—is the size less, or the distance greater? 2dly, Where the dilemma arises between motions, a motion in ourselves doubtfully confounded with a motion in some external body; or, 3dly, Where it arises between possible positions of an object: is it a real proximity that we see between two stars, or simply an apparent proximity from lying in the same visual line, though in far other depths of space? As regards the first dilemma, we may suppose two laws, A and B, absolutely in contradiction, laid down at starting: A, that all fixed stars are precisely at the same *distance;* in this case every difference in the apparent magnitude will indicate a corresponding difference in the real magnitude, and will measure that difference. B, that all the fixed stars are precisely of the same *magnitude;* in which case, every variety in the size will indicate a corresponding difference in the distance, and will measure that difference. Nor could we imagine any exception to these inferences from A or from B, whichever of the two were assumed, unless through optical laws that might not equally affect objects under different circumstances; I mean, for instance, that might suffer a disturbance as applied under hypoth. B, to different depths in space, or under hypoth. A to different arrangements of structure in the star. But thirdly, it is certain, that neither A nor B is the abiding law: and next it becomes an object by science and by instruments to distinguish more readily and more certainly between the cases where the distance has degraded the size, and the cases where the size being *really* less, has caused an exaggeration of the distance: or again, where the size being really less, yet co-operating with a distance really greater, may degrade the estimate, (though travelling in a right direction,) below the truth; or again where the size being really less, yet counteracted by a distance also less, may equally disturb the truth of human measurements, and so on.

A second large order of equivocating appearances will arise,—not as to magnitude, but as to motion. If it could be a safe assumption, that the system to which our planet is attached were absolutely fixed and motionless, except as regards its own *internal* relations of movement, then every change outside of us, every motion that the registers of astronomy had established, would be objective and not subjective. It would be safe to pronounce at once that it was a motion in the object con-

templated, *not* in the subject contemplating. Or, reversely, if it were safe to assume as a universal law, that no motion was possible in the starry heavens, then every change of relations in space, between ourselves and them, would indicate and would measure a progress, or regress, on the part of our solar system, in certain known directions. But now, because it is not safe to rest in either assumption, the range of possibilities for which science has to provide, is enlarged; the immediate difficulties are multiplied; but with the result (as in the former case) of reversionally expanding the powers, and consequently the facilities, lodged both in the science and in the arts ministerial to the science. Thus, in the constellation *Cygnus*, there is a star gradually changing its relation to our system, whose distance from ourselves (as Dr. Nichol tells us) is ascertained to be about six hundred and seventy thousand times our own distance from the sun: that is, neglecting minute accuracy, about six hundred and seventy thousand stages of one hundred million miles each. This point being known, it falls within the *arts* of astronomy to translate this apparent angular motion into miles; and presuming this change of relation to be not in the star, but really in ourselves, we may deduce the velocity of our course, we may enter into our *log* daily the rate at which our whole solar system is running. Bessel, it seems, the eminent astronomer who died lately, computed this velocity to be such (viz. three times that of our own earth in its proper orbit) as would carry us to the star in forty-one thousand years. But, in the mean time, the astronomer is to hold in reserve some small share of his attention, some trifle of a side-glance, now and then, to the possibility of an error, after all, in the main assumption: he must watch the indications, if any such should arise, that not ourselves, but the star in *Cygnus*, is the real party concerned, in drifting at this shocking rate, with no prospect of coming to an anchorage.*

Another class, and a frequent one, of equivocal phenomena, phenomena that are reconcilable indifferently with either of two assumptions, though less plausibly reconciled with the one than with the other, concerns the position of stars that seem connected with each other by systematic relations, and which yet *may* lie in very different depths of space, being brought into seeming connexion only by the human eye. There have been, and there are, cases where two stars dissemble an interconnexion which they really *have*, and other cases where they simulate an interconnexion which they have *not*. All these cases of simulation and dissimulation torment the astronomer by multiplying his perplexities, and deepening the difficulty of escaping them. He cannot get at the truth: in many cases, magnitude and distance are in collusion with each other to deceive him: motion subjective is in collusion with motion objective; duplex systems are in collusion with fraudulent stars, having no real partnership whatever, but mimicking such a partnership by means of the limitatations or errors affecting the human eye, where it can apply no other sense to aid or to correct itself. So that the business of astronomy, in these days, is no sinecure, as the reader perceives. And by another evidence, it is continually becoming less of a sinecure. Formerly, one or two men,—Tycho, suppose, or, in a later age, Cassini and Horrox, and Bradley, had observatories: one man, suppose, observed the stars for all Christendom; and the rest of Europe observed *him*. But now, up and down Europe, from the deep blue of Italian skies to the cold frosty atmospheres of St. Petersburg and Glasgow, the stars are conscious of being watched every where; and if all astronomers do not publish their observations, all use them in their speculations. New and brilliantly appointed observatories are rising in every latitude, or risen; and none, by the way, of these new-born observatories, is more interesting from the circumstances of its position, or more *picturesque* to a higher organ than the eye—viz. to the human heart—than the New Observatory raised by the university of Glasgow.†

The New Observatory at Glasgow is now, I believe, finished; and the only fact connected with its history that was painful, as embodying and recording that Vandal alienation from science, literature, and all their interests, which has ever marked our too haughty and Caliph-Omar-like British government, lay in the circumstance that the glasses of the apparatus, the whole mounting of the establishment, in so far as it was a scientific establishment, and even the workmen for putting up the machinery, were imported from Bavaria.

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* It is worth adding at this point, whilst the reader remembers without effort the numbers, viz. forty-one thousand years, for the time, (the space being our own distance from the sun repeated six hundred and seventy thousand times,) what would be the time required for reaching, in the *body*, that distance to which Lord Rosse's six feet mirror has so recently extended our *vision*. The time would be, as Dr. Nichol computes, about two hundred and fifty millions of years, supposing that our rate of travelling was about three times that of our earth in its orbit. Now, as the velocity is assumed to be the same in both cases, the ratio between the distance (already so tremendous) of Bessel's 61 *Cygni*, and that of Lord Rosse's farthest frontier, is as forty-one thousand to two hundred and fifty millions. This is a simple rule-of-three problem for a child. And the answer to it will, perhaps, convey the simplest expression of the superhuman power lodged in the new telescope:—as is the ratio of forty-one thousand to two hundred and fifty million, so is the ratio of our own distance from the sun multiplied by six hundred and seventy thousand, to the outermost limit of Lord Rosse's sidereal vision.

† It has been reported, ever since the autumn of 1845, and the report is now, (August, 1846,) gathering strength, that some railway potentate, having taken a fancy for the ancient college of Glasgow, as a bauble to hang about his wife's neck, (no accounting for tastes,) has offered, (or *will* offer,) such a price, that the good old academic lady in this her moss-grown antiquity, seriously thinks of taking him at his word, packing up her traps, and being off. When a spirit of galavanting comes across an aged lady, it is always difficult to know where it will stop: so, in fact, you know, she may choose to steam for Texas. But the present impression is, that she will settle down by the side of what you may call her married or settled daughter — the Observatory; which one would be glad to have confirmed, as indicating that no purpose of pleasure-seeking had been working in elderly minds, but the instinct of religious rest and aspiration. The Observatory would thus remind one of those early Christian anchorites, and self-exiled visionaries, that being led by almost a necessity of nature to take up their residence in deserts, sometimes drew after themselves the whole of their own neighbourhood.

We, that once bade the world stand aside, when the question arose about glasses, or the graduation of instruments, were now literally obliged to stand cap in hand, bowing to Mr. Somebody, successor of Frauenhofer or Frauendevil, in Munich! Who caused *that*, we should all be glad to know, if not the wicked Treasury, that killed the hen that laid the golden eggs by taxing her until her spine broke? It is to be hoped that, at this moment, and specifically for this offence, some scores of Exchequer men, chancellors and other rubbish, are in purgatory, and perhaps working, with shirt-sleeves tucked up, in purgatorial glass-houses, with very small allowances of beer, to defray the cost of perspiration. But why trouble a festal remembrance with commemorations of crimes or criminals? What makes the Glasgow Observatory so peculiarly interesting, is its position, connected with and overlooking so vast a city, having more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, (in spite of an American sceptic,) nearly all children of toil; and a city, too, which, from the necessities of its circumstances, draws so deeply upon that fountain of misery and guilt which some ordinance, as ancient as "our father Jacob," with his patriarchal well for Samaria, has bequeathed to manufacturing towns,—to Ninevehs, to Babylons, to Tyres. How tarnished with eternal canopies of smoke, and of sorrow; how dark with agitations of many orders, is the mighty town below! How serene, how quiet, how lifted above the confusion and the roar, how liberated from the strifes of earth, is the solemn Observatory that crowns the grounds above!—And duly, at night, just when the toil of over-wrought Glasgow is mercifully relaxing, then comes the summons to the labouring astronomer. *He* speaks not of the night, but of the day and the flaunting day-light, as the hours "in which no man can work." And the least reflecting of men must be impressed by the idea, that at wide intervals, but intervals scattered over Europe, whilst "all that mighty heart" is, by sleep, resting from its labours, secret eyes are lifted up to heaven in astronomical watch towers; eyes that keep watch and ward over spaces that make us dizzy to remember, eyes that register the promises of comets, and disentangle the labyrinths of worlds.

Another feature of interest, connected with the Glasgow Observatory, is personal, and founded on the intellectual characteristics of the present professor, Dr. Nichol; in the deep meditative style of his mind seeking for rest, yet placed in conflict for ever with the tumultuous necessity in *him* for travelling along the line of revolutionary thought, and following it loyally, wearied or not, to its natural home.

In a sonnet of Milton, one of three connected with his own blindness, he distinguishes between two classes of servants that minister to the purposes of God. "*His* state," says he, meaning God's state, the arrangement of his regular service, "is kingly;" that is to say, it resembles the mode of service established in the courts of kings; and, in this, it resembles that service, that there are two classes of ministers attending on his pleasure. For, as in the trains of kings are some that run without resting, night or day, to carry the royal messages, and also others — great lords in waiting — that move not from the royal gates; so of the divine retinues, some are for action only, some for contemplation. "Thousands" there are that

> ——— "at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

Others, on the contrary, motionless as statues, that share not in the agitations of their times, that tremble not in sympathy with the storms around them, but that listen — that watch — that wait—for secret indications to be fulfilled, or secret signs to be deciphered. And, of this latter class, he adds — that they, not less than the others, are accepted by God; or, as it is so exquisitely expressed in the closing line,

> "*They* also serve, that only stand and wait."

Something analogous to this one may see in the distributions of literature and science. Many popularize and diffuse: some reap and gather on their own account. Many translate, into languages fit for the multitude, messages which they receive from human voices: some listen, like Kubla Khan, far down in caverns or hanging over subterranean rivers, for secret whispers that mingle and confuse themselves with the general uproar of torrents, but which can be detected and kept apart by the obstinate prophetic ear, which spells into words and ominous sentences the distracted syllables of aerial voices. Dr. Nichol is one of those who pass to and fro between these classes; and has the rare function of keeping open their vital communications. As a popularizing astronomer, he has done more for the benefit of his great science than all the rest of Europe combined: and now, when he notices, without murmur, the fact that his office of popular teacher is almost taken out of his hands, (so many are they who have trained of late for the duty,) that change has, in fact, been accomplished through knowledge, through explanations, through suggestions, dispersed and prompted by himself.

For my own part, as one belonging to the laity, and not to the *clerus*, in the science of astronomy, I could scarcely have presumed to report minutely, or to sit in the character of dissector upon the separate details of Dr. Nichol's works, either this, or those which have preceded it, had there even been room left disposable for such a task. But in this view it is sufficient to have made the general acknowledgment which already *has* been made, that Dr. Nichol's works, and his oral lectures upon astronomy, are to be considered as the *fundus* of the knowledge on that science now working in this generation. More important it is, and more in reconciliation with the tenor of my own ordinary studies, to notice the philosophic spirit in which Dr. Nichol's works are framed; the breadth of his views, the eternal tendency of his steps in advance, or (if advance on that quarter, or at that point, happens to be absolutely walled out for the present,) the vigour of the *reconnoissances* by which he examines the

hostile intrenchments. Another feature challenges notice. In reading astronomical works, there arises (from old experience of what is usually most faulty) a wish either for the naked severities of science, with a total abstinence from all display of enthusiasm; or else, if the cravings of human sensibility *are* to be met and gratified, that it shall be by an enthusiasm unaffected and grand as its subject. Of that kind is the enthusiasm of Dr. Nichol. The grandeurs of astronomy are such to him who has a capacity for being grandly moved. They are none at all to him who has not. To the mean they become meannesses. Space, for example, has no grandeur to him who has no space in the theatre of his own brain. I know writers who report the marvels of velocity, &c. in such a way that they become insults to yourself. It is obvious that in *their* way of insisting on our earth's speed in her annual orbit, they do not seek to exalt *her*, but to mortify *you*. And, besides, these fellows are answerable for provoking people into fibs:—for I remember one day, that reading a statement of this nature, about how many things the Earth had done that *we* could never hope to do, and about the number of cannon balls, harnessed as a *tandem*, which the Earth would fly past, without leaving time to say, *How are you off for soap?* in vexation of heart I could not help exclaiming—"That's nothing: I've done a great deal more myself;" though, when one turns it in one's mind, you know there must be some inaccuracy *there*. How different is Dr. Nichol's enthusiasm from this hypocritical and vulgar wonderment! It shows itself not merely in reflecting the grandeurs of his theme, and by the sure test of detecting and allying itself with all the indirect grandeurs that arrange themselves from any distance, upon or about that centre, but by the manifest promptness with which Dr. Nichol's enthusiasm awakens itself upon *every* road that leads to things elevating for man; or to things promising for knowledge; or to things which, like dubious theories or imperfect attempts at systematizing, though neutral as regards knowledge, minister to what is greater than knowledge, viz. to intellectual *power*, to the augmented power of handling your materials, though with no more materials than before. In his geological and cosmological inquiries, in his casual speculations, the same quality of intellect betrays itself; the intellect that labours in sympathy with the labouring *nisus* of these gladiatorial times; that works (and sees the necessity of working) the apparatus of many sciences towards a composite result; the intellect that retires in one direction only to make head in another; and that already is prefiguring the route beyond the barriers, whilst yet the gates are locked.

There was a man in the last century, and an eminent man too, who used to say, that whereas people in general pretended to admire astronomy as being essentially sublime, he for *his* part looked upon all that sort of thing as a swindle; and, on the contrary, he regarded the solar system as decidedly vulgar; because the planets were all of them so infernally punctual, they kept time with such horrible precision, that they forced him, whether he would or no, to think of nothing but post-office clocks, mail-coaches, and bookkeepers. Regularity may be beautiful, but it excludes the sublime. What he wished for was something like Lloyd's list.

> *Comets*—due 3; arrived 1.
> *Mercury*, when last seen, appeared to be distressed; but made no signals.
> *Pallas* and *Vesta*, not heard of for some time; supposed to have foundered.
> *Moon*, spoken last night through a heavy bank of clouds; out sixteen days: all right.

Now this poor man's misfortune was, to have lived in the days of mere planetary astronomy. At present, when our own little system, with all its grandeurs, has dwindled by comparison to a subordinate province, if any man is bold enough to say so, a poor shivering unit amongst myriads that are brighter, we ought no longer to talk of astronomy, but of *the astronomies*. There is the planetary, the cometary, the sidereal, perhaps also others; as, for instance, even yet the nebular; because, though Lord Rosse has smitten it with the son of Amram's rod, has made it open, and cloven a path through it, yet other and more fearful *nebulæ* may loom in sight, (if further improvements should be effected in the telescope,) that may puzzle even Lord Rosse. And when he tells his *famulus*—"Fire a shot at that strange fellow, and make him show his colours," possibly the mighty stranger may disdain the summons. That would be vexatious: we should all be incensed at *that*. But no matter. What's a *nebula*, what's a world, more or less? In the spiritual heavens are many mansions: in the starry heavens, that are now unfolding and preparing to unfold before us, are many vacant areas upon which the astronomer may pitch his secret pavilion. He may dedicate himself to the service of the *Double Suns;* he has my licence to devote his whole time to the quadruple system of suns in *Lyra*. Swammerdam spent his life in a ditch watching frogs and tadpoles; why may not an astronomer give nine lives, if he had them, to the watching of that awful appearance in *Hercules*, which pretends to some rights over our own unoffending system? Why may he not mount guard with public approbation, for the next fifty years, upon the zodiacal light, the interplanetary ether, and other rarities, which the professional body of astronomers would naturally keep (if they could) for their own private enjoyment. There is no want of variety now, nor in fact of irregularity: for the most exquisite clock-work, which from enormous distance *seems* to go wrong, virtually for us *does* go wrong; so that our friend of the last century, who complained of the solar system, would not need to do so any longer. There are anomalies enough to keep him cheerful. There are now even things to alarm us; for any thing in the starry worlds that looks suspicious, any thing that ought *not* to be there, is, for all purposes of frightening us, as good as a ghost.

But of all the novelties that excite my own interest in the expanding astronomy of recent

times, the most delightful and promising are those charming little pyrotechnic planetoids,* that variegate our annual course. It always struck me as most disgusting, that, in going round the sun, we must be passing continually over old roads, and yet we had no means of establishing an acquaintance with them: they might as well be new for every trip. Those chambers of ether, through which we are tearing along night and day, (for *our* train stops at no stations,) doubtless, if we could put some mark upon them, must be old fellows perfectly liable to recognition. I suppose, *they* never have notice to quit. And yet, for want of such a mark, though all our lives flying past them and through them, we can never challenge them as known. The same thing happens in the desert: one monotonous iteration of sand, sand, sand, unless where some miserable fountain stagnates, forbids all approach to familiarity: nothing is circumstantiated or differenced: travel it for three generations, and you are no nearer to identification of its parts: so that it amounts to travelling through an abstract idea. For the desert, really I suspect the thing is hopeless: but, as regards our planetary orbit, matters are mending: for the last six or seven years I have heard of these fiery showers, but indeed I cannot say how much earlier they were first noticed,† as celebrating two annual festivals — one in August, one in November. You are a little too late, reader, for seeing this year's summer festival; but that's no reason why you should not engage a good seat for the November meeting; which, if I recollect, is about the 9th, or the Lord Mayor's day, and on the whole better worth seeing. For any thing *we* know, this may be a great day in the earth's earlier history; she may have put forth her original rose on this day, or tried her hand at a primitive specimen of wheat; or she may, in fact, have survived some gunpowder plot about this time; so that the meteoric appearance may be a kind congratulating *feu-de-joye*, on the anniversary of the happy event. What it is that the 'cosmogony man' in the "Vicar of Wakefield" would have thought of such novelties, whether he would have favoured us with his usual opinion upon such topics, viz. that *anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan*, or have sported a new one exclusively for this occasion, may be doubtful. What it is that astronomers think, who are a kind of 'cosmogony men,' the reader may learn from Dr. Nichol, Note B, (p. 139-140.)

In taking leave of a book and a subject so well fitted to draw out the highest mode of that grandeur, which *can* connect itself with the external, (a grandeur capable of drawing down a spiritual being to earth, but not of raising an earthly being to heaven,) I would wish to contribute my own brief word of homage to this grandeur by recalling from a fading remembrance of twenty-five years back a short *bravura* of John Paul Richter. I call it a *bravura*, as being intentionally a passage of display and elaborate execution; and in this sense I may call it partly 'my own,' that at twenty-five years' distance, (after one single reading,) it would not have been possible for any man to report a passage of this length without greatly disturbing ‡ the texture of the composition: by altering, one makes it partly one's own; but it is right to mention, that the sublime turn at the end belongs entirely to John Paul.

"God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying,—'Come thou hither, and see the glory of my house.' And to the servants that stood around his throne he said,—'Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh: cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils: only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wing they fled through Zaarrahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life: sometimes they swept over frontiers, that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film: by unutterable pace the light swept to *them*, they by unutterable pace to the light: in a moment the rushing of planets was upon them: in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. To the right hand and to

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* "*Pyrotechnic planetoids:*"—The reader will understand me as alluding to the periodic shooting stars. It is now well known, that as, upon our own poor little earthly ocean, we fall in with certain phenomena as we approach certain latitudes; so also upon the great ocean navigated by our Earth, we fall in with prodigious showers of these meteors at periods no longer uncertain, but fixed as jail-deliveries. "These remarkable showers of meteors," says Dr. Nichol, "observed at different periods in August and November, seem to demonstrate the fact, that, at these periods, we have come in contact with two streams of such planetoids then intersecting the earth's orbit." If they intermit, it is only because they are shifting their nodes, or points of intersection.

† Somewhere I have seen it remarked, that if, on a public road, you meet a party of four women, it is at least fifty to one that they are all laughing; whereas, if you meet an equal party of my own unhappy sex, you may wager safely that they are talking gravely, and that one of them is uttering the word *money*. Hence it must be, viz. because our sisters are too much occupied with the playful things of this earth, and our brothers with its gravities, that neither party sufficiently watches the skies. And *that* accounts for a fact which often has struck myself, viz. that, in cities, on bright moonless nights, when some brilliant skirmishings of the Aurora are exhibiting, or even a luminous arch, which is a broad ribbon of snowy light that spans the skies, positively unless I myself say to people—"Eyes upwards!" not one in a hundred, male or female, but fails to see the show, though it may be seen *gratis*, simply because their eyes are too uniformly reading the earth. This downward direction of the eyes, however, must have been worse in former ages: because else it never *could* have happened that, until Queen Anne's days, nobody ever hinted in a book that there *was* such a thing, or *could* be such a thing, as the Aurora Borealis; and in fact Halley had the credit of discovering it.

‡ "*Disturbing;*" neither perhaps should I much have sought to avoid alterations if the original had been lying before me: for it takes the shape of a dream; and this most brilliant of all German writers wanted in that field the severe simplicity, that horror of the *too much*, belonging to Grecian architecture, which is essential to the perfection of a dream considered as a work of art. He was too elaborate, to realize the grandeur of the shadowy.

the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose—at altitudes, by spans—that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities above, that descended to the eternities below: above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body: depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose — that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, — other heights, and other depths, — were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed, and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, — 'Angel, I will go no farther. For the spirit of man aches with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave from the persecutions of the infinite; for end, I see, there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice, 'The man speaks truly: end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded: 'Is there indeed no end? And is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens; saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God? Lo! also there is no Beginning.'"

Note.—On throwing his eyes hastily over the preceding paper, the writer becomes afraid that some readers may give such an interpretation to a few playful expressions upon the age of our earth, &c., as to class him with those who use geology, cosmology, &c., for purposes of attack, or insinuation against the Scriptures. Upon this point, therefore, he wishes to make a firm explanation of his own opinions, which, (whether right or wrong,) will liberate him, once for all, from any such jealousy.

It is sometimes said, that the revealer of a true religion, does not come amongst men for the sake of teaching truths in science, or correcting errors in science. Most justly is this said: but often in terms far too feeble. For generally these terms are such as to imply, that, although no function of his mission, it was yet open to him — although not pressing with the force of an obligation upon the revealer, it was yet at his discretion — if not to correct other men's errors, yet at least in his own person to speak with scientific precision. I contend that it was *not*. I contend, that to have uttered the truths of astronomy, of geology, &c., at the era of new-born Christianity, was not only *below* the purposes of a religion, but would have been *against* them. Even upon errors of a far more important class than any errors in science can ever be,—superstitions, for instance, that degraded the very idea of God; prejudices and false usages, that laid waste human happiness, (such as slavery and many hundreds of other abuses that might be mentioned,) the rule evidently acted upon by the Founder of Christianity was this—Given the purification of the fountain, once assumed that the fountains of truth are cleansed, all these derivative currents of evil will cleanse themselves. And the only exceptions, which I remember, to this rule, are two cases in which, from the personal appeal made to his decision, Christ would have made himself a party to wretched delusions, if he had not condescended to expose their folly. But, as a general rule, the branches of error were disregarded, and the roots only attacked. If, then, so lofty a station was taken with regard even to such errors as had moral and spiritual relations, how much more with regard to the comparative trifles, (as in the ultimate relations of human nature they are,) of merely human science! But, for my part, I go further, and assert, that upon three reasons it was impossible for any messenger from God, (or offering himself in that character,) for a moment to have descended into the communication of truth merely scientific, or economic, or worldly. And the reasons are these: *First*, Because it would have degraded his mission, by lowering it to the base level of a collusion with human curiosity, or with petty and transitory interests. *Secondly*, Because it would have ruined his mission; would utterly have prostrated the free agency and the proper agency of that mission. He that, in those days, should have proclaimed the true theory of the Solar System and the heavenly forces, would have been shut up at once—as a lunatic likely to become dangerous. But suppose him to have escaped *that;* still, as a divine teacher, he has no liberty of caprice. He must stand to the promises of his own acts. Uttering the first truth of a science, he is pledged to the second: taking the main step, he is committed to all which follow. He is thrown at once upon the endless controversies which science in every stage provokes, and in none more than in the earliest. Or, if he retires as from a scene of contest that he had not anticipated, he retires as one confessing a human precipitance and a human oversight, weaknesses, venial in others, but fatal to the pretensions of a divine teacher. Starting besides from such pretensions, he could not (as others might) have the privilege of selecting arbitrarily or partially. If upon one science, then upon all,—if upon science, then upon art,—if upon art and science, then upon *every* branch of social economy, upon *every* organ of civilization, his reformations and advances are equally due; due as to all, if due as to any. To move in one direction, is constructively to undertake for all. Without power to retreat, he has thus thrown the intellectual interests of his followers into a channel utterly alien to the purposes of a spiritual mission.

Thus far he has simply failed: but next comes a worse result; an evil, not negative but positive. Because, *thirdly*, to apply the light of a revelation for the benefit of a merely human science, which is virtually done by so applying the illumination of an *inspired* teacher, is — to assault capitally the scheme of God's discipline and training for man. To improve by *heavenly* means, if but in one solitary science—to lighten, if but in one solitary section, the condition of difficulty which had been designed for the strengthening and training of human faculties, is *pro tanto* to disturb — to cancel — to contradict a previous purpose of God, made known by silent indications from the beginning of the world. Wherefore did God give to man the powers for contending with scientific difficulties? Wherefore did he lay a secret train of continual occasions, that should rise, by intervals, through thousands of generations, for provoking and developing those activities in man's intellect, if, after all, he is to send a messenger of his own, more than human, to intercept and strangle all these great purposes? When, therefore, the persecutors of Galileo alleged that Jupiter, for instance, could not move in the way alleged, because then the Bible would have proclaimed it,—as they thus threw back upon God the burthen of discovery, which he had thrown upon Galileo, why did they not, by following out their own logic, throw upon the Bible the duty of discovering the telescope, or discovering the satellites of Jupiter? And, as no such discoveries were there, why did they not, by parity of logic, and for mere consistency, deny the telescope as a fact, deny the Jovian planets as facts? But this it is to mistake the very meaning and purpose of a revelation. A revelation is not made for the purpose of showing to idle men that which they may show to themselves, by faculties already given to them, if only they will exert those faculties, but for the purpose of showing *that* which the moral darkness of man will not, without supernatural light, allow him to perceive. With disdain, therefore, must every considerate person regard the notion,—that God could wilfully interfere with his own plans, by accrediting ambassadors to reveal astronomy, or any other science, which he has commanded men to cultivate *without* revelation, by endowing them with all the natural powers for doing so.

Even as regards astronomy, a science so nearly allying itself to religion by the loftiness and by the purity of its contemplations, scripture is nowhere the *parent* of any doctrine, nor so much as the silent sanctioner of any doctrine. Scripture cannot become the author of falsehood,—though it were as to a trifle, cannot become a party to falsehood. And it is

made impossible for Scripture to teach falsely, by the simple fact that Scripture, on such subjects, will not condescend to teach at all. The Bible adopts the erroneous language of men, (which at any rate it must do, in order to make itself understood,) not by way of sanctioning a theory, but by way of using a fact. The Bible *uses* (postulates) the phenomena of day and night, of summer and winter, and expresses them, in relation to their causes, as *men* express them, men, even, that are scientific astronomers. But the results, which are all that concern Scripture, are equally true, whether accounted for by one hypothesis which is philosophically just, or by another which is popular and erring.

Now, on the other hand, in geology and cosmology, the case is still stronger. *Here* there is no opening for a compliance even with popular language. *Here*, where there is no such stream of apparent phenomena running counter (as in astronomy) to the real phenomena, neither is there any popular language opposed to the scientific. The whole are abstruse speculations, even as regards their objects, not dreamed of as possibilities, either in their true aspects or their false aspects, till modern times. The Scriptures, therefore, nowhere allude to such sciences, either under the shape of histories, applied to processes current and in movement, or under the shape of theories applied to processes past and acccomplished. The Mosaic cosmogony, indeed, gives the succession of natural births ; and that succession will doubtless be more and more confirmed and illustrated as geology advances. But as to the time, the duration, of this cosmogony, it is the idlest of notions that the Scriptures either have or could have condescended to human curiosity upon so awful a prologue to the drama of this world. Genesis would no more have indulged so mean a passion with respect to the mysterious inauguration of the world, than the Apocalypse with respect to its mysterious close. "Yet the six *days* of Moses!" Days! But is any man so little versed in biblical language as not to know that (except in the merely historical parts of the Jewish records) every section of time has a secret and separate acceptation in the Scriptures? Does an *æon*, though a Grecian word, bear Scripturally [either in Daniel or in Saint John,] any sense known to Grecian ears? Do the seventy *weeks* of the prophet mean weeks in the sense of human calendars? Already the Psalms, (xc.) already St. Peter, (2d Epist.) warn us of a peculiar sense attached to the word *day* in divine ears? And who of the innumerable interpreters understands the twelve hundred and odd days in Daniel, or his two thousand and odd days, to mean, by possibility, periods of twenty-four hours? Surely the theme of Moses was as mystical, and as much entitled to the benefit of mystical language, as that of the prophets.

The sum of the matter is this:—God, by a Hebrew prophet, is sublimely described as *the Revealer*; and, in variation of his own expression, the same prophet describes him as the Being "that knoweth the darkness." Under no idea can the relations of God to man be more grandly expressed. But of what is he the revealer? Not surely of those things which he has enabled man to reveal for himself, and which he has commanded him so to reveal, but of those things which, were it not through special light from heaven, must eternally remain sealed up in the inaccessible darkness. On this principle we should all laugh at a revealed cookery. But essentially the same ridicule applies to a revealed astronomy, or a revealed geology. As a fact there *is* no such astronomy or geology: as a possibility, by the *à priori* argument which I have used, (viz., that a revelation on such fields, would contradict *other* machineries of providence,) there *can* be no such astronomy or geology. Consequently there *can* be none such in the Bible. Consequently there *is* none. Consequently there can be no schism or feud upon *these* subjects between the Bible and the philosophies outside. Geology is a field left open, with the amplest permission from above, to the widest and wildest speculations of man.

FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1846.

PART I.

DESCRIPTIVE AND BALLAD POETRY.

LUTHER AND THE DUKE ERIC OF BRUNSWICK.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

[After Luther had left the presence of his accusers at the Diet of Worms, and sought his own apartment in that town, a page appeared before him, bearing in a silver vase the "Bierre d Einbeck," with a friendly message from his master, Eric, Duke of Brunswick. The Reformer accepted the gift, and charged the page with this message, "That, as the Duke had remembered him in his trouble and adversity, so he prayed that his God and Saviour might be with him in his last conflict." Years past, the old Duke was on his death-bed, and in his presence a young page, François de Kramm, was *silently* reading the Bible. The Duke called him to his bedside, and desired him to read the passage under his eye: the child obeyed, and the soul of the dying man was comforted by these words,—"For whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."]

THE Diet was dissolved—and through the street
Monarch and noble past,—a stately throng,
And belted knights for camp or journey meet
Pour'd in the tide of chivalry along ;
With stirring trumpets and the shrill-voiced horn,
And gaudy flags by warriors' hands upborne.

The evening gather'd in, and torches glared
Redly in palaces on royal guests,
And princely wassailers; and shouts declared
The stormy merriment and sparkling jests,
While the rude revelry grew,—gathering might
Higher and hotter with advancing night.

Apart, in the lone cloister's shadowy gloom,
Where shone one flickering lamp with sickly glare,
The silence broken by the bell's dull boom,
Watch'd the Reformer, rapt in voiceless prayer :
Oft the stone cell with hasty foot he trode
Who 'gainst his people battled for his God.

Few friends were with him, and they pale with dread ;
For single-handed 'gainst a world he stood,
And curses hiss'd round his devoted head,
And kings and prelates thirsted for his blood.
Some gave him tears. The many took no heed.
A few he loved forsook him in his need.

He was not lonely. Oft-time would he were!
For the arch enemy of truth and light
Was nigh to tempt him to a mad despair,
Or shroud his spirit in the depths of night,
And from ambition's pinnacle to show
The worth of all he struggled to forego !

He was not lonely. Visions all divine
And hopes triumphant glow'd within his breast,
Peopling his solitude with forms that shine,
The bliss, the song, the glory of the blest.
His spirit burst beyond the bounds of time,
To faith's fruition rapt in thoughts sublime.

He was not lonely. In his cell appear'd
A servitor in royal livery clad,
An argent vase with courtly grace he rear'd,
"My master sends this draught thine heart to glad,
And bids thee oft recall at hour of prayer,
Eric of Brunswick, him whose badge I bear."

A smile gleam'd o'er the stern Reformer's face.
"Fair page," he said, "methinks the angels sing
O'er the rich harvest these small seeds of grace
At earth's great reaping to thy Lord shall bring."
Raising the chalice high above his head,
Thus, as if pledging, the Reformer said.

"Monarch! as thou in this my mortal strife
Mindful hast been and merciful to me,
So in the last dark conflict of thy life
Be the Redeemer of my soul to thee!
Go page! this message to thy master bear:
'Tis all the poor can give the great—a prayer."

Long years had pass'd : a summer's day was closing
O'er the old palace of a royal race,
In rapturous calm the landscape was reposing;
Glory and beauty beam'd on nature's face;
Their richest perfume and their sweetest tune
The birds and flowers breathed forth, that eve of June.

While the grim battlements and dusky towers
Were bathed in lustre by the parting sun,
Their lord beneath them tells the weary hours,
His ling'ring sands of life all sadly run.
A few, the faithful, or the hired, are there—
Above the crowded chamber of his heir.

Those halls are now by no proud pageant haunted,
Of martial splendour, or of courtly grace.
Death and disease the glittering throng have daunted:
They durst not meet such foemen face to face.
Their master lacks them not: the light grows dim:—
What now are pomps, or charms, or crowns to him?

Death-beds of monarchs! ye have oft recorded
Your bitter moral on the dying heart.
Then stalks self-interest, undisguised and sordid,
And hollow friendship drops its useless art.
The curse of royalty! it darkly clings
E'en to the death-bed and the shroud of kings.

The dying need no courtiers,—thick were falling
The mists of death upon the monarch's eye:
One thought absorbs him, heart and soul appalling,
The awe, the mystery of futurity.
Wilder'd he seeks some rock whereon to stay,
In the wild tempest of his last dismay.

Yet princely prelates stood, in courtly phrases,
To whisper comfort to his dying ear;
While his tost spirit view'd the opening mazes
Of the dark valley, lash'd by doubt and fear;
But God was nigh him,—and in form most fair
His messenger of mercy sought him there.

A child before an open book was kneeling,
(The evening sunlight streaming on his head,)
And through the masses of his rich hair stealing
Soft anxious glances towards the monarch's bed.
So look the angels on an earth-born storm,
Pity and love embodied in each form.

Amid those harden'd, care-worn, world-sear'd faces,
The sick man view'd him as a holy thing:
In his young innocence and artless graces
He breathed of purity, and hope, and spring:
A blessed influence from his freshness stole
Upon the fever of the old man's soul.

"Stand back," he said, "and bring that fair child nigh me,
And bid him read from out his holy book,—
His words perchance may make the Demon fly me,
Or he may daunt him with his pure bright look:
He wakens in my soul the memory dim
Of days when I was innocent like him."

Most clear and sweet, in tones of chasten'd gladness,
The fair boy's voice upon the stillness rose;
He read how God forgetteth none in sadness
Who in his mercy and his truth repose;
How to his saints one cup of water given
For love of Him, is recompensed in heaven.

The monarch started from his feverish pillow:
The poor Reformer's oft-forgotten prayer
Came back, like bread long cast upon the billow,
To cheer his spirit in its last despair:
He murmur'd, "Tis enough," and bow'd his head;
And, meekly turning to the young child, said—

"Now, close thy book: go forth amid the flowers,
While yet the sun and birds are in the sky,—
Go forth, rejoicing in thy new-born powers;
'Tis not for *me* to teach *thee* how to die:
Girt with the promise of thy God I go
To my last battle with my life's last foe.

THE LEGEND OF LLANGOWER.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

[On the sea-coast of Glamorgan, about eight miles from Swansea, are the ruins of a castle, of which strange tales are told. An attempt to versify one of the most striking of these traditions, is the following.]

Wearily, oh, wearily,
A lady sitteth lone;
No household task, no labour light,
Employs the spirit's tone,
But her thoughts, away from the light of day,
With the light of day have gone.

There is twilight on the mountains,
And twilight in the woods;
But it falleth with a gentler grace
On the hill-sides and the floods;
The rocks are bright with a purple light,
That gilds the green-tree buds.

The waters look like silver,
Beneath that twilight spell
Which pierceth, like a spirit,
To the room where Annabel
In that antique chair doth nurse despair,
With thoughts she dare not tell.

Her eyes are dark and beautiful:
But in them one might read
A strange mysterious language,
That spoke of untold deed,—
Of a secret sore, that pained more
Than wine of poison weed.

Those eyes, so dark and lustrous,
See not the twilight room;
Nor the casements high, nor the pictured walls,
Nor the flower stands, rich in bloom,
Nor aught that round her seat was found,
But a prophet-sight of doom.

Her lips, where still the crimson
Of perfect beauty shone,
Compress'd in thought, betoken fear,
Lest something might be known,
Should she unbar those teeth which are
More white than crystal stone.

What are the thoughts that shadow
Her face with clouds so grim?
What are the pictures that before
Her fixed vision swim?
What are the themes that, like dark dreams,
Her living sight make dim?

What are the doubts that haunt her?
The world can never scan
The fearful PAST—where lie amass'd
Death-shadows, wild and wan:
The hunted lion fears the wind;
Man, hunted, feareth man.

But there were none to witness
That deed of unseen guilt;
There is no bloodhound on the track
Where that life-blood was spilt;
And the wind and the breath that menace death,
No scaffold black hath built.

What are the ghastly scenes, then,
That rise before her view,
To make her look as though she took
From shrouded corpse her hue?
Oh, canst thou brook to read the book
She reads, nor tremble too?

She fills the solemn stillness:
She fills the seeming void:
And all the past comes thick and fast
Before her, unalloy'd
By one sweet hope, for her to ope
Fair paths, nor sin-destroy'd.

And first before her rises
The castle of her youth,
When yet a child in all save guile,
She won the loving truth
Of one, who 'mid her father's train
Held lowly rank, in sooth.

Oh, Lust! what art thou, making
Thy lair where Love should be;

And from the fresh rose shaking
Its perfume-purity;
All but the thorn-blight taking
Away from life's best tree!

Oh, Pride! what art thou, marring
Love's fairest, brightest plans,
And filling hearts with selfish arts,
And with a curse that bans
All blessed thoughts! Thy shadow floats
A demon's, not a man's.

A guilty passion o'er them
Hath wound a crafty veil;
But lo! ere long, before them
Advanceth, stern and pale,
The punishment of their offence,
The tempest and the gale.

And they have parted—he hath fled!
And she, in loneliness,
Beholds herself beside the dead,
Whose lips may never press
The breast so hard as to discard
All mother-tenderness.

Beside her, lowly lying,
And lifeless made by her
Who brought to life,—a cruel knife
Within its heart,—no stir
Of pulse or vein shall e'er again
Vex that death-slumberer.

The curtain riseth slowly,
But sadly to her sight;
She sees the lone and dismal cave,
Dark in the darksome night.
She digs again the secret grave
By her glimmering lanthorn's light.

There are no eyes to see her,
No ears to hear her groans;
No heart to guess that on her's press,
Proud pangs that have no moans;
Yet hard that heart with pride's excess,
Yea, hard as hardest stones.

But think not that the guilty
And cruel feel no pain;
A burthen dread is on their head,
A fire within their brain,
That eateth life, as wood the knife,
And seeketh rest in vain.

But, lo! another picture!
She is a gorgeous bride;
And ere one twelve-month'd year is past,
Her youth's love by her side
Stands, where from yonder casement
He hath gain'd her hall of pride.

A shiver through her pulses
Like iced water ran;
With sudden fear, the crimson clear
Of her cheek hath turnéd wan:
But though there's anger in her heart,
It shows not to that man.

"And thou must give me love," he says,
"Or thou must give me gold;
Or all shall hear how I was dear
To thee, in thy bowers of old.
Bring forth the wine, ere I recline
Within thy white arms' fold."

Then, from her eyes, twin vipers
Look'd forth with deadly hate;
And a serpent smile crept o'er her lips
As she fondled her youth's love-mate.
Ah! little he guess'd that the heart he press'd
Was busily planning his fate!

"Oh thou art welcome back, love!
And thou shalt have the wine!"
And from a secret casket
She took a phial fine:
With his head on her knee, how could he see
The leaping poison shine?

And he is *dead!* She lays him,
A long day and a night,
Within her chamber's privacy;
And then, when stars were bright,
And eyes were dim, she taketh him
To that cave where the sea rolls white.

She draggeth him with labour,
With toil and trouble sore;
But her witnesses are only stars,
And the sea-gulls on the shore;
And near his babe he buried lies:
Can they vex her ever more?

But a curse is on her ever,
The curse of human blood!
Six children fair are born to her,
But perish; for the food
Of their mother's milk, like poison,
Hath slain the beauteous brood.

* * * * * *

The tragic shows have vanish'd,
And the lady still is fair;
And lo! her lord, to give her joy,
With mickle secret care,
To greet and grace her natal day,
A banquet doth prepare.

The day hath come; assembled
The gallant guests are found:
"Now, Annabel," her husband cried,
"Come, visit fairy ground!"
And the lordly train to the swelling main
He led, with horn and hound.

And, lo! where trellised arches
Of goodly orange trees,
All hung with garlands fair and sweet,
And fruits all tastes to please,
Extend into a glittering cave,
Where all is light and ease.

All sorts of spars are shining
In forms of beauty rare;
A feast is spread o'er the hidden dead,
And, by them thronéd, there
The lady sits—her very wits
Half lost in her despair!

Hark! what is that which, howling,
Is raging at her feet?
It is her favourite hound, which she
Commandeth slaves to beat;
But mad with rage, none dare engage
To meddle with its heat.

The guests look on with wonder,
To see it franticly
Tear up the earth,—as if rare worth
Beneath must shrouded be,—
And, at the last, start back aghast,
The hidden spoil to see!

O earth! and mystic nature,
That maketh earth, at times,
Preserve or blight, in love or spite,
The human form! What crimes,
O mystic earth and nature,
Hide ye, 'midst salving limes!

And first the hound hath dragged
A stalwart body forth:
To the gazers there it look'd as fair
As if newly placed in earth;
And next he brought from that loathly spot
A babe, seem'd fresh from birth!

A cross of gold is hanging,
On that first corpse's breast,—
And near that murder'd infant,
A rusty knife doth rest,
And lo! the twain bear in their grain
The lady's herald crest!

There are shrieks upon the sea-shore,
And terror thro' the land;
And grief and shame, and a blacken'd name,
On the lord of that wondering band;
For the murderess there hath ta'en her life,
With her own life-stained hand!

MY OWN RIVER.

As pants the hart for water brooks,
So do I pant to be
Once more a wanderer on thy banks,
My river bright and free.

Oh let them bear me far away
From this dull couch of pain,
And lay me on thy daisied bank,
My own loved stream again!

Fondly my memory recalls
The valley of thy birth,
Where from thy mossy cradle comes
The music of thy mirth.

The summer winds that tremblingly
Through reeds and flag-flowers quiver,
Sing thee a dreamy lullaby,
O gentle little river!

From the pale clustering hazel boughs
The blackbird pours his song,
While playfully thy tiny waves
In sunshine roll along.

Through meadows green so tranquilly
Thy dimpling waters stray,
Yet linger round each flow'ry bank
In seeming fond delay.

Crowding around thy grassy braes
The timid wildflowers creep,
To see their forms reflected fair
Within thy quiet deep.

Now through the insect-haunted grove
Thy silent path thou'rt wending,
The giant trees in homage deep
To kiss thy wave are bending.

The blue-wing'd swallow bathes her breast
While o'er thee she doth glide;
The wild bee pauses in her work
To sip thy glassy tide.

By well-till'd field and garden,
And egg-white cottage wall,
Thou wand'rest on, while fruit-tree blooms
And rose leaves on thee fall.

Thou ripplest round the stepping stones
Where maidens meet at eve,
With rural jest and merry laugh,
Their unshod feet to lave.

So gentle and so beautiful
Thou boldest on thy way,
So harmless, e'en small children in
Thy sunny shallows play.

Then deep, and calm, and voiceless
Thy waters glide along,
Majestic in their unroused power,
The gentle yet the strong.

But now rude rocks in stubborn pride
Thy progress would impede,
And yawning gulfs of treacherous depth
Would sap thy power and speed.

But furious and unsubdued,
With high indignant swell,
O'er rock, through chasm, wave doth wave
Triumphantly impel.

Once more deep, calm, and voiceless
Thy waters sweep along,
Majestic in their awful power,
The terrible, the strong.

Roll on, roll on: I shall not draw
A moral from thy race.
Enough for me, O glorious stream,
Thy pleasant path to trace. F. A. M.

PART II.

SENTIMENTAL AND REFLECTIVE POETRY.

THE FLOWER OF ODENWALD.

[This melancholy scene occurred about two years ago, in the garden behind the Alte Schloss, which is approached by an avenue of old lime trees. The sorrow for the untimely death of the generous young Count was universal; and his remains were honoured with a public funeral by torchlight, the professors and every student of the university following the "Toden-Bahr." Last summer, in Berlin, a beautiful, sorrow-stricken girl was pointed out as the once celebrated "Clara."—See *Recollections of the Burschenshaft of Germany.*]

I.

The moon was shedding clearly
Her silvery light
Upon the hoary turrets
Of Heidleberg that night,
When wander'd forth by Necker's stream,
In the fair moonshine,
The loveliest maid in Baden's state,
Clara von Rosenstein.

Her mother and her sisters
Gazed on the silver'd tide;
Young Ernst, the Count von Newenberg,
Wandered by her side.
Her silken hair danced in the air,
And, for her sunny glance,
There's ne'er a knight in Christendom
But would have broke a lance.

In her dovelike eyes so blue
There dwelt such magic power,
That every one who look'd on her
Was spell-bound from that hour;
And well Count Ernst might dote on her,
Who walk'd now by his side,—
That peerless queen of many hearts
Was his betrothèd BRIDE.

In the long list of her suitors,
Was a Swabian noble, proud—
Dismay'd he heard of Clara's choice,
And swore revenge aloud.
Deep was the Baron's hatred;
He could not brook control;
Tempestuous were the passions
Of his troubled soul.

II.

A ball is announced on the New Year's eve;
"I'll engage her to dance," said he;
Smouldering burned the secret fire,
And his eye was fearful to see.

The evening arrived, and never before
Seemed Odenwald's beauty so fair,
As she floated along in snowy white,
With a rose in her hair.

She cometh again to join the Count:
Saith the Baron with dark'ning brow,
"Fraulein! you promised *this dance* to me,
The second, I think, it is now."

Comparing the tablets, "'Tis a mistake,"
Said Clara, "I've promised to both.
If the COUNT will excuse me, I'll dance with you"—
The proud scowling Baron wax'd wroth.—

"HE hath no say—you'll dance with *me*,
Or with no one else to-night:"—
Saith the COUNT "*She'll dance this dance with me;*
Such language ill fitteth a knight."

III.

Round went the dance, fair Clara's eyes
Shone in the COUNT's with heavenly fire;
Her silvery voice seem'd sweetly tuned
To the notes of a spirit-choir.

That night with fondest endearing smiles,
Clara saw him part;
Next morn he lay, cold senseless clay—
A *bullet* through his heart!

The morning was sharp and clear,
And the dewy grass sparkled green
When they met—but in Heidleberg never again
Has the gloomy Baron been seen.

A pale wasted form may be found
In the "Friedhof"* at close of day;
Ah! the beautiful flower of Odenwald
Is withering fast away.

A. J. S.

THE TWO MEETINGS.

'Twas in the dance where first thine eyes met my enraptured gaze,
As watching thy light beauteous form glide through the living maze,
The lily's loveliest emblems seem'd blended on thy brow,
And, oh! thine eyes—that one bright look my heart fills even now.

I felt thine arm's soft pressure as upon my own it leant:
A thrill of bliss,—could it be love?—throughout my veins it sent.
I look'd again,—but thou wert gone, like fairy dream of youth;
And like it, too, had left behind a spell more bright than truth

When next again thy form of love its sylph-like grace reveal'd,
An evening's sun, with rainbow tints, thy beauties softly seal'd;
The last, tho' loveliest dyes in threads of gold were shed
Full on the rich and wavy bands that graced thy classic head.

Thine eyes were bright with cherish'd thoughts, such as alone impart
To all the features looks of love, and spring but from the heart;
But 'twas a dreamy brightness, of thoughts far, far away,
That told another's happiness, the night of my own day.

And thou art now another's bride, a stranger land thy home,
And ev'ry thought that flits to thee must wing across the foam.
Th'Atlantic's madly crested waste now vainly strives to chill
The softer feelings of a heart—that lov'd,—yes, loves thee still.

And eyes as bright—so others deem'd—on me since then have shone;
And lips almost as sweetly smiled as if they were thine own:
But guarding safely round my heart, there works some magic spell,
Bidding all other smiles but thine a sad, a long farewell.

'Twould seem as if thy loveliness its form had moulded there,
Thou brightest of the beautiful, thou fairest of the fair;
When love and witching beauty seek around that heart t'entwine
Their ev'ry grace, their ev'ry charm tends but to heighten thine.

B. T. N.

THE HOMESICK.

When day to the gathering night
Was yielding sadly and slow,
And with the sun's last parting light,
Was the western wave a-glow;
On the shore of a southern isle,
A lonely man there stood,
And gazed across the sea the while,
In sadden'd and thoughtful mood.

Sigh'd like Æolian harp
The woods stirr'd by the breeze:
The hum of ten thousand living things
Rose from the trembling trees.
Around in circling bands
Wanton'd the light fire-flies,
And the night-moths danced in the fading light
On wings of a thousand dyes.

From ocean depths afar,
Waved in the unruffled swell,
And lullaby made as mid the rocks
It gurgling rose and fell.
But the man gazed heedlessly,
With dim and wandering eyes:
His thoughts were away where northward lay
A land under colder skies.
And thus he spake while a tear forth brake,
With a voice half-choked with sighs.

"Home! home! home
When again shall I behold?
And when shall I clasp in hearty grasp,
The hand of a friend of old?
Oh! when shall a well known face
With friendly smile me greet,
And when again shall the long'd-for strain
Of my native tongue sound sweet?

"'Tis sad, sad, sad,
Alone in the world to roam,
To toil all day, then bend the way
To rest, but not to home.
What matters the fairer sky,
Where a brighter sun may beam?
The kindly glance of a loving eye
Sheds a warmer, softer beam.

"When on my tumbled bed
I toss myself to rest,
In dreams I've flown to my native town;
Through the narrow street I haste,
And home—to my throbbing breast
My mother once more I strain:
I start with a cry, gaze round and try
To sleep and dream again.

"Oh! again to see the green
Where in childhood's games I've played,
To follow each turn of the murmuring burn,
Where on summer eves I've strayed
To the place where the aspens hang
O'er the deep and glass-clear pool,
And feel again on my sun-parch'd cheek
The mountain breeze blow cool!

"Home! home! home
I never again may see,—
But till my breath be choked in death,
'Twill aye be dear to me.

* Churchyard.

Where'er, by fate impell'd,
The wanderer chance to roam,
As the sunflower turns where the bright sun burns,
The heart aye turns to home."

THE DYING PAINTER.

Into a comfortless and lone old room
The gray dawn coldly look'd, and saw him there,
Bent o'er the work which was his joy and doom.
That morn, his last, with songs that knew no care
The glad birds heralded; in its despair
The latest star long linger'd in the skies,
Looking its last upon him ere it dies,—
Dies out of grief to hear those joyous melodies.

Consumption on his hollow cheek has thrown
The hectic flush,—a signal unto Death
Quickly to come and enter on his own;
And Life her wavering forces sheltereth
Within his eyes, their mournful brows beneath,
Lighting them with a fire too falsely bright;
While Genius weeps beside her frail delight,
And strives in vain to guide his tremulous hand aright.

Full many a nightly hour was sleepless made,
Peopled with passionate imaginings,
For this last picture, where he had portrayed
Christ healing sickness. Suddenly the wings
Of a strange dimness shadow him, that brings,
Flitting confused before his dizzy eyes,
An airy crowd of changing fantasies,
That rise and blend and fade, like fair cloud-pageantries.

And every form and every gorgeous scene
His pencil wrought, before him came, as ye
May round their dying father's bed have seen
Those who will soon be orphans. Stormy sea,—
And still deep waters, hidden lovingly,
From ominous star or sun, by hanging boughs,—
Wild rocks that tower'd, all scathed, with threatening brows,
Daring heaven's bolts once more their sulphurous wrath to rouse; —

Pictures of solemn, star-o'erwatched woods,—
Or crimson wings of brooding sunsets spread
O'er western islets set in perilous floods,
With scenes of human bliss or hate or dread; —
All that within his soul envisioned,
His hand had painted, or had burn'd to paint,
Before his memory rise, then fading faint—
As things, though fair, with yet too much of earthly taint,—

Give place to this, his last, his noblest theme:
And now his eager fancy seems to see,
More bright than e'en in his most rapturous dream,
The awful pity, the meek majesty,
Of God's own Son,—O now, O now could he
Paint the conception that hath fired his brain!
But ah! that stricken hand is raised in vain—
The heart that felt that thrill will never beat again.

'Tis little now to him that all too soon
To win the fame so fondly sought he died,
And perish'd thirsting for too rare a boon;
How mean the world, the fame for which he sigh'd!
Look to that spirit gazing, eagle-eyed,
Upon His glory, whose afflicted mien
He strove when here to paint,—while every scene,
So witching fair on earth, doth only seem
As a marr'd image of some ill-remember'd dream.

R. A. V.

THE WOODMAN.

Hark! the woodman's axe is ringing.
Hark! beneath his sturdy stroke
Groans the doom'd and noble oak.
See! its twisted branches flinging
Shatter'd foliage on the earth,
Last gift, last weeping token to the soil which gave it birth.

Hark! the woodman's lay ascending.
Little cares he for the hours
When sweet Spring leads back the flowers,
And the song-birds, hither bending,
Vainly seek the well-known shield,
Where their nest thro' vanish'd summers was tenderly conceal'd.

Unto him no voice is calling
From the gnarl'd yet stately trunk,
Where to rest the pilgrim sunk;
And the shadow round it falling
Brings no vision to his eye
Of the forms once group'd beneath it, in ages now gone by.

Like the tree, thus sternly fated,
Sinks the dome young Fancy rears
In the spring-time of our years;
When, in loftiest pride elated,
Comes Reality's keen blow,
And the stem on which we leant is for evermore laid low.

Hark! the woodman's axe loud ringing:
But his track will pass away.
And behold! with freshening spray
Greener saplings near are springing.
So, when Fancy's sway is gone,
Hopes may rise more blest and lasting than ever round her shone.

RHYMING THOUGHTS,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO SILCHESTER.*

Oh, tell me not that heart is cold
Whose thanks spontaneous spring,
In the glad sunshine, or in groves
Where birds their chorus sing!

For Nature's scenes pall not the sense;
Her pleasures never cloy;
Her invitation always is,
"Be happy and enjoy."

Here, here, in God's own temple wide
My worship shall be given;
Here would my spirit pour its joy
In orisons to Heaven.

The wooded vales, the distant hills,
Whate'er attracts my gaze
But wakes within me nobler thoughts
Of reverence and praise.

I feel the sunshine on my brow,
The breeze upon my cheek;
And in the rustling of the leaves
Hear smiling Nature speak.

From every tree, and bush, and flower
Rejoicing echoes come,
Where cuckoo sings — and warbles thrush,
And bees all busy hum.

The holy influence of the scene
Comes o'er me while I sit,
And to the beautiful I feel
My heart more closely knit.

My soul forgets her garb of clay —
Revels in the sublime,—
Anticipates the scenes that lie
Beyond the verge of time.

Here stands a record of the past,—
The gray and crumbling wall,
A melancholy monument
'Mid Nature's carnival.

Yon hills, whose outlines on the sky
Alternate sink and swell,
Unalter'd stand, as when here paced
The Roman sentinel.

See yet the bright and bubbling spring,
Copious as e'er it ran:—
Nature preserves her glorious works
While perish those of man.

* The *Vindonum* of the Romans.

The past before the mental eye
In vig'rous life appears;
And, musing, I forget the lapse
Of eighteen hundred years.

I see wild woods—and wilder men
The leafy glades between—
Comes horrid war—a city stands
Where stood the forest green.

Here Rome's imperial eagles flew;
Here march'd her legions strong,
Who conq'ring came to civilize,
And dignify the wrong.

Here pomp and pride have play'd their part,
Fretted their hour away;
And lofty names stand, like their works,
Immortal in decay.

What contrast! from the quaint church-tow'r
Slow peals the Sabbath bell,
Where once loud plaudits rang, and where
The gladiator fell.

And where the Pagan altars glow'd
With sacrificial blaze,
Now rises up the sacred psalm,
The God of gods to praise.

Thus give we in the country wide
Free scope to boundless thought,
Regarding all as lessons from
The teacher to the taught.

No forms conventional for me!
No dictates of the schools,
Whose worship is a dull routine
Of out-worn monkish rules.

As though the Eternal were confined
Within a plaster'd wall,
And blessing gave to whom alone
On easy cushions fall.

As though the goodness that pervades
Creation, time, and space,
Restricted unto favour'd spots
His efficacious grace.

On Christian, Turk, and Catholic,
His dew alike descends:
The Pagan and the Presbyter
He equally befriends.

So may the sons of toil exclaim:—
"For us are fields and flow'rs;
We feel, at least one day in seven,
That Providence is ours."

Up, home!—upon the western sky
The sun is sinking fast;—
Now for one earnest parting look,
The longest and the last.

I've gain'd a day of respite from
Life's wearying turmoil,
And recollections that will cheer
Through many an hour of toil.

So tell me not the heart is vain,
Or impiously bold,
That loves to pass a Sabbath day
Among the ruins old.

W.

SEA THOUGTHS.

Hist! that huge sea of London, how it roars!
Wave after wave of noise successive pours
Through the thick air,—dull wagons, rattling cabs,
And tramp of horses' hoofs; and lighter steps
Of men, upon the level pavement tripping,
Which ofttimes rings beneath their iron heel;
Whistlings, and songs, and cries, and passing talk,
Barkings of dogs, and all those smaller dins
That clatter sharply,—e'en as when the surge,
At first dull-booming, rushes up the beach,
And every pebble mingles with the shout
Its small particular noise,—and then, beyond
The loud shore-wave, that vaguely murmuring hum
That broods upon the Ocean and the Town,
Made of a thousand various sounds and voices,
Whereof each loudest in itself, yet melts
(E'en as the fires of every sun of space
Mellow through distance into vague starlight)
Into one vast, dim, dusky muttering!

This sea of men for me;—for You, God's ocean.
O! were I by you! might we sit, we twain,
Some sunny day, upon a jutting rock,
And look into the sea, the clear blue sea,
That world-old Syren!—O! that was a tale
Of wondrous truth, and wondrous poesy!
How oft, contemplating the purple wave,
Have I felt rise within me suddenly
The wish to plunge, and die in its embrace!
'Tis not the longing for mere suicide';
'Tis a voluptuous thrill, a glowing impulse
To joys unspeakable.—O! how the ripple
Sings, soft and slow, in measured melody,
One-toned, yet ever sweeter to the ear,
A wild, weird song! O! how the spell-bound eye
Dizzily traces on that azure mirror
The gliding lines, the play of light and shade,
Supple and graceful like a female form!
And as you gaze, your fancy more excited
Would almost image forth that wondrous shape,
White-limb'd, with flowing locks and out-stretch'd arms,
Whose eye transfixes you, whose voice it is
That sings thus wondrously, and bids you come.
—Have you too felt this, dearest?

And I love
Old Ocean's breath,—fresh, healthful, as of one
Whose duty is his pleasure, and who toils
Right merrrily before the face of God.
Man cannot taint old Ocean;—he can foul
The air with villanous smoke, and stinks, and noises,
Cast over Earth's green face a spreading mildew
Of brick, and stone, and pitch;—but Ocean laughs
Man's filth to scorn; his foam is not less white,
His wave less blue, his breath less pure, his roar
Less mighty.

O! that we were free to roam
Together by his brink, O dearest one!
Methinks our hearts would then more gladly pour
Into each other; for before the sight
Of that huge boundless Freedom, often man
Shakes off at once the trammels and deceits
Of his mere worldly thoughts, and words, and wishes,
And swells to all the majesty of truth.

Old Ocean! frown not on Her! Give her but
Thy balmiest airs, thy softest melodies!
Paint her sad face with health! refresh her soul
With solemn thoughts and glorious images;
Refresh it with that ceaseless-moving life,
Thy mark eternal, O thou noble Creature,
That never failest of thy destined task!
Man's work is fitful, but thou workest ever;
Man tarries oft, thou urgest ever on
Thy course, here overwhelming, step by step,
The old land, there upheaving from thy breast
The new land slowly, upon which some day
Nations unborn shall tread; here seething with
Unseen volcanoes, there all vegetant
With coral reefs; and on thy broad blue back
Bearing, like tiny insects, carelessly
The white-wing'd sailing boat, the murky steamer.

Art thou not too a Brother? art thou but
A waste of lifeless water, in the which
Salts float dissolved, as sapient chemists say?
And when they have thy due proportions found
Of gases, earths, and acids, is all told?
—Man too is but compounded bodily
Of chemical elements; but has he not
A life besides?—and why not thou, Old Ocean?
Why mayest not thou too sing praise to God,

And know thou singest? why may'st not thou
Have thy joys, and may be thy sorrows too?
See,—hear,—feel,—think,—love,—even as we do?
Why should small man be in this boundless world
The highest living creature? and when he
Denies all larger being, is it not
As when a snail, whose eye-sight cannot stretch
Beyond a few poor inches, should deny
Man's higher life?

Well, not in earthly time
Shall such things stand reveal'd, if true or false.
Till then, methinks it is no sin, at least,
Old Ocean, thus to hail thee as a brother,
And wish that unto One whom I love well
Thou mayest show thy brightest, kindest face!

'Εσσιται.

FAREWELL SONG.

BY ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

Inscribed to the Hutchinson Family.

Young minstrels of the West, ere ye depart,
Take the warm wishes of an English heart;
And let the love your sweet clear notes have wrought
Within *my* soul, in many a truthful thought
And kinder feeling for your own loved land,
Be cherish'd in *your* hearts, oh tuneful band!

And when the yearnings of my soul are cast
Back to the true fond memories of the past,
Your sweet, heart music, far above them all,
Will like a charm upon my spirit fall,
And whisper softly, o'er the western wave,
Those tones of love and peace your voices gave.

Take back, young minstrels, to your native strand,
Kind thoughts and memories of our "Fatherland;"
Bear in your hearts this loving truth, that there,
From out some spirit's depth will rise a prayer
To Him who brought you safe o'er ocean's foam,
That he may guide you to your far off home.

Warm blessings unto you, brave-hearted band!
Warm thoughts towards your free old-forest land!
Warm wishes for its people's truest weal!
And warmest prayers that every heart may feel,
As deeply as my own, that nought in life
Must bring between our homes the brand of strife!

Farewell! and may all joy and gladness rest
With you, and your dear home in the "Far West!"
Would that those loving thoughts, which ever fill
A poet's heart, had power to work their will!
Then my wild harp should tell, in sweeter lay,
All the good wishes that my heart would say.

Farewell! and if we meet no more on earth,
Still those bright thoughts to which your song gave birth
Ne'er from my heart and harp shall pass away;
But ever, as I watch each ling'ring ray
Of the rich setting sun, shall memory rest
With you, oh gifted minstrels of the West!

PART III.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATED POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF ONE OF THE HOMERIC HYMNS TO VENUS.

Venus the dread, the golden-crown'd, the fair,
I sing,—the queen o'er every crowning tower
Of sea-swept Cyprus, what time Zephyr bare
Her form on his moist breath's uplifting power
Out of the wave of the loud-roaring sea,
Embower'd in gentle foam. A welcome glad
The Hours with gold-bound brows did give her there;
In garb of heavenly woof her beauty clad,
And on her head immortal did they set
A golden, bright, fair-fashion'd coronet,
And in her pierced ears the rarity
Of orichalcum and admired gold.
Her delicate neck and silver-shining breast
With golden carcanets did they enfold,—
The gems wherewith they used themselves to invest
When they would join the blest divinities,
And visit in their Father's palaces.
Then, when with every treasure they had graced her,
They led her to the Immortals, who embraced her,
And, while they welcomed, long'd each one to make her
His wedded bride and homeward thence to take her;
Such passion as they gazed was in them bred
For Cytherea, violet-garlanded.
Farewell! thou darter of impassion'd glances!
Honey'd persuader! give the victory
In this our coming rivalry to me,—
Deck thou my song with all that song enhances,
And mindful ever will I live of thee—
Yes—and of many a future melody.

R. A. V.

TO NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

Good night.
Let troubles pass away with light.
Day declineth, fades away:
Till breaks forth the new morn's ray
Busy hands shall cease their toil:
Good night.

Go to rest;
Let the eyes in sleep be press'd.
All is silent in the streets;
The watchman alone the hour repeats,
And stilly night doth beckon all,
Go to rest.

Slumber light;
Of Paradise your dreams be bright;
Let glorious visions gild thy dreams;
Fancy thou feelest love's warm beams,
Tho' waking love is cold to thee,
Slumber light.

Good night;
Slumber till the day is bright;
Slumber till the morning fair
Brings its trouble and its care;
Fearless slumber—God is watching.
Good night.

M. T.

THE DARING SEAMAN.

"Der Kühne Schiffer."—S. C. PAPE.

The waves are lashing from the north
Against the steep cliffs angrily:
The daring seaman lanches forth:
"Up, up, my men! To sea!

"For France's smiling shores we're boune
For wealthy England o'er the brine:
We'll quaff old England's beer so brown,
And France's cooling wine."

The winds are howling fierce and wild,
The snow-white sails impatient swell,
As from the shore his only child
Wafts after him, farewell.

"'Mong forests green thou mightest stray,
By flowery brooks so still and clear:
Now float thy locks so silver gray
Upon the night wind drear.

"When nights are dark thou mightest heap
The fire within thy chamber bright:
Now watchest thou—when all else sleep—
Amid the pale moonlight!"

O maiden, hush! By Helgoland,
By Helgoland, beneath the wave,
There sleeps amid his trusty band
Thy father true and brave!

J. S—N.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAINEER.

"Des Knaben Berglied."—L. Uhland.

Upon the fells my flocks I tend;
My gaze on lordly towers I bend:
Here first the morning-sun doth gleam,—
Here rests his latest evening-beam:—
I am the son of the mountain.

The mighty river's source is here;
From the rock I drink it cold and clear;
It dashes headlong down:—below,
With brawny arm, I breast its flow:
I am the son of the mountain.

The lofty mountain is my realm;
Here tempests wildy round me whelm:
From north to south they howl along,
But o'er them all resounds my song:—
I am the son of the mountain.

Beneath, I see the lightnings flash,—
Beneath, I hear the thunders crash;
I know them, and aloud I call:—
"Leave ye, in peace, my father's hall:—
I am the son of the mountain!"

And when the tocsin soundeth shrill,
And beacons blaze on every hill;
Then I descend, and join the ranks,
And shout, while loud my broadsword clanks,
"I am the son of the mountain!"

G——l. S——n.

THE BLIND KING.

"Der Blinde Konig."—L. Uhland.

Why stands the northern warrior-band
High o'er the dark blue sea?
The blind old king, with locks of gray—
Hard by—what seeketh he?
With bitter grief he cries aloud,
And on his staff doth lean:
The island echoes back his cries,
Across the water sheen.

"Give, robber! from thy rocky hold,
Give back my darling child!
Her harping was mine age's joy,
Her song so sweetly wild.
From the dance on the green sea shore
Thou hast stolen her away:
Now droops with grief my hoary head:—
On thee be shame for aye!"

Then strode from out his rocky cave
The robber huge and wild;
He swings aloft his giant sword
And strikes upon his shield:—
"Thou hast so many warders—
Why suffer'd they this wo?
Thee serves full many a gallant knight—
Will none dare strike a blow?"

Yet silent stand the warriors all—
Steps from their ranks not one:
The blind old monarch turns him round;—
"Am I, then, all alone?"
Then sudden grasps his youthful son
His sire's right hand so warm:—
"Grant, father, I may meet the foe,
Right stalwart is mine arm.

"Oh son! the foe has giant-might,
Nought can against him stand!
And yet I feel a noble pith
In the pressure of thy hand.
Here, take my good old falchion,
The theme of bardic song;
And if thou fallest, may the flood
Roll o'er this head ere long!"

And hark! now foams and rushes fast
The boat across the sound;—
The blind old monarch listening stands,
And all are silent round,
Till on the farther shore arise
The clash of sword and shield,
And sullen echo sendeth back
The shout of battle field.

Then cried the king, with anxious joy;
"What see ye? liegemen tell!
I hear the clash of my own good sword—
I know the sound right well."—
"The ravisher is fallen;
His bloody guerdon's won:—
All hail! thou peerless hero!
Our monarch's warlike son!"

Again 'tis silent 'round the king,—
Why stands and listens he?
"What sounds are those I hear?—What rows
And rushes through the sea?"
"They come, oh King, across the sound:—
Thy son with sword and shield,
And with him comes thy daughter,
The sunny-hair'd Gunilde!"

Then "Welcome!" from his rocky height
The blind old monarch cried:—
"Now joyful shall mine old age be!
My grave, a grave of pride!
Lay then, my son, beside me,
My own sharp-sounding brand,—
My death-song sing, my own Gunilde,
Freed from the robber's hand!"

J—— G——l.

VENGEANCE.

"Die Rache."—L. Uhland.

The squire has stabbed the noble knight:
The squire would fain be Ritter hight.
In murky wood his lord he slew,
And sank the corpse in the Rhine so blue.
He donned the harness bright with speed,
And swung himself up on his master's steed.
To cross the river the bridge he nears,
The startled destrier plunges and rears:
His golden spurs the rider plied;
The charger whirled him into the tide.
He struggles hand and foot—in vain!
The armour drags him down amain.

J. S——n.

THE ROBBER.

"Der Räuber."—L. Uhland.

Once—'twas in the lovely spring time,
By the holt the robber stood;
Comes a gentle maiden tripping
Down the pathway through the wood.

"Hadst thou, in thy basket, maiden,"
Said the forest's daring one,
"'Stead of flowers, a monarch's jewels,
Scathless should'st thou hence have gone."

Long the robber standeth gazing
After her the dear-loved maid:
She, through field and flowery meadow,
And by peaceful hamlets strayed,

Till her lovely form was hidden
By the garden's clust'ring bloom;
Then again the robber turn'd him
To the pinetree forest's gloom.

J. S—n.

PART IV.

LAYS OF A NEW ERA.

SONNET.

Oh, is it good to make the land a prey
To want and misery, and torment dread;
To send old age, crook-back'd, to chilly bed;
To strew, with homeless men, the public way,
All in the chilly snow—to curse the gay
And gentle children; to send forth unfed
Mothers with babes—maidens pale, unwed,

Except to wo and thin-cheek'd misery,
Or to that horror of the loathliest dye;
To hang on youthful limbs foul dirty rags,
To stain their minds with direst infamy,
Then laugh and sneer, till patience almost flags,
And vengeful thoughts grow strong! Can it be good?
Answer, ye rulers, who refuse the starving food.

P. L.

LAY OF A NEW ERA.

The world is earnest now,—the power that built,
Or crush'd an empire in the years of old,
Is deem'd a mockery, a thing of gilt
And glitter, worthless of the lyre that roll'd
Its laud afar, that the heroic mould
Of later ages might aspire to sin
More gloriously a bauble name to win,
By spilling tides of blood, where tides before were spilt.

What childish fooleries were mankind then!
Mankind and all their masters, grasping keen
The puppetries of folly,—mowing men
Like weeds, for objects scorn'd as soon as seen!
Yes, future times, believe me,—men have been
In myriads hewed to earth, or joyful stood
Splashing and dripping with their brethren's blood,
To help some tiger-fiend to make a wider den.

Glory, and Fame, and Honour, were the names
That knaves invented, fools to lure and lead
To slavery's mesh; they call'd the trumpet Fame's
That led their million victims on to bleed.
Thank God, the world is wiser now than heed
Such puny things as gold or empire,—we
Have cast the slough, and wing'd all gloriously,
We scorn the ancient world, its splendours and its shames.

Before the majesty of Truth we stand,
And bow with reverent front; the bauble forms
Of rank, and pomp, and wealth—accursed band,
We fling to all the winds with all their storms.
In the dark chambers of the bats and worms
We lock the old-world pageantries, and claim
As ours a might, a beauty, and a fame,
Compelling suppliant knees in every age and land.

Yes, we have seen the march, the fight, the roll
Of victory's shout, proclaiming mind hath won
The standard and the throne, and freed the soul
From vassalage to aught beneath the sun,
To earth-born wormhood, and to things that run
Along the earth, with faces prone and mean;
Things which delude the eye with glittering sheen,
And bid it vault to heaven, and seek no humble goal.

* * * * * * *

A MODERN ENGLISH PEASANT TO HIS WIFE.

Well, sweetheart Nell, we have grown old,
And, sooth, we have grown weakly too;
My blood runs not so warm and bold;
The light has left your eye of blue.
But though our limbs are weak, my Nell,
Our hearts are pulsing still as strong
As on the morn our marriage bell
Pour'd out its merry silver song.

I can't forget your look, my Nell,
When at the altar by my side,
When youths and maidens sigh'd "Farewell,
To lovely Nell our village pride."
I took you to my honest home:
To me you've been an honest wife:
Through weal and wo you were my own,
My joy of joy, life of my life.

Our children, Nell, are scatter'd wide;
Our daughters married far away;
Our sons can scarce half keep the bride,
Though toiling through the long long day.
And we have grown both old and poor,
And to our home must bid farewell,
To beg our bread from door to door,
O wo! O wo! my poor old Nell.

Old England was a merry land,
We've lived to see it alter'd, Nell,
Then men had hearts, * * * *

On barren waste I'd rather see
You dead, before to-morrow morn,
Ere badge of felon poverty
Should ever by your limbs be worn.
The storm, old girl, begins to lower;
I'll do my best to shield thee well;
Come! in this rugged bosom cower
Where thy young head once rested, Nell!

T. U. M.

SCOTTISH POEM.

JOHN TAMSON'S BAIRNS.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns.
Our daddy, puir man, he
Had muckle toil and mony a fecht
Wi' his big family.
When we were young, he thrash'd an' fleech'd;
The 'tane he petted, tither breech'd;
Hard names he gied that sour'd our blude,
But tell't us aye 'twas for our gude.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns,
As thick as flocks o' maws:
But though ae faither got us a',
We're scarce as like as craws.
There's some o's white as new-bleach'd claes,
An' some as black as sweeps or slaes,—
There's some hae lips like bags o' blubber,
An' some like scraps o' Ingin rubber.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns;
But some are unco swash,
An' strut wi' hauns their tails ahint,
Wi' bellies buird and gash:
While some ha'e wames baith toom an' sma',
An' wish they'd ne'er had ony maw;
For hunger like a gled has ta'en
Baith flesh and marrow frae the bane.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns,
Professin' ilk profession,—
Philosophers an' ministers,
An' bigwigs o' the session,
Lairds, poets, tailors, smiths, and weavers,
Brickmakers, fiddlers, bankers, reivers,
Auld cheeniemen an' men o' war,
Wha' clout a can or sport a star.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns,
Kings, queens, and beggars' brats.
Some cleed their pows wi' claith o' gowd,
An' some wi' rusty hats.
Frae lordly Deuk till Tam the sweep
Our family doon the gamut creep
O' rank an' wealth, or soar sae high
As knock their heads against the sky.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns;
An' yet it's very queer,
Should ane o's till anither speak
He'd glunch, an' glowr, an' sneer,
As muckle as to say, "Ye swine,
Ye're neither kith nor kin o' mine!"
An' a' because the tane has not
Sae mony placks as tither's got.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns;
But fecht wi' ane anither,
As though the tane o's wadna own
A drap's bluid o' his brither.
An' strange to tell, for ane to cut
His brither's throat, or burn his hut,
Or blast his name, is reckon'd glory,
An' maks a very famous story.

CYRUS.

REVELATIONS OF AUSTRIA.*

THE paternal government, *i.e.* the severe despotism of Austria, however it may be regarded by its subjects, national or annexed,—on which head there is much room for doubt,—was certainly never more unpopular in Europe than at the present moment. It is not only chargeable with enormities of a character unknown under the worst of modern despotisms, but a formidable obstacle to the social improvement of neighbouring states; while, to its alien subjects of Poland and Italy, it proves either a cruel scourge or the most oppressive of masters. A new book on the internal condition of Austria is, therefore, peculiarly well-timed; and a severe and searching one, not unwelcome. The author of that on our table, is not only by birth an Austrian Pole, but a discarded functionary of the Austrian government; circumstances which, were he a more candid inquirer than he appears, must, to some extent, have warped his judgment, and affected his statements. He has, however, revealed enough to make his English readers desirous that some more able, and less suspicious authority should lay open to Europe the true condition and tendencies of a system of government, which, as it exists, is an incubus upon European civilization. No one would look to Young Ireland, for example, for a faithful picture of the political condition of either England or Ireland, whether in outline or detail; and M. Koubrakeiwicz must share largely in those national feelings and prejudices which would render certain representations questionable; and yet the lovers of liberty, and of human improvement, must rejoice that Young Ireland gives forth the notes of its obstreperous trump, and in making itself be heard by England, compels the rest of the world to listen to its tale, and sympathize in its wrongs, however exaggerated; and also that an angry Pole, in unmeasured terms, denounces Austrian tyranny.

The author of "The Revelations," next to the Austrian government, hates the Catholic religion, which he seems to regard solely as its degraded instrument in enslaving its ignorant subjects. His editor thinks that his detestation of the despotism of Austria—which is carried to the length of bitter personal malice and petty spite — makes Koubrakeiwicz too favourable to Russia; but the reasons for this belief will be easily understood by those who have perused the editor's own works on Russia. It is more to the purpose that he pledges himself for the accuracy and trustworthiness of the details given of the administration of the Austrian government at the present time. The historical pictures and retrospects, if less faithful, are also of less importance, as this want may be supplied from better authorities. The Austrian sovereigns, we are informed, take the title of *Kaiser*, and their wives that of *Kaiserinn;* because a *Kaiser* is imagined to be more powerful and absolute than even an Emperor, — because he has a right over the lives and fortunes of all his subjects, while an emperor has only such rights over the army. "The dynasty," says our author, "of Habsburg"

being only national for a sixth part of the Empire, its rule must necessarily be absolute; and all other forms of government, whether monarchical or democratic, are incompatible with its interest and its existence.

Hence we see with what intelligence and subtilty the Kaisers force the temporal and spiritual governments to look upon them, not only as the centre of religious and political absolutism, but also as the basis of monarchies in general.

All the princes in Europe make pilgrimages to Vienna, that they may be introduced into the sanctuary of their salvation, initiated into the mysteries of their monarchical and absolute government, and led to sign an act which the Kaisers succeed in persuading them is useful and necessary to the existence of all monarchs, but which only protects and guarantees the house of Habsburg in Hungary, in Poland, in Bohemia, and in Italy.

According to an organical statute of the family of Habsburg, all the Archdukes are obliged to learn a trade. The Kaiser Francis the First was a sealing-wax maker; the present Kaiser, Ferdinand the First, is a turner.

This statute is intended to maintain in the family a positive and speculating spirit.

The Kaiser is the chief of his family; he is obliged to maintain all its legitimate members: but, on the other hand, they cannot contract any legitimate marriage without the consent of their head.

Alliances contracted by the Archdukes, or Archduchesses, without this consent, are called *Morganatic.* The children born of these unions bear the titles of Barons or Baronesses.

The Archduke John married, *Morganatically*, the daughter of a postmaster, by whom he had two little barons.

The present Kaiser, Ferdinand the First, it is said, displayed, up to the age of eighteen or twenty years, some cleverness and independence of character. It was presaged of him that, when he became sovereign, he would not follow the immutable system of his father, Francis the First; so much so that he was disliked both by his father and by Metternich, who were desirous that Francis Charles, the second son, who inherited all the systematic qualities of his father, should succeed to the throne.

The late emperor and Metternich are represented as having been desirous of the death, if not of conniving at the assassination of the reigning Emperor, of whom M. Koubrakeiwicz relates many gossiping, and probably exaggerated stories. The ruling passion of Ferdinand, and of every successive Kaiser, is the love of gold. Mammon is their sole idol; and the narrow and unphilosophic spirit of the *Revelations* will be sufficiently apparent from the author's wholesale denunciation of a dynasty, of which each member would seem, according to him, to be alike chargeable with the most insatiable avarice and sordid parsimony.

The only passion they know, and that which absorbs or replaces all others, is the love of, or rather the rapacious and insatiable thirst for gold, which they look upon as their god, and as the only end and aim of their government and conquests. The most wretched parsi-

* By M. Koubrakeiwicz, ex-Austrian Functionary. Edited by the author of the Revelations of Russia, &c. &c. Two volumes. London: Newby.

mony, carried to the extreme of sordid avarice, is only the consequence of this predilection.

The Kaisers themselves keep the key of their treasures; they alone know the sum-total of the millions hidden in their cellars.

Fancy an emperor of Austria sitting all day, and every day, locked up in a cellar, counting and gloating over his gold. The picture belongs to the primitive times described in the nursery rhyme: —

The king's in his closet, counting his money;
The Queen's in her chamber, eating bread and honey.

M. Koubrakeiwicz draws comparisons between the Russian and Turkish governments, and that of Austria, very much to the disadvantage of the latter, at least as regards the provinces and dependencies of each of these despotic states. He sees nothing mild, nothing kindly in the boasted paternal despotism of the *Kaisers*, whose fostering indulgence, it may readily be admitted, seldom extends beyond the German provinces. There is some truth in the following remarks: —

The absolutism of the Kaisers is palliated and upheld by the censored German press, which, whilst it reproves the Austrian dominion in Germany, as tyrannical and unpopular, believes it to be a duty to call it paternal towards foreigners. The Kaisers in Germanizing Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, Italy, &c.—in subjecting more than thirty millions of foreigners to the yoke, thereby serving and defending the integrity of the Germanic Empire, and the despotism of its princes, whilst at the same time extending the Germanic territory, language, and servile spirit, appears to merit the gratitude of all Teutons. The German Austrians are proud of the dominion of their masters over foreign nations, without reflecting that they themselves are the first enslaved, forming only an abject dulocracy, whilst these foreigners serve their masters as instruments to keep them in the degrading servitude in which they linger, and the spoil which their masters tear from the stranger, serving only to increase the means of the despotism oppressing them.

As our author can see nothing whatever either good or great in the house of Habsburg, from its mean alleged origin to the present hour, very little of his retrospect is worthy of notice. The general character of what he avers Austrian policy now is, and always has been, is enough for us; and, besides, what does not apply to every epoch of Austrian history is far from being untrue of its recent periods. The passage shows the animus, and affords a favourable specimen of the general style of the work.

The historical fact which merits the attention of the whole world, and which has struck few investigators, is the connexion, premeditated and foreseen, between the events realized in 1814, and 1815, as being natural effects of facts accomplished in 1810, their determining causes.

The friendship of German Princes had always been found more dangerous and disastrous to France and its sovereigns, than their enmity.

After a thousand combats lost, the vanquished and humbled Kaiser changed his policy.

From the most implacable enemy, which he was, he all at once became, in appearance, the stanchest friend, the nearest relative of Napoleon.

As it has been said, "amongst the baggage taken by assault from the Capital of Vienna, Napoleon found the Archduchess Maria Louisa," daughter of the Kaiser; he repudiated Josephine, his guardian angel, and married the Archduchess, the devoted political instrument of Austria, and the cause of his degradation, and of the humiliation of France.

It would be wholly to misunderstand the nature of man, to suppose that a vanquished enemy could so readily become the sincere friend of his conqueror.

It was self-deception to imagine that the Habsburgs were not seeking the means of revenging their humiliation, or that they sincerely gave up their alliance with England.

In Paris there was a great rejoicing over this marriage, which was looked upon as the ultimate and consolidating result of the victories obtained, and as establishing French supremacy on an unshakeable basis. There was rejoicing also in Vienna over this "*mésalliance*," which was looked upon as a necessary sacrifice, as a political embryo, which was only engendered with the view of undermining the power of France, of bringing about her fall, and of raising Austria, and with her despotism.

Germans were heard, immediately after this marriage, to predict the downfal of Napoleon, and the ruin of France, so fully were they convinced that this marriage was only a snare on the part of their Kaiser. . . .

Buonaparte, as a simple French citizen, representative and chief of the generous French Nation, was the first captain in the world, the first French citizen, and in some measure the defender of all the oppressed. In his enterprises he consulted only his own intelligence and the welfare of France—his country; he distrusted all princes crowned by the grace of God; and was ever on his guard.

As son-in-law to the Kaiser, ennobled, metamorphosed, and received within the pale of German aristocracy, he consulted aristocratic appearances, consulted his own interests, personal and dynastic; consented to restrain France within its former boundaries under Louis the Sixteenth, providing he was left upon his Imperial throne. He became the mere paladin of his wife, and sank into the position of the last of legitimate princes. To obtain their simulated confidence, he was obliged to accord his own sincere confidence; to render himself worthy of being their chief, or even their equal, he was obliged to become the champion of sovereigns, to surround himself with clergy, and be the faithful companion and zealous defender of all despots.

After this marriage he appeared no more the vanquisher of Jena, of Austerlitz and of Wagram.

His genius was effaced, because he ceased after it to exist, or to combat in that democratic element which constituted the strength of the French Nation. . . .

The Austrian monarchy having been re-established in its ancient splendour, and the Archduchess Maria Louise having played her part, she returned to Vienna, to receive from the holy alliance, the Duchy of Parma, as a recompense for her generous devotion. To prove that her marriage with Napoleon was a mere diplomatic affair, she sent him, when at the Island of Elba, an act of divorce. The ennobled Napoleon had not sufficient pride, moral courage, or self-love, to repay contempt by contempt. He had boldly demanded a divorce from the chaste and virtuous Josephine, the French citizeness, whose love was past all proof, and who died overwhelmed by grief at the misfortunes which fell on her ex-husband; yet he refused to accept the divorce from the Austrian subject Maria Louise, who despised him, and who was so anxious to offer her charms to another.

Alexander the Great perished a victim to his debaucheries; Charles the Twelfth to his generous temerity; Napoleon succumbed to his insolent pride.

Some faint indications, on the part of the Austrian government, of a recognition of the first principles of political economy, is, by our author, represented as disregard to the interests of its own subjects. Many very ardent lovers of freedom would, we imagine, rejoice to see England, in one respect, in the evil condition in which Austria is placed;—that is, with a government studious of economy, levying taxes mainly on the rich or on

property, and quite free of debt. How many years behind the time must the man be who believes "That, in constitutional monarchies, the very soul of finance is the system of debt; while the soul of absolutism is *economy*." This tenet will hardly cure the British people of their "ignorant impatience of taxation." But the *economy* of the Kaisers is carried so far as to impeach their honesty; of which fact we have this amusing illustration:—

Money being the sole aim of the internal and external policy of the Emperors, they do not hesitate to employ any means for its acquisition, or in their endeavours to economize it.

The arrival of the Emperor in Gallicia was announced several months previously. A month beforehand the hostel of the Black Eagle at Jaroslau, where the Emperor and his suite were to sup, sleep, and breakfast, was ordered to be prepared for the occasion.

The governor gave the order to the captain of the district, he again to the burgomaster, and finally the burgomaster to Madame Piekna, (the landlady of the hotel, a widow with five young children,) to embellish and refurnish her hotel for the reception of the august guests.

Madame Piekna was unanimously congratulated by her fellow-citizens on this distinction.

It was even currently reported that his Majesty had chosen this hotel in preference to any other, for the purpose of assisting this poor widow, whose fortune was in a bad state, and who was deploring the death of her husband; this was the more readily believed, that she was generally known for her piety and exemplary exercise of the duties of the Catholic religion. A fortnight before the arrival of his majesty, the hotel was surrounded by police, cavalry, and infantry—no one was allowed to enter. Madame Piekna did not hesitate at any expense, and caused all the embellishments to be executed which had been recommended by the burgomaster, engineer, and captain of the Circle. At last, on the day named, his majesty, accompanied by M. Metternich and a numerous suite of courtiers, arrived, supped, slept, breakfasted, paid twenty-five florins (three pounds sterling,) and left for Leopol. Madame Piekna went to the burgomaster, and threatened to bring him before the judge as answerable for the expense and loss which the Kaiser's visit had occasioned her. The burgomaster had the Order of the Court of the Circle read to her. She addressed herself to the Court of the Circle, which proved to her that it had only acted in conformity with the command of the gubernium; and lastly, applied to the Emperor himself, and was informed that she had the right of citing the imperial treasury before a court composed of the creatures of the Emperor. The poor widow was consequently ruined and reduced to beggary.

The emperors being absolute masters over the fortunes of their subjects, are at great pains to induce foreign princes to visit Vienna, to take the baths of Karlsbad, and to spend their money liberally. They have more interest than constitutional governments generally, in making advantageous treaties of commerce; they are less inclined to make concessions than constitutional governments, because, although always appearing to act for the interests of their subjects, they only do so in reality for their own.

All the money earned, by their subjects, from strangers, finds its way little by little into their treasury, whence it only emerges in times of the utmost necessity.

So the Austrian despotic government, according to our author, encourages free trade for its own sinister objects! The spiteful gossip of the book is a distinguishing feature; but little of that may suffice; and, in the following picture of the wretched condition of the Jews and peasants of Austrian Poland, there may be too much truth.

The Polono Austrian nobility is sufficiently attached to the House of Habsburg, because, firstly, the Kaisers easily grant the title of Count, in consideration of the payment of a tax of six thousand florins, (about six hundred pounds;) and secondly, because they maintain more strictly the *Robot* (or service due from peasants to their lords) of the Polish peasantry, than other absolute monarchies.

The Polono Austrian Counts showed frequent signs of respect towards the Kaiser Francis, particularly during his journey through Gallicia in 1817. It is well known that the Kaiser Francis, like almost all the first-born of the House of Habsburg, had a falling under lip, a wide mouth, the head bowed towards the chest, and hollow cheeks and eyes.

The disciples of Plato, to imitate their chief and master, affected to have round shoulders; and in Ethiopia, when the sovereign had any deformity the courtiers maimed themselves to resemble him.

A few Austriaco-polish Counts, not wishing to appear less civilized than the Ethiopians, affected in 1817, and subsequently, a falling lip, gaping mouth, and lowered head; though their zeal and devotedness did not lead them quite so far as to make them hollow their eyes and cheeks. . . . . .

In Gallicia the wretchedness of the Burghers, Jews, and particularly of the peasantry, surpasses all that can be conceived. The Polish peasants can afford even black bread only during three or four months of the year: they live the remainder of the time on potatoes, with the exception of three or four months in the Spring; when driven to subsist on green meat, extreme privation renders these poor wretches sallow, their bodies swell, and fever carries away thousands, particularly children and aged persons, every year. Out of a hundred children born, at least sixty die before the age of six, and it is rare in Gallicia to see a peasant seventy years of age. At the same time Gallicia produces three times as much corn as would properly support its population, which amounts to upwards of four millions; but the taxes are so high, and money is so scarce, that very often the whole crop does not suffice to pay the Kaiser his direct taxes.

The wily German has taken for basis of taxation the price of corn in 1792, because there was at that time much more money than at present, and that the price of corn was higher on account of the war.

Thus the peasants and the lords themselves pay the direct taxes at the rate of eight shillings the hectolitre; but when the government seizes corn in payment of taxes, it sells it at the rate of tenpence, or even as low as fivepence for the same measure.

The grower, that he may be able to satisfy the impeperial rapacity, is allowed to export, that he may find money abroad. A year of plenty and a full crop does not alleviate the misery of the agriculturists, because then either the price of corn diminishes, or the Kaiser increases the rate of taxation.

A Polish nobleman, who has but a single village, consisting of forty or fifty peasants' huts, with three or four thousand acres, with mills, ponds, and public-houses upon them, is often not able to pay the schooling of his two sons.

Out of one hundred proprietors the property of ninety is seized, sequestered, or eventually sold to pay the taxes.

The turnpikes in Austria are not, in reality, more severely oppressive than that local system which, in Wales, lately stirred up Rebecca and her daughters.

The following extract goes far to explain the fact of the peasantry lending themselves as ready and willing instruments in those horrible outrages which have lately made the Austrian government the reproach of European civilization.

The Austrian yoke fell most heavily on the peasants and burghers.

The substance of the *befehl* of 1786, which regulates until the present day the mutual intercourse of landlords and peasants, is as follows :—

Firstly, the peasants must work gratis for their lord. This forced labour, called *robot*, is stipulated at three days at most per week. If the peasant possess a plough, a wagon, and a team, he must furnish a wagon, team, and two men, exclusive of the three days' weekly labour. The peasants who have neither cottages nor land, and who live on the lands merely as tenants, work only twelve days a year.

The befehl fixes the duration of this labour from sunrise to sunset.

Those subject to forced labour, work, therefore, in summer, more than seventeen hours a day. They are only allowed one hour's rest; and as they must present themselves every evening to the agent, called *econome*, to obtain his counter-mark, and rise long before dawn, particularly when the seignorial lands are far from their cottages, they cannot in such cases obtain more than three or four hours rest at the utmost.

Every year the Polish proprietors in a body present a petition to the Kaiser, praying him to concede four days a week forced labour during harvest time.

The Kaiser always grants the fourth day, and he makes them pay for this concession six kreutzes (fivepence) per team with the labourers.

The Kaiser is thus interested in the maintenance of ordinary and extraordinary forced labour, because he divides the profit with the lords, or rather he absorbs it altogether.

The lords are only imperial jailers, and only possess the right of striking with impunity the Polish labourers.

They are obliged to pay, firstly, to the Kaiser, under the head of seignorial tax, as much as eighty per cent. of produce of the forced labour; and, secondly, to maintain at their own expense two functionaries, a justiciary and mandatarius, whom without forced labour the Kaiser would be obliged to pay out of the state revenue. Secondly, the lords who beat or ill-treat their peasants, pay to the Kaiser a fine of tenpence for each blow given. This fine is itself a sort of tax.

To take away from the lords the desire of ill-treating their peasants, it was proposed to the Kaiser to grant the peasantry permission to defend themselves, or to raise the fine to ten florins per blow : "But then the lords will not ill-treat their peasants at all, and my treasury will gain nothing," answered the good Kaiser. Besides, the concession to the proprietors of the right of striking their peasantry on the payment of tenpence per blow, has the appearance of a prohibition, but a jesuitical one, very likely to foment hatred between the peasant and his lord, and to keep the labourers, who still preserve, and indeed chiefly constitute Polish nationality, in a state of degradation. The cruelty of the Polish lords to their peasantry surpasses all that can be imagined.

The Polish kanczuk is more cruel than the Russian knout or German stock. The lords and their agents tear out their ears, put out their eyes, shave their heads with reaping hooks, break their ribs, their arms, their teeth, and ill-treat them with blows of the fist, stock, and kanczuk. The Polish noblemen, Andrew Nowakowski, John Szeptycki, and others, surpassed in cruelty the most savage brigands.

It must, however, be admitted, that for some time past a reconciliation is beginning to take place between the lords and peasantry; humanity is beginning to dawn even in Austrian Poland.

Thirdly, the Polish peasantry pay to the Kaiser a direct tax on the lands which they possess and cultivate for their own account. Without taking into account the forced labour and tithe they pay already, they are in the distribution of taxation looked upon and rated as free proprietors.

The Russian editor of the work, in a foot-note, alleges that the Austrian government has begun of late to dread the good understanding growing up between the peasantry and their lords.

Happier, in one respect, than Irish serfs, the Polish lords have no right to drive away the peasants if they perform the service of compulsory labour exacted of them. Now, the Irish peasant, though he pay the stipulated rent of his little farm, or potatoe con-acre, to the last farthing, may be driven out at the pleasure of his lord. In social privation, the peasantry of both countries are in nearly the same miserable condition.

The peasantry, and in general all servants, even those of noblemen, and all workmen, have neither beds, coverings, nor pillows.

They cover themselves at night with the clothes which they wear in the day time: a little straw serves them as a mattress.

Austrian Poland does not want either wool, cloth, or leather; but the paternal government forces the inhabitants to work for exportation, and not for their own necessities or benefit. The costume of a Polish peasant consists, in summer, of a shirt and trousers of coarse canvass, completed by a peculiar hat of wheaten or rye straw. In winter, the peasants wear above the shirt a brown woollen felt seamless wrapper, a sheepskin cap, and thin cow-hide boots. The wealthiest array themselves in sheepskins in this season. The kitchen utensils consist of two or three pots in baked clay, one or two earthen pans, a tripod, and a few spoons in common wood.

This is the state of three millions five hundred thousand Austrian Polish peasants, who are, without question, more unfortunate than the Prussian or Russian peasants, more miserable than the negroes brought up or sold in Africa.

We have mentioned the bitter feeling with which M. Koubrakeiwicz regards Catholicism in general, and that of Austria in particular. There is, however, something wholesome in his bitterness. After a few liberal and sensible introductory remarks on the nature and leading characteristics of genuine Christianity, he proceeds :—

The celebrated philosopher Kant thus defines religion : —"*Religion is nothing more than the legislation of reason acting through the moral feelings arising from the self-produced idea of God, influencing the human will to fulfil its duties.*"

Religion is one of the four agents which the temporal government employs, in order easily to govern the people.

The Christian religion in general, and the Catholic more particularly, is a true religion, because it has for basis the existence of one God and eternal life, as well as the object of rendering man virtuous; but the Ecclesiastical, Catholic, and A-Catholic governments, and their policy, are destructive to liberty, and consequently to the virtue of the people; because these oligarchical or papistical governments, being absolute and not emanating from the people, treat and look upon, and use, as their servile instrument, that God whose will and precepts can only be truly manifested through the voice of multitudes—*vox populi vox Dei.*

The newspapers in the interest of the absolute thrones, and the priests themselves, who complain that morals are becoming weak and corrupt, and that religion is not observed, confess and establish their own inefficacious inaptitude, and the pernicious influence of their holy policy and of their forms of worship, which no longer keep pace with the civilization of the age.

There are in Catholic countries thousands of priests, pulpits, and confessionals, which cost the people millions; and these priests, well fed and paid, proclaim in the face of the world that morals are corrupt, and that there is no religion. It is, therefore, now the duty of the temporal government and of those legislative bodies

composed of fathers of families, and consequently more interested, than the unmarried priests, in the happiness and virtue of legitimate posterity, and in the eternal life of their country, to deliberate, discuss, and decide, in the name of the people,—that is to say, of God,—not on religion, or the necessity of worshipping God, but upon the mode in which He shall be worshipped; on the necessity, the number, marriage, or celibacy of the priests; on the form of the ecclesiastical government; on the authority and power of priests operating such miracles as condemning or absolving sins; on the present necessity or utility of auricular confession, instituted in the fourteenth century; on analogy and connexion existing on the one hand between religion and its chief end, morality; and on the other, upon the authority of the priests arising from secret revelation, and disapproved by the public revelation of God.

In Austria all forms of worship, and all the attribution of the priests, depend upon the good-will of the Kaiser.

Crime and falsehood only have cause to hide themselves and tremble when reason speaks. The Christian religion does not fear, but, on the contrary, seeks enlightenment or liberty of the press.

Thus, M. Koubrakeiwicz improves upon us. The jealousy which, according to recent rumours, the Austrian government is displaying at the liberality of the new Pope, Pius IX., may be more easily accounted for, if we are to believe that the Kaiser wishes to be himself the Pope of, at least, his own subjects.

The Kaiser is the visible head of all religions and sects in his empire. To accustom his clergy and subjects to look upon him and venerate him as pope, he exercises the functions of pope.

Amongst other things, he washes, himself, every Holy Thursday, the feet of his twelve apostles; and by a happy innovation, inspired by revelation and approved of by the Jesuits and other gallant priests, his wife, the Kaiserinn, washes the feet of twelve feminine apostles. The authors of this last innovation are the Kaiser Francis First and his vizier Metternich.

Both from being a liberal and a good hater of Catholic priests in general, and of all Kaisers and Jesuits in particular, our author is favourable to the Austrian Protestants; and his account of Protestantism in Austria is really interesting, as Protestant Europe knows less of that country than even of Turkey or Russia.

The Evangelical or Protestant religion is professed by Germans established in Poland, and protected by the government.

It has its ministers, who are all married, and equal amongst themselves. They do not assume the power of transubstantiation. All the evangelical ministers of the Austrian Empire depend upon the Evangelical Consistory, which has its seat at Vienna.

The doors of their places of worship may not open into public streets.

All members of Protestant congregations can read, write, and reckon.

Their schools are directed and superintended by the pastors themselves.

The evangelical religion requires that every believer should be able to read and interpret the gospel of his own accord.

I was employed two years in the office of ecclesiastical affairs, at the gubernium, and we received no complaints or denunciations on the part of ministers against their flocks relative to religion; on the other hand, M. Ziegler, ex-Jesuit, Catholic Bishop of Tarnow, and M. Patocki, Roman Catholic Bishop of Przemysl, loaded us with complaints against their flocks, and even against the subordinate priests.

The congregations and priests made reprisals.

A priest who had been persecuted and denounced by his bishop, for living in the married state with a pompadour called housekeeper, as is nearly universally practised in Austria, denounced, out of revenge, amongst other complaints to the gubernium, that his lordship Patocki was member of a family of a nomade and vagabond tribe, which is called in Polish, Cygan, and in German, Zigeuner, the greater part of whom are robbers; unfortunately his lordship, to whom this complaint was communicated, could not give satisfactory explanation to the gubernium. His physiognomy, accent, bearing, and character gave considerable plausibility to the priest's accusation. To prevent the scandal which might have ensued, his lordship was recalled to Vienna by the Aulic chancellary. M. Ziegler, confessor to the Empress Mother, who used to denounce in a mass all patriotic and honest Poles, met with the same fate.

In the account given of the Jews of Gallicia, we hope that by "the more fervent Christians," our author does not mean the Evangelical, whom alone he honours with the name of "Christians."

The Israelites, the number of whom in Gallicia amounts to 300,000, have their synagogues and priests called Rabbis, distributed according to the parishes. During his journey through that province in 1817, the Kaiser Francis successively visited all Catholic and A-Catholic churches. On entering the Jewish synagogue the Kaiser uncovered himself; but it was remarked to him that the Jews remained with their heads covered; the Kaiser then covered himself, presented himself before an altar prepared for him, and assisted at the Jewish ceremony for more than three quarters of an hour. The greater part praised this conduct of their sovereign, and said that all the kings of the earth ought to imitate this example; that all religions, Jewish, German, Anglican, Roman, or Greek, may be equally good; and that God understands all languages: but the more fervent Christians were shocked, and the report was even spread that the Habsburgs were of Jewish origin; that they emigrated from Africa in the ninth or tenth century, and established themselves as traders in Switzerland, where they became rich and acquired the favour of the German sovereigns, who made them counts. . . . . .

All the Christian priests receive salaries from the government: the archbishops receive £600, bishops £400, canons £100 a-year; the curates from £30 to £40, and the vicars from £14 to £20 a-year. All the Roman Catholic bishops, and most of the canons and curates are in the enjoyment of tithes, and possess towns and villages subject to the *robot*. The Roman Catholic archbishop of Leopol enjoys a clear income of £8000 per annum.

The government only pays to the clergy the portion which is wanting to make up the above-mentioned salaries. The tithes, forced labour, voluntary offerings of the parishoners, such as bread, honey, payment for masses, marriages, and burials, fees, &c. &c., are reckoned up in a niggardly manner by the authorities of the Circles, estimated higher than the real value, and subtracted from the incomes of the clergy.

M. Michelet, or M. Quinet, could not be more severe upon the Jesuits, than our ex-functionary; and if his statements are to be implicitly received, there is abundant cause for his attack on this restless and encroaching fraternity. We give merely the concluding paragraphs.

In order to finish with the Jesuits, and bring forward the last proof of these dependants of Habsburg, I will add, that they were hostile to the Popes and to the liberal sovereigns, whom they called tyrants, but were never seriously opposed to the Kaisers.

The Jesuits leave in peace the non-Romanist Germans in Poland and Germany, and attack Switzerland and France, to the advantage of their occult master, the Kaiser.

Every year the Austrian government selects the most

docile and obedient amongst the pupils of the second year of philosophy who are aspiring to the ecclesiastical state, and sends them to Vienna to study hierology, called theology.

They are then moulded and metamorphosed into good Austrian servants, and enlightened as to the real sources and foundations of all religions and revelations. It is from amongst these ecclesiastics that Austria exclusively chooses her professors of theology, gymnastics, and the faculties; her missionaries, canons, and more particularly bishops and archbishops.

Thanks to this system the Austrian prelates and priests are generally convinced that all their spiritual authority rests on the absolute temporal authority of the Kaiser.

After the invasion of Poland by the Austrians the Polish priests wished to remain independent as they were at the time of the Polish republic.

The agents of the philosophic Kaiser, Joseph II., asked them if they did not require the protection of the temporal government in their spiritual functions.

"No," replied the priests boldly.

The Germans then applied themselves to teaching and proving to the people, that original sin, auricular confession, absolution, transubstantiation, benedictions, masses, miracles, revelations, &c. &c., were only a kind of jugglery instituted to deceive the people for the purpose of living at its expense, and that the priests were only cheats and hypocrites.

At Vienna the Germans did not even uncover themselves at the solemn entry of the Holy Father into that capital of the aristocratic world.

They answered the women who called upon them to uncover themselves and receive the Pope's blessing, which he was distributing right and left—*Ist des papstes segen gut—so dringt er auch durch den hut.* The literal translation of which is, "If the Pope's blessing is good, it will penetrate equally through our hats." In short, the Germans worked so well, that faith in the priests, and veneration for the sacred character, began to be shaken, and the latter saw themselves forced to submit, without conditions, to the temporal power, in order, as they said, to save God from these calumnies.

After relating a most absurd miracle, which it is averred appears in a work entitled, "A Guide of the Young Communicant," which was published so late as 1840, composed by a canon of Bourdeaux, and approved by a cardinal and two archbishops, it is said,—

The Austrian government would never allow similar holy anecdotes to be published, unless they were offered as an example of the superstition of the people and corruption of the priests, who endeavour by these Gascon miracles to persuade the people that they really have the power of changing bread into a living God and of commanding devils. Excepting the miracles of which the gospel and holy fathers of the church speak, and which are believed to be revealed and necessary to the existence of religion, all posterior miracles are severely forbidden in Austria.

The authors, editors, printers, and disseminators of miracles having for object the exciting hatred of Catholics against Jews, or of debauching the imagination and intelligence of children, to the advantage of the parents, are punished in Austria by the *Carcer durus* or *durissimus.*

The Austrian code of civil law framed in 1811, on the Code Napoleon, but in many points modified and improved, has some features worthy of the imitation of freer nations. By this code,

Majority is fixed at the completion of twenty-four years of age.

The marriage contract to be valid must be drawn up before the clergyman of the parish, and in the presence of two witnesses.

The law does not require that the contract should be concluded at church.

Persons leaving one or more illegitimate children can only dispose of one half their property by will.

The other half must be left free to their legitimate offspring.

Women, legally of age, may dispose of their property in the same manner as men, whether to living persons or by testamentary disposition.

The married people have reciprocally a right of succession to one quarter of the usufruct when the deceased leaves three children, or less; and to the same portion as the children when there are four or more.

Divorce is not permitted when either of the married parties profess the Catholic religion, but is allowed to Protestants and Jews.

In case of a difference of religion between the married couple, the sons follow the religion of their father, and the girls that of their mother.

Marriages between Catholics and Jews, or Mahomedans, are forbidden as crimes.

Excepting the marriage contract, all other contracts and agreements are made without the intervention of the public authorities.

There are no notaries in Austria. For inscribing titles to property, and mortgages on villages, burghs, and towns belonging to individuals, there is only one single office in Gallicia; this office, which is called *Tabula provincialia*, is established at Leopol, the chief town of Gallicia, of which it executes the decisions.

The registering a title to property or a mortgage, is called *intabulatio*; the striking out a mortgage is called *extabulatio.*

In order to register the mortgages on houses in large towns, there is in each town an office called *tabula civica*, which only registers according to the magistrates' decision.

The penal code of Austria is in a much more barbarous state than the civil code, and the police system is as detestable as that of other absolute governments. The following fact savours more of Russia than of Austria, bad as its government may be.

The Austrian police often makes use of the Poles as spies upon the Poles.

Police informers were then initiated into the secrets of the police, so that they may be more advantageously set upon the traces of the crime of love of country or humanity; but, at the same time, the Austrian police is prudent and suspicious; it is also observed that those individuals, who are confidential agents of the police, after having fulfilled their service, generally die suddenly of some accident, which is called, in Gallicia, *Austrian accident.*

The traitor Mierzwinski was found dead in his rooms. The police spread the report that he had poisoned himself; the public said, on the contrary, that he had repented of what he had done, that the Austrian government was afraid of the consequences of his repentance and the betrayal of the secrets of the police, of which he was the depository, and therefore caused him to be imprisoned.

This miserable deacon was my chief, during two months in 1822, in the office of ecclesiastical affairs.

The Austrian government is partial to Polish, Hungarian, Italian, or Bohemian traitors; but it only confides in the thoroughbred Austrian Germans.

Many persons, whom the police suspects of patriotism or humanity, without there being any proof, die suddenly either in their domicile, or in prison during the inquisition. The professor Huttner, a German, (not Austrian,) a distinguished divine, a friend of humanity and of oppressed Poland, was suspected of liberalism.

The Baron Krieg, vice-president of the gubernium, entered his apartments, seized all his papers, and some hours after Mr. Huttner was found dead, having perished by poison.

It has been observed, that all the persons who show firmness of character during the inquisition, or any rooted principle, are never liberated; they always fall victims

of an *Austrian accident*, either during the inquisition, or after the condemnation, or die before the expiration of the punishment to which they have been condemned — such persons are too dangerous for the Austrian system.

It must be kept in memory, that this is not the report of a friend, nor even of a cool and impartial judge. Corruption is affirmed to be so general or universal in Austria, that Metternich himself was said to have been in the pay of the Czar Alexander, who gave him a million rubles annually. In such illustrious cases, it is right to do the thing handsomely. There is this difference between the corruption of Austrian and Russian functionaries: —

The Russian functionary allows himself to be bribed to the prejudice of his Czar, but having received the bribe, keeps his promise, fearing the accusation; whereas the Austrian functionary takes any thing or from any body, indeed bargains with the parties interested to bribe him, and does not keep his word. He always does what the interest of his Kaiser requires, and only acts against the befehl to the injury of individuals. . . . . In order to palliate his avarice, the Kaiser spreads the report that the functionaries reckon farthings and rob millions.

In general the functionaries are chosen from the poorer classes, because these being drawn from obscurity and elevated to the dignity of salaried functionaries, are more grateful, submissive, and less independent than the rich.

They are proportionately more attached to the existence of government, as their own existence depends upon it.

Nearly all the presidents, Aulic councillors, &c. &c., are of the lowest class of citizens, or nobles, and only live on their salary.

These functionaries hate the rich, despise the poor, and have neither pity for one or the other.

This is what is required by an administration of plunder and rapine.

It is from this said motive that the Austrian functionaries are forbidden to exercise any lucrative profession or trade. In Austria there is no aristocracy that can properly be so called. At present it is Metternich, Schwarzenberg, Lichtenstein and a few others, who are the Kaiser's principal instruments, but at their death their children may be nothing more than beggars.

The Kaisers never grant the powerful amongst the natives high situations, always fearing another Wallenstein. The Grand Vizier of the empire is always drawn from a poor and obscure German family.

The present Grand Chancellor is a German of Westphalia, named Ochsenhausen.

The Kaiser Francis created him Prince Metternich, and the mercenary German papers publish every where that Metternich is of an ancient princely family.

The governors of provinces are generally poor nobles possessing no landed or real property in the country. The German Barons, drawn from a state of mendicity, willingly lend themselves to the plunder of the middling classes by the government.

They cannot bear that a citizen, a simple Polish gentleman, should be better lodged, dressed, or live better than they. Baron Krieg, ci-devant Aulic councillor, and actually vice-governor of Gallicia, perceived, when walking in the neighbourhood of Leopol, in a fine garden, a handsome country house, the open windows of which allowed the furniture within to be seen.

He asked who was the proprietor, and learnt, to his great astonishment, that it belonged to a baker of Leopol.

"What!" he exclaimed one day at the gubernium sitting, when I was present, "people complain of the heaviness of the taxes, and I have seen a baker better lodged than I, Baron of the German Empire, and Royal Kaiseral Aulic councillor." The tax on the baker's patent was doubled and trebled, and he was ruined at the expiration of a short time.

Now this anecdote is likely to be correctly given, however apocryphal many of the other stories may be, and however erroneous our author's deductions from admitted facts. Thus he tells, that while

It is forbidden and punished as a crime by confiscation to play in foreign lotteries; on the other hand, it is permitted to make lotteries of estates and houses. It is allowed to value them at three or four times their real worth, and to sell the tickets in foreign countries, particularly in France, where the inhabitants are fond of gaming, because, besides the money which comes from abroad for the sale of the tickets, the proprietors of the estates which are put up to lottery are obliged to pay to the Kaiser beforehand ten per cent of the estimated price under the name of Regalia.

The Kaisers and Austrian princes never travel abroad, or if their policy obliges them to travel, they then do so incognito, bearing the title of some poor baron to save expense.

In the interior of their empire they never give any thing to their poor or to the church.

To recompense their faithful servants, they award them honorary titles and orders, but never estates, pensions, nor even so much as gold snuff-boxes.

These honorary titles of nobility, these orders, are indeed very often given merely for the sake of the fees which they entail. Hungarians, Italians, and Poles, are called to Vienna by the Court to make them spend their property, and render them a prey to hungry German barons.

Austrian nobles are not allowed to travel abroad, to prevent the exportation of their money; on the other hand, permission is given to beggars and poor workmen to travel, that they may bring back money to Austria.

In Paris alone there are 50,000 poor Germans, and there are not 50,000 poor Frenchmen in the whole of the Austrian empire.

Whilst the Germans at Paris are at the charge of the French nation and government, it is reckoned that Austria derives a revenue of several millions a year from the Duke of Bordeaux, his court, and the French legitimatists. These are the refugees to whom the Kaisers delight to offer hospitality.

After the insurrection in Poland of 1830, the Kaiser received in his empire the Polish refugees. He allowed officers 40 kreutzers a-day, (1s. 4d.); but at the same time he lodged them at the barracks of Brun, 15 and 20 men in a room, made them sleep in beds of private soldiers, and withheld for this lodging 15 kreutzers (6d.) a-day per head; so that the officers were supposed to receive 40 kreutzers, but did in reality only receive 25 kreutzers a-day. It was forbidden to receive and lodge them in the town. . . . . .

The Kaiser's avidity knows no bounds; whatever can be extorted is so.

Those who can, are made to pay for those who cannot; nothing being left to the peasantry but that which is absolutely necessary to a miserable subsistence; and even that is only left to those who are indispensably necessary to production, or as instruments of oppression.

The rest of the Polish population is left to die of misery and inanition.

We have already stated, that the aboriginal population of Gallicia and Lodomeria, instead of increasing has considerably diminished during the seventy-three years which have elapsed since the commencement of the paternal sway of Austria.

Attached to each circle is a doctor *(kreis physik)* paid by government at the rate of eight hundred florins a-year. His professed duty is gratuitously to attend the sick peasants.

These peasants, who in the spring live only on herbs and roots, are attacked by fever. Instead of giving them bread, or rather instead of depriving them of it, the doctor, who receives his secret instruction from the Gubernium, orders a decoction of herbs, which carries off the peasantry in masses.

In each chief place of the circle there is a privileged pharmacy, which bears the title of kayserial pharmacy.

All physicians and apothecaries of the circles are of German origin, and, for the most part, birth. They take an oath of fidelity and secrecy to the government.

The Austrian government is master of the art of all kinds of poisoning; and no people lend themselves with more *sang froid*, devotion, and fidelity to similar crimes than the Austrian Germans.

Passages of this kind certainly throw doubt on the general statements found in the "Revelations." The chapter written after the Polish Insurrection, in February and March last, which details the causes which forced on this outbreak, is no doubt as prejudiced in tone as the earlier statements; but yet the facts, corroborated by other evidence, must be substantially true; the enormities described have too surely been not merely winked at, but incited by the government. The story is a brief one: the peasants are heavily oppressed by the lords and the clergy, who in turn are oppressed by the government.

The lords have a right to forced labour: but on account of this forced labour they pay to the Kaiser under the head of direct and indirect taxes, more than a hundred and twenty per cent. They are obliged to maintain a justiciary, and mandatarius to levy the conscripts and taxes on the peasantry. The lords might virtually renounce the forced labour, but they cannot free themselves from the charges attendant on the forced labour, and which absorb it to the Kaiser's profit. We have already observed that there are, besides, peasants, of whom the Kaiser is at the same time lord; these peasants constitute the domains, and are called *Kammerals*. It is of these peasants that the paternal government made use to massacre the priests and Polish nobles. It is not the peasantry of the nobles who assassinated their lords. No, it was the Kaiser's peasantry, commanded by Colonel Benedik, and soldiers disguised as peasants, who went from castle to castle murdering the Polish nobles, men, women, and children, without ever having seen them, and delivered the bodies to the circles in consideration of ten florins a head. Metternich in his note does not deny the premium promised of ten florins. The regular monarchical government boasts and publishes in the papers that the peasantry bring in every day bodies of the nobles. Instead of arresting the assassins, as any other regular government would do, the paternal government pays and encourages them to fresh exploits. The paternal government knew some time back the general dissatisfaction which its rapacity must necessarily produce, and it expected an insurrection; it has also for some time past treated the crown peasantry with caution, to unleash them with greater success against these nobles and their peasantry. The Polish insurrection was to have broken out on the 22d or 28th of February, and the paternal government was forewarned of it. It might have had the conspirators arrested and tried: but judicial proceedings are long and expensive, and proofs difficult. It would be necessary to acquit, there not being sufficient proof, persons dangerous to the anti-national government. It would have been necessary to issue amnesties, not to pass for barbarous and cruel in the eyes of Europe. On the other hand, how arrest the judges of the land themselves, and imprison one or two hundred thousand conspirators! The Czar, whose cruelty is more open, has the conspirators seized, judged, and hanged. In proportion as the Czar publishes himself, does the Kaiser dissimulate. The paternal government therefore anticipates the conspiracy, sends assassins ten days before its outbreak to massacre the nobles, priests, and patriots, the most dangerous to despotism. After having had all the persons suspected of liberalism or nationalism assassinated in this manner, and after having confiscated their property, the Kaiser will interfere in favour of the priests and nobles, will deplore the catastrophe, shed tears, grant a general amnesty after having had three or four thousand patriots murdered; and the German hireling press will chaunt the clemency and generosity of the good Kaiser Landesvater. To give proof of his justice and good will, the Kaiser will maintain the Robot, or change it into a quit-rent; because it is necessary to the system that the lords should always be the objects of hatred and execration of the peasantry, so that their eyes may be averted from the real author of their misery.

Accounts of the atrocities perpetrated in Gallicia, which have appeared in the French newspapers, from the reports of eye-witnesses, are printed in the Appendix. They revive the blackest periods of the French Revolution, when, instead of a mild paternal despotism, the Jacobin clubs gave forth their sanguinary commands to brutalized ruffians already imbrued in blood, and thirsting for fresh draughts. In this instance the government of Austria seemed given over to that judicial blindness which usually precedes and presages approaching destruction, whether to individuals or states.—In conclusion, we think "The Revelations" well worth reading, until abler and more authentic works on the same subject can be obtained. The condition of Austria is, at present, one of the great political problems of Europe. Change must come, but in what shape?

LIFE OF THE DOST MOHAMMED KHAN OF KABUL.*

After all that has been said and written upon the Affghan branch of recent Anglo-Indian history, Mohan Lal's work will, we think, be found of interest. In some respects that interest is of the deepest kind, as it lays bare springs of action and certain untoward causes for the disasters in Affghanistan, which have not been hitherto generally known, nor indeed at all suspected, in England. The recklessness of English sailors, and the insults and outrages offered by them to the women of savage or uncivilized tribes, have been the frequent, if not the most frequent, cause of fatal encounters with the natives, and the greatest obstacle to a good understanding and the establishment of peaceful and friendly relations; but the public of this country were not prepared to learn that something of the same sort either led to the insurrection at Kabul, and the retreat of the British force, with all its deplorable consequences, or was a main element in that unhappy affair. The light thrown upon this matter, of which nothing whatever could be gathered from the Journals of Lady Sale,

* With his Political Proceedings towards the English, Russian, and Persian Governments, including the Victory and Disasters of the British Army in Affghanistan. By Mohan Lal, Esq. Two volumes octavo, with numerous portraits. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.

Lieutenant Eyre, and the other writers on the Affghan War, is an original and not the least important part of a work curious from its parentage, as well as from its specific information, and the new views of society presented, by a spectator, who, though writing in English, looks on most objects with the eyes, understanding, and prepossessions of an oriental. The first part of the work is devoted to the early history of the Dost, who, after the late Ranjit Singh, or perhaps his over-celebrated and warlike son Akhbar Khan, is the most remarkable Chief that has figured in India during the present century. The account of his early vicissitudes, perils, and achievements, his romantic and chivalrous enterprises, and of his intrigues and craft, make up a strange and truly eastern history. A good deal of Dost Mohammed's story was already known; but many new anecdotes are given by Mohan Lal, which are not only illustrative of the able and heroic character of the Dost, but of the manners of the Affghans, and the condition of the countries in which he has acted and borne sway. Sarfraz Khan, the father of Dost Mohammed Khan, was the minister of Shah Zaman, the sovereign of Affghan; and was murdered through the intrigues of another minister, who had supplanted him in the good graces of the Shah. He left twenty-one sons and several daughters; Dost Mohammed being his son by his favourite wife, as the mother of Akhbar Khan is now said to be his favourite wife and prime counsellor. His large family connexions were to the crafty, able, and ambitious Dost, at once a source of strength and also of trouble; but not of weakness, for there seems to have been nothing weak about him. One of his amiable or humanizing traits was reverence for the memory of his father. We are told that

As soon as Dost Mohammed Khan gained distinction, and became chief of Kabul, he stamped the following verse on the coin, and thus honoured and gave permanance to the name of his affectionate father:—

"Simo tila be shams o qamar medahad naved."
"Vaq te ravaj Sikhai Payandah Khan rasid."

"Silver and gold give the happy tidings to sun and moon that the time has arrived for the currency of Payandah Khan's coin."

It would certainly be wonderful if Sarfraz Khan could hear with his own ears that his enterprising son Dost Mohammed had become as celebrated as one of the kings, and that the ambassadors of the British, the Russian, the Persian, and the Turkistan governments waited in his courts.

The Dost was trained by the stern discipline of adversity. Of his early years we find this account; which, if not minutely accurate, must be substantially true, as Mohan Lal has had excellent opportunities of acquiring information, and even while in Kabul began to gather materials and write his Life of the Dost. His papers were indeed seized and lost, but the facts were deeply imprinted upon his memory.

Although the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan received kindness and honour from his principal brothers, as the Vazir Fatah Khan, &c. yet being born from a mother of a different creed, and not of a high Affghan family, he was looked upon with contempt by the other brothers, who boasted that they were descended from pure and noble parents. On several occasions the jealousy of the brothers threw him into all the distresses of poverty. His dependents and horses have often passed nights and days without a piece of bread for the human being or a blade of grass for the horses.

In spite of this cheerless state of life, Dost Mohammed Khan never departed from the perseverance of his mind, combined as it was with all the external appearances of sincerity, and real internal hypocrisy. He was trying to gain ascendency by all means possible, and therefore, in return for all the animosity of his jealous brothers, his behaviour towards them was at all times civil and obliging. This sometimes made them exceedingly ashamed of their own conduct, and at the same time astonished at his superior wisdom and management. His sweet words were supported by flattery, and he showed himself regardless of that respect which his own age was entitled to receive from his younger brothers, who were prosperous while himself was poor; and by these means he had created and organized such sound schemes for his own success that none could dare to hope to annihilate him. I have heard with my own ears from the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, that he had gone without food for three or four days successively, and several nights, after taking only a morsel of dry bread or a handful of half-fried grain; that in the mean time he had often laid himself down on the bare ground, making the stone his pillow; and also, having no means to maintain servants, he had many times saddled his own horse. While his heart was wounded with these painful wants, his conversation was always refreshed by a lively wit and a smiling countenance, leaving behind an impression of admiration on the hearts of the chiefs under his brothers.

The Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan was excessively fond of drinking, and carried it to an extreme excess. It is said that he has emptied several dozens of bottles in one night, and did not cease from drinking until he was quite intoxicated, and could not drink a drop more. He has often become senseless with drinking, and has on that account kept himself confined in bed during many days. He has been often seen in a state of stupidity on horseback, and having no turban, but a skull-cap on his head.

It has been stated by the early companions of the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, and confirmed by his own mouth, that he had, and still has, an extraordinary taste for music. When pleased with drinking wine, he has often sung ballads and played upon the "Rabab," a kind of fiddle. His intimate friend and supporter was Gholam Khan Populzai; and both these persons were considered in Affghanistan the first players on the "Rabab." The fort of Nanchi was the favourite seat where Dost Mohammed Khan formed his pleasure parties. . . . . .

It was on the evening of a beautiful day in the spring that the eldest son of the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, named Mohammed Afzal Khan, drank wine with his younger brother, Mohammed Akhbar Khan, and both of them met him drunk. He was incensed at their conduct, and determined to punish them. He seized and bruised them severely; and at last, taking them up to the roof, threw them down on stony ground, by which he had nearly endangered their existence. On this, his favourite wife, the mother of Mohammed Akhbar Khan, who is wiser than the other wives of the Sardar, was informed of the dangerous state of her son. She went to her husband, and stated that he himself is desirous of drinking, while he punishes the sons, and persuades them to the contrary; and that this is not just, as the wise of former days have said, that a son cannot well inherit the property unless he follows the example of his father, and that, consequently, they imitated him in drinking. Hearing these words from the lips of his favourite, the Sardar felt ashamed, and then swore not to drink wine any more. . . . . .

The chiefs in Affghanistan do not value education as the first quality, for they must only know how to ride, fight, cheat, and lie; and whoever excels in these acquirements gains the renown of the time. Amongst

the sons of Sarfraz Khan, the brothers of the Amir Dost Mohammed, few knew the letters of the alphabet. Their early life was spent in poverty, danger, treachery, and bloodshed; but when they came to power, the constant sight of the orders submitted by the Mirzas (Secretaries) for their signature at last enabled them to read plain writing. Mehardil Khan, one of the Qandhar chiefs, qualified himself more than the others. He composed poetry, and made himself distinguished by his literary taste in Persia; yet there are some of his brother chiefs who can neither write nor read. The Amir Dost Mohammed Khan learned the "Qoran" only at the meridian of his glory, and Nayab Amir Mohammed Akhundzadah was his tutor. However, his local knowledge, and the information he possesses in ancient and modern history, in proverbs, and in adventures, as well as in the administration of various distant kingdoms, will not fail to show him as being well stored with extraordinary talents and science. He speaks Persian, Pashto, Turkish, Panjabi, and the Kashmir languages.

Many very bad instances of the extortion and even cruelty of the Amir are related, and also of the intrigues of his harem, and the crooked methods of adding to his wealth and the number of his wives and slave girls. This altogether forms very curious reading; but is less weighty than the detail of some of the alleged causes of the conspiracy and revolt of the Affghan chiefs, which, though long whispered about in Indian circles, are only now first laid before the British public. Mohan Lal gives the long list of the names of those who took a share in the insurrection, and describes the various schemes they formed to expel the British; but the introduction to his narrative of the disgraceful proceedings in Kabul previous to the outbreak, is all that at present concerns us, painful as it is to see the names of Burnes and others in any way brought into question.

Before I commence the narrative of the insurrection, I feel compelled to touch on a subject which has so often been talked of, and believed in the circles of the high authorities both in Europe and in India. This is a most unjust and misrepresented accusation against Sir Alexander Burnes, for intriguing with the ladies of Abdullah Khan, the Achakzai chief. I know well that the exposure of the truth on this subject will cause the animosity of many persons towards me; but I feel assured that the vindication of the character of that deceased officer in a just cause, and that the performance of this duty, will not cause that feeling in the impartial and pure mind. However, I shall not mention the names of the persons, and shall not hesitate to say how far Sir Alexander Burnes was to be blamed in this matter, which sadly terminated in the loss of his life on the fatal morning of the 2d of November.

Abdullah Khan Ackzai could not bear the treatment we gave to the chiefs when they visited Sir Alexander Burnes. They were kept waiting for hours near the door-keeper, and then referred to me, as he did not like to see them, for fear of being supposed desirous of interfering with the business of the Envoy, as he notes himself in these words: — "I am hardly to be blamed, for I have no responsibility, and why should I work?" In the meantime our old friend Phokar Shikarpuri, a broker in Kabul, had some claim for debt against Abdullah Khan; and to show his own influence, he asked Sir Alexander Burnes to give him two of his attending servants (peons) to go with the message to the chief that he must pay immediately his debt. The Achakzai chief justly replied that his allowances and followers are diminished, and that he cannot pay his creditor in one sum. Again the peons went with the broker with fresh orders that he must sell his horses to pay his debt, and not think to show himself a great man. They spoke to him with some sharp words and in an insolent tone; and of course no Affghan chief would bear insults even though his head was placed in danger. Neither did Abdullah Khan forget the disgraceful conduct of the bearers and the tone of their message; nor did Sir Alexander Burnes drop from his memory that the Achakzai chief never waited upon him, nor acted as ordered; and hence it came that their misunderstanding grew daily stronger.

After a few days one of the favourite concubines of Abdullah Khan left his house, and took shelter in the house of a "Sahab Log"* residing between his house and the Chandaul. He could not get her back through polite applications to that officer, and he therefore sent his nephew to complain to Sir Alexander Burnes. He did not wish to write, but ordered one of his peons to go with the complainant, and restore the lady to him if she is there. On his approaching the house, she was concealed, and the gentleman of the house turned furious, and accused the Ackzai of a false complaint, notwithstanding they saw her running into the back room. They returned to Sir Alexander Burnes, who, instead of giving soft words to the sufferer, said angrily that he was making false accusations against "Sahab Log," and then turned him out of the presence.

Another case was similarly brought to the notice of our authorities. A gentleman who had taken up his quarters at the house of the Navab Jabbar Khan won the heart of the favourite lady of his neighbour Nazir Ali Mohammed; and she, crossing the wall by the roof, came to him. The Nazir waited upon me, and I reported the circumstance to Sir Alexander Burnes while the defendant was breakfasting with him. He of course denied having ever seen the lady; on which the Nazir was dismissed, and I myself was always disliked from that day by that gentleman for reporting that fact. The Nazir then complained to the minister of the King, and he sent us a note demanding the restoration of the fair one. The constable saw her in the house, and gave his testimony to this as a witness; but Sir Alexander Burnes took the part of his countryman, and gave no justice. One night the very same gentleman was coming from the Bala Hisar, and abused the constable for challenging him; and next day stated to Sir Alexander Burnes that he was very ill used, on which Sir Alexander Burnes got the man dismissed by the King. The lady was openly sheltered at the house of the same gentleman after some time, and came to India under the protection of his relatives. Nazir Ali Mohammed and the constable (Hazar Khan Kotval) never forgot these acts of injustice of Sir Alexander Burnes, and thus they were stimulated to join with Abdulla Khan Achakzai, and to strike the first blow in revenging themselves on that officer.

A rich merchant of Nanchi, near the city, had two years previously fallen in love with a lady at Hirat, and after great pains and exorbitant expense he married her, and placed her under the protection of his relations while he went on to Bokhara to transact his commercial business. In the absence of the husband a European subordinate to the staff officer contrived her escape to his residence in the cantonment. The wretched man on hearing this catastrophe left all his merchandise unsold, and hastened back to Kabul; and there were no bounds to his tears and melancholy. He complained to all the authorities, and offered a very large sum to the King to have his fair wife restored to him; but she was not given up. He at last sat at the door of Sir William Macnaghten, and declared that he had resolved to put an end to his own life by starvation. When that authority appeared partly determined to order the lady to be given to her lawful husband, she was secretly removed to a house in the city. Hereupon the Envoy appointed two of his orderly men to enter the house, and to give her into the charge of the plaintiff; but now the very officer who had offended Nazir Ali Mohammed and Hazar Khan Kotval came to Sir Alexander and begged him to pacify the Envoy, which he agreed to do. On this a sum of four hundred or five hundred rupees was offered to the husband if he will give up his claim to his

* All the English were addressed after this name.

wife; and Sir Alexander Burnes employed Nayab Sharif and Hayat Qaflahbashi to persuade the poor husband of the lady to accept these terms, stating that otherwise he will incur the displeasure of that authority. The poor man had no remedy but to fly to Turkishtan, without taking the above mentioned sum. When her paramour was killed during the retreat of our forces from Kabul, she was also murdered by the Ghazis, with the remnant of our soldiers who had succeeded in making their way forcibly as far as Gandumakh.

Two other gentlemen lived opposite to the house of the Navab Mohammed Zaman Khan, and Quddos Khan, and wrought a change upon the affections of their respective favourites. When all endeavours failed to get them back, the good Navab wrote a civil note to the possessor of his fair one, saying that he himself had no need for her, and that he (the Englishman) had better keep her for ever. That gentleman having now been joined by his own wife has at length left her, I think, in an unprovided and destitute condition. But the other one, belonging to Quddos Khan, is well and respectably treated by her paramour, who has made a will to say that she was to claim his property in case of his death, in preference to any of his own relatives.

Mir Ahmad Khan, brother of Abdullah Khan Achakzai, was returning from Qandhar to marry a lady with whom he was engaged a long time before in Kabul. On his arrival near Ghazni, he heard from his friends that she had left the roof of her parents, and taken shelter in the house of a "Sahab Log." He was incensed beyond all description, but could not show his face in Kabul; wherefore he turned back from the road, and afterwards joined his brother in the insurrection, in order to gain his revenge upon us; and the woman is now, I think, left unprovided at Lodianah.

These instances of gallantry in the gentlemen, with numerous cases of the same nature, were disgraceful and abhorrent to the habits and to the pride of the people whom we ruled; and it was the partiality of Sir Alexander Burnes to his friends in these circumstances which made him obnoxious to dislike, and wounded the feelings of the chiefs, who formerly looked upon him as their old friend and guardian. It was not he who committed himself in any sort of intrigue; but yet it was his duty to restore the ladies to their relations, and not to sacrifice his public name and duty through any private regard to his friends, — who, in return, never contradicted the accusations which were attached to him personally instead of to them. All of those friends knew well that Major Leach, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and those who were subordinate to him, had Kashmerian females in their service, ever since he proceeded on a mission to Kabul; and no just man will deny this, and allow that they were persons to intrigue with the ladies in Kabul. Sir Alexander Burnes, indeed, bitterly suffered, or I may say lost his life, for the faults of others, as far as he appears concerned at all in such intrigues.

Exasperated and disgraced as the chiefs felt by the whole line of couduct, they resolved first to attack the house of Sir Alexander Burnes.

The details of the horrible catastrophe of Kabul, so often related, will once more be perused with thrilling interest in the simple narrative of Mohan Lal, an anxious spectator and a sufferer in these complicated disasters. We may add, that he speaks in high and warm terms of Sir William Macnaghten, whose memory has not been too delicately treated by other contemporary writers. The adventures and perils of Mohan Lal himself after the retreat, and while he remained a prisoner, are briefly and modestly related, and are not without interest. The portraits of all the leading characters that figure in the narrative, whether native or British, give additional interest to the relation of their exploits. In looking on the handsome and haughty countenance of the Dost, and the yet more beautiful features of his more gallant and famous son Akhbar Khan, one questions if these are the crafty and cruel though brave and clever men that they are described to be, and which too many of their acts proclaim them.

LITERARY REGISTER.

NEW NOVELS.

I. *Father Darcy.* By the author of "Mount Sorel," and the "Two Old Men's Tales." 2 volumes. Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series.

II. *Hugh Talbot; or, The Irish Confiscations of the Seventeenth Century.* By William J. O'Neill Daunt, Esq., author of "Saints and Sinners," &c. &c. Dublin: James Duffy.

In the above Tales, (which certainly by unpremeditated though somewhat singular coincidence appear in the same month,) Protestant and Catholic may each, according to his taste or prejudices, find "bane and antidote." In *Father Darcy*, a romance of great power, we have a very striking delineation of the bad, nay of the diabolical tendency of certain tenets, principles, and practices, said to be held and defended by Jesuits, or ultra-Romanists; and, in *Hugh Talbot*, what may be termed the reverse of the picture, from the pencil of a gentleman who occupies a conspicuous place in the Repeal party. If *Father Darcy* be not strictly an historical romance, ample and admirable use is in its pages made of the best materials of history. The period illustrated is the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, and the accession of James I., when all manner of priestly intrigues were rife in England. It opens with a charming picture of "Merry England" in the days of England's "Good Queen Bess," and a magnificent court ball, at which are seen all the great, the illustrious, and the lovely of the age; and closes with the Gunpowder Plot, and the miseries, to the guilty and misguided agents, which grew out of that detestable affair. Much of the power and all the moral usefulness of the story is found in the nice and accurate discrimination of the leading individuals among the Catholics; and the distinction drawn between those who, though conscientiously adhering to the religion of their fathers, were nevertheless men of pure and firm moral principles, true Englishmen and loyal subjects, and those who were the bigoted and fanatical slaves and tools of the Jesuits and seminary priests. At first sight we were tempted to deprecate the spirit of this very clever book; but, while Puseyism, or the worst principles of Romanism, those which would fetter the human mind, and subdue it, passive and resistless, to the power of the priesthood, finds a ready and dangerous vehicle in all sorts of light literature, we cannot regret that another able and fascinating pen is engaged upon the other side of an urgent question of our own day. The outline may be, if not distorted, somewhat exaggerated; the shades may be deepened to excess; but who

can deny that such characters as Father Darcy have carried on their dark intrigues and disseminated their dangerous and wicked doctrines in England, to the disturbance of the commonwealth, and the worse destruction of the souls, bodies, and estates of their dupes and victims; or that a faith which inculcates the doctrines and defends or palliates the practices described in these pages, *was* not most dangerous and detestable,—"*is* not," our author will affirm; for it is more than insinuated that many priests and entire orders of them continue to hold the detestable tenets here exposed in their original integrity. They are principles which utterly and alike deprave and debase the mind of him who teaches, and of him who learns. Here are the victims of priestly craft of all characters; the good, the gifted, the amiable, the beautiful, all alike corrupted by pernicious doctrines and soul-enslaving superstitions; and rendered, if not equally guilty, equally miserable. The great defect of the author is not taking sufficiently into account that human nature, even through some of its weaknesses, is often too strong for the priest; and that the causes assigned are sometimes unequal to the effects produced. The Arch-Jesuit no doubt calls to his aid all the passions and human interests of the victims of his arts. Love, revenge, hate, and ambition, are his instruments, as well as the bigotry and fanaticism which he carefully fostered in his disciples; but, with all this, his power is in excess, and the Father can only be regarded as a dramatic personation of his order, and not as a natural or probable character; nor any more than Catesby or Guido Fawkes as the real man of history—the noted and able intriguer Garnet.

This romance will, in all probability, apart from its literary merits, become very popular; such is the hot, Protestant feeling of the day. From what we consider better reasons than its party-Protestantism, we should have chosen it—one among hundreds of the fictions issuing from the press—for special introduction to our readers, had it not been published on the cheap plan, and thus brought within the general reach. As it is, we shall give but a few brief specimens of the spirit and style of this very remarkable and clever fiction.

A COURT FETE.

There was a royal *fête* going on in the splendid halls of the Palace of Old Westminster.

The lofty and magnificent apartment was hung with tapestry of the richest and most varied hues, and the roofing, cornices, and groovings, glittered with burnished gold, reflecting the light of innumerable sconces filled with prodigiously thick wax candles, that blazed around. On the tapestry was represented the story of the Ten Virgins, from the Evangelist, in living forms and glowing dyes proper to that age when the art of design had attained to so much perfection, and that of producing the most splendid colours was so well understood.

The blessed virgins, with their flaming lamps, almost seemed to live again, and illuminate the scene; while the miserable rejected sisterhood, with their exhausted oil, gave depth and relief to the picture.

The vast room was crowded with gay and splendid groups, such as long had adorned the court of that brave old queen.

She sat at the head of the apartment, upon a costly carved chair, covered with cloth of gold, elevated upon a daïs, and under a splendid canopy; looking like an aged lion whose spirit and courage yet remained unextinguished, in spite of the wrinkles of age, and the inroads of time and care.

And yet, those who had loved—and many there were who had truly and deeply loved—that great though faulty woman, might discern an expression upon her face which it was painful to consider too attentively; for the high-spirited, courageous, yet fresh and cheerful countenance, had been exchanged for one where anxiety was mingled with what might almost be called fierceness. The red eye glared, the mouth was stern and resolved, the whole air told the tale of that long contention with insidious and secret foes and unsparing open enemies, which had imbittered the last twenty years of her life; a contest which had, without intermission, been sustained ever since that fatal bull of Pius V. had converted religious dissidents into political traitors, and had rendered a temper naturally just, tolerant, and indulgent, suspicious and severe.

The blood, too, of so many she had personally known—and of some whom she had personally loved—which had been shed upon the scaffold, laid heavy at her heart. She had suffered deeply, as her waverings and irresolutions prove, before she could bring herself to sign the sentences. And she had, perhaps, taken refuge in the endeavour to render herself insensible to the dreadful subject, and thus to preserve the equilibrium of her too excitable mind; but such a resource against the stings of regret, it may be of remorse, infallibly tends to harden the character.

Yet there as she sat, gorgeously attired, glittering with jewels, and every inch a queen; filled as that chamber was with men of all descriptions, of differing religions, of various political opinions and of conflicting interests; few among them all, we might almost say scarce one, but revered, in heart, that aged monarch; few, we might almost say not one, but would have drawn his sword to defend her.

No longer mingling in the galliard, and dancing, high and disposedly, herself; there she sat, still surrounded by her troops of gallant favourites—the wise, the beautiful, the able, and the good: for among such were her favourites chosen. Last but not least, there stood that one, who could not be called graceful—could scarcely even be called beautiful, but whose brave and gallant spirit had won her heart: her mother's heart it was, which had yearned to the proud petulant boy, because his temper was full as fiery and lofty as had ever been her own.

Her Essex was there; and the aged Burleigh was there; and his nearly equally able son, afterwards Earl of Salisbury; and Hatton, the accomplished gentleman and the man of temperate judgment and sound good sense; and Hunsdon, and Raleigh, and Blunt, and numbers whose names it is useless to recapitulate.

> "Girt with many a baron bold,
> Sublime their star-clad fronts they rear, ...
> Mid the rest a form divine;
> Her eye proclaims her of the royal line."

Of such was the group composed, which more immediately surrounded the queen.

The hall, lower down, was filled with beautiful and distinguished-looking figures, all splendidly attired; some were dancing, some walking round the room, some sitting on the gold and crimson benches that surrounded the apartment: a gay crowd, actuated by the same passions, and employed in much the same conversations, gay or sad, which occupy youth and beauty at such times in all ages.

Will you walk round the hall with me, and cast your eyes upon these groups? I will single out a few in whom I am deeply interested, and point them out to your observation.

We are here shown, in distinct groups, the principal personages that figure in the subsequent story, most of whom are characters found in history, the unfortunate Catholic gentlemen who afterwards perished the martyrs of their crimes, or of the blacker crimes of their spiritual directors. The ladies connected with these unhappy men also figure here. We shall detach one group; Grace Vaux, her devoted lover, Robert Catesby, and Darcy.

There are two people sitting upon that low seat—a gentleman and a young lady. The gentleman is dressed in a rich suit of black satin, laid thick with gold lace; his doublet is of cloth of gold; the black cloak which hangs over one shoulder is lined with plush, and ornamented with silk and gold tassels and laces; the dress is costly, and is that of a man of easy fortune; it has cost him one hundred and thirty pounds, such as pounds were in Queen Elizabeth's days:—but we will have done with his dress; look at him again. He is, perhaps, scarcely what you would call young—he may be eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age; he is somewhat above the middle stature, with thick dark brown hair closely cut, waving rather than curling round his head. His features are rather of the ordinary stamp, neither very handsome nor the contrary; but there is something in the expression of both face and figure which no one can pass by without noticing.

There is an energy of thought, a vehemence, a passion, a resolution and force of character, displayed in the whole outward man, which cannot be mistaken or overlooked. The dark eye melts and flashes—is ardent, is impassioned, is stern, is almost cruel by turns; and yet there is a depth of sensibility when it expresses the softer feelings, which steals into the very heart of those he loves, and excites in return an affection that is almost incredible, such is its intensity. He is born to exercise the most extraordinary and romantic influence over the circle in which he moves, for he is devotedly, he is immeasurably beloved by his intimates and friends. To the world in general, he has been, till of late, little known, and that chiefly as the wildest among the most boisterous of his age; as the most reckless of revellers, the most enterprising of brawlers, the most exaggerated in every extravagance, the most unrestrained in every licence: at the tavern, at the tennis, at the theatre, at the gaming-table, at the banquet, at the masque, who so wild, so excited, so intoxicated as he?

The lady who sits by him, is attired in fair white satin, with a fall, as it was called, of the richest Flanders lace; and her fine natural hair drawn up, and dressed according to the fashion of the day, yet with a certain pure and beautiful simplicity, which, indeed, characterizes her whole appearance.

Her features are of the most exquisite delicacy of outline; it is a face such as Raphael would have chosen as a model for the Virgin Mother; but there is, if possible, something still less of the woman, and still more of the angel, than even his divine imagination has painted. The transparent whiteness of her fair skin, is scarcely tinted by the slightest blush of colour; but is relieved from insipidity by a certain holy darkness that surrounds her eyes; her expression is calm, rather than serene. Indeed a shade of melancholy, and lines which bespeak firmness and determination of character, may be detected under the tranquil stillness of her deportment.

The young man is imploring some favour with a force and earnestness which seem scarcely compatible with the careless animation of the surrounding scene. She listens, though she will not consent, while her serene and holy eyes meet his calmly.

"You will not dance a corant with me. You will not pace a cinque pace—yet this once—this once more—though it be the last time we are ever to tread a measure. This once, Grace,—unutterably beauteous Grace—this once. . . . ."

Such were his pleadings.

"No—why I am here I know not; why," looking down upon her sparkling carcanet of jewels, "why I am here at all, I know not. My heart is far from such scenes. What have I to do in this revelry!"

"And why not? Why should you not adorn that old lion-hearted woman's court—the fairest among the wondrously fair now surrounding her like as it were a sunny blaze and glory of beauty. Why not you, fairest Grace? It is true your eyes are like those of the Virgin Mother herself—your face as that of one of the heavenly host. We are not worthy even to offer worship to thee, saint and beauteous virgin. Yet why shouldst thou be thus adorned, and these and all innumerable graces lavished on thee . . . . and all—but for man's despair!" he added, vehemently, passionately, bitterly.

"Talk not to me in this way, Robert," said she, casting down those beauteous eyes; and assuming, quite unconsciously, the expression of that heavenly purity and modesty which the immortal painter has given to that holy mother of whom we spoke, that tender type of womanhood. "Oh, where have you learned this sad profanity in your speech!—Do you think to please me, sinful and feeble woman as I am, by comparisons such as these! Comparisons with that glorious Queen of Heaven, whose honour, alas! in these days of atheism and blasphemy, is forgotten and obscured. It ought not to be so with you. . . . . But hope not to please me by such impieties—impieties repulsive to my heart!"

And she turned away from him.

"Impieties! blasphemy! Nay," said he, his countenance suddenly changing, and a darkness overspreading his wonderfully expressive eye—"who knows!" . . .

He was for a moment plunged into deep thought, then he said, "Angel worshipper with a holy and persecuted church, thy reproof is just!" . . . .

"Yet most unjust," he added, significantly.

Then he rose from his seat in a reckless kind of manner; as if just or not, he was one to defy reproach; and, leaving her side, advanced to where another most lovely and blooming creature sat. . . . .

The fair and holy Grace, unlike so many saints that have been seen in this court and in this world, is content, it would appear, under the desertion her severity has occasioned. She sat lost, as I said, behind the blaze of light above her, watching the dancers with a calm and serious eye from which every appearance of severity had vanished, though its expression was darkened, as it were, by hidden sorrow.

Sometimes gravely and thoughtfully she gazes upon the grand and noble queen, and a slight shudder runs through the tender frame of that beautiful creature. Sometimes her eye wanders amid the gay and thoughtless groups of dancers, and a mingled expression of pity and of wonder crosses her beauteous brow. Sometimes a sad and wintry smile steals over those sweet and serious lips, as the merry jest and echoing laugh ring upon her ear.

So she sat lost in her own reflections, and apparently forgotten by all around. No one approached her, no one spoke to her; she seemed deserted by all that giddy world. At last a gentleman of the middle age and of a remarkably pleasing aspect entered: he was dressed in a most elegant and expensive manner, his white satin vest and cloak embroidered with gold and pearls, and his soft curling fair hair was arranged with almost feminine nicety: his dress was delicately perfumed, as were his fine embroidered white gloves, with some of those rare and exquisite perfumes then so much esteemed: he came from behind a group of gentlemen who stood around the distant door, being among those admitted rather as spectators, than as guests.

These gentlemen were crowded together in one dense mass under the orchestra where the music was placed, and were all handsomely dressed, as well as the one who approached Grace Vaux.

The maiden queen, even in a favourite like Essex, could scarcely forgive any neglect of the outward habiliments; he was an exception—a tolerated sloven—but in any one else who presented himself, whether as dancer in the galliard or merely as spectator at the door, such remissness was considered inexcusable. The cavalier, however, that now came up, was certainly no offender in this respect. He had, indeed, quite an air of studied elegance, and his delicate complexion and peculiarly sweet blue eye rendered his appearance extremely agreeable; he was a little too much *embonpoint* perhaps to be perfectly handsome, and his countenance might have seemed to some too soft and languid; it carried a certain appearance of indolence, and of a negligent and indifferent temper.

There was, likewise, an indescribable something, slow,

almost cautious, in his manner of speaking, which to a nice critic would not have been engaging: but they were not very nice critics in that day.

He approached the place where the fair votary sat retired, and, with a certain air of assured welcome, placed himself by her side.

She did not start, or betray the slightest degree of surprise or emotion as he did so; but raising her eyes, fixed them upon him without speaking, only acknowledging his presence by a slight, almost imperceptible move of the head. She then resumed her former attitude, again casting her eyes upon the ground. He rested his head upon his white-gloved hand, gazed upon her in silence for a second or two, which gaze she received without seeming to notice it.

At last, in a very soft insinuating tone of voice, he said, "And who must not rejoice to see the fairest Grace Vaux in this scene of pleasure!"

"I am here," said she without turning her head or raising her eyes from the floor, "as one in a strange place."

"What place upon this dark and troubled earth but must seem strange to the denizen of heaven!" said he, in a low voice; "and yet, as the angels at times descend and visit this sphere upon their holy purposes, so the virgin saint of Harroden Magna has done well to be here."

She only answered with an almost imperceptible sigh; and he, his head still resting upon his hand, continued to gaze upon her.

After a second silence of considerable length, he began again in the same calm, low, unaccented tone:—

"Yet this must needs be a strange spectacle for one whose eyes have been purged by a drop of that precious herb which destroys the vain enchantment of the outward seeming, and shows us things as in truth they are."

She cast those clear bright orbs full upon him, turning slowly like the wheel of a planet. Their dark splendour almost dazzled him.

"It is . . . ." was all she answered.

"The Hall of Eblis. . . ."

It dropped from his lips so softly, that she could but just hear the words.

"You have read the legend!" he went on in his ordinary and low tone of voice; "if not, it were a legend worth the perusal, for it is grand and it is terrible. There sits he — the damned monarch of that mighty crew—gorgeous in gold and crimson, pearl and priceless gems . . . . . the floor of Hell is paved with gold and gems, fair creature. . . . . And there those cursed and most miserable spirits are crowding and clustering, all decked and dizzened out. . . . . Smiles are on their lips —the glitter of sin is in their eye . . . . and in their hearts . . . . *hell fire!*"

Her countenance, so pale before, grew paler at the terrific description;—but not a feature moved.

"Have you read the legend? Did you say that you had studied the legend?"—bending forward with a sort of quiet, conversational expression of countenance, as if asking the most indifferent question.

"Yes."

"I have often thought," continued he, after a third pause, resuming the conversation in a careless tone, but with a voice low as ever, "What a strange thing a crowd of dancers is! Close your ears with your hands —silence the music which incites them—look upon those flesh and blood creatures—and they instantly appear as dreamy phantoms. — Has the fairest Grace ever tried that experience?"

"I have in a fantastical mood sometimes," she said.

"Strange metamorphosis! But there is," again lowering his voice, "a more extraordinary effect sometimes produced upon my mind: there are circumstances under which those who *close their ears* become to me as mere phantoms."

No reply.

"Singular, but true. The ear, fairest Grace, is as the porch of life;—well has the matchless poet represented the venom which destroyed the royal Dane, as distilled through the porches of the ear — admirable fable! Deep and deadly hath that venom been which through that little gate hath found its entrance, carrying death not only to the frail and perishing body, but perdition to the everlasting soul."

She sighed.

"Have you ever marked," he again began, "a number of light, many-coloured autumn leaves dancing as if in wild delight before the pleasant morning wind? It sweeps them by, and where are they? Gone! perished! and the place that hath seen them shall know them no more. Who asks after the idle and unvalued leaves? have they perished? are they gone? are they annihilated? or have they been gathered to the fire? So are these things to me, for the seed is not in *them*. They shall — yea, like a baseless vision, they shall dissolve, and leave not a wreck behind."

She sighed again, and her melancholy eye slowly turned from that brilliant scene: — yes, passive as she seemed, there were many there, the loved and the honoured, whom fain would she have snatched from the fearful doom. She looked at her companion again, with a sort of imploring expression, as much as to say, "Must all these perish? Nay, not all, — surely there are those who will save some?"

He fixed his eye steadily upon hers for a short time; then withdrew it; and with a gentle smile he said,— "One wandering in the wilderness marks and selects the balm-distilling plants and precious herbs. He culls them with a careful hand, and places them in his bosom: when the wind of destruction passeth over, they are not found."

Need we say that this is the Jesuit whom Essex himself presented to Queen Elizabeth.

Robert and Grace Vaux exchanged glances of astonishment. Even the spirited young man felt as if there was something almost magnificent in the daring deceptions of Mr. Darcy. As he sat watching the insinuating air of politeness and calm dignity which that gentleman assumed, upon this his first interview with the mighty queen: as he marked the respectful deference of his manner, the reverential humility of his whole demeanour, and thought of . . . .

"What mean you, I say, to push yourselves in so horrible danger of body and soul, for a wicked woman! dismissed by the Vicar of Christ, her, and your, lawful judge — forsaken of God, who justifieth the sentence of his vicar—forsaken of all Catholic princes, whom she hath injured intolerably — forsaken of divers lords, knights, and gentlemen of England . . . . what will ye answer to the Pope's lieutenant, when he shall charge you with the crime of doing suit and service to an heretical praetensed queen against Christ's vicar!"

Words — which that very day, in secret conference, Robert had heard fall from the lips of Mr. Darcy.

There was that unhappily in the nature of Robert, which responded to every thing which was bold, daring, and desperate; duplicity in a moderate degree he would have despised; but the immensity of the deceit hid from his conscience its meanness.

He looked on, wondering and admiring.

"His genius is really astonishing," at last he exclaimed turning his eyes from the group at the top of the hall, and again addressing his companion.

"Say rather his faith," replied she, with reverence.

Robert looked in a strange way: his countenance was far from being acquiescent in this last sentiment.

A JESUIT'S DEFINITION OF A LIE.

"Nay, nay, young man, I cry your patience; but it sorrows me to see one, so dear to my soul, thus rashly dealing with these dangerous novelties."

"I have no wish to be a dealer in novelties," said Digby, with humility. "My desire throughout the life I am now about to begin, is that I be governed by the decisions of that holy church, which has so lately received me into her bosom. In her I seem to find restored that mother's guidance which my youth has wanted. But I have been troubled this evening. . . . .

The demands made upon my fidelity have been great. In conformity to the directions I had received—in conformity to the obedience I had vowed—for the first time since I was born, I have told a deliberate *lie*," and the hot colour again flushed over his face. "I would be glad to be assured how to reconcile her voice, with that loud clamouring voice within me, which declares I did a mean, cowardly, and criminal thing."

"A lie!" said the Jesuit, looking exceedingly shocked, "a lie! Who instructed you, young man, to lie? Not your holy church, rest assured. Impious blasphemy—the church demand a lie!"

"I was enjoined to keep my knowledge of yourself and Mr. Tesmond a secret at any cost, and at any hazard. I took the holy sacrament upon the promise to deny my knowledge of you whenever I had reason to believe that such was your desire. I took that oath as many of those I loved did with me. I little thought how soon I should be called upon to redeem my promise by uttering a dastardly *lie*."

"Redeem your promise by uttering a dastardly lie!" repeated the priest with considerable indignation in his manner; "are you aware of the import of what you are saying, young gentleman? The necessity of a lie was imposed upon you! Recollect yourself. What can you mean?"

"I was asked in direct terms whether I had ever seen you before; there was no possibility of evasion."

"Well?"

"And I lied."

"Then you committed a deadly sin, sir; and with, as it would appear, so criminal an indifference to the sin you were committing, that it shocks and confounds me."

"Heaven is my witness, not with indifference!" cried Everard, earnestly.

"And what name does it deserve, but that of the most criminal indifference to evil, to commit a crime of this nature, when means so obvious and so easy exist by which it may be avoided. Learn, at least, better to comprehend the principles of that church into whose sanctuary you have been admitted. She is the tenderest of nursing mothers to her spiritual children, and provides with every imposed duty the means to facilitate its execution. Upon the secrecy of our friends, not only our lives, but the very existence of the sacred cause committed to us, depends. Such secrecy under the most sacred obligations has been exacted. Provision has also been made for the security of the conscience in preserving it.—But these are the fruits of reasoning and self-teachings.—You presume, sir, to forsake the sure guides appointed for your direction in these things, and think proper to judge for yourself. Had you not done so, you might, perhaps, have recollected that the remedy held out for such cases, is mental reservation."

"I made a mental reservation," said Everard.

"Then what do you intend by saying you lied? These are strange contradictory assertions," said the Jesuit.

"I felt the colour of shame fly over my face.—It seemed to me.... and then there was another.... and" he hesitated; "there was one standing by....a second conscience.... a.... which told me I had done basely."

"Did she?—Did this second conscience know of the reservation?"

"No," said Everard; "but had she, I felt that she would have disdained the subterfuge."

The gentleman he was addressing paused at this speech, gazed at him; measured him slowly, as it were, from head to foot; sighed with a certain emphasis, if one may say so; and then turning, walked once or twice up and down the little terrace on which they had been standing. He was, in fact, gaining a few moments for consideration.

This was a case of difficulty. Here was one whose adherence to the party he esteemed of the greatest consequence, who appeared on the very verge, as it should seem, of escaping from his influence.

A JESUIT'S DISCIPLE.

Few things can be imagined more gloomy and oppressive than was the appearance of Ashby St. Legers in February of the year 1603-4.

The evening was dark and stormy; the wind rushed in loud blasts through the ancient trees which hung in heavy masses over the garden; the rain fell in torrents and pattered heavily against the small diamond-paned and heavy stone-mullioned windows; and the sun might be seen setting behind the church, just showing one line of golden light, under the blackest and most threatening pile of clouds that ever obscured an evening of this description.

It was almost twilight in the low gloomy chamber into which I am going to introduce you. The room was hung with very dark arras, against which, as if to add to its melancholy, were suspended several pictures in the very darkest Spanish manner, and in ebony frames: representing the tortures and martyrdoms of the various saints of the Roman calendar. There was a black cloth laid over the floor, in place of the carpets which were by this time becoming pretty nearly universal; and curtains of a purple, almost approaching to black, gave a sombre richness to the apartment. A fire of immense logs of wood was smouldering upon the hearth.

There were in the room a stern looking lady and two young children.

The lady was clothed in deep mourning, and her silver hair—silvered it would seem rather before its time—was gathered under a dark hood; her dress was severe in its extreme simplicity, yet the materials were extremely rich and handsome.

Her face had once been beautiful, in a grand and haughty style of beauty; her nose was prominent and well outlined, her brow broad and expansive, her eyes large and serious, her mouth rigid and firm, her chin, scarcely so well pronounced as the rest of her features, straight, but well formed; the expression of her countenance at once terrible and interesting. The traces of deep ineffaceable suffering and of anxious care, were there; which might have rendered it almost sublimely interesting, but for the stern endurance rather than patience, the deep resentment, bitter and ineffaceable as had been the suffering, and the proud, haughty, unpitying expression to be read there.

Tall and rigid in her figure; her hands thin and delicate, veined and sinewed in large knots and tendons, were clothed with a sort of black velvet mitten, which displayed one large mourning ring upon the right hand, and a small one encircling the wedding finger on the left.

She was sitting in a large chair covered with black leather by the side of the window, reading, in a book bound, as such books then were, in black, richly ornamented with gold.

From time to time, the book, and the hand which held it, would sink into her lap; while her large melancholy eyes were fixed upon the dark heavy plumes of some immense and gloomy fir-trees, swaying and heaving in the wintry wind.

The two little children that were in the room with her were two little boys, her grandchildren. Their mother was dead; their father, the son of this lady—was Robert Catesby.

The little creatures looked pale, and their features were sharp and sickly; their large eyes were encircled with that dark black ring which is a symptom of early suffering and decay; they were not clothed in black as was the lady, but in little coats of dark maroon colour, ornamented with silken fringes; and their small open collars were of rich needle-work.

Their appearance was that of children carefully attended to: but their looks were dull and almost terrified. They sat crouching together in a corner of the room, near the fire-place, playing at some little quiet game they had found for themselves; whispering to each other when they spoke; and every now and then casting a sort of fearful glance at the lady, and round the room, which was now being wrapped in the fast closing shadows of that dark and dismal evening.

The lady never turned her head to look at the children, nor did she call for lights; she sat, as was her

custom, lost in her own melancholy and bitter reflections, watching the gathering shadows of the night that was stealing on.

She was a Throckmorton by birth: two near relations had been hers—loved and venerated with all that force of affection which belongs to ardent temperaments—the feelings strengthened by solitude, and excited by the deep mysteries of religion.

Where were these loved ones now?

They did not even slumber in a hallowed grave. Their severed heads, and mangled limbs, were yet blackening in the winter's rain and wind, upon the battlements of the bridge of London. . . . . .

Her husband, too! Sir William Catesby!—what an existence had been his!—what years of imprisonment in dark unwholesome prisons, exhausted by disease, wretchedness, and misery! What years had been hers!—devoted as she was to that faith to which she clung with a vehemence and tenacity only increased by what she had suffered in its cause. She had lived oppressed and impoverished, under the power of those whom she had been taught to look upon, and did look upon, as themselves only worthy of the torturing fire and stake upon earth, and of the everlasting fires hereafter. Every day brought its fresh source of sorrow and irritation, to a mind neither chastened nor softened by sorrow. Alas! in what a different school from that of the man of sorrows had she been reared! Every additional suffering only gave fresh force to that deep, that intense, that unmitigated thirst for retribution, call it revenge rather, which agitated her bosom.

Her son, too, had disappointed her.

Vehement, passionate, desperate, determined as was Robert's character, he had not appeared to sympathize in his mother's feelings. The early years of his life had been passed in what appeared to be an utter indifference to all religion, and as an outwardly conforming Protestant.

The wild sports and extravagant excitements of that still semi-barbarous age, seemed to occupy him entirely. The mother's tears, remonstrances, and reproaches had alike been unavailing. He was reckless and daring, and there was a frank defiance of the opinion of others in his disposition, which had early emancipated him from all domestic control. . . . . .

After the first effervescence of youth was over, Robert Catesby had awakened to this want, this yearning, this hunger and this thirst of the spirit—at first roused, it is true, by the voice of that beauteous saint whom he adored; and under a sense of his miserable deficiency, he had sought Mr. Darcy, and from his lips imbibed—what should have been the word of salvation, and the fountain of living waters to his perishing soul. Unhappy man!

He was reconciled to his religion, and had imbibed all the false, casuistical, cruel, revengeful maxims, which under that name of infinite power, had corrupted and vitiated so many lives. And yet, even yet—the mother was disappointed. . . . . .

The two little children who were now sitting in this gloomy room with her were those of Robert by his early marriage; a union entirely formed upon motives of family arrangement, and soon terminated by death. The children had remained in the care of the grandmother, and the heart of Robert devoted itself to Grace Vaux.

The lady sits there at the window, watching the heavy clouds rolling over the now darkening sky; the night closes in, the wind again rises in its fury, and roars round the house in the large open chimney; the rain again falls in torrents as if the heavens were opened for another deluge; the poor little boys creep and cower together; the lady, stern and melancholy, heeds them not.

An ancient gray-headed serving-man, walking with a slow and cautious step, now half opens the door, and looks in. Not a word is exchanged on either side, but the lady responds to his mute questioning with a glance; he retreats, goes outside the house, fixes the heavy shutters, and bars them. The noise of closing windows and doors, chains, bolts, and heavy bars of iron falling, is heard through the house.

Then he enters again.

"All is safe, madam, for to-night. I have sent Richard with the great ban dog to make his rounds. Shall I bring the lamp, and summon you when all is ready?"

"Do so; set the lamp down there."

The small lamp casts a feeble light on that side of the gloomy chamber, and falls full upon one picture, a horrible one, of a martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. The poor little children, to whom that picture is almost like a dreadful reality, look up at it with eyes terrified but tearless, and then glance at the pale, awful face of their grandmother, which is to them almost equally terrific: from time to time they cast fearful glances into the corners of the apartment, shrouded to them in what seems an infinite darkness. They have done their little quiet play; they sit there motionless. But when a loud sweep of the wind batters at the windows, and roars down the chimney, then they start, crouch together, and shudder.

"Come here, both of you," says the lady, in a deep, awful voice.

They came creeping to her, and stood one on each side of her knee.

"You know," she says, looking at them in a stern, threatening manner, "what is the punishment of those who tell secrets? They go into a dark, dismal, black pit, at the bottom of which are seething flames rising and falling; and black devils with great wings and great claws of iron are sailing up and down in the air; the souls of wicked children who have told secrets, are in their claws, and they plunge them down that black pit straight into the fire. Do you know the pain of fire?" and seizing each little trembling hand, she held them to the fire till the children flinched, but durst not move or cry out.

As soon as the pain was acute enough to make an impression, she took them away, and sitting down again, each hand in hers, said:

"You are going with me to-night for the first time, to hear the holy service of the blessed Virgin;—the blessed Virgin who loves little children if they are secret and good, and sends a beautiful guardian angel with golden wings to take care of them."

The poor little children's countenances brightened up a little at this.

"But *if*," in an awful tone, "they are bad, and tell secrets, she sends a great black devil to sit upon their bed, and glare at them with his fiery eyes."

"We won't tell: indeed we won't tell nothing," said the poor little ones, shuddering and shaking.

"Suppose somebody asks you what you did to-night!"

"What must I say?"

"You must say—'I played with brother, and then I went to bed,'—and if they say, 'Did you do any thing else?' you must say, 'Nothing else,' boldly, in a loud voice—and to yourself you must say, 'but go with granddam'—because nobody has a right to ask you but granddam what you do: and so you are not to answer them in any other way. Do you understand, you little fool?" said she harshly to the younger one, who was gaping and staring with all his eyes. "You must say as brother says."

"Say as brother says," repeated the little innocent, quite bewildered;—but the elder one understood his grandmother perfectly well.

And he said, "Yes, granddam: and then that great black devil shan't get at us—"

"Not if you do as I bid you."

"That I will, granddam—"

"Then there's a brave boy: and here's a picture book for you—but you're only to have it now and then—I must keep it: for if the king should find out you'd got it, he'd hang you upon his great black gallows: but you may look at it now—there—there's a picture of that wicked queen, all in flames and screeching out for a drop of water to cool her tongue—but she'll never have one single drop for ever, and ever, and ever.

Wouldn't it be better to have your head cut off and be a good boy, than to be like that wicked queen?"

"Wicked queen!" said the little one—"look, brother, at her ugly face, how funny she looks, ha, ha—"

"Ha, ha," responded the other child.

"There's another. Who's this gruff-looking fat man, granddam, that the devils are pulling and hauling about?"

"He's a dreadful wicked heretic, and his name's Martin Luther,—you'll hear more of him when you are older. See, he doesn't like to go — they're pulling him into the fire —"

"Oh how he kicks and jumps about — they'll never get him into the fire, I'm afraid. Oh! I'm afraid they'll never get him in — all heretics must be burned, mustn't they, granddam? — Did they ever get him in, granddam?"

The little one was turning over the pages — he gave a scream of joy—"Oh! there's one in; look, brother."

Did ever woman, did ever Christian mother give child such schooling? Were "the doctrines of devils" here imputed to Catholic priests ever actually taught to their infatuated votaries? What were their consequences? What says history?

Whatever doubtful response it may be presumed to give to Protestant or to Roman Catholic auditors, no doubt whatever can be entertained as to the general historical accuracy of Mr. O'Neill Daunt's account of the wholesale Irish confiscations of the seventeenth century. His remedy for injustice of the most cruel and oppressive kind, the effects of which are to this day but too visible in the disorganized or antagonistic condition of society in Ireland, is not, as we at first apprehended, reversal of the forfeitures; but, what means nearly the same thing in a roundabout way,—"Ireland for the Irish," and "a parliament in College Green."

The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. author of "Legends of the Isles," the "Salamandrine," &c. with illustrations from original sketches by W. Harvey, Gilbert, Gilkes, &c. &c. Post 8vo. Longman & Co.

This handsome and richly embellished volume is one of those agreeable and companionable books, which it is delightful to read or to lounge over, passing from poetry to picture, from the object as seen in nature to its reflected image in art, but which it is not so easy to describe.

It is a glowing description of what is from association felt to be the most poetical region of England, as well as the most beautiful, grand, and picturesque. The very name, "the Lake Country," as the author, himself a poet, remarks, is "suggestive of poetry and romance." He started from Lancaster in "the leafy month of June," last year, and explored the length and breadth of Westmoreland and Cumberland, from Kendal to Carlisle, inclusive. And how much does that space include of "scenery and poetry!" Both themes have fallen into congenial hands. There are perhaps fewer personal traits in the volume than some readers might desiderate; but Wordsworth, all that now remains of the Lake Poets, was seen, and the others of the glorious band were remembered. Wordsworth's poetry is lavishly quoted, and in what way half so good could the Lake scenery be illustrated? The wood engravings are numerous and well-executed, and moreover sharp and faithful likenesses of hall and cottage, village and manor-house, tower, abbey, and chapel, gill and force. Taken altogether, whether as a guide or indicator, or as a companion, we know of no volume better deserving a place in the very smallest carpet-bag or basket of ladies or gentlemen bound for the Lakes. It is a book to read as they go on, and also one to recur to.

A Peep into Toorkisthan; with Map and Lithographic Views. By Captain Rollo Burslem. London: Pelham Richardson.

In the summer of 1840, when the British power was still ascendant in Affghanistan, and no apprehension entertained of impending reverses and dangers, save by a few far-sighted individuals, whose predictions were laughed at or discredited, the author of this volume accompanied the unfortunate and lamented Lieutenant Sturt — whose tragical death on the disastrous retreat from Cabul, can never be forgotten by those who have read Lady Sale's Journal — on a tour to survey the passes of the Hindoo Koorsh. The volume, after all the works that have lately appeared on this and the other mountainous regions of India, is not without interest; and, though very well written, it is wholly devoid of pretension of any sort. It is a plain but rather diffuse narrative of the events of the journey, as they arose from day to day. We must be content, without farther preface, to give a few specimens of the Journal:—

A MOUNTAIN CHIEF.

On the 4th July our route lay across the Dundun Shikkun Kotul, or "tooth-breaking pass," and a truly formidable one it was for beasts of burden. . . .

The valley of Kāmmurd, lying at the foot of the northern side of the pass, has a very fertile appearance; and orchards of different descriptions of fruit-trees are interspersed throughout the cultivation. The fort of the principal chief, named Uzzuttoollah Beg, from whom we received a visit, is high up the valley, and there are two others of minor importance on either bank of the river, lower down and together.

Uzzuttoollah Beg was in appearance a very fine old man, with an imposing white beard; he was six feet high, large boned and muscular, and by far the most powerful and stately-looking personage we had hitherto met; but he was a shrewd wicked old fellow, and, when the star of British prosperity began to wane, proved himself a dangerous enemy. His own vassals, from whom he exacted the strictest obedience, stood in great awe of him. He came merely, he said, to pay his respects, to chat over political affairs, and to inquire from us whether the English intended giving up his valley to the Meer Walli of Koollum. We could give him no information as to the intentions of Government. "Khoob, (well,)" answered he, "if such really be the case, the Meer Walli may sieze me if he is able, provided *you* keep aloof. The Meer has tried that game before now, but did not succeed. On two separate occasions he has visited my fort in an unceremonious manner, and with hostile intent; but, gentlemen, there are two sides to a fort, the inside and the out. I was in—the Meer was out, and I kept him there; till, (suffering no other inconvenience myself than the deprivation from riding for a few days,) by keeping up a constant fire on his ragamuffins, I one fine day compelled him to beat his retreat." And so saying, he stroked his beard with much complacency, evidently considering it and its owner the two greatest wonders of the Toorkisthān world.

It may be as well to remark here, that in these valleys, as throughout Affghanistān in general, the forts are made of mud, the walls being of great strength and thickness. They are built gradually; and it takes a month to erect a wall twenty feet high, as each layer of mud is allowed to bake and harden in the sun before the next is superimposed. Now, as none of the chiefs possess cannon, except the Meer Walli and Moorad Beg of Koondooz, it is almost impossible to gain an entrance into a well-constructed fort, except by treachery. . . . .

I remarked that aged horses were very rarely met with; and on inquiring the reason, was informed that the horses were all so violently worked when young as soon to break down, after which they are slaughtered and made into *kabobs*. I was assured that the eating-shops of Cabul and Kandahār always require a great supply of horseflesh, which is much liked by the natives, and when well seasoned with spices, is not to be distinguished from other animal food.

At this station, fruit was in great profusion. . . . The grape and apricot are not the only fruits which flourish in this green spot, surrounded by barren rocks: the walnut, the peach, mulberry, apple, and cherry, also come to perfection in their respective seasons.

At sunset, Uzzuttoollah Beg sent us a plentiful supply of fruit, grain for our cattle, and flour for the servants, regretting at the same time that he was not able to send us sheep enough for the whole party. When he came to take leave, we told him we had received more than we expected or required, and begged his acceptance of a loonghee or *head-dress* in remembrance of us. He was much gratified with the trifle, it being of Peeshawurree muslin, a kind much sought after and prized by the Uzbegs. He immediately took off his own turban, which was indeed rather the worse for wear, and, binding the new one round his head, declared, with a self-satisfied look, that "it would be exceedingly becoming." He then arose; and, probably to show his knowledge of European breeding, gave me such a manly shake of the hand as made me expect to see the blood start from the tips of my fingers. I am not sure, with all due respect for the good old custom of shaking hands, that I should not have preferred submitting to the Uzbeg mode of salutation. On approaching an equal, the arms of both are thrown transversely across the shoulders and body, like the preparatory attitude of wrestlers in some parts of England; then, placing breast to breast, the usual form of "salaam aleikoom" is given in a slow measured tone. But on horseback the inferior dismounts, and, according to the degree of rank, touches or embraces the stirrup.

Many more extracts could be found, as full of character as the above. We select but one. The event occurred upon an excursion which Captain Burslem made, later in the same year, when a detachment of British infantry and Indian cavalry were sent, nominally under Prince Timour Shah, but in reality under the command of Sir Robert Sale, to quell some of the rebellious chiefs in the hilly parts of Kohistan:—

After marching about the country for some days, like the Paladins of old in search of adventure, we turned our faces once more towards Cābul, and encamped near Kara-bagh. While here, a scene occurred which will doubtless be still in the recollection of many officers with the force, and which I relate as illustrative of the barbarous customs of the people. Many of the stories which I have introduced must of course be received by the impartial or incredulous reader "cum grano salis." I have given them as they were repeated to me, but I can personally vouch for the following fact.

Our bugles had just sounded the first call to dinner, when a few officers who were strolling in front of the camp observed a woman with a black veil walking hurriedly from some dark-looking object, and proceed in the direction of that part of the camp occupied by the Affghan force under Prince Timour Shah, the Shah Zada, heir-apparent to the throne of Cābul. On approaching the object, it was discovered to be a man lying on the ground with his hands tied behind him, his throat half severed, with three stabs in his breast, and two gashes across the stomach. The mangled wretch was still breathing, and a medical man being at hand, measures were instantly taken most calculated to save his life, but without success, and in a quarter of an hour he was a corpse. Familiar as we were with scenes which in our own happy land would have excited the horror and disgust of every man possessed of the common feelings of humanity, there was something in this strange murder which caused us to make inquiries; and the reader will hardly believe me when I tell him that the victim met his fate with the knowledge and consent of Timour Shah. The woman whom we first observed was the legal murderess. She had that morning been to the Shah Zada, and sworn on the Korān that the deceased many years back had murdered her husband and ran away with his other wife; she had demanded redress according to the Mahommedan law—blood for blood. The Shah Zada offered the woman a considerable sum of money, if she would waive her claim to right of personally inflicting the punishment on the delinquent, and allow the man to be delivered over to his officers of justice, promising a punishment commensurate with the crime he had committed. But the woman persisted in her demand for the law of the Korān. Her victim was bound and delivered into her hands; she had him conducted in front of the prince's camp about three hundred yards off, and effected her inhuman revenge with an Affghān knife, a fit instrument for such a purpose.

One might fancy one was here reading of the fierce heroine of a highland clan, some century since. We are strongly tempted by the exploits of a corps of Goorkas who were led into these passes by a brave fellow, an English quartermaster-sergeant, who, it is feared, afterwards perished unmarked, one of the many victims of the retreat:—

Hundreds of brave European non-commissioned officers met a similar fate, and are merely noticed as "having perished in the retreat from Cabul."

How pregnant is this little sentence! It becomes a melancholy, though deeply interesting task, to trace the exploits of many of the brave and gallant men who afterwards perished so miserably in that retreat. On the whole, Captain Rollo Burslem's Notes form very pleasant and attractive reading, both from his descriptions of scenery and his painting of manners in a country and state of society rich in the finest elements of romance.

Railways, their Rise, Progress, and Construction: with Remarks on Railway Accidents, and Proposals for their Prevention. By Robert Ritchie, F.R.S.S.A. Small octavo, pp. 444, with numerous illustrative Wood-cuts. Longman & Co.

The greater part of this volume is of a strictly scientific character, and chiefly interesting to those who either have a direct interest in railways, or are engaged in their construction. This part of the subject appears to be ably treated. The remarks on accidents and their numerous causes, and the means suggested for their prevention, are of more general concernment. As a specimen of the more popular portion of the book, we quote some of Mr. Ritchie's proposals for increasing the safety of railway travelling—

1. I would propose that every locomotive engine should have, in addition to the engineer or driver, and the stoker or fireman, a man or boy to be kept as a look-out, whose duty should be to keep his eye constantly looking behind to the guard, and ready in a moment to communicate to the engineer any signal made. . . .

2. That no trains with passengers should proceed without two guards, one stationed on the front, keeping a look out forward, and the other stationed on the rear, keeping a look out behind. . . . . .

3. That means should be devised to enable, by signal or otherwise, a free and instant communication to take place between the two guards, and between the guard and the driver. . . . . .

The Times newspaper took up this subject, and various communications respecting it appeared in its columns. One writer treats the matter with indifference and as beneath notice: he speaks of the impracticability of

working the plan, and founds objections to a wire or cord being laid along the roofs of carriages from its getting entangled; from the variation in the length of the trains when ascending or descending an incline; that false alarms might occur, creating annoyance; and other objections more plausible than real. But, as the old adage has it, "Where there is a will, there is a way;" experiments might easily be tried to ascertain the simplest manner of accomplishing the object. There is no want of mechanical invention to devise plans; there is only wanting opportunity to test them, which it is as much the duty as the interest of railway companies to afford. One plan is a very simple one, to have a wire in a tube on each carriage, attached by swivels to the wire of the next carriage, in a similar manner as carriage is attached to carriage of a train. By this means wires could be made to communicate without inconvenience, over any length of a train, from the guard to a signal bell at the engine-driver. In a similar manner, a flexible tube or speaking trumpet might be attached to each carriage, and quickly joined by screws to any number of carriages, and conversation could be carried on between the guard and the engine-driver. As it is well known the noise of the engine prevents sound from being heard, the attention of parties at each end of the tube might be previously called, by blowing through the tube, and so to strike a bell; a verbal communication could not lead to the misconstruction which a signal might do. By such an arrangement as this, and having the tube made with sufficient elasticity to adapt itself to the spring of the buffers, a simple and certainly easy mode of communication would at all times exist, and it would have the advantage that at night it would be as useful as in the day.

Among other contrivances for the purpose of affording instant communications with the engine-driver in case of danger, is one described as having been not long since exhibited at the Bristol terminus of the Birmingham line, by the superintendent, Mr. J. K. Williams. It is a machine like a large box, having on its top a large and sonorous bell, which is struck like the bell of a clock. Within the box is a piece of clock-work precisely similar to that of an alarum, and a red lamp for foggy weather or for night. And from the box, which is intended to be fixed to the nearest carriage to the engine, ropes proceed upon the roof of the various carriages to the guard's box, who, upon perceiving any sign of danger or obstruction of the line, has only to pull the cord and the large bell is instantly rung and a red lamp is shown if at night, or a large board, with the word "stop," flies open, so that the engine-driver's attention is attracted both by sight and sound to the impending danger. The model was highly approved of by several scientific persons. There is a risk that this invention may be too complicated to get into general use.

4. It seems next to certain that the plan of cutting off all power of communication between people in carriages and those who conduct them, cannot be much longer submitted to, as railway travelling becomes extended and rendered more perfect. I have given several examples of the serious and often fatal consequences attendant on this want of means for passengers communicating with those in charge. The subject is deserving of the most serious consideration to devise a remedy for it. At the present time, should a person be suddenly taken unwell in a railway train, he must remain where he is, happen what may, until he comes to the regular stopping station. . . . . Every carriage might be easily provided with a speaking tube or wire signal to the guard. But what would be the use of the signal, if the guard could not get to the carriage? and certainly passengers would rather put up with the present system, bad as it may be, than cause the guard to run the risk of losing his life, by scrambling from carriage to carriage, holding on by the handles of the doors, when the train is proceeding with the utmost velocity.

5. This brings into view the consideration, whether railway carriages could not be constructed with all, if not more, of the conveniences they now possess, and still afford a free passage from end to end of a train for the guard. There are several ways this might be done. The carriages might be constructed in the form of a parallelogram, both longer and wider than at present, divided into two compartments, with a free passage, as in a canal passage boat, from end to end of them. The carriages of the Great Western from their breadth easily admit of the experimental trial of such a construction of carriages.

There are, in particular, other suggestions for the improvement of second and third class carriages, and for ensuring the safety of passengers, for which we must refer to the original volume.

Tracts on Liberty of Conscience and Persecution, 1614, 1661. Edited for the Hanserd Knollys Society, with an Historical Introduction, by Edward Bean Underhill. 8vo, pp. 401. London: printed for the Society, by Hadon.

The Baptists claim the high honour of being the first who, in England, asserted the rights of conscience; "of establishing, on the immutable basis of just argument, and Scripture rule, the right of every man to worship God as conscience dictates, in submission only to divine command." The Hanserd Knollys Society, which takes its name from a renowned champion of this principle, an early distinguished member of the sect, have thought it right to publish these early tracts, memorials of their brave and conscientious forefathers, not from approving of every ill-advised word by which they may be alloyed, but as they "were the first articulations of infant liberty;" the first utterances of the voice of truth and pure Christianity, issuing from the pioneers of the soul's freedom. A well-written Historical Introduction to the Tracts may be described as a good concise history of the Reformation in England. It is mortifying to natives of Scotland to find in that sketch so many reflections cast upon the domineering and intolerant spirit of Presbyterianism; and still more mortifying to be obliged to confess that they are very far from being undeserved. The modern reader who is the friend of unlimited freedom of conscience will be charmed with the brave, uncompromising, and really enlightened spirit displayed even in the most homely of these Tracts. The Baptists and the Quakers have indeed great reason to honour and to be proud of their forefathers.——A useful explanatory introduction is prefixed to each Tract; and the volume, altogether, will be found full of interest to persons of all sects, who like something more satisfactory than the mere dry bones of Ecclesiastical History.

Phrenology considered in a Religious Light; or, Thoughts and Readings consequent on the Perusal of "Combe's Constitution of Man." By Mrs. John Pugh. London: Ward.

Mrs. John Pugh read "Combe's Constitution of Man," and was convinced of the truth of the doctrines of phrenology, but was sadly afraid that Mr. Combe's work was not altogether in harmony with the Bible. She was then, it would seem, employed as a teacher, and was a conscientious one; and so her mind was "painfully exercised" on the subject of Mr. Combe's presumed "variance" with Revelation. She laid aside his book; she "searched the Scriptures diligently;" she "wept and prayed;" and prudently and piously resolved to let phrenology "perish altogether," rather than for it, however true it might be, abandon her "hopes for eternity." She now studied the most popular works on education, namely, those of Miss Edgeworth, Elizabeth Hamilton, and the rest; but after all, none were found equal to Mr. Combe's work. She next read all the

books published by the other writers upon phrenology; and at last ventured on a second perusal of the "Constitution of Man," when her doubts and difficulties cleared away; and the work was found to be "in perfect accordance with Scripture," (page 194,) and a "safe and sure, if not yet a perfect guide to direct in the duty of self-government, and those duties which belong to the various relations of life, public and private, domestic and social." Mrs. John Pugh's religious opinions have, it need not be said, obtained enlargement, and undergone considerable change, since her first terrors on the perusal of Mr. Combe's system were endured. She is still compelled to labour hard to harmonize certain doctrines; as in her chapter entitled "Phrenology viewed in connexion with the doctrine of Sanctification." She also, looking to the original depravity of fallen man's nature, differs from those phrenologists who believe that in process of time a better organization of brain will usher in a millennium. On the other hand, she attempts to prove, that the worst possible "cerebral organization does not prevent the salvation of the soul." Probably throughout the entire dissertation, or at all events in many parts of it, the authoress, though writing with the best intentions possible, has gone somewhat beyond her depth.

The Brain, and its Physiology; a Critical Disquisition on the Methods of Determining the Relations subsisting between the Structure and Functions of the Encephalon. By Daniel Noble, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Post octavo, pp. 450. London: Churchill.

Mr. Noble is a phrenologist out and out, and his voluminous and learned treatise is throughout made subservient to his opinions. If he ever differs from the great discoverer of phrenology, Gall, and the most zealous and able apostles of the faith, Spurzheim and Mr. Combe, it is but on slight points, or mere trifles, or something altogether apart from phrenology. As, for example, he does not coincide in some of Mr. Combe's philosophical views; and he has doubts — a deeper phrenological heresy—about the organ of wit, or mirthfulness,—regarding this as a fugitive will-o'-the-wisp faculty, with no certain or fixed local habitation within the cranium. Mr. Noble's work, we may briefly state, contains a complete history of the discovery and progress of phrenology. It once more goes over all the familiar proofs, facts, and reasonings, on which the science rests; combats the arguments of its most distinguished opponents, and fights over again battles often fought before. But attention may, perhaps, be given to a new champion, which the veterans could not longer command; and in this view Mr. Noble's exhaustive treatise may serve the interests of a cause which seems at present somewhat in the back-ground. The volume is illustrated by cuts kindly allowed to be taken from the works of Mr. Combe, and is inscribed to Dr. John Forbes of London.

The History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times till the Conquest of the Arabs, A. D. 640. By Samuel Sharpe. A new edition, octavo. London: Moxon.

We are glad to see a new edition of this learned and curious book, because we regard it as an important contribution to the history of the progress of society,—of the useful, as well as the refined Arts,—of, in short, human civilization. It is brimful of facts, packed together upon the high-pressure principle.

The Conquest of Scinde; a Commentary. By Lieutenant-Colonel Outram, Resident at Sattarah: Parts I. & II. General Sir Charles Napier's Negotiations with the Ameers. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

This work appears to have been undertaken rather upon personal than public grounds. Colonel Outram has felt himself seriously aggrieved by General William Napier's late work, entitled "The Conquest of Scinde," in which, as he thinks, the merits of the General in command are exalted at the expense of unjust censure and aspersion, cast in no small measure upon himself, Colonel Outram. The book is, therefore, essentially a justification of Colonel Outram, and, consequently, a condemnation of, if not all, then much that has lately been done in Scinde. It would be impossible to give a true idea of this controversy without entering into the subject-matter at a length which to us is quite impracticable. Morally speaking, Colonel Outram may, in many points, be in the right; but when was a successful General, with "a strong back," ever in the wrong? The able penman among the Napiers is a potent auxiliary to his kinsman; and, so long as good fortune attends their enterprises, the public at large will, as usual, give itself little trouble to search out the right and the wrong of the matter. On the face of the affair, Colonel Outram has, as we think, just cause of complaint; though, probably, less than, naturally enough, appears to a judge in his own case, writing under the immediate sense of uncourteous and injurious treatment. But the affair cannot rest here. The Napiers must either again take the field, and this time on the defensive, or be thought to have suffered judgment to go by default.

Bordeaux; its Wines, and the Claret Country. By C. Cocks, B. L., translator of "Priests, Women, and Families," &c. Post 8vo, with a view of Bordeaux, &c. London: Longman & Co.

This is one of those unpretending and companionable books, which, while they give a good deal of information on a most grateful subject, pleasantly while away a few hours. In the history of the fine and ancient city of Bordeaux, we find pictures of the social condition of the best instructed among the middle ranks in France; and, beyond a doubt, a talk about *Margeaux* and *Medoc*, and the other first growth clarets, is next to sipping them. The wines, white or red, of every parish or estate, in this important wine district, are described in the most minute way; and their list is long. Mr. Cocks has judiciously enriched his work by extracts from the best recent French writers on the cultivation of the vine, and the making of wines.

Popular Fallacies regarding General Interests; being a translation of the "Sophismes Economiques." By M. Frederic Bastiat, Member of the Institute of France; with Notes, by G. R. Porter, F.R.S., author of "The Progress of the Nation." London: Murray.

The author of the "Sophismes" is the zealous and enlightened advocate of the principles of Free Trade, which have made much less progress in France than in England. Ten years ago his work would have been very useful in this country; and it is still of interest to those who like to watch the advance of enlightened opinions on important subjects. Mr. Porter has illustrated the text with useful notes.

Letters to a Clergyman, on Institutions for ameliorating the Condition of the People, chiefly from Paris, in the Autumn of 1845. By John Minter Morgan. London: Chapman & Hall.

The Debater, a New Theory of the Art of Speaking, &c. &c. By Frederick Rowton, Lecturer on General Literature, &c. &c. Small octavo. Longman & Co.

Mr. Rowton thinks that a great mistake is committed in teaching the art of elocution, if boys are only taught to declaim when they should be trained to debate. What he proposes undoubtedly seems a more intellectual exercise than declaiming orations, or dramatic speeches, and reciting poetry. He has written out several complete debates as examples, in which many speakers take a part. But, after all, they only say what is set down for them. The debates themselves, which are on a variety of important topics, moral, literary, and scientific, are exceedingly creditable to the talents of the writer, and so are the questions suggested for discussion. The best authorities, on all the subjects suggested for debate, are referred to chapter and verse. As, for example, on the question, "*Are Byron's writings moral in their tendency?*" the juvenile debater is referred to "Lord Jeffrey's Essays," vol. ii., pages 366-371; "Macaulay's Critical Essays," vol. i., pages 311-352. The "*Debater*" will, we think, be useful to pupils, but still more useful to teachers.

The Philosophy of Wealth. By John Crawford. Foolscap 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

This little work, which has come to a second edition, is dedicated to Mr. John Taylor, the eminent publisher, and the great apostle of unrestricted paper currency. To the opinions of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Taylor we are decidedly opposed; but we are glad to see the subject discussed by men of ability, whatever their views may be. The subject is of vast importance; and, as yet, very imperfectly understood.

The use of the Body in relation to the Mind. By George Moore, M.D. Post 8vo. Pp. 431. London: Longman & Co.

Although Dr. Moore's style is rather laboured and cumbrous, this is a useful book, on a subject of all others the most interesting,—the constitution of man, physical and mental; and the influence of the spiritual and material parts of man's nature upon each other. The Doctor advocates temperance in strong drink; but neither total abstinence nor the water cure, external or internal.

The benefit of habitually abstaining from *artificial* stimulants can scarcely be better expressed than it has been by some sudden converts to a simple regimen in the name of hydropathy. From their rapturous language, describing their delights in the feelings of a new kind of life and vigour, one might suppose them to have just escaped the misery of a depraved existence, and to have found themselves, unexpectedly, in some poetic paradise. But there may be intemperance even in the use of water. The ecstasies of hydropathic converts, however, is due as much to excess of enthusiasm as to excess of drinking. Active exercise in fresh air, and a free use of cold water, constitute a plan which every savage, unbewildered by quackish mysteries, knows to be wisest, discreetest, best, for securing the blessings of bodily health. But let moderation be known in all things; and despise not the wisdom of Solomon, who tells us that wine has its uses; and strong drink is more suitable than cold slops and wet sheets for a man with a flagging pulse and a sinking heart. A deluge not only renovates, but also destroys; and the Maker of man never designed him to be amphibious, nor to keep his functions in forcible action, like a water-mill under a constant stream, but to enjoy life under a wise use of all that is good, since obedience to Divine law allows of no extremes; and temperance implies *in mediis tutissimus*—an equal danger both from abstinence and excess.

The Scottish Brewer and Practical Maltster, a comprehensive and detailed Treatise on the Art of Brewing Ales, and Malting according to the system practised in Scotland. By W. H. Roberts, author of "The British Wine Maker and Domestic Brewer." Second Edition. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

This edition of a work which we had formerly occasion to speak of in terms of unqualified praise, has been considerably enlarged and improved, and its usefulness greatly extended, by the addition of new and valuable matter. We would point out in particular as deserving the attention of all practical Brewers, the new section on the preparation of India Pale Ales, which, with the new section on Malting, renders the improved work the best popular exposition of the whole Art of Brewing, with which we are acquainted.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

The attempt to renew the Irish Arms Bill augurs ill for the usefulness and stability of the Whig ministry. Lord John Russel's apologetical speech in backing out of this foolish step, is one of the severest (may we say unconscious) satires ever directed against any Cabinet. Lord John's reason for introducing that bill was, that "restrictions upon having arms in Ireland have existed for fifty years." They have; and as we take it, the Whigs gained (or sought to gain) the confidence of the Liberals of the United Empire by denouncing that provoking and nugatory policy. Lord John goes on to say, that he and his colleagues did not intend that the bill should pass without discussion, or without lopping off objectionable clauses; and that, looking farther into the measure, he finds some of the more stringent clauses oppressive if not tyrannical, and the rest, when severed from these, useless. Why was not this revision made before the bill was introduced? The character of each clause was as obvious and transparent then as after it had been printed. It is not statesmanlike to introduce measures, borrowed ready made from another and, until lately, antagonistic party, without examining them, on the chance that they may be bettered in their progress through the House. What would be thought of the father who laid in a store of poisoned provisions, on the chance of being able to extract the deleterious ingredient before each meal? Lastly, Lord John finds that by the last constabulary returns, grave offences have materially decreased in Ireland; that juries have done their duty fearlessly; that no obstructions are offered to the execution of the law; and, above all, that the Lord-lieutenant "was perfectly ready to undertake the government of Ireland without the bill." Again, why were not these facts ascertained before the dangerous and disreputable step of bringing in a tyrannical measure, without the shadow of a reason, was taken?

The Whigs, like the Bourbons, have returned from their exile, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The same faults which shattered the Grey ministry and sapped the Melbourne, are strong in them as ever. The weakness of the Whigs springs from their want of faith in their own principles. The leaders (we cannot say as much for the understrappers) have benevolent dispositions and fair intellects. They all

revolted at the rampant atrocities of the Castlereagh-Sidmouth era. They protested against them: they enacted beautifully the part of "dejected Pity," by the side of fierce Passion: they hoped, they half persuaded themselves, that society might be kept in order by more humane and liberal policy. Then came the day when the Tories themselves grew sick and ashamed of spies and coercion, and acting as lackeys to the Holy Alliance. That was the time for the Whigs. The Peel-Wellington section and the Canning section split, not because (always with the exception of the old money-grub Eldon,) there was any real difference of opinion between them, but upon personal incompatibilities. The latter section were destined to liberalize our foreign policy; the former to emancipate the Catholics and abolish the Corn-law. But there was a struggle, and it assumed the appearance of being between more and less liberal Conservatives. The Whigs had the courage to support liberal measures. of which they could lay the responsibility upon Tories, They flocked to Canning's standard, secure of sharing the praise if his policy succeeded, prepared to lay the fault at his door if it failed. And this rather cowardly game of pushing on a willing and brave spirit, to an adventure which they would have lacked courage to undertake themselves, gave them an opportunity of affecting magnanimity. They took credit for devotion to principle, in supporting Canning's liberalism; when in fact they required the countenance of a practical statesman to inspire them with sufficient confidence in its practicability, to give them heart to aid in realizing it. All the reputation that the Whigs gained by their modest and effective playing of the second fiddle, they forfeited with marvellous rapidity as soon as circumstances compelled them to play the first. The general public did not see their timorous and vacillating bye-play, while the Reform Bill was in doubt. Amid the hubbub of excitement, during the long pull and the strong pull, few had leisure to note that the spasmodic energy of Durham, and the oratorical *æstus* of Brougham, placed the Whigs, before they were aware, in a position where retreat would have been eternal infamy; and that the blind, crowding propulsion of their multitudinous followers from behind, pushed them on, trembling and languid. But as soon as a Parliament entirely at their disposal left them to act for themselves, their sceptical feebleness showed itself too plainly. Their very first step, then, as now, was (in the words of one of the best of their reluctant partisans,) to "drag their friends through the dirt, by tying them to the car of a Tory measure,"—to introduce a coercion bill for Ireland. In unofficial irresponsibility, they mouthed lustily against such measures. When placed in office, unsupported by internal convictions, they dared not to venture on an original policy of their own, but thievishly and meanly plagiarized from the Tories. They aped the Tories in good measures, as well as bad: their favourite argument in favour of the Irish Educational measure, was that they found it cut and dry in the pigeon-holes of their predecessors' cabinets.

Lord John Russell and his colleagues have already contrived to awaken suspicion that, in respect to the paternal Whig Cabinet of the first Earl Grey, they are not merely chips of the old block, but, as the negro said of his young master, "the old block himself." The subordinate working offices have, it is true, been filled by talented Whig Radicals, and even "Tory Radicals," to borrow a nickname from the Whig Tapers and Tadpoles of the Reform Club. In this the Whig Cabinet has shown that it "meant well," as usual; that it really persuaded itself it had screwed up its courage to act independently, straightforwardly, and upon conviction. But, alas! upon setting to work, its courage, like that of Bob Acres, has oozed out. How frequent are the protestations of ministers, that whatever their private opinions may be, they will confine themselves to the constitutional precedents of Peel. Wherever Peel has ventured, or shown beyond doubt that he was prepared to venture, there they will go courageously: but at the line which defines his magic circle, they stop short. Experienced housewifes, when a brood hen betrays an invincible propensity to ramble away from its eggs, are accustomed to draw a circle with chalk round about it; and the silly bird, believing the seeming boundary impassable, sedulously performs its duties within it. Peel's limits are the chalk circle which limits Whig efficiency. What they know or fancy he would have done, that they will attempt, and nothing more. Lord Lansdowne is a Whig of the genuine old Holland-house stamp. Lord Palmerston, though bound over to good behaviour on questions of war-policy, is incessantly labouring to wriggle his way back to his old system of protocols and meddling in every foreign country. He is insidiously bringing Lords Grey and Clarendon to yield on trifling points to his way of managing; he is availing himself of Lord Lansdowne's generous sympathy with the Poles, to extend deviations from non-intervention policy to more important matters; he keeps his "devils" in the press incessantly at work, to sap and undermine the national attachment to a peace policy. Fox Maule has taken upon himself the congenial task of doing every thing that is harsh and disagreeable—to defend flogging, and to deny decorations to the Peninsular veterans, which are awarded for every skirmish against naked barbarians. Lord Grey himself gives indications, that at times lead his best friends to fear that his old waywardness has not yet been entirely subdued; that, though a generous and kind superior, where there can be no contest with his will, he cannot deal with equals who assert opinions and volitions of their own. And Lord John Russell, probably the most disinterested, generous, and efficient of the group, has an infirmity that, with such colleagues, renders their defects more inveterate. He is conscious, not that he is rash, but that he is thought so; and the fear of being accused of rashness, often renders him more timid of advancing, nay, more recalcitrating than the veriest moral coward among his associates.

The attempt to renew the Irish Arms Bill, bad enough in itself, assumes a more malignant aspect, when we look to the inveterate defects of character in which it originated. The introduction of the bill did not occasion such loud and fierce denunciations as the Grey Coercion Bill, because this is a period of less excitement. Its withdrawal has passed over with little comment, because there is no keen struggle for place at present. But both the introduction and withdrawal have relaxed the hold which ministers were gaining upon public opinion. And more than this: the gentlemen who have compromised themselves by accepting subordinate offices under them, are beginning to feel uneasy. The more generous spirits of the number complain already of the timidity with which their superiors shrink from the responsibility of originating a new policy, on points to which they were

deeply pledged when out of office. The more calculating and self-seeking among them — more especially those who represent large and wealthy constituencies in Parliament — already begin to tremble for their seats.

If the Irish Arms Bill is of bad augury for the continued hold of ministers on the public sentiment, their Sugar measure is scarcely less so for their continued hold on the public judgment. The object of that measure no liberal politician, or enlightened economist, can disapprove of; but, by the mode of setting about it, grave doubts as to the future are excited. We must take the Sugar Bill as part of that great free-trade movement which commenced under Huskisson, and has been going on since. Peel and Russell, it is now beyond a doubt, are equally anxious to hasten, as much as is compatible with safety, our passage through the transition stage, which conducts from entire restriction to entire free trade. The Whig nibble at the Corn Laws, which cost the party their places in 1841, was, we doubt not, like all their half measures, well meant. But, like all of them, it was characterized by that mixture of reluctance and precipitation, which show that men feel it is necessary to do something, without knowing how to set about it. The Free Trade movements of the Whigs necessarily unsettled the old financial arrangements; and they could devise no means of re-adjusting income and expenditure. In a time of entire peace, the Whigs had, at the end of every successive year, a growing deficiency: they were increasing the debt. When Peel came into office, he saw, as clearly as the Whigs, the necessity of keeping the state-wagon on the rail of the Free-trade inclined plane. But he saw that, to enable him, with certainty and safety, to set about the reconstruction of our customs' duties system he must have money;—money not only to meet coming calls, but to pay off Whig-contracted arrears. This was his object in imposing the income and property tax. He "put money in his purse" before he set to work. Much grumbling has been excited by the income and property tax: belonging, as literary men, to that class of narrow incomes, upon which it presses most severely, we will not say it is perfect. Whig critics call it a "vulgar device." We will not dispute with them on a matter of taste. But, liable as it may be to objections of detail—unworthy as it may be in the eyes of those profound financiers in whose hands the national accounts were getting into irremediable confusion, it is the income and property tax that, by giving Peel command of money, has enabled him to re-adjust the national books, and to take, with perfect safety, the immense stride he has taken towards Free-trade. Now, in this matter of prudence—making sure that they have money to spare before they let money go — the Whig Sugar Duties measure contrasts strongly with Peel's Finance, Tariff, and Corn-law measures. We believe firmly that the English sugar colonies will survive and take the lead of sugar-growing countries; but it will be after a period of depression and suffering which, by judicious precautions, might have been averted, and the Whig object attained in as short a time as they propose. There will not be a revenue, such as they expect, yielded either by foreign or British sugar; and they might have made arrangements whereby a decrease in the revenue might have been averted, and the emancipation of the sugar trade effected in as short a time as they propose. The moneyed men of the city have already noted the commencement of a relapse of the national accounts into the same unsatisfactory condition in which they were when the Whigs left office in 1841.

The moral miscalculation of the Whigs in the matter of the Irish Arms Bill rendered the nation less satisfied with them. Their monetary miscalculation in the matter of the Sugar Duties, is likely to render the nation more satisfied with another. The Whigs have only been taken upon trial. They are backed by a very insignificant party of their own. They are at this moment stronger than other parties, but not positively strong. There is a considerable analogy between the state of public opinion at the present time, and the state in which it was when the second Pitt formed his party. Then, as now, the old destructive party had softened down into a conservative party; the Tories and Jacobites acquiesced in the Hanoverian settlement, the parliamentary title of the crown, as the Tories acquiesce in the Reform Bill Parliament, and Registration Courts. Then, as now, the dominant party had broken up into two hostile sections; the Lansdowne and Rockingham Whigs were as inimical as our Protectionist and Peel Conservatives. Then, as now, sections of the antagonistic parties had been acting together: Fox and North had acted in harmony like Russell and Peel. There was then no party sufficiently strong to uphold an energetic minister bent upon doing something more than merely holding office and going through the forms. It was at such a crisis that the commanding wills (the strongest thing about either of them) of George the Third and William Pitt formed what we have been accustomed to call the Tory party. It had nothing in common with the parties which had previously borne that name. The Dundases had, up to the time of its formation, been the leaders of the liberal, the Whig party, in Scotland; Pitt himself was hereditarily connected with the Whig party of England. The new party took its tone from the tone then prevalent among the people. However much we may disapprove both of its professions and practices, it was in truth a national party. It reflected, it acted upon, the prevailing opinions and prejudices of the day. We live at a period when old parties have been similarly broken up, but when a more generally diffused intelligence, and extended popular power, are favourable to the infusion of more just and honourable principles into the new party that is about to be formed.

To make a new national party nothing is wanted but a leader. There are only two in the field who have the shadow of a claim to the post. Peel cannot take office under Russell, nor Russell under Peel. There are obstacles of etiquette, and there are incompatibilities of temper, personal repulsions. To both there are serious objections. To Lord John's we have already adverted. Peel's are a rough and unconciliating disposition, not always kept in control by his better judgment—a want of the power of generalization—and a shocking addiction to cant moral and political. But with all their defects, set these two men aside, there is no other whom the nation could be brought to look upon as its leader. The question now pending is, whether the fusion of parties now in progress is to be made under the auspices of Russell or of Peel. Lord John is playing the game of his great rival. There can be no doubt that Sir Robert Peel is "biding his time." A man to whom official business, and the struggles of parliament have been the breath of his nostrils for upwards of thirty years, cannot live without them. A man whose views have been expanded and liberalized with every year that has passed over his head—who has

made, and for six years single-handed upheld, a party—who has revolutionized the commercial policy of the empire, and feels that in practical power he surpasses all his contemporaries,—would make a sacrifice of which no mere human being is capable, by voluntarily relinquishing all claim or chance to hold the helm of empire.

Sir Robert is attentively watching the process by which Lord John and his party are working themselves into public disfavour, and silently maturing a scheme of policy against the time that he shall again be called to assume the office of Premier. Every indication of vacillation, incompetency, dereliction of principle, on the part of the Whigs, accelerates that time. Every harsh act done, in pure levity, like the attempt to renew the Irish Arms Bill, makes men say, "Peel, if not too humane and devoted to liberty, would have been too sagacious to act thus." Every miscalculation in finance or commercial legislation, makes it be muttered on every 'Change in the empire, "Peel was a safe minister." Every flash of the old Palmerstonian spirit of intrigue makes men wish Peel and Aberdeen back in Downing Street.

The "Appropriation Bill" was read a third time in the Commons on the 22d of August, ten days after grouse shooting commenced, and two after black-cock shooting. This is in general held to be the concluding act—the *nunc dimittis* of a session; and such we have little doubt it will prove on the present occasion; though, from the period at which we go to press, we cannot say so with certainty, and though in these days of chopping and changing it would be rash to venture on prophecy.

The session just closed is one to which Liberals have every reason to look back with satisfaction. During its course men have found their levels, and measures have asserted their ascendency. The events of the last seven or eight months have done much to strip of their exaggerations the sentiments with which public men are regarded, and the language in which they are spoken of. The idolatry of party has been destroyed, and with it much of unreasoning antipathy of party. The frantic protectionists certainly vituperate their former masters with as much intensity as they once lauded them fulsomely. But out of that narrow circle, if Peel and Russell are no longer regarded by their immediate retainers as absolute wisdom, neither are they regarded by their opponents as the knaves or despots of a melodrama. The common-sense estimate of men is coming to prevail in public as well as in private life. The fustian language of tragedy is being banished from politics. Politics are looked upon as real business. Peel and Russell, Graham and Clarendon, Lyndhurst and Campbell, are looked upon as men having more or less of business ability, more or less of a likeable or trustworthy character; but all of them as men competent to transact business, and too wise if not too virtuous to bring themselves into any awkward collision with the law of the land, which, in matters political, is the will of the people.

And liberal principles and rational organization of government have struck deep roots, outgrown the nursery period, and entered on the age of forest trees. Government has been taught that it must work first, and be paid after. Matters which used to be left to subordinates, or lame make-shifts, or left undone until some casualty raised a popular cry, and made ministers attempt to overtake in one year the arrears of half a century, are now recognised as paramount duties of the supreme government. A committee of the Privy Council to watch over and promote education has become a permanent part of ministerial arrangements. The Poor-law Commission has been proved to be inefficient in its *personel;* but no one thinks of rescinding the new Poor-law: new commissioners will be appointed, who can avail themselves of the talent and experience of the secretary and assistant commissioners, and a better organization will be given to it. The railway board will grow into a ministry of public works. The tale of government departments is being completed, and the internal organization of each amended. The legislature, too, participates in the amendment. The standing orders, the "forms of process," of the Commons are being rendered more practical; the house has, even in the Railway Board bill, commenced the important task of handing over to others more competent to discharge them, functions which it long retained through a silly vanity. And this more practically organized legislature is being brought to bear more directly and continuously upon the executive government. The provision in the Railway Board Bill, that two of its members shall belong one of them to either house of parliament, ensures such an incessant surveillance and questioning as will prevent it degenerating into a nuisance, like the Poor-law Commission, or a nonentity, like the Colonial Land and Emigration Commission. Every new permanent administrative commission, every new organized department, ought to have at least one member in the legislature to give explanations, or superintend the progress of legislative measures bearing on its concerns. The impossibility of finding seats for so many will reconcile ministers, and the fear of seeing so many placemen in parliament will reconcile the public, to the rational practice of allowing all heads of departments to attend in their places in either house for the purpose of giving explanations, or advocating measures, even when they are not elected members; but without the power of voting, unless when some constituencies have returned them as their representatives.

This silent process of change in our government has been going on for years, and is accelerating its speed with each successive change. We are becoming republicanized; a word not necessarily inconsistent with monarchic loyalty. The executive is improving in organization and aptitude; the people are improving in the use of the representative legislature; the character, operation, and organization of that body are becoming better understood and practically perfected. All these things are guarantees that our future progress will be smooth and equable—not affected by intermitting revolutionary jerks. Men are so engrossed in these practical details, that even such gentle passages of arms as that between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord George Bentinck excite but a languid interest. The scuffle between the polished Valentine and rugged Orson of the court of the political King Pepin, is contemplated with the same transient delight as that of their counterparts in the melodrama.

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TEMPTATION AND ATONEMENT.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Continued from page 562 of our September number.*)

CHAPTER V.

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

SHAKSPERE.

"It was not me, Mr. Downing, whom you expected here to-night," said the stranger; the poor clerk having sunk overpowered into a chair. "I am sorry to have disappointed you. I am sorry to have *alarmed* you."

"*Agitated* me," replied the clerk, laying an apologetic stress upon the word. "I have met with severe misfortunes, sir, and am *easily* agitated. The body of one of my sons is lying yonder within ——"

"And to-morrow will be lying low in the dust," interrupted the stranger. "I am aware of it."

"Then why intrude to-night into my house?" demanded Downing, feeling that, since aware of the dispensation under which he was suffering, the conduct of his visiter was inexcusable.

"Because there is that to be said between us," replied the stranger, placing himself unbidden in a chair, "that will not abide the dawning of day. We must confer together to-night, Mr. Downing."

"Not to-night! — No! by the Almighty God who has smitten me so sorely, not to-night!" cried Downing with growing indignation. "With the son of my loins lying unburied, I will not be forced into angry discussions with one who has neither call nor claim upon my consideration."

"For your own sake, and the sake of the son who, *as yet*, is *not* lying unburied, you *will*," was the cool rejoinder of the stranger. "At some future time, you will thank me for having forced you to be reasonable. I arrived in this neighbourhood, Mr. Downing, three evenings ago, for the sole purpose of seeking an interview with you. I was in hopes of finding you more amenable than on a former occasion, as I am myself enabled to be more liberal. To obtain a deliberate survey of the registers in your custody, is as much or more an object to me than ever. I am come, therefore, I frankly tell you, provided with a hundred pound note, to offer for the accommodation."

"If this be all you have to say, sir——" Downing was beginning.

"It is not all! — it is very *far* from all!" interrupted the stranger. "Be not impatient; but as I said before, for the sake of your *only son*, listen patiently and complacently to the end."

The poor clerk fell back despondingly into the chair from which he had half arisen. He saw it was useless to contend with one so obdurate.

"I arrived at F. three nights since by the mail," said he, "as you this morning announced to Colonel Garrett that you expected your son to arrive. It was too late to go to bed, too early to proceed to business. Rather, therefore, than arrive here too early, so as to inconvenience you by my visit, I proceeded leisurely, Mr. Downing, by the footway from F. — the road by Warlingwood, — the road by the Hams."

A slight start from poor Downing evinced that this announcement was not devoid of interest. But, as if to disguise his unavowed emotion, the clerk rose from his place and closed the cottage door, which was still slightly ajar; a night wind having been gradually rising, that swept across the chamber, and caused the deathlights to flicker.

"It is a lovely scene, Mr. Downing, that green valley," added the stranger, deliberately, after his host had resumed his seat. "The windings of the stream, the impervious thickets of the wood, the loneliness of the secluded glen, induced me to loiter there awaiting the coming day, which was to enable me to make my appearance at Hartington."

At this intimation, poor Downing clasped his hands silently on his bosom, as though engaged in inward prayer.

"The weather was beautiful," resumed his guest; "*doubly* beautiful to a poor city-dwelling wretch like myself, little accustomed to enjoy the sweetness of a country landscape, or the softness of a summer morning. No wonder, therefore, that I found it pleasant to wander among the alder bushes, on that short green elastic herbage. Nothing could be more soothing. — Alas! how painful is it to connect such a landscape and such an hour, with deeds of human violence!"

Again did Downing half start from his place. But it was not the cue of his visiter to notice his distress.

"So long, however, did I prolong my morning's walk in order to avoid an untimely visit to

Hartington," added the tormenting stranger, "that I became overpowered with fatigue. Beside the stream, the turf was too wet with morning dew to afford me a place of rest. Not a stone, not a bank, nearer than the slopes of Warling-wood; having entered which by an entangled footpath, I made for a jutting stump half hidden by sprouting underwood, to serve me as a seat."

"I do not see, sir, in what way all this concerns me!" gasped old Downing, his face of a deadly whiteness.

"You will see clearer shortly," replied the stranger, satisfied with the impression he was making. "You will perhaps better understand me when I tell you, that before I had taken refuge many minutes in the coppice, a young countryman came trudging along the valley, on his way, like myself, from F. to Hartington; singing at the top of his voice, in the mere exuberance of his spirits, for he knew not that a human being was in sight. So at least I had reason to infer from his proceedings. For after stopping once or twice on the margin of the stream, as if on the look-out for sport, he at length stepped into the water; and by his movements, while stooping to grope under the hollow bank, I had reason to conclude that he had some experience as a poacher, and some knowledge of the place. While hesitating whether I should emerge from the resting-place, which had become a hiding-place, and ascertain exactly what he was about ere I proceeded to remonstrate, my purpose was forestalled. On putting aside the bushes to make my way down quietly to the brook-side, I saw that the young poacher was engaged in a violent dispute with a youth some years his junior, who must have arrived by the Hartington turn of the valley, from which my face was averted."

"You are *certain* that he came from Hartington?" demanded the clerk in a hoarse voice.

"As certain as that he threatened, if the young man he addressed by the name of Jack, persisted in his breach of the law, to denounce him to the constable. As distinctly as I now hear my own voice; as distinctly, Mr. Downing, as I hear the pulsation of your heart,—I heard the indignant youth declare the poacher to be a disgrace to the honest name he bore; and that if his father were aware of only half his misdoings, it would bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. The elder retorted, loudly, roughly, with imprecations, with violence."

"Yes, with violence!—I am certain he was the *first* to have recourse to violence!" burst from the lips of the agitated Downing.

"When first I saw him trudging joyously along the valley," resumed the stranger, "he had a reaping-hook in his hand, which he kept brandishing in the air, as if keeping time to the tune he was singing. Before he entered the water, he laid it on the green margin of the stream. But no sooner did his brother, (for his brother it *was*, Mr. Downing,) pronounce the name of the constable, than he seized the weapon."

"He seized the weapon, and threatened the young man's life!" cried the clerk, unable longer to keep silence; "whereupon Luke, in self-defence, endeavoured to wrest it from him; and in the struggle betwixt them, the deadly wound was unintentionally given!—Yes, *unintentionally* given!—Don't say otherwise, or I won't answer for myself. Don't say otherwise, unless you'd run the risk of my felling you to the earth. Don't say otherwise, sir, no,—don't say otherwise. Reflect that they were brothers,—my sons,—the sons of the poor mother who died in torment in this very room, recommending them with her last breath to my care and love. It was an evil chance that directed that accursed weapon; nothing, *nothing* on earth but an evil chance,—a chance that might have happened to you or I, sir. Had poor Jack ever stirred or spoke again, he would have been the first to declare that his brother was innocent."

"And how happen you to know, Master Downing, that he neither stirred nor spoke again?" demanded the stranger. "How comes it that you, who gave evidence this morning before the coroner, that your son Luke was in London, in attendance at a public hospital, when the fatal event took place, should be perfectly apprized of every circumstance attending it?"

Poor Downing remained despairingly silent. He saw that he and his lay completely at the mercy of the tempter.

"Perhaps," resumed the man, whose eye was beginning to exercise over him the fatal charm of the basilisk, "perhaps, since the fratricide has contrived to acquaint you with so much that happened on the Hams on Thursday morning, (so much that the magistrates of this country are eager to discover, and that will shortly become an object of inquiry to the criminal justice of the kingdom,) perhaps he also confided to you how, when the dreadful deed was done,—done so effectually that the whole spot was soon flooded with the blood of the victim, he was forced to kneel down beside the stream, and wash the stains from his hands, gazing wildly to the right and left as he plunged them into the water, lest stragglers from the village or from F. should be astir? How was he to suspect that any one lay in ambush, watching him from the skirts of the wood, who saw all,—nay, who saw him conceal among the bushes, *where they still lie*, Master Downing, and where they may at any moment be pointed out to the officers of justice, his jacket and handkerchief saturated with blood?"

"Mercy, mercy!" cried poor Downing, struggling in vain against the contending emotions which all these horrible details called into existence. "Mercy for my boy!—Mercy for me!—If you were indeed a witness of all this, you know that Luke was innocent,—innocent of malice aforethought."

"Who will believe it?" interrupted the stranger. "His brother came to Hartington at his request, by his especial appointment, (as I have since minutely ascertained,) on pretence that, for surgical advice, he was about to visit London and leave you alone. How was it then, that, at the very time he had given his victim to understand he should have already started, he meets the poor fellow by the way? What jury, what judge, but

would see premeditation in the mere fact of his presence at the Hams?"

A moan of horror issued from the lips of Downing, whose face was bowed down almost to his knees.

"The body of the murdered man is yet unburied," pursued the stranger, "the proceedings of the inquest might still be resumed."

"No, no, no! a verdict is a verdict!" interrupted Downing. "The coffin is closed,—the coffin is screwed down.—Do not let them disturb the quiet of the dead!"

"That quiet, my good friend, is beyond your means of disturbance, or mine. But the quiet of the living will most likely be disturbed. Justice must be done. A man with his hands imbrued in the blood of a fellow-creature,—of a brother,—of an only brother,—must not be suffered to go at large."

"If all who go at large were innocent as *him!*" said the partial father, plucking up some spirit in vindication of his beloved boy——

"The world, you think, would be the better? Perhaps so. I have no wish to take up the defence of mankind. All I feel it necessary to do on this lamentable occasion, for the sake of the public weal, and in order to ward off suspicion from innocent persons, is that in my interview to-morrow with Colonel Garrett, previous to the funeral, I——"

"No! you will not have the heart to do it!" cried the clerk, forestalling his declaration: "you *could* not,—you *must* not!"

"I both *can* and *will*, Master Downing, of that be assured, unless——"

"Unless I prove dishonest to my trust and give you up the registers!—Ay, to that I knew we were coming. Say it out, sir! I foresaw your purpose! I foresaw the web you were weaving for my soul; *me*, a poor father, whose firstborn is lying cold under his roof; and whose last living child is skulking out of sight of the officers of justice!—Persecute and trample upon me as you choose, sir. There is no one to take my part. There is no one to support me. There is no one to say, 'Resist him, John Downing, resist the devil, and he will flee from thee. *Who* will believe his evidence? Sell not thy soul to purchase the life of the boy!' There is no one, sir, to say this; no one to interfere between us."

"You consent then to my proposal?"

"What proposal? I have heard no proposal?'

"Cannot your own mind suggest it? Does not your parental affection whisper to you that you must oblige me this night, in order that to-morrow at the funeral I may refrain from pointing out by whose hand this bloody deed was done?"

"To-night?—you don't suppose the registers are kept in this house?"

"No, for I know them to be kept in the vestry, of which you hold the key. One of two things, therefore. Fetch hither the volume in question; or supply me with the keys of the church and a dark lantern, that I may myself make the best of my way thither."

"*You?*—you would venture into the church; *you*, a stranger, in the dead of the night, and for a bad purpose?"

"Who told you my purpose was bad? Your own evil thoughts! I would *venture* there, as you call it, at any hour, in order to examine the registers which contain an entry that involves the prosperity of my family."

"Then bide till to-morrow, sir, bide till to-morrow!" pleaded Downing. "It's a hard thing on a father to be troubled about other folk's matters, at such a time as this!"

"'Twill be a harder thing for your son, my man, if you shirk my business!" retorted the enemy. "To-morrow, Master Downing, will be too late for me. To-morrow, the dead will be in the dust. To-morrow, perhaps, the guilty will be out of reach. Whereas, now that Luke is still skulking in the neighbourhood——" Downing started from his chair—"and still, to the best of my belief, hidden in the hollows of Warling-wood, and probably about to visit you in the darkness, to receive food and advice——"

"Oh, sir," cried Downing, "if you are a man, have pity on us!"

"As *you* have pity on *me*, eh? though the stakes betwixt us are so unequal. Just now, I heard a foot creaking on the gravel. Another voice will perhaps be soon added to our council. And as the night is getting on," continued the stranger, looking at his watch, "for it is nearly two o'clock, and at four we have daylight."

At this suggestion, old Downing, having put off his shoes, made a movement towards the inner room.

"Are you going to consult the murdered man? or is the miscreant hidden in the chamber with the corpse?" demanded the stranger, instantly preparing to follow him, in the suspicion, perhaps, that he kept fire-arms within.

"Not a step—no! not a step further!" cried the persecuted father, facing round as he reached the threshold of the lean-to, his brows and lips compressed with unspeakable anguish. "My dead son lies within. No one enters there but *me*,—me, sir, who approach the corpse with the respect we owe to them that is in judgment before God."

And the somewhat startled guest, who stood opposite the open door, ascertained, beyond a doubt, by the watchlight, that the small, dismantled room contained, indeed, no place of concealment. The bed, upon which was placed the plain deal coffin of poor Jack, had no hangings; and it was from a nail on the wall, from which hung also the huge watch of the poor clerk, that he took down the two well-remembered keys. It was their customary place when Downing was within doors.

"Take them," said the old man, emerging with the same deferential step as before from the chamber of death, and stooping to reach from under the settle the dark lantern he was in the habit of using in winter time to visit the church. "Take them! For whatever purpose, remember my words, that it will never prosper!—The honesty of a gray-headed man has been crushed within him to give you possession of these keys. And some day or other, when you remember at what

a time you came to seek 'em, and how cruelly you ——"

"Enough said, old gentleman," cried the stranger, clutching at them the moment that, with a match-box taken from his own pocket, he had lighted the lantern. "You 've wasted enough talk on the business already, to wear out the patience of a quieter soul than mine. Had I known the keys were so close at hand, and so easy to come by, maybe I might have taken a shorter cut to their possession."

Another second, and he had disappeared from the house. But even after he was gone, the clerk paused not to reflect on the probability that he might have disappeared for ever, in which case the deepest disgrace awaited the manifestation of his breach of fidelity. His mind was on other thoughts intent. While the stranger vanished through the garden wicket, he stood upon his own door-sill, peering out into the night, as though his eyes would burst from their sockets.

And not in vain. A rustling of the bushes in the corner of the garden nearest the Hams, announced that some living thing was concealed there.

"Luke!" whispered he, scarcely daring to trust his voice, after the first bitter disappointment he had undergone. "*Luke!*"

By way of answer, a cold, tremulous hand was placed in his own.

"I have been waiting this hour. I saw a person enter the cottage with you," answered the enfeebled voice of his unhappy son. "I watched his departure. Was it an officer of justice?"

"No matter—it was an enemy—a cruel enemy! He will soon return, my child. He must not find you here, Luke. It was one who knows all, and who would think no more of giving you up to judgment ——"

"Better if he did," interrupted the despairing young man. "There is no more peace for me, father, in this world; and the Almighty, who knows my innocence, would take me to himself!—Better, perhaps, for us both, if this man denounced me ——"

"You can't be thinking of your poor father, when you say *that*," faltered Downing, grasping his cold hand. "Think of what it would be to me, Luke, to see your young head at the gallows! But I should not live to see it! I would not live to see it! You must be off this night, Luke. You mustn't tempt this evil-thoughted man; you must quit the country; you must quit the country sooner than run further risks. Here's all the money, Luke, I have in the house; and ten guineas more, which I got advanced by the Savings Bank, without the weekly notice for drawing out—on pretence of—of—to-morrow's expenses, Luke. When you can let me know you're in safety over the water, I'll find means to send more. And now good-bye; I must not *keep* you: and if you was to stay ages and ages—how ever could I get out what's working in my heart!"

The haggard being who threw himself weeping on the shoulder of the poor old clerk could find no answer to these torrents of tenderness. But when they had wept together, both were comforted.

"One thing, Luke," sobbed the heartbroken old man, "one thing you could do that would give me ease in my mind,—that you came and bad *him* good-bye, as well as your poor father. For you'll see neither of us again."

"I would have asked it of you, only I thought you'd maybe consider that I, who brought him to his untimely end, had lost a brother's rights!" answered the drooping young man. And straightway he followed his father into the little room, and kneeling down beside the bed on which was the open coffin with the lid laid over it transversely, breathed aloud a prayer for the eternal peace of him who lay within.

While he yet prayed, the poor father stood beside him, resting with one hand on his shoulder and with the other concealing his streaming eyes. But, on arising from his knees, Luke took that withered hand within his own, and placed them both together upon the shrouded breast of the dead.

"As I stand here, father," said he, "in presence of my Maker and of this corpse, I am guiltless of any wrong, by word, or thought, or deed, against my poor brother, on whom God have mercy! I say this again, as I said it to you before on that dreadful morning, when I rushed in and told you of the accident; because many hold that at the touch of a murderer, the body of the victim bleeds afresh.—And I have no fear.—To my poor brother I appeal.—If any return from the land whither he is gone before, it is not to bear false witness!"

Stooping towards the coffin, he lifted the face-cloth, and imprinted a last kiss upon the clammy forehead; then turning, with the marrow still thrilling in his bones, he threw himself on his knees before his father, to ask his blessing. Not in words was it bestowed; but in that innermost fervour of heart which no human eye can reach, nor ear can hear. God alone heard and accepted the prayer of the heartbroken John Downing for the preservation of his ill-fated child.

CHAPTER VI.

> If they did hear, they would not pity me;
> Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
> Which, though they cannot answer my distress,
> Yet in some sort are better auditors,
> For that they do not interrupt my tale.
>
> SHAKSPERE.

NEVER was there seen such a gathering in Hartington, as on the day when the remains of young Downing were consigned to the grave. The season being propitious, people thronged from far and near, as if to take their part in the tragedy which, for some days past, had occupied every heart and soul under every thatched roof of the district.

The utmost vigilance of justice had been defeated. No trace was yet discovered of the murderer. Though several of the resorts of desperate characters in the neighbourhood had been visited, in the hope of detecting evidence of their having

been recently engaged in an affray, nothing was found,—no sign,—no token.

It had been even judged necessary, on finding that Luke Downing absented himself from the funeral of his brother, — the answers of the old clerk concerning the motives of his absence, and the period of his return, being strangely incoherent,—to verify the fact of his arrival in London, and appearance at St. George's Hospital. And in this, thanks to the prudent instructions of his father concerning the necessity of establishing an alibi, no difficulty presented itself. Evidence was easily obtained that the bearer of an out-patient's letter from Sir Clement Colston, had been provided with medicaments for an injury to his leg received in cricketing, early in the afternoon of the day on which the Hartington murder was committed; and that the individual in question, one Luke Downing, had represented himself as bound on a long journey which would prevent his presenting himself again at the Hospital.

But the circumstance which most excited the surmises of the loiterers under the lime-trees and the Saturday club at the Black Lion, was a mysterious report that, when neighbour Jukes arrived at Downing's cottage at an early hour on the morning of the funeral, to superintend the closing of the coffin, he discovered his poor old friend lying insensible across the threshold, and with some difficulty restored him to himself; while at the rectory it was also known, though cautiously whispered in Mr. Wigswell's family, that, on the same eventful morning, the porch, nay, even the vestry-door of Hartington church, usually so carefully closed by the parish clerk, had been found open by the sexton.

In the lock of the inner door, however, the keys were found hanging; and as nothing had been subtracted from the church, nothing even disturbed in the vestry, the most rational version of the affair was, that old Downing, miscalculating his own strength of mind and body, but in reality half dead from fasting and grief, had proceeded to the church to make preparations, secure from idle observation, for the ceremony of the morrow; and, on finding faintness about to overpower him in that solitary place, had hastened home, leaving the keys inadvertently behind, and reached his own premises only in time to fall in a swoon upon the door-stone.

A few extreme terrorists, however, proceeded still further; protesting that he had fled only because accosted in the darkness of night,—some said by the spectre of his son;—others, by the breathing form of the murderer.

Be it as it might, the sensation caused in the village by this new incident, was almost as great as that produced by the announcement of the murder. Old Downing was a man beloved and respected in his generation; and of the thousands who attended, uncovered and with saddened faces, the interment of his unfortunate son, few but marvelled how he would ever find courage still to abide in that fatal cottage, the scene of such a series of horrors and calamities. For neighbour Jukes could not always bear him company. And yet John Downing would not listen to the benevolent proposition of the rector, that, till the return of poor Luke, he would accept a bed at the parsonage.

Find courage, however, he *did*. The moment the sod was laid over the head of his son, he returned thither; nor quitted the place again, even for a second, except in discharge of the duties of his calling; which, from that day forward, he discharged with even greater zeal and diligence than before. For week-day ceremonies, such as weddings, christenings, or burials, he was sure to be in attendance ten minutes before the appointed hour; and though never in the course of their common ministry had Mr. Wigswell found occasion to rebuke him for carelessness or omission, the good rector could not but notice that so far from becoming slovenly in his office under the pressure of his troubles, church and chancel were never so trimly kept as now; nor was his surplice ever presented to him so fresh and white. John Downing seemed in dread, lest the ill-savour of ill-fortune might rest upon him; and his master seize the first pretext that presented itself for advising him to retire from his clerkship. The nearer he approached the close of his duties, the harder he appeared to cling to their discharge.

"It does me good; occupation does me good!" said he, in excuse, to his friend Jukes, who suggested that, now one son only remained to him, his deposits in the Savings' Bank ought to suffice for the comfort of his declining years, without harassing himself by further service. "I enjoy my leisure the more, for my hours of work. And with more leisure, neighbour, black thoughts would throng into my head, for which the best remedy is having my hands busy."

Who was to surmise that all this activity, all this dread of being superseded, arose from apprehension lest the registers should fall into the custody of a new clerk, and it might transpire that a folio page was wanting? Even with the head of his first-born green in earth; even with the head of his younger in jeopardy, the terror of that discovery hung heavy on the old man's mind. He knew that he had sinned. He knew that, to serve a purpose of his own, he had betrayed his trust; and the man who had walked uprightly all the days of his life, could not bear to be pointed at as a defaulter.

God, who knew all, both the sin and the temptation, God would be more merciful. But those of this world, to whom he could not exonerate himself with safety to poor Luke, would wag their heads in triumph over his backsliding. Even his trusting old master could not but revile him as faithless and ungrateful.

With unceasing and gratuitous labour, therefore, did he toil to do that better which he had always done well. But, alas! at the close of all his efforts, there was none of the self-gratulation with which his more moderate endeavours had been requited. His task was now pain and bitterness. There was no longer peace for him in this world.

The summer plants ran up to seed in his little

garden. The weeds grew and grew, and choked the seeds that had been sown for autumn produce. The fruit, as it ripened, fell to the ground ungathered; and though neighbour Jukes' children gazed wistfully over the wicket gate at the cherries and raspberries that expanded in crimson clusters only for the joy of the chaffinches, no one had courage to say to the joyless man, in whose dim eyes there was no longer the light of life,—no longer even tears,—"Let us do a turn of work for you in your garden; for lo! it is becoming a wilderness."

His sole remaining comfort was that ancient book, which, once in his life, he had looked upon with a listless eye. For even the letter without signature, which brought him tidings of Luke's safety, was scarcely a source of joy. It was as the first pledge of a separation which he felt to be eternal; the first milestone of a road that was to lead them further and further apart.

"The poor boy had not strength of mind to return to this fated house. The poor boy, who would have been forced to traverse the Hams, on his way to Norcroft and elsewhere, couldn't have borne it as I do," was his explanation to those who still hazarded an inquiry after his son.

And the neighbours, who were careful to avert their faces while he was speaking, lest he should espy their misgivings, tried to appear convinced when he assured them that Luke was gone to Scotland, and had got work among his mother's relations at Glasgow; though not a few of them well remembered how often poor Mrs. Downing had mentioned having outlived every soul of her Scottish kith and kin. John Downing showed a letter, indeed, addressed to him in Luke's handwriting, bearing the Glasgow post-mark, which he was careful afterwards to destroy. It was unnecessary that any besides himself should be apprized that, on the morrow, the unhappy writer was to cross the Atlantic, bidding adieu to his native country,—probably for ever.

But if any of the Hartington neighbours went near enough the truth in their guessings, to divine the real motive of young Downing's estrangement from home, one and all too much respected his father, and nearly all too dearly loved himself, to endeavour to remove the veil from that terrible mystery. If the spirit of the kind-hearted Luke had really been chafed into the crime of manslaughter, they were convinced that the whole provocation rested with his worthless brother.

Still, though things resumed by degrees their usual aspect in the village; though people ceased to flock to the Hams, to have the exact scene of the murder pointed out; though the children ventured at last to cross the churchyard again in the twilight; and, by the time the daisies of the following spring brightened the turf that covered the grave of Jack Downing, plucked them with as little compunction as from any other spot; there were moments when the old clerk felt his breath choked, and the pulsation of his heart suspended, by trifling circumstances which others let pass unnoticed.

He was aware that the bloody clothes worn by poor Luke at the fatal encounter, were still concealed among the bushes in Warling-wood; and though the autumn had rained and the winter snowed upon them, the shelter in which the bundle lay, might have preserved them unharmed. With no instrument at his disposal, at the moment of the dread event, but his own weak and trembling hands, the agitated young man had been unable to dig a hole for them in the earth; and at any time, the straying of a dog, or the scrutiny of Sir Clement's keepers, might bring them to light.

Never, therefore, did poor Downing perceive a group of two or three persons, or a single one in haste, pass along his garden hedge up the lane from the Hams, without the conviction that all was discovered. Yet such was his repugnance to approach the scene of death, that nothing,—not even the peril of Luke,—could inspire him with strength of mind to make his way along the Hams, and pursue his search in the wood, in the direction pointed out by Luke on the day the deed was done, so as to destroy those fatal objects.

At other times, his terrors arose from the threatening countenances of his nephews the Harmans, when business brought them over to Hartington. *They* had spoken out. On their first encounter with poor old Downing after the interment of his son, Maurice Harman had referred to a deadly quarrel between the two brothers, on occasion of their second meeting at Norcroft.

"Of all the ill-wishers of poor Jack, which warn't a few," said the boor, "his milksop of a brother was the bitterest! And if ever blow was struck by man, the one that sent that poor fellow into his grave, was struck by Luke!"

Soon afterwards, it was mentioned to the old man that his niece Esther was gone to service; and though aware that the affairs of his sister's family were far from prosperous, he could not forbear expressing to his nephews some surprise, that she had made up her mind to send her only daughter from home.

"Mother send her? Not she! 'Twas Hetty that didn't choose to stay!" replied the young savage. "Hetty heard more things about her bloodthirsty sweetheart, by the hearthside at Norcroft, than was pleasant to listen to. Neither I nor Jim made any bones of telling her that Luke had run away to Scotland, or Ameriky, or over seas somewhere or another, only for fear of the gallows.—So she found it more agreeable to go and hire herself out where his name warn't never heard of; and where she might fret a'ter him to her heart's content."

That, on some unlucky occasion, either in dudgeon or in drink, his brutal nephews would come out before strangers with their frightful allusions, John Downing could not doubt; and on learning the increasing dissoluteness of the Harmans, and the recklessness of their lives, he trembled to consider how easily might be destroyed the good repute which his poor son was already beginning to enjoy in another country. The money transmitted to him by his father had prospered in his hands, in a country where capital, industry, and intelligence united, never fail to

prosper; and he was embarked in a small way in a thriving house of business in New York.

But the worst trial of all endured by poor old Downing was when, as occurred on many occasions, the apprehension of some rogue "unwhipped of justice," produced a report in the county, and even a statement in the county paper, that "the prisoner convicted of sheep-stealing was suspected, among other crimes, of being implicated in the murder of John Downing the younger, at a place called Warling-wood, the perpetrators of which had been hitherto undiscovered."

Nay, more than once, attempts were made by country Dogberries to intimidate some unfortunate vagrant or other into a confession of the crime. If innocent of the burglary or arson of which they stood accused, they were possibly guilty of a homicide which still remained undisposed of.

Then, indeed, the poor clerk trembled, lest, by one of those oversights occasionally arising from too strong a dependance on circumstantial evidence, an innocent man should be put to death, or at least to shame. Fixed was his determination, in case of such an emergency, to come forward with a full confession of the truth. But this was not to be done without an uprooting of his very heart-strings; and scarcely a winter passed over his whitened and still whitening head, and the long nights gave cover to those breaches of the law which lead to the blunders of the magistrates, and jeremiads of the newspapers, so as to produce some allusion to Eliza Grimwood and John Downing, —never-failing texts for November-like and bloody murder dissertations,—but the rest of the unhappy father was startled by new panics, while his meagre body grew thinner and thinner in proof that his heart was wasted with his woe.

Life had long been a burden. The face he yearned to look upon, he should never behold again. Yet he dared not quit the parish. He must remain at his post. He must remain within sight of the church. He must remain the custodian of the registers! He must eat, even unto the last, the bread of bitterness, and drink of his chalice of tears, under the roof where his poor wife had undergone her death of agony, and almost within view of the spot where one of his sons had been slain by the other.

"May God accept my sufferings in atonement!" murmured he, as he lifted his eyes towards a young sapling which he had planted in a sunny corner of his garden, a few days after the birth of Luke, and which had shed its leaves for the fourth time since the fatal moment of his exile. "If I have fallen into temptation, sore, sore to abide hath been my punishment, even in this world."

But, alas! a chastisement wholly beyond his calculations awaited the meek-spirited clerk.

CHAPTER VII.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman, of seventy years complete,
Who's made us youth wait too, *too* long already
For an estate, or cash, or country seat. BYRON.

THE harmless little old lord of the Manor of Hartington, whose days, since the frightful event which had occurred on his estate, had been pain and grief to him, so that through fear he "died daily," —gave up the ghost in good earnest; and those who were about to exchange a master who did no harm among them, for others who might become tyrants and enemies by the mere force of doing good, began to apprehend, the moment Sir Clement had breathed his last, that their golden age was at an end.

They had, however, little to fear. The baronetcy of Colston was extinct. Failing heirs-male, the family estates devolved, conjointly, to the two daughters of a cousin who had fallen bravely in the last war; and the Miss Colstons and their widowed mother having been on frequent visits at Hartington Hall, (the only guests ever tolerated by poor Sir Clement,) the tenants were already familiar with their gracious manners and kindly dispositions. No one could desire better than to serve these amiable coheiresses.

The will left by the old baronet was as short and dry as might have been expected of him. He bequeathed a legacy of five thousand pounds to his old friend Wigswell, five hundred to the poor of the parish, a year's wages to his servants, and the residue of his enormous personalty, the produce of the penurious life he had led from mere narrowness of mind, to his next of kin. A sum of one hundred and forty thousand pounds would consequently accompany the Hartington estates; enabling the two sisters to carry out in favour of their tenants, a thousand long-standing projects of improvement and benevolence.

It will be readily understood that a change of administration so important, produced an unusual gathering together of the notables under the old lime-trees on the green. The liberal donation made to the parish by its late patron, and his handsome bequest to his bosom friend the old rector, were pronounced to be out of proportion to the enormous fortune he was leaving. But then came the extenuating plea, that the will had been made five-and-thirty years before, ere that enormous fortune was accumulated; and that the sums bequeathed comprehended at that time the whole amount of his savings. Even now, they could scarcely permit themselves to impute blame to good Sir Clement.

So soon, meanwhile, as the news of his death reached London, the Miss Colstons and their mother hastened down, not so much to take possession of their inheritance, as to pay due respect to the dead; and preparations for the funeral were already making on an extensive scale. Old Wigswell had issued orders in a suppressed voice to John Downing, to be present at the opening of the family vault by the workmen of the Lewes upholsterers, who were charged with the duty: and all was in preparation for the melancholy ceremony, appointed for the eighth day after the demise of Sir Clement.

Sophia and Cecilia Colston were young women of engaging manners, and sufficiently agreeable appearance to be called, "extremely pretty for heiresses." Though reared in retirement by their sensible mother, since their attainment of woman-

hood they had lived in the world; Sir Clement having generously added an allowance of fifteen hundred a-year to the income of something less than a thousand, (though including her pension as widow of a Lieutenant Colonel,) enjoyed by Mrs. Colston; and with such prospects as theirs, even had their exterior been less prepossessing, it was not likely but that, at two and three-and-twenty, both sisters should have found pretenders to their hand.

Miss Colston and Cissy, however, were firm in their determination to remain single till the death of their uncle; in the first place, to obviate any change in the circumstances of their mother till they were themselves enabled to secure her the income she had so long enjoyed; in the second, because, in spite of the probabilities of the case, they never chose to consider themselves more than heiresses *presumptive* to the Hartington property. A man of habits so eccentric as their nervous kinsman, might in his latter days be dragooned into matrimony. And who can be secure against the heirs provided for an old gentleman in his dotage?

They had consequently not only dismissed the train of admirers brought round them by watering-place report of the extent (per annum) of their charms, but Miss Colston still prolonged the probation of a man to whom she was sincerely attached, Colonel Larpent, the widower of one of Mr. Wigswell's daughters; who, having two children by his first marriage to provide for, could not afford to make a disinterested match: nor was Cissy less firm in postponing till her uncle's death her union with Sir Henry Fletcher, a light-hearted light-headed young Irish baronet, who would have been content to marry her without a shilling; but whom his affianced wife did not consider in sufficiently independent circumstances to run the risk of making a Castle Rackrent of his family seat.

When therefore the opening of Sir Clement's will apprized the two sisters that their generous firmness had met with its deserts in an inheritance almost doubling their expectations, so that they were able at once to make a noble provision for their mother, without encumbering the estate; there was indeed reason to be thankful to Providence for such exceeding good fortune. The tenor of the old gentleman's latter days was such as to prevent his death from becoming a matter of personal sorrow; and the utmost they could do was to testify their personal respect to the memory of so near a kinsman, in addition to the solemn deference due from all right-minded people to the presence of death.

The days that were to elapse previous to the funeral, were devoted to exploring a succession of cabinets and caskets, old family depositories of papers, jewels, miniatures, and relics of every description, many of which had evidently not been opened since the death of Lady Margaret Colston, for the chance of discovering some testamentary paper containing the wishes of poor Sir Clement relative to his place and mode of interment.

But amidst the variety of handwritings there collected by the late baronet, not a scrap of his own was visible; except in memoranda of the numbers of the bank-notes successively received by post, from his London bankers, for the last forty years, which he had never been at the pains to destroy; being far too supine of nature to dip pen in ink, except for some occasion more urgent than often befel his unincidental career.

Here and there, in some mildewed drawer or box, they discovered hoards of old guineas, evidently made at intervals and forgotten by the proprietor; and in more than one mouldy pocket-book, were bank-notes of considerable value, laid aside with the book at the year's end, and never re-opened. Coins, medals, snuff-boxes, trinkets of inestimable value to the eye of the collector, and still more as family memorials, came successively into their hands; nor could Cecilia, the livelier of the two sisters, cease from wondering why Sir Clement, who was not only personally fond of them, but, during their visits to the Hall, had so often lamented his inability to afford them amusement, should have withheld these precious stores from their inspection. To *them* the jewels, which were to *him* valueless, would have been an important acquisition. But he had preferred leaving the fine family pearls to become yellow with damp, and the settings of the diamonds to turn black as jet, rather than be at the trouble of searching for his keys to unlock the caskets that contained them. Or, perhaps he fancied that the evil spirits of feminine coquetry and irritability laid at Hartington with the ghost of Lady Margaret Colston, might burst forth to torment and fidget him anew on the opening of such a Pandora's box as a jewel-case: or more probably still, that the report of his having such a mass of valuables in his possession might afford a dangerous temptation to the same violent and undetectable hands which had been laid upon poor Jack Downing.

The attention of Mrs. Colston during the search instituted by her daughters, was not however engrossed either by old comfit-boxes set with rubies, or snuff-boxes chased and encrusted; but by the endless collection of family-miniatures, some in bracelet clasps, some in box-lids, some in lockets, some in cases or frames; but each and all recalling to her mind anecdotes of bypast Colstons, recounted to her by her husband in the early days of their marriage.

The Sir Leonard who was grandfather to the late Sir Clement Colston and her husband, was a bon-vivant whose exploits had given rise to not a few amusing traditions; and of his sons, besides the respective fathers of the poor Colonel and Sir Clement, were several whose faded portraits now stared her in the face; some in uniform, some in coloured suits befrogged and be-laced with silver or gold,—eccentric uncles, of each of whom the boyhood of Colonel Colston retained some salient recollection.

Beside Sir John, the demure father of the late baronet, there was Everard the three-bottle parson, who had broken his neck in fox-hunting; there was the lieutenant, killed in Rodney's action with De Grasse; and there was the next and favourite brother of Sir John, Mark Colston; a man whose

high honours at the bar, and even the personal friendship of Lord North, had been unable to retain in his proper sphere of society, so dissolute and disgraceful were his habits of life.

The female portraits were fewer in number; for these numerous uncles had been blessed with only a single sister and a couple of wives. Sir John and the fox-hunting parson (the Colonel's father,) were the only two who had married; and Miss Sybella, their sister, whose prim likeness, in a pouf and sacque, was preserved in one of the most richly-mounted of the miniatures, had married late in life an Irish Viscount, and died childless. A huge C. and a Viscountess's coronet in brilliants, adorned the reverse of a portrait far from captivating; whereas there was another miniature, set only in a rim of gold with a curl of rich auburn hair on the obverse, which, though slightly mildewed, and disfigured by a shabby discoloured piece of black ribbon, at once arrested the attention of both mother and daughters.

"What a sweet face!" exclaimed Cissy Colston, after wiping the glass with her handkerchief. "What an arch expression about the eyes!"

"I wonder who it can represent?" added her mother, having carefully examined it. "It strikes me as bearing no resemblance to any other member of the Colston family."

"Resemblance? No, indeed! If the truth must be told, we are none of us beauties," rejoined Cissy, glancing at the collection of hard-favoured high-shouldered portraits; "and this young creature, with her fly-cap and breast-knot, must have been loveliness itself!"

"Let us take the magnifying glass out of the gold étui, Cissy," said her mother, "and see whether we can discover initials, or a date on the setting."

But even with the aid of the magnifying glass, not an indication of any kind could be made out.

"Perhaps it may be a fancy picture?" observed Miss Colston.

"No, the black ribbon bears evident marks of having been worn. No one wears a fancy picture," argued her sister.

New objects of interest, however, soon presented themselves to divert their attention; a series of beautiful medals struck at Vienna to commemorate the fate of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the gentle Madame Elisabeth; besides a valuable collection of Mogul coins, formed by the sailor Colston in the course of his roving life. But when at length they proceeded to replace the miniatures in the drawer of the old Japan cabinet from which they had been taken, Miss Colston, in removing a litter of dried rose leaves which lay at the bottom of the drawer, and which might have been chips of wood for any resemblance they retained, either in scent or complexion of their original nature, discovered a little strip of paper, inscribed in coloured ink, and an old-fashioned handwriting.

"Nelly —— Taken from the neck of my poor brother, Mark, after his death, 1787. J. C."

"Depend upon it, this memorandum was wrapped round that pretty miniature," said she. And on comparing them together, the foldings of the paper exactly coincided with the form of the medallion.

"I wonder who Nelly can possibly have been?" cried Cecilia, more and more interested in the likeness thus cherished till the death of the wearer, though so long ago as the last century.

"Probably some person not worth inquiring after," replied her mother. "Mark Colston was one of the cleverest men, but one of the greatest *roués* of his time. After various attempts to reclaim him, his father, old Sir Leonard, renounced him altogether. By the initials, this memorandum appears to have been written by his brother, Sir John. Unless I am mistaken, Mark died within the rules of the Bench."

"And was never married?"

"He certainly left no widow; nor did I ever hear of his marriage. The life he led was scarcely compatible with a respectable connexion."

"This lovely creature, then, was probably the object of some unlawful attachment," observed Miss Colston, glancing more gravely at the picture. "Perhaps some married woman, long since dead and forgotten. Even for its beauty's sake, however, the miniature has a peculiar value."

"When we find time to read over the desks'-full of old letters, in different handwritings, which lie in the cedar cabinet in poor Sir Clement's dressing-room," added Mrs. Colston, "we may perhaps obtain some clue to the name of the original. I observed many packets in the handwriting of old Sir John; besides a quantity which, from the seal, I conclude to be in the writing of Sir Leonard, your great-grandfather."

The object of their immediate anxiety, meanwhile, — a paper written by the hand of Sir Clement, — continued to baffle their researches. Nothing of the kind was to be found; and the preparations for the funeral were accordingly suffered to proceed on the scale originally suggested. The deceased baronet was to be interred with the solemnity becoming his birth and fortune; borne to the grave by six of the beadsmen of the village, followed by all the servants of his establishment and the chief tenants on his estate; Mrs. Colston and her daughters attending in person, as chief mourners.

It was autumn, and it happened that, on the morning but one preceding that appointed for the funeral, as John Downing was about to turn the key in the porch-door of Hartington Church, he was struck by the sound of a slight hammering within. Nothing very surprising in the circumstance; seeing that, in the course of the day, the whole edifice was to be hung with black cloth, for the approaching ceremony. But the clerk, who had come there according to his usual laudable custom of being ten minutes beforehand with every appointment, to await the Lewes upholsterers, and who knew the keys to be safe in his pocket, felt not a little astonished, on opening the door, to find that one of these sable personages had the start of him.

"I was sent forward by Mr. Brigga," said the man, "to take measure of the pulpit, which had been overlooked."

"But how ever did you get into the church?" inquired John Downing, expecting to hear that he had at least scaled one of the windows.

"I got in by turning the handle of the door, which was unlocked," replied the man. "But you had better not close it again after me," continued he, as he reached the porch, "for the rest of our people will be here in twenty minutes."

Secretly reviling his own carelessness in having left the porch door unlocked the preceding evening, after the departure of the masons employed in raising the stone of the Colstons' family vault, John Downing attributed his inadvertence to the bustle attending a moment of such universal excitement in the village. But he instantly proceeded to satisfy himself that he had not been equally in fault with regard to the vestry, and was thankful to find the door of that more important department of his trust as fast as usual.

As it was, at that early hour, before even the villagers were astir to indulge their curiosity, no *great* harm could have been done. He took care, however, to avoid any particular conversation with Briggs' foreman, on his arrival; lest peradventure the story of his remissness should reach the ears of his reverence, who, in deference to the memory of Sir Clement, came in person to superintend the preparations and confer with the undertaker.

Meanwhile, as Jukes the wheelwright, and others of the elders of Hartington, were taking their afternoon's refreshment in the parlour of the Black Lion, which overlooked the road skirting the eastern side of Hartington Green, a post-chaise and four galloped past, at a rate which flung up spatterings of mud upon the casement.

"A post-chaise to the Hall!" was the general comment of all present, aware that the road in question led only to the great house. "More lawyers, may be, alighting like a flock of carrion crows on the old estate."

"Ay, no doubt there'll be a pretty penny to be made out of two inexperienced young things, like Miss Sophia and her sister," added the landlady of the Black Lion, with a sympathizing sigh. "One on 'em, they say, is to marry Parson Wigswell's son-in-law, the handsome Col'nel. And it's a thousand pities but the wedding had been done and over afore the old gentleman dropped; that the two poor unprotected creaturs might have had some 'ne to take their concerns in hand *out* o' the la'yers' way."

Scarcely half an hour after this sapient observation, Jim the letter-boy was seen rattling at full speed along the road from the Hall, spurring his pony as if to a winning-post. But though as much accustomed as the dragoon in the play, when doing his errands in the village, to

Stop at the widow's to drink,

on the present occasion he would hardly answer the eager questions of the good landlady of the Black Lion, who rushed to her doorway with inquiries about the po'shay. He was in search of the constable. He was come to beg Mr. Wigswell would lose not a moment in hastening to the Hall: for the new comers were indeed lawyers,—lawyers intent upon a matter no less important than to take possession of the Hartington property in behalf of a new claimant!

According to their showing, the family was represented by Sir Mark Essenden Colston, Bart. the son of Mark Colston, Esq. of the Inner Temple, son of Sir Leonard Colston, Bart. the grandfather of the late Sir Clement, and consequently heir in tail.

"An imposition as contemptible as it is audacious!" exclaimed the man of business of the late Sir Clement, who fortunately happened to be in the house, receiving the instructions of Miss Colston, respecting the probate of the will. "Were any legitimate heirs of the late Mark Colston in existence, my client, Sir Clement, could not but have been aware of it. The want of male heirs in succession to the baronetcy, was, on the contrary, a source of considerable regret to the old gentleman; and I have no hesitation in protesting against the claim endeavoured to be set up, as wholly groundless and untenable."

"It is by the highest court of the law of the realm, and not by a Lewes attorney, that its merit must be judged," observed the individual (a hard-featured man, between forty and fifty years of age) by whom the movements of the London lawyers appeared to be directed. "A regular notice has been served, and I consider myself from this moment in possession."

You, sir!" reiterated Mr. Aldridge. "Am I to understand that I see in *you* the person claiming to be Sir Mark Colston of Hartington?"

There was something so contemptuous in the question, and in its mode of utterance, as to provoke an equally bitter reply.

"If I am to judge from the representations of my ancestors which I see around me," said the stranger, glancing with a sarcastic smile at a few frightful family portraits adorning the walls of the library in which they were standing, "my personal dignity is not likely to be put to a *very* severe test by comparison with that of my predecessors. The picture of Sir Mark may surely hang, at some future time, without blushing, between those of his grandfather, Sir Leonard, and his great-grandfather, Sir Richard."

Aldridge, the faithful man of business of the poor baronet, whose remains were yet lying unburied in the house, looked as if he longed to retort that the man claiming to be Sir Mark was perhaps quite as worthy of *hanging* as his effigy; but he prudently restrained his feelings of indignation till the arrival of the gray-headed pastor of Hartington, to back him in resisting the unauthorized assumption of the impostor.

A few lines despatched to the rectory had apprized Mr. Wigswell, in a cursory manner, of the claim set up; and, being still more intimately cognizant than Aldridge of the branchings of the family tree of the Colstons, he appeared, on his arrival, not only far more indignant at, but far more certain of, the nefarious nature of the pretensions of the impostor.

"I am to understand, then, sir," said he, after having the matter briefly explained to him

by Aldridge, in presence of the self-styled Sir Mark and his legal advisers, "that you assert the uncle of my late friend Sir Clement,—Mark Colston, who died within the rules of the Bench,—to have been legally married?"

"Legally married; and as having left legitimate issue."

"*Legitimate* issue?"

"By my mother, Elinor Mills, who died in his lifetime," added the unabashed Sir Mark.

"Nelly Mills?" cried Aldridge, shrugging his shoulders with a scornful smile, "*This* is carrying the impudence of the thing almost too far."

"Elinor Mills was a native of this parish, sir," added Mr. Wigswell, addressing the stranger with more gravity,—"a farmer's daughter, who fell a victim to the vices of one of the least worthy members of the Colston family. The unfortunate connexion to which you refer, occurred some fifteen or twenty years before I became rector here. But I have frequently heard Sir Clement recur to the anecdotes current in his family, concerning the sensation created in London by the beauty and lively talents of his uncle's rustic mistress. If I remember, she went on the stage———"

"No matter, sir, her talents, or her beauty, or her vocation! Suffice it that her marriage with Mark Colston renders *me*, as you will find to the cost of this facetious gentleman's fair clients, lawful possessor of this house, and the property accumulated by the late Sir Clement."

"I perfectly remember," observed the rector, "hearing from that gentleman, that the only son of his uncle Mark, (the *illegitimate* child of Nelly Mills, born and baptized in this parish, before her public disgrace determined her to follow her seducer to town,) was bred to the law, at the expense of Sir John; but had turned out so ill, that he had never chosen to see him. Sir Clement also mentioned that, in order to break off all connexion with the family, he had given a sum of money, in redemption and discharge of the annuity originally promised."

"If baptized in this parish," eagerly interrupted Aldridge, "your registers would afford attestation of the fact."

"And so they do. The child was expressly described, by desire of Nelly's father, as the illegitimate child of Mr. Mark Colston,—probably as affording some title to the bounties of the family. Many years ago, I remember referring to the entry, at the time the donation was made by Sir Clement to the individual in question."

"In that case, you can have no difficulty in referring to it again," coolly observed the claimant, whose countenance, during the foregoing conversation, had indicated a thousand contending emotions of indignation and scorn. "To such an authority, I must perforce submit. I am content to be judged by the register."

"You will have no objection, then, to step down with me to the church. Across the park, it is scarcely a mile distant," observed the rector.

"I thank you; possession is nine points of the law," replied Mark Colston, puckering his shrewd features into a knowing smile; "and it is not my intention to make myself acquainted, for the present, with the windy side of my own hall door. I am installed here for good."

The rector, who had noticed the baggage of the new comer lying in the hall, knew that this was spoken in earnest. But he did not swerve from his duty.

"I never suffer the registers to quit their place in the vestry," said he. "If Mr. Aldridge and your legal advisers, sir, will accompany me to Hartington, while you remain here, I will satisfy their minds in an instant."

And on the general concurrence of the parties, the old-fashioned chariot of Sir Clement was ordered out, for greater despatch; and on the *soi-disant* Sir Mark Colston's undertaking not to intrude upon the ladies, (whom he styled his "fair cousins,") during their absence, away they drove, as fast as the "fat and bean fed" horses could carry them.

The loungers on the green, who seemed to fancy that every thing at the Hall must have expired with their little old landlord, actually shuddered when they saw the well-known vehicle approaching the village, at a rate of speed so unusual. Nay, when it reached Church-lane, and stopped at the gate of the churchyard, they stood transfixed, and wondering, as if they thought it possible it might contain the corpse.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bright ran thy line, thou titled slave,
Through many a lordly sire;
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
To finish in a mire. BURNS.

JOHN DOWNING, as has been already stated, was engaged in supervising the labours of the upholsterers, who were fixing the sable hangings and escutcheons in the old church, when the rector and lawyer made their appearance. In a moment, he was at Mr. Wigswell's side; and having opened the door of the vestry at his command, and furnished him with the keys of the register chest, he again retired into the chancel, to abide further orders.

Having closed the vestry door after him, in order to prevent the conversation of the strange gentlemen (whom he naturally concluded to have come there on business connected with Sir Clement Colston's funeral) from being overheard by the workmen, he had no means of guessing what was passing within; or with what curdling blood would he have beheld the old register withdrawn from its place, and examined page by page, and name by name, by the venerable rector; at first with an air of eagerness, soon with looks of vexation and misapprehension, and at length almost with despair.

"It is very strange; I fancied I could have placed my finger on it at once!" cried the old man. "The entry was a peculiar one. The entry was unique. In the early part of my ministry here, I noticed it hundreds of times. I thought I could point out the exact spot; and now, I find nothing of the kind."

"Your eyesight is not exactly what it used to be, my dear sir," rejoined Aldridge; and as the rector had pushed up his tortoise-shell spectacles on his forehead, during the conversation, there was no disputing the fact. "Let *me* have a look at the volume."

"With all my heart. But I suspect my experience is more likely to see clearly, on such an occasion, than your younger eyes," replied Mr. Wigswell, gladly ceding to his request.

"Previous to the year 1775, it is useless to run over the leaves," said Aldridge, perceiving that the rector had opened the book at a date some thirty pages previous to the case in point. "Let me see. Ay; *here* we are in seventy-six." And with eager eyes and muttering lips, he continued to recite a series of names about as interesting to those present as the recital of Doomsday Book. But to the illegitimate child of Elinor Mills, no more allusion than in that ancient muster-roll.

The man of business now began to look thoroughly discomfited. "This is a most unaccountable affair," said he. "But though you appear to be mistaken, my dear Mr. Wigswell, in fancying the illegitimate bantling of Mr. Colston, by Nelly Mills, to have been baptized at Hartington, the absence of any evidence to that effect goes very little way towards proving the legality of the claim set up upon the Hartington family. The person calling himself Sir Mark Essenden Colston, will have to prove his identity by a very different process. He must, in the first instance, afford us evidence of the marriage of his father and mother."

"In that, my employer will find little difficulty," observed the legal adviser of the new claimant. "Nay, I believe it can scarcely be more satisfactorily proved than in this very spot. Mrs. Colston, his late mother, was interred in the family vault."

"Nelly Mills interred in the family vault!" reiterated the rector, as if aghast at the audacity of such an assumption.

"And when it is opened to receive the remains of the late Sir Clement," added the strange lawyer, "nothing will be easier than to institute a search for the body. The inscription on the coffin plate would clear up our doubts."

"In that case, let us proceed at once to the investigation," cried Mr. Wigswell. "The vault has been already opened. The workmen now in the church shall bring lights, and afford us the necessary assistance in moving the coffins."

And on the eager acquiescence of his coadjutors, he threw open the vestry door, and desired John Downing to provide them with a lantern. Still conceiving this proposition to regard the selection of the exact spot where the body of the deceased baronet was to be laid among the departed of his race, the clerk hastened to comply, by producing one of the vestry candlesticks; and watched with little surprise or interest the descent of the three strangers and Mr. Wigswell down the damp and almost perpendicular steps of the vault. The upholsterer's foreman was bidden to lead the way with the light, the worthy rector being desirous of sparing his infirm clerk.

One by one, the plates of the nearest coffins were read over: "Sir John Colston," "Sir Leonard Colston," "Sir Richard Colston," "Dame Margaret Colston, wife of Sir Richard Colston, Bart." "Dame Cecilia Colston, wife of Sir Leonard Colston, Bart."

"I have it!" cried one of the strange lawyers. Taking a dirty brass candlestick from the hands of the workman, he threw the light full upon a coffin covered with black cloth, but rendered shabby by a coating of cobwebs and mildew. "Mrs. Elinor Colston, wife of Mark Colston, Esq. aged 28 years," continued he, reading aloud from the plate. And, as if mistrusting his eyes or words, both Mr. Wigswell and Aldridge pressed towards him, and read aloud, over his shoulder, "Mrs. Elinor Colston, wife of Mark Colston, Esq. obt. 3d Sep. 1780. 28 years."

"And now, gentlemen, what have you to say to it?" demanded the more consequential of the two lawyers. "Have you any further doubts to throw on the marriage, or on the legitimacy of my client? or do you admit the validity of his claim?"

The eloquence of poor Aldridge's reply consisted in silence. But it spoke wonders. No man likes to own himself defeated. Even after they had emerged from the noisome unwholesome vault into the church, he uttered not a syllable; while Mr. Wigswell contented himself with observing, in a low voice, "All I can say is, that, if Sir Mark is able to substantiate his claim against that of his cousins, poor Sir Clement was as much deceived as myself. Sir Clement was fully persuaded of the non-existence of any male heir."

On their return to the hall a cabinet-council was held, in which the interests of the young heiresses were represented by Aldridge and Wigswell. It was agreed, on the part of Sir Mark, to place his claim under the scrutiny of whatever counsel they might suggest; the young ladies being at liberty to bring forward the best evidence they could collect, in opposition. But both the law and the church admitted that it was useless to resist. The parochial archives had been examined; the grave had been forced to give up its secrets; and all the evidence produced was in favour of Sir Mark. If the late Sir Clement had so completely misapprehended the facts of the case, it was because he was so little at the trouble of trying to understand any body's affairs — even his own; and filial piety towards the memory of his father, Sir John, had probably caused him to accept, unquestioning, all that had been told him of the uncle Mark who had lived and died on such bad terms with his family. Wounded as was the pride of the Colstons, by the union of their heir-presumptive with an ill-reputed farmer's daughter, the nervous little baronet had doubtless closed his eyes to the possibility of successors in such a quarter.

Such, at least, was the moderate and equitable view of the case taken by Sophia and Cecilia, and their prudent mother. Hard as it would be to forego such an inheritance, — an inheritance for which they had been reared, — an inheritance which was to afford them the means of gratifying so many

wishes, and effecting so many good actions,—they did not allow themselves to be blindly led away by their conviction of their rights. On the contrary, the miniature found that morning by Miss Colston, —the beautiful miniature of "Nelly," appeared so strong a confirmation of the truth of the stranger's declarations, that they considered it necessary to apprise him of its existence, and place it in his hands.

"My mother!" cried he, the moment he caught sight of the little medallion; and in a tone of such heartfelt affection that he must have been either the man he called himself, or a man so artful, that, in deciding upon his identity, Solomon himself might have been deceived.

"One thing is clear," said Mr. Wigswell, at the close of the conference: "the merit of the two claims can only be decided by litigation; and for all your sakes, an amicable suit would be a better thing than a tedious contest in Chancery, advantageous only to the pockets of the lawyers. Should the right of this gentleman to the Colston title and estates be fairly made out, Sir Clement's bequest of his accumulations to his heirs-at law, though arising out of a misconception, cannot but be confirmed by the court, as indicating a desire on the part of the testator that his personalty should be applied to the improvement of his estates. I should therefore advise you, my dear Miss Colston, to incur no further responsibility here. The new claimant will either approve or countermand the preparations for the funeral, as he thinks proper; and you, I trust, will return with me to the parsonage, from whence, when the ceremony takes place, you will be able to pay that respect to the memory of your cousin which his solicitude for your interests, however unfortunately frustrated, entitles him to receive at your hands."

But the moment all opposition was withdrawn, it became the cue of Mr. Colston to assume a conciliatory tone. Disclaiming all intention of discourteous dealing towards those who, whatever might be their view of his pretensions, *he* could not regard otherwise than as his nearest surviving relations, he begged them to make his house their own, in a tone of exaggerated obsequiousness which caused all the blood in the frame of the proud Sophia to rise to her cheek.

So far from wishing to interfere with the arrangements of the funeral, he assured them that every thing should proceed in the manner originally intended, and with the utmost deference to their wishes. He was prepared to sanction every thing, to facilitate every thing. Nay, conscious that, at present, he must be an object of mistrust to his future tenants, and compelled to no demonstrations of personal affection towards the deceased baronet, by whom he had been "so wantonly set aside," he proposed of his own accord to absent himself from the ceremony.

"God forbid," he said, "that he should be the means of promoting feelings of hostility, or the smallest breach of decorum, on an occasion so sacred!"

All this sounded marvellous well; and poor Mr. Wigswell, whose faculties were no longer of the clearest, was beginning to melt a little towards the stranger. He even fancied he could discern about his mouth traits of expression bearing considerable resemblance to his lamented friend, Sir Clement.

But Mrs. Colston, who, better versed in the family history, persisted in regarding Mr. Mark Essenden Colston, or, as he called himself, *Sir* Mark Colston, as a specious impostor, continued to maintain towards him the utmost dignity of reserve; and gladly accepted the invitation of Mr. Wigswell, with whom, through a common interest in her future son-in-law, she had long been on cordial terms.

She conceded, however, to the desire expressed by Sir Mark, and seconded by that of the rector, who, as a man of peace, was anxious only for the general welfare of his parishioners,—that nothing should transpire of the extraordinary circumstances in which the family was placed, till after the funeral. So beloved were the young ladies at Hartington, that it would have been difficult to answer for the consequences, had any notion got wind of wrongs meditated against their interests.

All, therefore, proceeded as before; and when the solemn bell announced that the funeral procession of the late Sir Clement had reached Hartington Green, and was winding slowly down Church-lane, Mrs. Colston and her daughters issued on foot from the Rectory Garden, and joined it in the churchyard.

But, even amid the general hush produced in that misty, breathless autumnal day, by the solemnity of the occasion, the bringing forth of one who had mouldered away his days in obscurity, to be deposited in the eternal obscurity of the tomb, whispers became rife throughout the throng, that all was not well at the Hall. Some great event had occurred in the Colston family, in which they were not permitted to participate.

The service, though read in the most affecting manner by the poor old rector, over his day-by-day companion of half a century, was listened to with comparative indifference. The living, and not the dead, engrossed the thoughts of the people.

But even after the stone had been rolled to the door of the sepulchre; even on the morrow, when all had returned to its accustomed form; even when the carriage, bearing away the young ladies they regarded as their own, bowled past them, to regain the London road; the mystery became all the more perplexing for the explanation vouchsafed them.

They were forced, however, to accept matters as they found them. Sir Mark Colston had already taken up his abode at the Hall; no matter whether he came there by virtue of inheritance, or of the will of the late Sir Clement. Like the young ladies, it appeared that he was "cousin" to the deceased, and, in virtue of his sex, the heir-at-law.

If the Miss Colstons had any thing to say against it, there was the Lord-chancellor to decide between them.

Meanwhile, the new baronet neglected no opportunity of acquiring popularity. To the old servants it was announced that the liberal bequest

of their late master would be doubled by his successor; and those who had petitions to prefer, from all corners of the estate, and those who had grievances to complain of nearer home, had only to present themselves at the Hall. Impossible for a new reign to commence under happier auspices!

Not a change was made in the establishment. At present, Sir Mark appeared to think he had no right to be better served than his venerable kinsman. He had already disclaimed all future preservation of game; he had already abandoned the far-famed trout stream to the recreations of his tenants. The only symptom of change apparent on the property was the employment of upwards of a hundred workmen, for the reparation of the roads, which, under the sceptre of the late stay-at-home proprietor, had indeed been shamefully neglected.

Those hitherto so contented began accordingly to congratulate themselves on having attained "better times." Sir Mark was clearly a man who chose to be up and doing. He was giving work to the poor and sport to the rich. Sir Mark would be an easy master and cheerful neighbour.

One man in the parish, however, took little share in these exultations. Not that he was in the slightest degree aware of the manner in which the heirship of Sir Mark had been brought about. He had no misgivings concerning the share his untrustworthiness had exercised in the mutilation of the register, and the affording an impression in wax for a false key to the church, by which the Colston vault was placed at the mercy of a swindler. But on beholding one of his two aged contemporaries laid in the grave, John Downing felt that he had reached the beginning of the end, and that his own term of judgment was at hand.

He could not bear to look forward. He could not bear to be *compelled* to look forward. He could have wished all things at Hartington to remain at a stand-still. Change was as alarming as it was painful.

When, therefore, the first Sunday came, which was to bring the parishioners and their new landlord face to face, under the roof of the house of God, he was the only individual present who experienced no curiosity to look upon his face; the only one who had not joined the groups under the lime trees, the preceding day, to say, "To-morrow Sir Mark will be at morning service: to-morrow we shall see Sir Mark!" What signified Sir Mark to *him*?

He heard the Hall carriage come grating down the lane; he heard the bustle caused by the entrance of the new comer, and his admittance into the family-pew of the Colstons, which exactly faced the pulpit. But he did not so much as raise his eyes from the book, in which he was marking out the psalms and collect of the day.

In another moment the service began.

"When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive!" recited the tremulous voice of the old rector; and lo! as John Downing uplifted his eyes, preparing to listen to the exhortation, they fell upon a face only too well remembered.

In Sir Mark Colston, in the new baronet of the Hall, he beheld the hateful stranger of Warlingwood!

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON;

A BALLAD, CONCERNING HIS LAMENTABLE DEATH GOT AT THE STORMING OF THE CITY OF ROME, A. D. 1527.

I.

'T was after Pavia's stricken field, while Francis was in Spain,
That Bourbon sent a message round, and took the field again;
The flap of his broad banner was heard in Germany,
And set the smiths a-sweating both in Spain and Italy.
And soon he saw around him, of men a goodly force,
For nobles pledged their fattest fields to raise a troop of horse;
The fighting men of every land, the gentlemen and yeomen,
The cavalier and hagbutteer, the spearmen and the bowmen;
Beardless boy and wither'd cheek gather'd from near and far,
All gallant hearts that wish'd to try the noble art of war.
Their teeth were clean, their purses lean: but thereat nothing loth,
They trusted well that Bourbon would find provender for both.

II.

Whither they went they could not tell, nor eke the why or wherefore;
But well they knew *their man*, nor more a soldier needs to care for;
They knew that France's chivalry had sunk beneath his star;
And Tremoille and Bayard, who taught him the art of war;
And, if he found his soldiers work, he also made them fat,
And Milan's honest burghers would bear them out in that:
Wherefore their hearts exulted when the pleasant spring had come,
And the lilies were unfolded at the sound of trump and drum.

III.

Yet in the Bolognese a grudge and mutiny began:
Not that they fear'd the thunders of the holy Vatican;—
Gramercy! conscience might be still'd with a good cup and stave;
But long arrears and present pay they lack'd and they would have.

At huckster's stall and armourer's forge the tumult loudly rose;
And first they mutter'd bitter words, and then they came to blows;
For some, their sharp bones pinching, in savage mocking jeer'd,
That these might serve the general to shave his luckless beard;—
Some cried to slay the captains,—some wist 't were better cheer,
To kill the fatted calves, at last,—the shaveling monk and frere;
Some broach'd the wine-butts boldly;—some drank old ale from barrels,
And fought upon the shadows of their long forgotten quarrels.
Like a tiger, they had lifted up the paw in sulky mood,
But the fire flash'd from their eyeballs when they lapt a little blood.

IV.

Then outstrode the great Bourbon, 'mong the fiercest of the crew;—
Sour old Hans of Frankendal, sometime call'd the Jew,
The gipsy rogue, Sangrado, who spoke thieves' Latin well;
And Beppo, who, for robbing kirks, was cursed with book and bell;
And Cromwell, who, long after, divorced from bed and board
The lazy monks of England and the angels in their hoard;
And hunchback Karl of Guelders, the loudest of them all,—
He had left his ears in Hamburg, before the city hall.
The Bourbon leant upon his arm, and struck the braggart dumb;—
He tweased Sangrado's whiskers 'tween his finger and his thumb;
While all his costly jewels, the heir-looms of his name,
The chains of gold and orders that mark'd his high tide of fame,—
His robes of ermined velvet, his silks and precious plate,
Were piled up in a heap, where those stern soldiers held debate.

V.

Frankly he spake, and roundly;—"Be ours an equal lot,
And, with an equal struggle, be an equal glory got!
This chain I had from Charles the Great, and this from Francis came;
But take them all, 't is known I love my comrades more than them;—
Then pledge me here a soldier's faith, as I the like will yield;—
Give me the stout hearts and the arms ye bore on Pavia's field,
And, by my knighthood, and my name, and the great God on high,
Ye shall not lack a field to win both fame and treasure by."

VI.

Then outspake Spain's good soldiers,—"We'll follow to a man!"
"Thou'lt give us," quoth the German, "a flask and foaming can!"
"And mistresses and money to pay them, an' we will,
Ho!" cried the keen Italian, "follow the Bourbon still."
Therewith their mail they burnish, or buckle on their gear;
Or scour the rusty matchlock, or mend the shatter'd spear.
Hurrah! hurrah! what matter with whom they have to cope,
The Emperor, their master, or their holy father, Pope?
Enough for them that victory must follow, as of old,
With sacking of some city great, and spoil of silks and gold.
"Although he lead us straightway 'gainst all the devils of Hell,
Hurrah! we'll follow him that knows the art of war so well."

VII.

"'Tis Naples," said the Italian, as southward still they bore;
"How long is 't," quoth the Lutheran, "since Rome was sack'd before?
The women must have trinkets, and cardinals their wine;
And I trow, before another month, that some of them be mine."
Thereat the Spaniard cross'd himself, and sturdily he sware,
That none durst wear his spurs, and once lay a rude hand on her.
Yet all began to think upon the crosiers of gold,
And the angels and the Maries, and the wine-butts large and old;
And the precious holy vestments, and the massy silver bowls,
And eke the potent relics, for the comfort of their souls.

VIII.

And so, upon the sixth of May, as soothly I have heard,
Fifteen hundred twenty and seven of our dear Lord,
Unto the holy city that motley host came on,—
Another, worse than Alaric, with legions worse than Hun.
Thick mist hid mount Capitoline and yellow Tiber's vale;
Their glittering ranks it shrouded, and muffled the clanging mail;—
It hid the Colosseum vast, and proud St. Peter's dome,
And all the wonders that had prayed for pity on old Rome.

IX.

Then pricking forth upon his steed, the mighty Bourbon went,
To spy the best approaches, and the frowning battlement,
What fascines for the moat, and what ladders for the wall,
And what the pitch of courage might be needed by them all.
The Prince of Orange filed with all the stalwart Spanish bands,
Eastward to the river's bank, along the marshy lands;
And westward marched George Fronsberg, and he was high in hope
The Papal crowns to shatter now, and eke to hang the Pope;

With him went the stout Lutherans, all for his hearty cheer,
For he was free of his good gold, and likewise free of fear;
And with a motley company, lay Bourbon to the north,
Of every tongue and kindred, and nation of the earth,
With slings, and bows, and falconets, sword and buckler large,
Burnished mail, and tawny hide, and spear and leathern targe.

X.

Meantime, within the city, how play'd the men their parts?
Was there wisdom in their counsels, or courage in their hearts?
Were the children moulding bullets, and the women sharpening spears?
Were the watch upon the battlements, pricking their anxious ears?
There was no lack of warning, that the wolf was nigh the fold:
With pallid lips, about the gates, it had been daily told
By crowds of flying villagers, from north, and east, and west,
With their dotards and their sickly, and the child that tugg'd the breast,
From Isola and Falari, from the mountains and the glens,
And by fishers from Bolsena, and by herdsmen from the fens.

XI.

How went it in the city? how have they laid their plans?
Some cardinals were slipping from their dainty courtesans;
And wanton monks were creeping home from night confessionals,
Just as the husband of the dame dropt from the convent walls;
Some push'd the goblet round about, and kept the revel up,
A seeking for the moral hid at bottom of the cup;
Some went about their vengeance, some went about their play;
And when the matin bell was rung, they all got up to pray.

XII.

Then morning broke, and gloriously outburst the blessed sun,
To see the wondrous spectacle, how Rome was lost and won.
The veil was rent asunder, and those bristling spears were seen,
Like northern lights that glitter in the frosty welkin keen.
And the laggards in the city rose, and rush'd in frantic mood,
Like steed that strays at midnight from the camp into the wood,
And wakes to see the ravenous eyes and bloody tongues loll'd out,
Of the pack of yelling wolves that have encompass'd him about:
Some buckled on a helmet, some girt them with a sword;
But most ran to the Virgin, and some ran to the Lord.

XIII.

Then trumpets blew without the walls, and kettle-drums were beat,
And therewith rose the clash of arms, and tramp of steady feet,
As bursting from a hell-smoke, like furies they came on,
Waving broidered banner, and gilded gonfalon.
They planted scaling ladders, they climb'd the bastion grim:
But some gat death, and some gat bruise, and some gat broken limb;
And some gat scalds from boiling pitch, or stunn'd with heavy blows,
While shrieks and yells, and clamour fierce, in savage tumult rose.
The cannon wakening with a roar would tear them into shreds,
Yet up, as thick as bees, they swarm'd over each other's heads;
Up, up, by Heaven, it was a sight to take away one's breath;
The harvest was so rank, it clogg'd the sweeping scythe of Death.
Good faith, there was no time of grace, either ask'd or given,
To have a parting word with earth, or settle things with Heaven.

XIV.

Ho! for the lordly Bourbon! the white sash and the plume
Rode like the crest of this great wave that dash'd against old Rome;
He had no star to know him by, no chain of precious gold,
Nought save the heart within his breast, bestirring as of old.
Look, spears are thrust against his mail, and splinter'd in its links,
And matchlocks flash before his eye, that neither quails nor winks;
Hurrah! the dying soldier nursed his life a moment more,
To see such gallant deeds as oft had nerved his arm before;
Drew in his breath, and set his teeth, and waved his broken sword,
And nudged his dead companion to behold their gallant lord.
Ho! was there ever knight like him, who learnt the art of war
From Tremoille and Bayard, 'gainst the baleful Spanish star.

XV.

But surely nigh the Capitol no Roman heart could quake,
Surely on Campus Martius none could be a coward and shake;
Why, men have fought for swamp and rock, for that it was their home,
And surely there's no laggard, to strike one good stroke for Rome.
What, is there no Camillus here, to lay this Brennus low?
To match this Hannibal, hath Rome no breed of Scipio?
Sprang ye of the Horatii? and can ye boast the name,
With just enough of daring to do your fathers shame?
Ay, ye be Guelphs and Ghibellines—be ye not Romans too?
O, for one Conscript Father, to shame or leaven you!

All, all are gone, the men of might, the wondrous men of old;
These but the ashes of their sires, worthless, and weak, and cold.
Bah! see them hurrying to and fro, a-wringing of their hands;
Bah! give them wheels and distaffs, or holy hoods and bands.
O! not for Romans I lament, they met a worthy doom;
'Tis for our ancient mistress, for the glory of old Rome.

XVI.

While Bourbon stood on the first step, the citizens cried "Slay,"
And shouting as to locusts, strove to frighten him away;
And when he reach'd the middle step, they thrust their lances down,
And he had done a daring feat who touch'd his helmet's crown;
But when he on the bastion sprang, lo! he was all alone;
Foot to foot, and hilt to hilt, to meet him there was none,
No struggle for the Forum or the holy Vatican,
Though there was not an inch of Rome that was not worth its man.

XVII.

One moment there in triumph he let his fancy float:
Rome was within his grasp, he had her plainly by the throat:
Proud vision of his dreaming hours! could it be dreaming still,
That the sceptre of the Cæsars might be wielded by his will?
Wist not his high heart, panoplied in burnish'd Milan mail,
Of Abimelech and Sisera, the millstone and the nail;
When lo! there skulked a shaveling behind a buttress grey,
Who lit his match, and closed his eyes, and fired, and ran away,
While Bourbon fell upon his haunch, and backward o'er the wall,
And the smoke and dust of carnage closed o'er him for a pall.

XVIII.

Stout Captain Jonas saw him fall, and by his side straightway
Knelt in the slimy moat, and cried, Alack and well-a-day!
But outspake the great Bourbon with voice most firm and full,
"Ho! shroud me in your cloak, nor let my soldiers' courage cool;
There's a chill upon the Roman heart: lay on and think of me:
Cry, Bourbon, to the breach once more! O death and victory!"
But hardly had he spoke, when lo! his iron frame was racked,
He grasped good Captain Jonas' hand until the small bones cracked,
His strong ribs shrank together, and he gasped a bitter breath—
God wot he needed all his strength to die so dire a death.
Peace to his soul—all knew its power, and some could tell its worth,
And may our Lord repay in heaven the love he lacked on earth!

XIX.

Might no man hide the fatal news, might no man fill his post;
But therefore was no sinew slacked, nor any vantage lost:
No sign of grief his veterans gave, save that their brows were bent,
As silently but steadily they scaled the battlement.
George Fronsberg and the Prince of Orange foremost of them all—
And wot ye who came after, but Hans of Frankendal;
And Cromwell and Sangrado the Biscay gipsy thief,
And hunchback Karl of Guelders, who could not speak for grief.
They bore the feeble Roman down in their most savage mood,
As the great Indian elephant crushes the jungle wood;
Then, having raised the lilies, they went to seek revenge,
And now a simple slash or stab was pitiful and strange.

XX.

But first they drank the Pope's red wine, and then they drank the white;
Thereafter fired a palace fair, or church to give them light;
While wives, and maids, and mothers they most horribly abused,
And nuns upon the altars, where all earthly ties were loosed.
With the household blood they quenched the fire upon the household hearth:
Of his tithes and holy gifts they robbed the God of all the earth,
And churches turned to stables, and, blasphemous and rude,
They drank the consecrated wine, and broke the holy rood.
All ties that knit us man to man were there asunder torn:
All ties that knit us man to God were sternly laughed to scorn.

XXI.

George Fronsberg and his Lutherans straight to St. Peter's went:
To hang the blessed father was their horrible intent.
The Pope was in St. Angelo beseeching Mary's grace:
But there were sundry cardinals and bishops more or less,
Not like the Roman fathers in the "brave days of old,"
On their thrones with hat, and mitre, and crosier of gold;
But some on the roof, some in the vaults, some in gutters creeping,
A counting beads, or kissing bones, praying some and weeping.
Whereat George Fronsberg kicked and cuffed, and stormed so and swore,
Though they some science had, they ne'er such cursing heard before.
Then with jester's bells and bauble, some were driven to and fro;
And some with branks upon their cheeks were pilloried also;

And some like scarlet strumpets, astraddle on an ass,
Griping the tail for bridle, through all the streets must pass;
And thus with jibes and mockeries, were dragg'd about the town;
And when they could give no more mirth, the soldiers cut them down.

XXII.

It was proclaimed with trumpet that at dawning of the day,
The Bourbon should be carried in, with sorrowful array;
And at the dawning of the day, they gathered without din,
And made a breach in Rome's old walls, to let the Bourbon in.
They wrapt the Roman "keys," about his body for a shroud;
They made a hearse of cypress boughs, and bore him through the crowd;
The Princes and the noble and the mighty bore the bier,
And every soldier hung his head and sadly trailed his spear;
For the strength of their right arm, and the wisdom of their head,
Was he whom now they carried to his place among the dead.

XXIII.

All in the Sistine chapel the great Bourbon's body lay,
With banners drooping o'er it, and a guard both night and day;
In kingly state he slumbered there with canopy and pall,
Still harness'd for the fight, as when he raised his battle call:
And still from blood and eke from lust the soldier daily came,
To strew fair flowers upon his corse, and drop a tear on them;
And to recount with soldier's pride bright moments of their lives
When he would ask about their wounds, their country, or their wives,
And how he called one Honest Bill, or pluck'd another's beard;
And therewith would their tears burst out, and sobs and sighs be heard,
That there was never knight like him, and never knight would be,
The soldier's friend, the soldier's pride, the child of victory! W. S. M.

TREES.

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

SHAKSPERE.

NATURE having once more thrown her upper mantle of green over that lower garment she puts on first, shall we do wrong, this fine bright summer's-day, if we sever the ties of business that bind us to the town, and pay a visit to those life-long friends of ours, the Trees, there where they stand, in their native places? Reader, pray accompany us, if not bodily, at least in fancy, and let us see whether we cannot gather food for reflection, memory, and imagination, beside the massy trunks, and beneath the solemn canopies of the forest. If you are in a grave humour, we may soothly moralize in the green shades; for next to a river, what object upon the surface of the wide earth, affords so many, and such apt similitudes to man and to human life, as a tree? The generations of men, what are they? The eldest of bards shall answer—they are like the leaves, now green on the tree, now withering on the ground. The tree buds again, and another race flutters in the air of life, to be in like manner mingled with the dust when the winter of death arrives. Thus the races of men come and pass away; one flourishes where its forerunner flourished, and then is superseded by another, itself to be replaced in due season. And individual man? Holy Writ compares him to grass, and to the flower of the field that perisheth. But for man, "*proud* man," that similitude is too humble—*he* likens himself to a tree. The great and mighty think of themselves as lofty trees, beneath whose branches thousands of lesser plants take shelter,—whose fall will carry ruin to many. But the lowly man looks upward, and comforts himself with the reflection, that, if the great of the earth are placed on high, they are exposed to every blast, whilst he is safe on the humble plain. If disaster pulls down a climber before he has reached the "pride of place," on which he has fixed his eye, then of course it is a "frost, a killing frost," that nips his root. A genealogy, when drawn out upon paper, takes the form of a tree; look in the muniment room of an old family, or at Hogarth's picture in the National Gallery. You must have remarked that a comparative sameness of tint is spread over the woods during the spring, but, as the year advances, each tree assumes its peculiar hue,

(Distinguit Autumnus racemos
Purpureo varius colore,)

and becomes distinguishable from its neighbour. So is it with man. Time individualizes him. Knowledge is and has been from the days of Adam a tree. In Paradise, its fruit was pleasant to the taste, but of ill-digestion: since the gate of that happy seat closed on man, the fruit has been hard to pluck, and harsh to the palate, but sweet when digested. Error is a tangled wood. Life itself, according to a Hindoo poem, is a poison tree, yet it bears two fruits truly sweet, friendship and poesy. You suffer your youth, said Luther, in a noble image, to those who should have been their teachers, to grow up like the wild wood of the forest. Pope uses a similar metaphor when he insists upon the necessity of a right education, since "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." We are thought to have borrowed some hints on architecture from the structure and collocation of trees; and certainly, ever since man required a house, the highest class of the vegetable kingdom

has contributed more or less assistance to the main building, or the interior decoration. Nay, travellers assure us, that trees are sometimes converted, as they grow, into a human habitation. Three or four hundred miles from Litakou, in South Africa, there is a large tree, near a fountain, which contains seventeen conical huts, used as dormitories, on account of being out of the reach of wild beasts. The branches are held up by forked sticks, and the berths are ranged in three tiers. The lowest is nine feet from the earth. The huts are made of twigs, and each is large enough to hold two persons. The ascent from the ground is by means of a notched pole. The traveller who gives us this information tells us, that he passed several deserted villages, the huts of which, for the same reason, were elevated above the ground upon stakes.

If you are in a cheerful mood, why then we will talk the hours away, with the poets gray-headed, as well as curly-locked, and think of their pleasant numbers, when they describe those visions (seen only by poetic eyes) that

> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

When we come to a tree on which a creature of finer clay has leaned, or whereon an inspired mortal has hung his lyre, what pleasant topics for discourse are there! and though we may not touch the sacred instrument, perhaps our voices may awake a faint echo in it as it hangs. We may look for pictures, with frames of natural in place of gilded wood, and doubtless we shall find amongst the glades, and coverts, and bosky dells, scenes which the craftiest limner might endeavour in vain to imitate. We may listen with our organs of vision to

> The soft eye-music of slow waving boughs,

and now and then collect all sources of woodland delight, to make us a new paradise.

> E ribombava tutta quella valle
> D'acque e d'augelli, ed eran le sue rive
> Bianche, verdi, vermiglie, perse, e gialle,
> Rivi correnti di fontane vive,
> Al caldo tempo su per l'herba fresca
> E l'ombra folta, e l'aure dolci estive.*

The associations of trees, how numerous and many-sided are they! On this subject we shall let a lady speak. "There is something so solemn and monumental in the aspect of a pine tree, that when I find a few planted together in a solitary spot, it seems to me like a woodland cemetery, where the hunter, whose chase is over, or the wanderer, who loved to repose beneath their shade, has found a resting-place. Trees are powerful speakers; the single pine, or melancholy cypress, has the solemnity of the grave it shadows, in its silent speech: it tells of the dead below—of the hand that found a mournful pleasure in planting it. The light acacia waves its beautiful boughs to let you know it is a pleasant garden, or a summer bower, which its bright leaves decorate. The oak is ancestral, heraldic, feudal, from head to foot, and would talk old castle legends, and feats of noble hunting, and moonlight revelry, by the hour, if you would but stop and listen to them. The rooky elm is a rustic lover's story-book, full of twilight meetings, hand-graspings, honest vows, and 'If you love me, as I love you,' poesy. The palm transports you to Georgian vales, in whose deep shades the royal Abras wooed the wise and tender Abra. The pear tree brings you back to the cottage wall; the apple tree puts in its word with a long score of schoolboy larcenies; all speak, from the stately royalties of the forest, down to the humble hawthorn, perhaps the fullest of any of what the village boys and girls call *secrets*."†

In the early times of the world, when the human eye saw but dimly, men fancied they had glimpses of spiritual beings that lurked about forest lawns or peeped over the dark branches; and the conjectures with which their active imaginations effloresced in accounting for such fugitive appearances, crystallized at length into the definite form of fables, which the poets got hold of, polished, and set in verse. Hence the stories of beings turned, in pity, or in punishment, to trees. Nay, some of the poets of our own times have discovered almost a spiritual presence in the woods, and they have told us of mysterious influences there diffused, from which they have learned more of evil and of good than all the sages could teach them. Full well did the Latins know the pleasantness of a tree, and unctuously do their poets babble of the shade, and the soft grass, and a drowsy runnel. The broad umbrage of the Platanus was highly grateful; Pliny says they fetched the tree "ex alieno orbe," meaning Asia, and that its roots were moistened with wine instead of water.‡ The scene of Plato's "Dialogue concerning Beauty," is laid under a plane tree, on the Ilissus. Cicero, in imitation of the Grecian, places the collocutors, in the first dialogue of his treatise *de Oratore*, upon seats under the spreading arms of a plane; and the group expatiates on "philosophy, wit, eloquence, and poetry," far away from the dust and bustle of the Forum, though its glories were bright before the imagination of the speakers. *Recubare molliter et delicatè*, is Cicero's phrase on another occasion; and we may perceive what he meant, and with what nicety the Romans sought to gratify the senses in their hours of ease, when we are told they planted the myrtle and bay near their resting-places, because the scents from those shrubs were thought to form a delicious combination. Of the Oriental plane, the species so much prized by the Latins, there is a remarkably fine specimen in the island of Cos. Another at Delphos is thought to be coeval with the times of which Homer sang. It is the Occidental plane that we have in England, a tree altogether inferior. The Eastern variety attains to a great size. Pliny mentions one in Lycia that was seventy-five feet round, with a top that looked like a miniature forest. Its trunk was hollow, and large enough to hold the Consul Licinius Mutianus and eighteen

* Trionfo d' Amore di Petrarcha. Cap. IV.

† Mrs. Boddington's Sketches from the Pyrenees.

‡ Long ere the Romans used to dine,
Beneath their planes manured with wine.—PRIOR.

other persons at dinner. There is one at Constantinople still larger. We are told that Xerxes, when marching with his army, in Phrygia, halted three days beside a plane tree that excited his admiration by its enormous size. Pausanias records his visit to a plane tree in Arcadia, which, at that time, was said to be fifteen hundred years old. The tree flourishes luxuriantly in the United States of America, where they call it sycamore. An American geographer calls it the king of the western forests; and states that it is the largest tree in their woods, rising, in the most graceful form, with vast spreading lateral branches, covered with bark of a brilliant white. One of their judges removed the hollow trunk of a sycamore, and turned it into a study, by fitting the open top with a roof. A hollow trunk, of still larger dimensions, was exhibited, in New-York, a few years ago. It was placed on its side, and the interior, when stocked with piano-forte, sofas, and the other furniture of a drawing room, would still hold forty or fifty people.

The most beautiful tree in the garden, in Virgil's opinion, was the Pine; a tree beloved, says Propertius, by the Arcadian deity.

> The pipe of Pan to shepherds,
> Couched in the shadow of Mænalian pines,
> Was passing sweet.

The first eclogue of Theocritus was conversed under a pine. This tree was likewise a great favourite with the Romans, and Italy is, at this day, greatly adorned with its beauty. Beckford narrates a visit he paid to an island near Venice, upon which there was a Carthusian garden. "Putting aside, with my hands, the boughs of figs and pomegranates, I got under an ancient bay tree, on the summit of a little knoll, near which several tall pines lift themselves up to the breezes. I listened to the conversation they held with a wind just flown from Greece, and charged, as well as I could understand this airy language, with many affectionate remembrances from their relations on Mount Ida." A noble pine on the Monte Mario, at Rome, is the subject of a sonnet by Wordsworth.

> I saw, far off, the dark top of a pine
> Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
> That bound it to its native earth,—poised high
> Mid evening hues, along the horizon line.

It seems that when the poet was approaching the eternal city, its beautiful appearance from the Pincian height caught his attention; and whilst he was expressing his admiration, he was told that his early friend, Sir George Beaumont, had, some years previously, paid the owner of the tree a sum of money, upon condition that he would not act upon his known intention of cutting it down. Allston, the American painter, delighted to recall, beyond the Atlantic, his walks with Coleridge under the pines of the Villa Borghese at Rome, telling his friends that he was almost tempted to dream that he had once listened to Plato in the groves of Academe. It was leaning upon the rugged trunk of a rock-rooted pine, that the spirit of the visionary poet, Alastor,

> Who lived, and died, and sang in solitude,

passed from him after many wanderings. It was for the relief of Ariel from a cloven pine, where the brave spirit had remained painfully imprisoned a dozen years, that Prospero once put on his magic garment, and exercised his "so potent art." Of all the trees of the forest, it was "the tallest pine on Norwegian hills," that Milton selects to measure Satan's spear. The impression which the Grande Chartreuse made upon the imagination of Gray, was partly owing to the forests of pine that shed their gloom over his path to the religious abode. "On one hand is the rock, with woods of pine trees hanging over head; on the other, a monstrous precipice. Not a torrent, not a cliff but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon day." Who can have forgotten the stanzas in which Byron described his love of solitude and the sweet hour of twilight in "Ravenna's immemorial wood" of pine,—the evergreen forest, which Boccaccio's lore and Dryden's lay had made haunted ground for him? How silently does the awful form of Mont Blanc, in Coleridge's hymn, arise from forth its silent sea of pines, until it grows into a real visible majesty!

We are now fairly in the country.—Let us rest a few minutes under this Oak, a tree of respectable dimensions; and, whilst we are here, let the monarch of the woods be the subject of our conversation. This is the tree that we islanders have chosen to represent us in the vegetable world; and when we have felled it, and constructed out of its timber floating houses, it is our representative all round the globe. It has been calculated that a seventy-four gun ship contains about three thousand loads of timber, which would require two thousand trees of seventy-five years' growth. Now, as not more than forty oaks, of a load and a half of timber each, can stand upon one acre of ground, it follows that we depopulate fifty acres in turning out a single seventy-four. In the university library, Oxford, is an oaken chair made out of the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the globe; and amongst Cowley's poems will be seen two copies of verses upon this piece of furniture. We need not remind you of the reverence paid to the oak by the ancient Britons and their priests; nor that the word Druid is thought, somehow or other, to be connected with the Greek name for an oak. The Yule log was of oak. Under this tree the Saxons held their national meetings; and, at a later period, Edward I. held a parliament beneath an oak in Clipstone Park, Nottinghamshire. Many recollections and traditions crowd round oak trees. Some excite our veneration by their noble appearance; others, majestic, though in ruin, by the distance they carry our thoughts "into the dark backward and abysm of time;" others by their connexion with the famous personages of former ages. Near Hebron, in Palestine, there still exists, in a green old age, though with a hollow trunk, a prickly oak, under which it is said Abraham ministered to the angels of the Lord. There is an old oak in a burial-ground

attached to the church of Yvetot, France, the trunk of which has been converted into a chapel dedicated to our Lady of Peace.

For length of days, so much revered, so famous where it stands
For two-fold hallowing, nature's care and work of human hands.*

The interior is six or seven feet in diameter, wainscotted and paved. The top is slated and furnished with a little spire, that rises up amongst the branches. An inscription, over the entrance, informs the visiter that the chapel was constructed by a curé of Allowike in 1696. To come to our own island, there is the Hatfield oak, under which the Princess Elizabeth was sitting when the news of her sister Mary's death, and her own succession to the throne, was brought to her. In Whittlebury Chase, tradition points out a tree where Elizabeth Woodville waited for Edward IV., that she might petition for the restoration of Bradgate to her family. He saw her, and he loved; but

Small joy had she in being England's queen.

The oak of Elderslie, that grows near Wallace's birth-place, in Renfrewshire, is the only tree now left, of several that Scotland once prided herself upon as memorializing her hero. We have all read, in childhood, of the oak near Boscobel House, that sheltered Charles II., after the battle of Worcester. In the late Lord Grenville's park, at Dropmore, there is a young tree with an inscription, which informs the reader it was raised from an acorn of the oak at Boscobel, and placed and cherished at that place as a memorial, not of the king's preservation, "but of the re-establishment of the ancient and free monarchy of England, the true source of her prosperity and glory." A tree in Epping Forest is known as Anne Boleyn's oak; and an oak in Ampthill Park, Bedfordshire, is pointed out as a favourite tree of Catherine of Aragon, Henry VIII.'s first wife. Near the village of Addlestone, in Surrey, is an ancient oak which formerly marked the boundary of Windsor Forest; and there is a tradition that Wickliffe preached under its shade. At one time, it was proposed to erect a monument to the reformer beside it. Herne's oak is still "shown" in Windsor Park; but there is good reason to believe that the veritable tree no longer exists. The guides, however, think that the substitute "is so like truth, 'twill serve their turn as well." In a garden on the Janiculum, Rome, attached to a convent of Jeronymites, is an oak known as Tasso's tree. It stands near a fountain, and commands a splendid prospect. The poet is reported to have frequently reposed beneath it. He died at this convent, and his tomb is in the church. In one of his letters, (Lett. 196,) he mentions having taken up his abode at the monastery of Saint Onofrio, "not only because the air was recommended by the physicians more than any other part of Rome, but rather that he might begin from that elevated place, and with the assistance of the holy fathers, his conversation with Heaven." Rogers, in a note to one of his poems, has alluded, with respect, to an ancient specimen of

Those trees religious once, and always green,

that stands on the Vatican Mount. The ilex he alludes to is in a grove just above the palace garden. There is an oak on the Stretton estate in Staffordshire, under which it is asserted that Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor." The tree in Yardley Chase, which was such a favourite with Cowper, is of a very grotesque shape. Though much mutilated, it is still of considerable size. We hope that the inscription on it, "Out of respect to the memory of the poet Cowper, the Marquess of Northampton is particularly desirous of preserving this oak," may have the effect of preventing the relic hunters from committing further depredations. When the Trojans attacked the Greeks in their intrenchments, the gates were guarded by two captains, descended from the Lapithæ, who stood like oaks before the tempest, with their wide-spread roots firmly grasping the earth.† The reader will remember that it was

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

standing in the forest of Arden, that Orlando found his brother asleep, and about to be attacked by a lioness. The poets, "amongst the many motions of their minds," have sometimes chosen to conjure a voice into the oak, and make it tell us what it had seen in the days of its youth. There is a Danish song, in which a venerable tree, in the manner of other ancient people, dreams out an old story to the wind,—

Three hundred years my top I have raised,
Three hundred years I have sadly gazed
O'er rushing rivers and meadows green.

Tennyson, too, has heard an oak speak.

Stay yet a few minutes; there is another tree, half way down the glade on your right, that suggests some remembrances: it is the Lime, "at dewy eve diffusing odours." Although very generally scattered throughout England, it has been doubted whether this tree is indigenous with us. It has a rapid growth, and takes an elegant appearance, so that it is much used, both here and on the continent, for ornamental purposes. The handsomest street in Berlin is called *Unter den Linden*, from the trees with which it is lined. The Swedish naturalist is said to have derived his family name, Von Linné, (Latinized into Linnæus,) from a lime tree. One of these trees overshadows the poet Klopstock's grave at Hamburg. We remember to have seen, amongst a collection of etchings by German artists, illustrating some of their ballad poetry, the body of a warrior stretched in a tree beside a female figure, the countenance of which was expressive of intense sorrow. The design was very beautiful in its pathos, and seemed to represent one of "the mournfullest tales that ever ear had heard."

She sat within the Linden,
Her dead friend near her lying;
Embalm'd upon his bier he lay,
In single fight with Orilus dying.

* Wordsworth, Sequel to the Norman Boy.

† Iliad, b. 12.

One of the oldest of existing lime trees is that planted in 1476 in the Place des Tilleuls, Friburg, in Switzerland, to commemorate the victory of Morat, where Charles the Bold of Burgundy was signally defeated. The messenger who brought the news to the town carried a lime branch in his hand, and hence the choice of a tree. It is now in a state of decay, though great pains are taken to preserve it. Its lower branches rest on a wooden frame supported by pillars, and there are seats round it. The ossuary formed of Burgundian bones, gathered from the battle-field, was removed by the French in 1798. Near the entrance of the village of Trons, in the Grisons, is another ancient lime, supposed to be about six hundred years old. It was under this tree, in the year 1424, that the peasants of the Canton, and the nobles favourable to their cause, ratified a compact called the Gray League, from the colour either of the dress or beards of the peasants. The trunk is now hollow and cloven. When the village of Helmbundt, in Wirtemberg, was burnt down in 1226, it was rebuilt three years afterwards in the neighbourhood of a lime, and took the name of Neustadt an der Linden. An old poem of 1408 mentions that its branches were supported by sixty-seven columns. Evelyn, who has described the tree, states, that the columns were eighty-two, and in 1831 they had increased to one hundred and six. Its branches are widely spread; one of them extends horizontally more than a hundred feet, and five or six feet from the ground. The trunk is nearly thirty-six feet in circumference. In the early times of the Reformation, when the preachers of the new faith, like their founder, had not a house where they could instruct the people, it was usual to place themselves under a tree; and there are many now standing called gospel trees. In the churchyard at Husum, in Schleswig, there stood two lime trees that bore the name of mother and daughter. Under the largest, Hermann Tast, a papal vicar, used to preach when he had become a convert to Luther's opinions. His hearers armed themselves to escort him to and from the place of meeting. At Goslar, in Hanover, the new doctrines were first preached in a church in the suburbs. When that was closed by force, they were proclaimed on a neighbouring plain covered with lime trees, whence the disciples were named Linden-brüder,—brothers of the lime tree. Now we may push forward.

The tree which we call the Sycamore tree is in fact a maple; the true sycamore is a species of fig found in Egypt. Although introduced here not much more than two hundred years ago, it has become common amongst us. The homesteads of the lovely valleys in the north of England are overshadowed by this tree. Wordsworth, in giving us a prose sketch of a mountain cottage in the Lake district, does not forget the "cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade;" and Wilson has drawn a similar scene with such force, that it rises to the eye with all the life of nature. "Where the sedgy brink of the lake or tarn circles into a lone bay, with a low hill of coppice wood on one side, and a few tall pines on the other—no, it is *a grove of sycamores*—there, about a hundred yards from the water, and about ten above its ordinary level, peeps out from its cheerful seclusion that prettiest of all hamlets, Braithwaite Fold." In reviewing those pictures in which the poets have planted the tree to which we allude, we cannot omit

> That sycamore which annually holds
> Within its shade, as in a stately tent,
> On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
> A grave assemblage, seated while they shear
> The fleece-encumber'd flock.

Or that fountain o'ercanopied by the aged branches of a sycamore,

> oft musical with bees—
> Such tents the patriarchs loved!

which Coleridge discovered on a heath, sending up its cold waters with soft and even pulse. Or that spot in the King of Navarre's park, where Boyet

> Did think to close his eyes some half an hour,
> Under the cool shade of a sycamore,

when he was disturbed by the king and his lords disguised as Muscovites, who went thither to rehearse their parts before they appeared to the Princess of France and her ladies.

When Apollo adopted the Laurel, through love of the metamorphosed Daphne, the victor's oaken wreath was changed for one from this tree—

> The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors.

Phœbus himself is painted with a crown of it about his head; and hence his disciples, the poets, have ever gone laurelled. "It is the badge that I do wear," said Spenser. "I see thy temples crowned with Phœbus' rites," said John Selden to Michael Drayton. Petrarch, in one of those *melodious tears* with which he *watered the tree that bears his lady's name*, has these lines:—

> Arbor vittoriosa e trionfale,
> Onor d'Imperadori e di Poeti;
> Quanti m'hai fatto di dogliosi e lieti
> In questa breve mia vita mortale!

In England, we have a poet who is specially *laureatus*. The word bachelor, meaning a single man, comes from the university, where it signifies a degree, because, in ancient times, those who attained it were *bacca laureati*,—distinguished by the laurel berry. In verse, it is frequently entwined, as it was on the temples of those Roman conquerors that gained a victory without bloodshed, with another evergreen, the Myrtle, a tree sacred to Venus.

> Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
> Ye myrtles brown.

And, in the great poem of Milton's master, we are told of a dainty place,

> Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
> In which the birds sang many a lovely lay.

Perhaps it was to show her love in her hate that the enchantress, Alcina, converted the paladin, Astolpho, after she had stolen him away from his knightly companions on a whale's back, into a myrtle tree, upon the island to which Rogero was borne by the hippogriff.*

* Orl. Fur. C. 6.

Ovid tells us that Apollo bestowed upon the laurel the privilege of being secure from lightning; and innumerable passages amongst the old poets allude to the superstition which later times adopted, that the bay was a charm against the thunder stroke. "The virgin bays," says Ford, in his "Broken Heart,"

> The virgin bays shall not withstand the lightning,
> With a more careless danger, than my constancy
> The full of thy relation.

And in a laudatory poem addressed to William Browne by John Selden, his muse prays that

> His readers be with rose and myrtle crowned!
> No willow touch them. As his bays are free
> From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be!

Byron, in "Childe Harold," says that the lightning was not unjust when it melted the iron crown of laurel upon Ariosto's bust at Ferrara, because the true wreath which glory twines, "is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves." Other instances may be found in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," where we learn that, at one time, it was the custom to wear twigs of bay at weddings. When Wordsworth removed to the house he now occupies on Rydal Mount, there were a number of these trees in the grounds; and he alludes to the fact in the following lines:—

> Rydalian laurels, that have grown
> And spread, as if ye knew the days might come
> When ye would shelter, in a happy home,
> On this fair mount, a poet of your own;
> One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown,
> To sue the god, but, haunting your green shade
> All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
> Ground flowers beneath your guardianship self-sown.

We have recently had occasion to name the Willow. Who does not call up, at the mention of this tree, the figure of the lost Ophelia and her fantastic garlands?

> There is a willow grows askant the brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

When clambering to hang her coronet of weeds upon a pendent bough, she fell into the brook, and there sank to death. The willow was accounted a badge of mourning, and especially of those unfortunate in love. "Thou art, to all lost love, the best, the only true plant found," says Herrick, in some lines addressed to this tree. The weeping willow (*salix Babylonica*) was introduced into England during the last century. The first specimen was brought from the banks of the Euphrates, where the tree abounds. It was upon this graceful shrub that the Israelites "hanged their harps;" for how could they "sing the Lord's song in the land of a stranger?" The late Lord Wellesley had a tree in his grounds near Windsor, upon which he wrote some pleasing Latin lines, in his eightieth year, and then translated them into English verse:

> Dishevelled, mournful, beauteous type of grief,
> That seems in tears to bend o'er Thames' tide,
> And still to rue the day when Babel's chief,
> High on thy parent stream enthroned in pride,
> Beheld upon thy melancholy boughs
> The harps unstrung of Israel's captive band.

We have not much to say about the Birch; and yet we cannot pass it by, for we have sweet recollections connected with the tree, not only for the sake of Burns and Aberfeldie, Shenstone, and the birchen tree that grew in his "village, marked by little spire," but because its delicately-pencilled branches wave fair in dreams of northern glens, and its pinky silver bark, and aromatic odour, ("the birch tree weeps in fragrant balm,"*) come strongly before our fancy, along with blooming heather, and clear streams and mountain breezes. It is a remembrance of ours, my friend! with which we sometimes sweeten the smoky atmosphere of yonder great city, that of the birches standing at one corner of the old bridge, there where the river runs with many a whirl and wimple amongst woodland lawns, not far from the aged hall, and where a distant scar turns its weather-beaten face to the rising sun. And there is another tree, not far distant, whose branches hang as gracefully downwards as the ringlets of the fairest damosel in the land. It grows in a corner, (you know it well,) of Sizergh wood, where the road strikes off to cross the hill. Truly has Coleridge styled the weeping birch "most beautiful of forest trees, the lady of the woods." Wilson, with a felicitous pencil, has painted "a nook o'ershadowed with a birk tree," the study for which he found somewhere in Westmoreland. Our readers, we are sure, will thank us for copying it. "A nook o'ershadowed by a birk tree, itself a bower, a weeping birch, as it is called; but it sheds no tears but tears of dew or rain-drops, and not in sadness but in joy,—the joyful sense of its own beauty; lets fall its rich tresses, dishevelled, you would say, were it not that they all hang orderly in the calm, and orderly wave in the wind,—calm and wind alike delighting in their delicate grace and pensile elegance. The river was within a few yards of our stance, flowing, but scarcely seen to flow, so gently did the stoneless banks dip down to enclose the water in a circular pool, to which there appeared neither inlet nor outlet, a perfect picture of peace."

You see that eminence before us, crowned with a "noble cloud of trees," to use old Aubrey's phrase. Those are Beeches,—a tree that figures in the verses of the Romans. The commencing line of a book that little Latiners open, for the first time, with some tremors, is addressed to a swain, lying "sub tegmine patulæ *fagi*." In Petrarch's exquisite poem, "The Triumph of Death," a vision of his beloved Laura came to him in sleep, and led him to the banks of a stream, where the two sat down under the shade of a laurel and a *beech*, and she spake to him in such wise, that the sting of all his past sufferings, on her account, was taken away. What a delicious strain is poured out by the lover, when waiting for his mistress, within a leafy tent of Beech, the place whither her eyes had directed him by a fair speechless message! The German version of the strain you may find in the "Geheimniss" of Schiller. The beech grows with great luxuriance in the south of England. Some of the beeches yet standing at Penshurst have heard Waller lamenting the obduracy of Sacharissa.

* Lady of the Lake.

He has told us that he was accustomed to report his flame to them; and, in the exaggeration of his passion, he desired them to tell her, that if they all fed one fire, it would not equal the hundredth part of that which her eyes had kindled in his heart. The new forest in Hampshire has some fine trees; and the beech-capt hills of Winslade, in the same county, are mentioned in one of Thomas Warton's sonnets. The beeches of Burnham, in Berkshire, are celebrated the country round. Gray tells Walpole how he used to seat himself at the foot of one of these trees, (they are near Stoke Pogis,) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning, reading Virgil and Horace aloud.

But it is time to draw this desultory conversation to a close, for the present at least; and can we more appropriately withdraw from the subject than with a reference to the trees in which man has fancied that Nature sympathizes with his affliction,—the Yew and the Cypress?

> The uncomfortable shade
> Of the black yew's unlucky green,

is frequently seen cooling the noon-day sun in our church-yards; and the chronicler of each parish in the two kingdoms, commonly points out one of these trees to the admiration of every other. It is a tree of very slow growth, and naturalists have attributed to some specimens a wondrous weight of years, making us shudder to think of the wickedness they have lived through. The age of the yews by Fountains Abbey has been computed at more than twelve hundred years! Nay, the age of the yew at Fortingal, amongst the Grampians, has been reckoned to be twenty-five centuries. Its heart is gone, else one might have thought it must by this time have turned to stone. The Ankerwyke yew, near Staines, is a mere youth in comparison; only a thousand years old, more or less. The yew which is "the pride of Lorton Vale," has been immortalized by Wordsworth: immortalized did we say? we recall the word. Considering the chances and changes that befall man and his works, ay, and the very language he uses, who knows that the Lorton yew may not outlive even the memory of Wordsworth! It is not probable, thank Heaven, but it is possible.

> Worthier still of note,
> Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
> Joined in one solemn and capacious grove.

Before the use of gunpowder, the yew was in request for bows, and statutes were passed to protect the tree from wasteful expenditure. However, it seems that the most valuable wood was brought from abroad; it is called "outlandish yew," in the Bowyers' act. No one seems to know accurately how it happened that the yew has crept into the vicinity of churches, and the society of graves, nor why it was made a funeral plant, and an emblem of death. From the old plain song which Cesario sings in "Twelfth Night," it seems to have been customary to place yew in the shroud. In that song is the wish to be laid in "sad cypress." There is a cypress near Shiraz, that grows over the grave of Hafiz, the Persian nightingale, with some of whose notes Sir William Jones made us acquainted; and it is thought the tree was planted by the poet himself. The traveller from the Lago Maggiore to Milan, passes one of these mournful trees, that has the reputation of great age. An antiquary states there are credible documents extant to show that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar; at that rate it is older than our religion. It is a fine tree rising to a height of more than one hundred and twenty feet. It is said to have received a blow from the sword of Francis I., when frenzied with the loss of the battle of Pavia. It rests upon better authority, that Napoleon ordered a deviation of the Simplon road in order that the tree might be spared.

We have lingered a long time in the woods, but if you are one to whom the poets are dear, you will not think the hours altogether lost. A few things may yet be said as we return homewards. Without trees, think what the country would be! Shorn of its love-locks, who would be anxious to woo its company? Now, whatever be our mood, we have scenery to match it: L'Allegro paces by the side of hedgerow elms, whilst Il Penseroso seeks the brown shades of pine and monumental oak. The impressions we take of a country, referring solely to its external appearance, depend very greatly on the trees that clothe its face. In England, where there is little wood but what has been deliberately selected, the pleasant fields lightly fringed with foliage, or lying like lawns amongst the groves, the trees themselves, too, being generally of the most ornamental kind, give it an open trim garden character. In countries where the native forests continue to flourish in their wildness in spite of man, there we see a deeper cast on nature's countenance. The vast forests of Oregon, gloomy almost to sullenness, are principally formed by the Douglas Spruce, the trunk of which is often thirty-six feet in circumference, at the height of a tall man from the ground. This stately evergreen reaches an altitude of two hundred and thirty feet, one hundred and twenty of which consist of a clean trunk undisturbed by a branch. Travellers among the mountains of Upper California, inform us of the peculiar, the awful appearance communicated to the country by the American cypress, which sometimes attains the enormous height of three hundred feet. "The character of a forest, (says Inglis, a traveller whose pen described scenery with feeling and energy,) varies essentially with the trees that compose it. Some are of a more sombre, others of a gayer character: though I have no doubt that associations with the country where the traveller journeys, have some influence on this distinction. A traveller in France can scarcely admit the feeling of sadness, it is so opposite to the character of the people, and the general aspect of the country; and in place of gloomy images being created by the deep shades of Fontainbleau, we listen rather for the huntsman's bugle, and almost expect to see issuing from a forest glade, a gay and courtly company of knights and dames, and prancing steeds and ambling palfreys. But in the North of Germany, and throughout Scandi-

navia, the only associations that the traveller can have, are calculated to add to the solemn impression which the dark hue of the forests would of itself create. In place of recollections of Jeune Henri and Gabriel, and the long line of cavalier monarchs, whose feats in gallantry even rival each other, and who ruled equally in the forest and in the field, we have only the dim knowledge of mysterious rites, and the wild and monstrous traditions that people the solitudes of the north." We believe it was Inglis who first directed the attention of our holiday travellers to Norway, and no one has better described the peculiarity of its scenery. He notices the absence of birds from the woods, as aiding the sombre impressions of a traveller. Dieffenbach, in his book on New Zealand, mentions that the woods of those islands are nearly uninhabited by the smaller race of the feathered creation.

Umbrosum nemus quo non admittitur ales.*

Nice observers of nature have remarked the variety of tones yielded by trees when played upon by the wind. Mrs. Hemans once asked Sir Walter Scott, if he had not noticed that every tree gives out its peculiar sound. "Yes," said he, "I have; and I think something might be done by the union of poetry and music, to imitate those voices, giving a different measure to the oak, the pine, the willow," &c. There is a Highland air of somewhat similar character, called the "Notes of the Sea Birds." In Henry Taylor's drama, "Edwin the Fair," there are some pleasing lines, where the wind is feigned to feel the want of a voice, and to woo the trees to give him one. He applied to several: but the wanderer rested with the pine, because her voice was *constant, soft, and lowly deep;* and he welcomed in her a mild memorial of the ocean cave, his birth-place. There is a fine description of a storm in "Coningsby," where sylvan language is made to swell the diapason of the tempest. "The wind howled; the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. Soon might be distinguished the various voices of the mighty trees, as they expressed their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm sent forth its long deep groan; while ever and anon amid a momentary pause, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish." What a contrast to a *living* forest, moving and vocable in every breeze, is that remarkable spectacle, the *petrified* forest near Cairo! The traveller having passed the tombs of the Caliphs, just beyond the gates of the city, proceeds southward across the Desert to Suez; and having journeyed for some miles up a low barren valley, covered with sand, gravel, and sea shells, fresh as if the tide had retired but yesterday, he crosses a range of sand hills. The scene is described as being beyond conception singular and desolate. Fragments of trees, all converted to stone, ring like iron at the stroke of his horse's hoof, and extend in the form of a decayed prostrate forest, for miles and miles. The petrifaction is of a dark brown hue; the pieces vary in size from one foot to fifteen in length, and from half a foot to three feet in thickness. They are scattered so thickly, that an Egyptian donkey can hardly thread his way amongst them. The whole has an appearance so natural, that in Scotland or Ireland it might be passed without remark as an enormous drained bog, in which the exhumed trees lay rotting in the sun. The roots and rudiments of the branches are often perfect, and even the worm-holes eaten under the bark may be detected. Although the trees are so completely silicified as to scratch glass, and to be capable of receiving the highest polish, yet the most delicate sap vessels, and the finest portions of the centre of the wood, are perfectly preserved, and bear the examination of the strongest magnifiers.

* Claudian de Nupt. Hon. et Mar.

THE FIELD OF MORAT.

The morning sun was shining o'er
  The small but patriot band,
Whose banners gleam'd right merrily
  On Morat's bloodless strand;
When thunder-like there rose a shout,
  Loud-bursting to the sky,—
"For freedom and our mountain-homes
  We'll conquer, or we'll die!"

As fiercely sweeps the wild siroc
  O'er Syria's burning plain,
So charge the Swiss in serried files,
  Retiring, charge again!
In vain, Duke Charles, thy war-spears clash,
  Thy banners flaunt the sky:
Yon patriot band no power can crush—
  They fight for liberty!

The morn had seen a stranger host
  In numberless array;
The evening sun was sinking low,
  And all had pass'd away.
The numerous, but now grass-clad piles,
  To distant times shall tell,
How once, on Morat's fated plain,
  The stranger tyrants fell.

Time, the resistless enemy,
  The parent of decay,
The memory of other fields
  May haply blot away;
But, Morat, still thy glorious fight
  Shall unforgotten be,—
The watch-word of the patriot,
  The glory of the free!

S. D.

THE BELLE.

[The following is intended as a series of sketches of but a small portion of such scenery and customs as fell under the writer's notice at Oporto and its neighbourhood, some years since, and of which the recollections are now revived and confirmed by a visit to the same quarter. Of the few incidents recorded, there are probably none which are not true; and of the characters, perhaps no feature which was not taken from the life, somewhere or other, though not among these particular scenes; with one exception, which is noted in its place. Characters and incidents are so intermingled and transposed from their original relations, though, it is hoped, without violation either of fact or probability, that scandal itself must be unusually ingenious if it find a single line which can be offensively applied to any individual. This is neither a novel nor a romance, and least of all a satire. Thus much the writer premises, in order that "The Belle" may not be reproached for raising expectations which are not realized, nor for indulging in personal freedoms, which have been carefully avoided.]

The Foz, near Oporto.

In the autumn of 1835, a steamship, bound for Portugal with passengers from Falmouth, after encountering some heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay, was "making short miles" in latitude 45, when at daybreak the appearance of several gannets, willocks, and sea-parrots, prepared the crew for the welcome cry of land, which greeted them soon after sunrise. Most of the passengers remained all day on deck, eagerly gazing on the bold and picturesque headlands and rocks, as the vessel ran down the coast of Galicia. Before sunset, they were off Vigo; and after a few hours more, they stood off St. John *Da Foz*, at the mouth of the harbour of Oporto, and beat about all night in a pitching sea. On the following morning, the scene was enlivened by the view of several merchant vessels from England, Newfoundland, and other quarters, which had been for some days lingering off the capricious bar of Oporto, and were still wearing and tacking about, under a brisk breeze, unable to get into the river. Numbers of Portuguese fishing-boats, and little barks, and yachts, and schooners, some few at anchor, and dancing on their cables, but most of them scudding hither and thither over a green and foaming sea, added to the animation of the scene. Two fine ships from South America, heavily laden, one from Maranham and one from Para, were looming in the distance. The land prospect was also striking, especially on the right bank of the Douro, where the suburb of Massarellos, and the villas and gardens above it, and part of the city of Porto, overtopped by the tall tower of the church of the Clerigos, formed a rich picture, with a background of remote hills. The people on board the steamer were anxiously expecting a pilot, and a signal from the little castle of the Foz. A pilot came off, and gave them hopes of speedy admission; but they soon had the mortification to be warned off by a gun from the castle; for the bar was still impracticable. The wind, however, somewhat abated, and the steamer anchored off the village of Foz, consoled through the night by the proximity of the revolving burners of Our Lady of the Light. At noon next day, the wind came round from the north, the tide served, the red signal-flag was hoisted from the castle, and the pilot of the steamer lost no time in taking the lead of the little fleet of vessels and small craft that now bore up merrily for the bar. It was pleasant to see that smoking and tremulous machine, followed by white sail after sail, before a stirring breeze, and under a glorious sunny sky, making way with courage and caution between the rocky shores, over movable sands, while guns from the fort were frequently, and perhaps over busily, fired, to warn the crowding vessels not to press too closely on each other. They were surrounded by sharp-prowed boats, filled with the dusky Portuguese boatmen, watchful to give aid if any accident should require it. On the Cabedello sand, to the right, was a Brazilian ship, that had been stranded a few days before, lying on her beam ends; an emphatic evidence of the insecurity of the passage in rough weather. The left shore was lined with spectators. Strange buildings, strange physiognomies, the roar of waters, and uproar of voices, interested and excited the most apathetic of the strangers.

Several of the passengers in the steamer were Portuguese constitutionalists, whom discretion or necessity had kept aloof from their native city, while it was undergoing the severe ordeal of a siege; and who, now that the Pedroite party was in the ascendant, arrived in time to sing Donna Maria's hymn, and to make a merit of their patriotic sufferings in exile.

There were also some English merchants and their families, and others who had connexions at Oporto. Among the latter, was Mr. Forsyth, a gentleman who was neither young nor old, and who had come to pass a few months in this part of the Peninsula, with or near one of his relatives, a merchant of the place. Mr. Forsyth was, or rather had been, a man of the world, though never a worldly man. He was one of the many who have entered into social life with warm and ambitious feelings, expecting from the world more sympathy than it is willing, or perhaps able, to bestow. "Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity; for vanity shall be his recompense." He had been in parliament, and disappointed in some lofty hopes, because he could not, or would not, perceive that in resolving to be "an independent member" of the senate, he was, as a public man, sowing his hopes of usefulness in the most barren soil of English politics. Independence of party is a very fine thing in theory; in the English House of Commons, it is, or was, a solecism. Mr. Forsyth had other causes of disgust with the world. He had been betrayed and considerably injured in fortune by the friend he had most loved and trusted: a common case; but it is difficult to persuade any injured man that he is not the most injured man upon earth. He had been forced into a Chancery suit, an evil to which Job was not subjected. He had been compelled to give written answers to some two thousand questions and cross-questions, barbed with every sort of impertinence, and many of them as reasonable

as if he had been asked, whether he had not cut off his own head, and carried it for a year in his pocket. He had been vilified and belied to a prodigious extent by an impudent lawyer; and in his indignation forgot that the brawler had no interest in the matter but his fees, no measure of truth but an attorney's brief, and that at the command of any other attorney who happened first to retain him he would have lied as volubly on the other side, or on any other question. In short, Mr. Forsyth was a heart-worn man, and somewhat of a cynic.

Oporto, on its bluff and craggy hills, opposed by the heights of Villa Nova and the Serra Convent, with the broad, many-coloured Douro flowing between, is at all times a striking object to the comer from the seas, and was now more interesting than ever, after its long siege, and still surrounded, as it was, with the intrenched lines, and the now harmless batteries that had insulted it so long. The steamship, after receiving the visit of the health-boat, &c. quickly glided up the river, and came to anchor off the unroofed convent of St. Anthony. The deck was speedily crowded with glad visiters; long estranged friends were exchanging warm greetings. Mr. Forsyth landed, and was conducted by his relative to the house of the latter in the city. The heat and bustle of a great commercial town, were not, however, what Mr. Forsyth had left London to seek; and in a day or two, he retired to a house lent to him by his relation, at Foz, the village already mentioned, at the mouth of the Douro, and three miles north of the city.

A motley place is this village of Foz. Suppose, in about latitude 41, longitude 8½, a ragged curve of rocks of sundry shades, from yellowish brown to black, varying in height from three or four, to fifteen or twenty feet, and broken into a thousand forms by the everlasting pressure of the Atlantic Ocean on this salient portion of the Old World. Suppose, among these wave-rent rocks, many sands, creeks, and little bays; within them a sloping shore of soft, deep sand, surmounted by a rough bank, on which a village has been constructed, on a scheme as rude and irregular as that of the rocks it overlooks. What must have been originally a hamlet for fishermen, is now the fashionable seabathing place of the north of Portugal. Huts and hovels of the meanest appearance remain, unabashed by the taller and more commodious residences that have sprung up among them for the reception of summer visitants. This village, which covers a considerable extent of ground, is intersected by several ill-paved lanes, called streets, by courtesy; and these are linked by others still narrower, winding up and down in eccentric carelessness, and wandering among garden walls. On a moderate height, at the northern extremity of the place, is the lighthouse of Our Lady of the Light. The broad, substantial church, is conspicuous in the centre of the village, amidst a cluster of houses of all sizes. Below the church, on a tongue of land that projects into the sea, stands the little sullen fort that protects the mouth of the harbour, and domineers over the incoming and outgoing shipping. The opposite shore, the left bank of the river, is a stiff ridge darkened with pine-trees. At its base, are some huge gray stones. A bank of sand, called the Cabedello, runs across the harbour, of which the mouth, between that bank and the fort, is therefore very narrow. Just without the entrance to the river, are many sunken, and some visible rocks, with shifting sands among them, and these form the bar of Oporto. Eastward of the fort, is an unfinished wall of strong masonry, checking the tide; and within it is a large area of sand, where the fishermen make, mend, and dry their nets, and bleach their wet sails in the sun. This is called the Lower Cantereira. Between it and the Upper Cantereira, a pleasant thinly planted walk along the river side towards Oporto, are two sloped causeways, flagged, landing-places for the city-boats and the fishermen's catrayas.

This little scattered chaos of sombre rocks, yellow sands, white walls, and red-tiled roofs, of tenements incongruously spread, or rather thrown as if by chance, in clumps and patches, here huddled in bunches, and there diffused in thin lines, is *San Joam da Foz*—St. John's of the mouth of the river. Yet, even in its architecture, there are some things that strike the eye of the stranger, as having a character of elegance; particularly the stone crosses that are seen above the various chapels and oratories, and from some points of view, when the eye comes upon them suddenly, have a singularly mystical appearance: for instance, when they are seen over a trellis of vines that hide the building to which they belong, and show them, as it were, self-poised in air. The stone fountains, too, with their picturesque frequenters, to be noticed hereafter, are always pleasing objects.

At the back of the village, (town, it is entitled,) are fields of grass, and rye, and maize, and dark pine groves, so resinously fragrant after showers: all these objects, and, above all, that grand, ever-variable ocean, and the glorious sunny skies, and the magic of the climate for the greater portion of the year, might reconcile a reasonable Englishman to a sojourn here, if he had not brought too much of the London fog in his heart, and if he could get over petty disgusts, and fastidious horrors of dirt and discomfort, greatly exaggerated by travellers.

To this place, then, came the solitary self-expatriated Englishman; and here, being a stranger in the land, he expected to live for a while in retirement absolutely unbroken but by the occasional visits of the relative who had lent him his house. Two men-servants, Galicians both, formed his whole establishment. The house was a modest, substantial building, not large, but more than spacious for a bachelor-hermit; moreover, it was a comfortable dwelling; for it had been *Anglicised*. Attached to it was a small garden, shut in by high walls, with casements pierced in the wall that fronted the sea; within, were broad arbours of vines trained along the walls on woodwork, resting on stone pillars. Except these vines, a few fig trees, some splendid geraniums, some bulbous sand-plants, which are weeds in

Portugal, but choice exotics in the greenhouses of England, some rhododendrons, and fine roses, and other hardy plants, there was nothing of ornamental horticulture in this enclosure; for tender plants are not cultivated on this exposed part of the coast with success adequate to the trouble they require. As to the useful part of garden vegetation, there was a goodly supply, especially of potatoes, immense onions, (mild and gentle giants,) and cabbages. Of the latter, few being required, the many were left, through the winter, to grow and luxuriate at the expense of the soil, till they grew to a broad and stately height of ten feet, and then flowered so fairly in the early spring, that they were almost as pleasant to look upon from the windows as the orchards of Herefordshire from the green hills of Malvern. They were like a possé of British judges and barristers in full wigs; and Mr. Forsyth, when the season for their extirpation arrived, would by no means have desired the demolition of this cabbage-tree wood; but it was removed to make way for younger members of the same family. In the centre of the square, was a tall flagstaff, on which occasionally waved the red-cross flag of England, in signal of a birthday or a fête.

From the two windows in the western wall of this garden, might be witnessed, every morning during the season, a scene exceedingly picturesque and very strange; for there was *the* bathing place. On a sandy flat, flanked by dark and rugged patches of rock, square tents are pitched; and thus a compact hamlet is formed of poles and canvass, with strait spaces of pathway, necessary for access to the tents, which are the dressing-rooms for the bathers. Persons of all stations come hither to bathe; while idlers, male and female, stand on the ledges of rocks and on the sands, and gaze at them as they go into these mysterious cabins, attired in their usual dresses, gay or sordid, and as they come out again,—the women clad to the throat in coarse full robes of blue frieze, the men in jackets and trousers of the same material. Assistants, both men and women, who look like cousin-germans to the Tritons, conduct the bathers into the sea, and hold them while there, ducking and sousing them in every big wave that comes threatening and storming over them like a platoon of soldiers firing with blank cartridge. The bathers stand as the wave approaches, then "duck the flash," the wild water blusters over them; then they rise, and pant, and sob, clinging to their guides. It is not unfrequent to see stout young fellows thus led into the water by the bathing women, and hugging them with all the tenacity of girls afraid of being drowned. You have the blind, the lame, and the halt, the young and handsome of both sexes, the hale and the infirm, the old old man, and more haggard old woman, and the whimpering cherub-child, all floundering in the waves together, like the crew and passengers of a wreck. Among these groups of ghastly old visages, and swart young faces, illuminated by black flashing eyes, may now and then be seen two or three fair daughters of the north, English or German. The sight of all these people thus grouped and huddled together in or on the margin of a basin of the sea, and so many of them aged and hideous, suggests the idea of a pool of Bethesda, where the young and the beautiful seem to have no business, but to come in mere wantonness and frolic, unless they are, as some of them might seem to be, the angels whose presence gives virtue to the water, akin to that angel who stirred the pool of the Five Porches at Jerusalem. An English person just landed on these shores, looks on the scene with wonder and distaste, and resolves that his wife or his daughters, who probably are also turning away from it as if they questioned the decorum of the exhibition, shall never be seen in such a situation. He and they get accustomed to it, however; and the next, or perhaps before the expiration of this very season, the fairest form that issues from the wave in a saturated blue frieze garment, is that of his own wife or daughter.

Among the grim-visaged male natives who are undergoing ablution, are several fierce-looking fellows, whose preposterous length of beard gives them the air of our London friends of the synagogue, the old-clothes'-men of Monmouth Street. Some of these are western islanders, brought from the Azores by Don Pedro; others are Portuguese, who have also fought and bled in the Constitutional cause, or who have neither bled nor fought, but only wish to be considered heroes. These latter hairy Orsons, with menacing mustachios, and such grimly longitude of beard, tongue-doughty giants, pseudo-Samsons, whose strength is in their hair, would seem

> No worthy match
> For valour to assail, nor by the sword,
> But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Lo! yonder is one of these braggadocios, who is especially grandiloquent about his feats of arms; and when on that topic, he is a real Samson—he works such wonders with an ass's jaw. Look at his attitude of defiance to the sea, as he stands knee-deep in water, holding fast by his grim sheguide, waiting for a wave. It comes and breaks over him in froth, bubbles over a bubble; he wrings his beard, and looks round for applause.

Few Englishmen bathe here. They prefer another, and certainly a better bathing-place, at the huts, about half a mile away. In this they are right; but the English here, as all the world over, are too exclusively English in their tastes. They even have, at this little watering-place, a separate and most inconvenient promenade below the light-house, a rough, uneven causeway, approached by a rougher road, which might be smoothed at small cost. They get the sea air there, it is true; but the Upper Cantereira, where, especially on Sunday evenings, the natives, grave and gay, assemble by hundreds, is not only a more social, but a level public walk; whereas the English praia, as it is called, might seem to have been selected for them by their Portuguese shoemakers. But let us return to the Portuguese bathing scene. Carriages of various shapes, from the lumbering family coach to the trim little gaudy post-chaise, that looks to have been built "in the year one,"

drawn by oxen or mules, and rarely by horses, gay and painted litters, sedan chairs, with mules instead of men for bearers, and all alive with jingling bells, convey the wealthier bathers, and are to be seen, soon after daylight, crowded together on the bank, with servants and muleteers, and numerous donkeys, that have also brought their morning votaries to Neptune. Sunday is the favourite day. The sands and the rocks are peopled with groups of all classes; and there is not a group among them which a northern painter would not seize with avidity as a subject for his art; so various and striking are the features, and attitudes, and costumes, and so different from any thing that we are accustomed to in the north. Even the rags of a Portuguese beggar are picturesque, by their elaborate ostentation of wretchedness. This scene continues from dawn till about mid-day. From that time till two o'clock, that is, in the interval between the last mass and the usual dining hour of the richer class of visiters, —this same place is a sort of fashionable lounge, where well-dressed ladies sit in rows on wooden benches, and men stand round them, or cluster on the rocks above; and so they stare at each other for two mortal hours, saying little, but looking pins and needles at each other's hearts, from under parti-coloured parasols, and brown or scarlet umbrellas. Many a subtle flirtation is carried on there, unsuspected by or connived at by the guardian elders, fathers, mothers, and aunts.

Do you see that small, dapper man, with his mud-coloured complexion, and dark, sly, lurid eyes? He has just height enough to look over his tall friend's shoulder, and he has made that unconscious friend his wig-block, (his *pao de cabelleira;*) that is, he is making love over his friend's shoulder to that lovely demure coquette yonder, who now and then sends him a thrilling glance, which the tall block puts down to his own account, while the little traitor behind him is chuckling with the double delight of quizzing his friend and flirting with that friend's bride-elect. I have seen many a youth, beautiful as Antinous and graceful as Paris, whom I would rather trust with the lady of my love, or with the young flower under my care, than that same small, bad, coffee-complexioned man,—a man of middle age, too; for he is a designing, and, strange to say, a successful libertine, a Lothario, for whom fans and white handkerchiefs are fluttered with emotion. But he has agreeable manners, and talents that might be better employed than in heartless experiments upon the morality of women. His name is Rôderick Pinto.

It was at this bathing scene, so odd to a stranger, that Mr. Forsyth was gazing, with but languid curiosity, on a brilliant Sunday morning, a few days after his arrival, when one of the Galicians interrupted him by the announcement of visiters. He was surprised, as he knew nobody, but was well-pleased, on returning to the house, to find there some of the most agreeable of his English fellow-passengers, who happened also to be among the leading merchants of the place. So he soon found that he was not to be a hermit even at the Foz; for the hospitality of the best English residents, to respectable strangers, is most liberal when once the ice of formality is broken. Letters of introduction are usually requisite to produce this effect, but Mr. Forsyth's steam-boat companions kindly supplied their place, the more cheerfully as one of his family was already of their society; upon which, however, he would not have chosen to be thrown by that advantage. "What sort of a man is your newly arrived relation?" some would say to this gentleman; and he would answer:—"A reserved, reading character, in bad health and low spirits, who wishes only to be left alone." A question to the same point, put to his English fellow-voyagers, would produce a totally different answer. "What sort of a man is this Mr. Forsyth?" "A lively voluble person, whose great delight seems in playing at romps with little children, and talking nonsense to their elders." Which of these was the correct answer? Both, yet neither. The fact was, that "this Mr. Forsyth" was Democritus abroad and Heraclitus at home, and, perhaps, equally a philosophical egotist in both characters. He laughed in public and he mourned in solitude. There was a profound melancholy in his spirit; but he hid it as a miser would a treasure, to be brooded over alone. He was both too proud and too courteous to trouble the world with his sorrows. Few saw beneath the surface of his smiles. The company of children had always been a pleasure to him; and now it was the only society in which he really was happy. His fondness for them was ascribed to his good-nature; but it had, in truth, been strengthened by his experience of the cold unfeeling of his somewhile cherished adult world. The following touching passage, from Samuel Rogers, will help to explain my meaning:—"In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But, when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow timid in our approaches, even to those we love best. How delightful to us, then, are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure."

Next to the highest consolations of religion, there is nothing so likely to restore the tone of a mind that the experience of worldly hardness has made nervous and suspicious, as intercourse with children, not as their superior, but as their friend. With all their little faults, (which will, probably, expand into great vices, if their growth be not so managed as to turn them into virtues,) children are the best specimens of human nature, in its weakness and its strength. The presence of the young and ingenuous, therefore, beguiles the jealous misanthrope; and may, by degrees, reopen the rigid heart that had resolved to exclude the milder feelings and the abused charities of life.

Mr. Forsyth, when his morning visiters left him, was surprised that he should have felt so little dissatisfaction at this early inroad on his scheme of self-seclusion. But they had chanced to bring with them a charm that was the very "Open

Sesame" "to the best feelings in a proud man's bosom." They had brought with them, from the sands, at her own request, a child named Ellen Leslie, his favourite playmate during the passage. This girl, only about ten years old, was withdrawn from a school in England, by her parents, at the desire of an elder sister, who had undertaken to be her teacher. The child had no beauty but that of innocence and vivacity; but there was something very endearing in her artless and somewhat petted caressing manners, and her extreme eagerness to hear wonderful stories, of which Mr. Forsyth related some scores to her while on board, probably inventing most of them as they were called for. She had, therefore, "a passion" for Mr. Forsyth, and could hardly talk of any one else to her eldest sister, May Leslie, who was already somewhat jealous and prejudiced against a stranger who, as she chose to think, had surreptitiously and intrusively appropriated so much of the goodwill of her pet, Ellen.

There was another reason for Mr. Forsyth's resigning himself, without much reluctance, to the visits of his neighbours. During the four or five days that he had been at this place, he had found his solitude any thing but tranquillity. The three first days, the 8th, the 9th, and the 10th of September, happening to be the anniversaries of the three successive attacks in 1832, on the gallantly defended convent of the Serra, he was kept awake, the greater part of the three nights, by the incessant explosion of fireworks. The Portuguese rejoice in noise, and are absolute children in their love of rockets. If he fell into a slumber, soon after day-light, he was painfully awakened by dolorous sounds, shrill and terrible, that seemed the yells of Tartarus,—these were the supplications of some sturdy beggar, who would rant on, without interruption, till the surly voice of one of the Galician servants stopped him with, "It cannot be, now!" the last word holding out a sort of promise, and encouragement to come again another day. The mendicant will go on for an hour, till he receives alms or this answer, when he retires. But another, and another, male or female, succeeds, and so they go on through the day, canting, whining, squalling, screaming at your door or within your porch, or on your staircase. It is of little use to close your outer door, for they make no ceremony of knocking till it be opened. The numbers who follow the profession by choice, and the good and portly condition of many of them, are a proof of the charitable disposition of the Portuguese, and their want of judgment in their mode of *provision for the poor;* one of the hardest problems, however, in the political economy of most countries, and no easy one in our own. We are told that, before the suppression of monasteries in Portugal, beggars were not so importunate at private dwellings. I doubt this. They were fed at the convent gates, it is true, but they did not, so far as I recollect, the less pursue their avocation; and as to the disgusting objects in the streets, who were suffered to expose their infirmities, by way of enforcement of the Christian duty of almsgiving on the passers-by, they were certainly more numerous then than now, though they are not yet few. Every body knows that many of these mendicants, to make themselves more striking objects of compassion, establish and cherish loathsome sores and tumours, which they exhibit with revolting grossness. Others, some blind, some pretending blindness, are led about the streets, singing canticles with obstreperous energy, far surpassing that of our own "shipwrecked sailors" who were never at sea, and who are the sturdiest and noisiest of our street and highway prowlers. Others, whose leg or arms have been twisted, in their infancy, into the most pitiable contortions, for the express purpose of making them profitable curiosities of misery, are placed on donkeys, and so ride, begging, through the villages and towns,—some are put into open boxes in the streets,—some left to crouch or stretch upon the pavement. Watch one of these on a market day, when the country people are crowding into the city,—that good-humoured grinning idiot-boy, for instance, who sits howling from morning till night, near the British consul's door, and calling out, "I say!" to every Englishman that passes. Hardly a peasant, man or woman, goes by without giving him some trifle, and not one without giving him a good word. In that same spot he has almost grown up, being brought to it early every morning and not removed till evening; and there he will, probably, maintain his privileged position for years to come.

Musical varieties, besides the incantations of the beggars, were supplied through the course of the day, by the cries of fish-women, of girls who vend charcoal, of others who carry about uncured pork, others with nunnery sweetmeats; some with linen, some with wood-soled slippers, some with fowls and turkeys, eggs or butter; some with quails and red legged partridges,—of men with tallow-candles in square deal boxes; brandy or vinegar in barrels; oil in tin cannisters; all these shouting, successively, within the threshold, or thumping at the door, and none withdrawing without an answer.

Mr. Forsyth perceived that he had made a mistake in his choice of a hermitage. He submitted to his fate, and his patience was soon rewarded; these annoyances, so provoking at first, soon ceased to trouble him, for habit made him almost unconscious of them before he had resided a month at the Foz. By degrees, he became acquainted with almost all his countrymen and women in the place, and there were so many among them who possessed good qualities that he soon forgot that he was to be an anchorite. He went wherever he was invited; and the climate favoured him, for the parties which he most enjoyed were in the open air,—boat-parties, and rides and picnics; rambles in a pine-wood, and a dinner on the rocks, or on a vine-shaded terrace overlooking the river or the sea; and generally followed by music, song or dance, or all combined; and then a merry row, or sail, or gallop home. Home! there he was alone, and his spirits sank again under the consciousness that he was, in fact, an alien in the land—that he had no home here,—that there was not one of all those lively persons, by whom he had been amus-

ed, who really took the smallest interest in him beyond the occasions on which he might contribute his share to the hilarity of a social hour. Then he would, for a while, be self-involved and unapproachable.

Rousing himself from one of these lonely moods, he chose to go over the bar to fish; for which purpose he hired the proper sort of boat, with the men and tackle necessary for the pastime; and over the bar he went, on a most beautifully placid morning. Many of the large fishing-boats were out, and also two or three pleasure-boats, allured to sea by the smoothness of the water. To these Mr. Forsyth, occupied with his sport, in which he had but indifferent success, paid no heed. There are often, at this time of the year, heavy fogs upon this coast, as well as along the river; it is seldom, however, that they come on with so little warning as to take the boatmen unprepared. But it now happened that Mr. Forsyth suddenly found himself enveloped in such a dense vapour that he could see nothing whatever beyond his own boat. The water was very tranquil, and he could hear, from the fishermen's boats, without distinguishing the words, voices which, invisible as the speakers were, had a sort of preternatural effect, as if mysterious spirits of sea and air were conversing together. Among those voices, however, were some of more familiar tone, for they were English, and very near to him,—so near that he was startled to hear his own name mentioned in no flattering terms. "Listeners," says the proverb, "never hear any good of themselves." None but mean persons can be habitual and deliberate eaves-droppers; and such are not likely to be talked of in terms of much respect; for though their eavesdropping propensities may escape detection, their characteristic meanness cannot. So far the proverb not only is, but, perhaps, ought to be true. But in the sense in which it is generally understood, it is a still greater satire on those who are listened to than on those who covertly listen: for it is founded on a broad assumption of the general malignity of human nature, and the universal propensity to scandal; so that the chance-hearer, however good and amiable he may be, is, according to the proverb, no better off than the deliberate eavesdropper. Yet proverbs are almost always true, and Mr. Forsyth, though an innocent listener, proved no exception to the rule. "Who was the person so intent upon his fishing, in the boat that was near us just now before this horrid fog came on? He seemed to be an Englishman." It was a female voice that asked the question. Mr. Forsyth thought it a pleasing voice. An Irish gentleman, whom he recognised by his accent, replied:—"It is Mr. Forsyth, who has lately arrived here." "Oh!" rejoined the lady, "it is that Mr. Forsyth whom I have heard of, is it? Some people say that he is very disagreeable: I am sure he looks so; thanks to the fog for dropping the curtain between us and him!" Mr. Forsyth thought he had never heard a more unmusical voice in his life. A laugh, in which more than one person appeared to join, succeeded her flippant observation. The sun, who had been struggling for mastery, now began to be felt through the attenuated vapour to which he gave a half-transparent glory; a sudden gust of air lifted the veil of fog, and discovered to Mr. Forsyth what might, thus fancifully revealed, have seemed, to any one but him, as fair a vision as ever Grecian genius evoked from the wave. Close beside him was the boat in which were the persons whose short dialogue he had so unluckily overheard, and the ungentle critic who had expressed so unfavourable an opinion of his looks was no other than Miss Leslie—May Leslie—the sister of his little friend Ellen, and the Belle among the English Portonians. This young lady had, only a few months before, been emancipated from a London "finishing school;" a Vanity-Fair, from which she came home a finished coquette. May Leslie was about nineteen; in person tall, round, and well formed. Her complexion was neither fair nor florid, but of a pale settled brown; her hair was dark, her eyes gray, but large and expressive; her face oval, her features fine and regular; but there was something in her carriage, in her glance, and in a certain play and curve of her rich full lips, that sometimes gave a singular air of audacity and scornfulness to her expression. It was a face and person to which it was impossible to deny the praise of beauty; but there was too often a want of softness, a look of defiance that the splenetic observer would at once remark with prejudice, while the better-natured would pronounce on it as an evidence only of the high spirit and vivacity of youth and health. When she first came out, being new, her beauty had been exaggerated; but her really handsome and striking appearance had as yet lost none of its supremacy; she was still the Belle, received admiration as if it were her birthright, and treated her admirers with a strange mixture of affability and disdain.

The party seemed a little confused by their unexpected proximity to the man with whose name they had just been making so free. One of them had the presence of mind to greet him as if nothing had occurred, and even to present him to Miss Leslie, the only one of the group with whom he was not acquainted. She reddened at having been overheard in an ungracious personality: but the circumstance seemed rather to excite her resentment than to confuse her; and, while she slightly bowed to him, there was a curl of the lip which implied that even that formal compliment was conceded reluctantly. We are apt to vindicate a first injustice by a second. Mr. Forsyth looked at her with a sternness that did little credit to his philosophy. He was mortified and morose, and she was proud and petulant. He exchanged some civilities with her companions, and, declining their invitation to dine with them on the rocks near the huts, he returned home dissatisfied; yet, perhaps, not altogether so: he had experienced a sensation, no pleasant one, it is true; but his jaded spirit wanted bracing, and even a new hatred is a tonic.

At this time of the year, there were so many parties and picnics among the English and their families, that Mr. Forsyth had frequent opportunities of meeting the young lady who had so

gratuitously honoured him with her dislike at first sight; or, rather, before she saw him. Her antipathy, so far from being abated, seemed to increase at every encounter, and she took no pains to conceal it; so that her mother, a lady much respected in the place, remonstrated with her on her incivility, but without effect. Mr. Forsyth certainly took no pains to conciliate her favour, for he indulged a malicious pleasure in paying her in her own coin, though with a politeness that only made the matter worse; and their dislike quickly took a turn of active animosity, not unamusing to some shrewd observers. On the whole, the Belle had the best of the battle, and might have finally conquered, had she not, too obviously, betrayed her delight whenever the man was piqued. But she did not always escape untouched; for Mr. Forsyth, though, in some respects, a far less able tactician, in such small warfare, than his opponent, sometimes retaliated with a quiet effect that was the more provoking for the composure of his manner. He was more skilful in hiding his satisfaction when his arrow of wit whizzed so near her as to flutter the lady's serenity than he was at concealing his annoyance when her shaft struck home and stung him. Mr. Forsyth had, perhaps, some excuse for his malice. He was, in the first instance, not the aggressor but the aggrieved, and Miss Leslie had wounded him even more keenly than she suspected or intended: she had estranged her little sister, Ellen, from him completely. Her displeasure at the child's fondness for a stranger had been frequently expressed with more asperity than enough, and Ellen no longer dared to go near Mr. Forsyth; and when she met him she was awkward and abashed, and retreated or kept aloof. This was intolerable; it was an outrage on the very best and most sensitive part of his nature.

About a league above the city, on the left bank of the Douro, is the finely situated convent of Oliveira, now a quinta, or villa, which was yet, by permission, as it was before the jolly monks were ejected, a favourite place for summer parties from Oporto. At a dance here, the gentleman who gave the party, and who had often noticed and, probably, like others, been diverted by the mutual aversion of the Belle and the Hermit, requested that the latter would allow him to provide him with a partner to complete one of the quadrille sets. Mr. Forsyth endeavoured to excuse himself, on the plea of having long given up dancing; but he was overruled by the friendly importunity of his host, and consented. To his surprise, he was led up to Miss Leslie, and named to her as requesting the honour of being her partner. He would have made the best of what he suspected of being a bad joke, if it was not a mistaken manœuvre at peacemaking; but the young lady looked at him with suppressed complacency, and desired to be excused, as it was not her intention to stand up for that dance. Mr. Forsyth bowed and turned away; and, in two minutes afterwards, he observed that she had stood up in that very quadrille, with Mr. Roderick Pinto, the Portuguese Lothario already mentioned, who, having witnessed the lady's refusal of her countryman, hastened to seize so fair an opportunity of trying the superiority of his own attractions. The damsel accepted him without hesitation, and was led to the dance by the exulting native of the land. This was more than Mr. Forsyth chose to bear: he could not remonstrate with the lady, but he could check the elation of the gentleman. He walked up to him, and quietly requested him to give place, saying, just loud enough to be heard by the lady, that Miss Leslie was his partner. Senhor Pinto appealed to herself, but she was much too astonished to assist him; she stared haughtily and said nothing. Senhor Pinto, who was well inclined to keep his ground, then cast a scowling look at Mr. Forsyth; but he saw something in the steady look which met his that warned him to be prudent: he was not without courage; on the contrary, he had rather too much than too little; but he felt it would be folly to persist in the wrong about so trifling an affair; he shrugged up his shoulders, muttered something about a supposed mistake, and gave way. Mr. Forsyth and Miss Leslie danced together! When the quadrille was finished, he led her to a seat, and then placed himself by the side of her mother, who had observed the whole thing, and was much amused. She was a stately lady, of somewhat cold manners; but she received him with a gracious air, compressing her risible muscles with difficulty, and making no allusion to what had occurred. The daughter sat in mute and thoughtful vexation. She had committed a capital error, and her enemy had taken advantage of her false position. He had made her ridiculous; and she hated him more than ever; so at least she thought. Senhor Pinto, too, whom she did not much admire before, had rendered himself odious to her by the facility with which he had resigned her. She was roused from meditation by the approach of a gentleman, singularly prepossessing in figure and address. He was a Castilian, Don José Alvarez, who had come to Oporto after the discomfiture of Don Carlos, in whose suite he was said to have arrived in Portugal, which was no recommendation to the new authorities; but he was protected by the friendship of Mr. Leslie, whose political bias was known to be strongly in favour of "the Constitution," but who had generosity enough to respect the distress of a Carlist Spaniard. Miss Leslie resumed her dancing at the request of Don José Alvarez, and, for the rest of the day, she was more than usually animated, appearing to be particularly pleased by the attentions of her father's Spanish friend. Senhor Pinto was also intimately acquainted with the Spaniard, whom he now watched, and occasionally rallied on the young lady's supposed partiality; but there was a bitterness in his raillery that betokened less gaiety than chagrin; and the gloomy glances that he cast on Don Alvarez and Mr. Forsyth showed that there was a hostile feeling, to them both, rankling in his breast. Mr. Forsyth did not perceive these dark looks, and Don Alvarez was either too pleasantly occupied to observe them, or too happy to trouble himself about them if he did. The Spaniard was enamoured of Miss Leslie: the Portuguese, a presumptuous egotist, coveted

her smiles as so many rays to be added to the false lustre of his vain-glory. The Englishman, a man of strong feelings stubbornly guarded, admired her as a wily engineer does a comely hostile fortress which is likely to break his head, and which he is resolved to humble, by mine and battery, if he can; or, as a boy admires his aunt's tortoise-shell cat, that he delights to tease, but not without first putting on his gloves.

Miss Leslie had many other admirers; indeed, all the party-going men of the place, native or foreign, might be said to be admirers of her beauty, though there were several who were any thing but flattered by her manners. Among the most assiduous of those who seemed to have enlisted themselves under the banners of the proud Belle, was a little active gentleman, whose name was Stubbs. He was a reputable merchant, long established at Oporto, but who combined with the readiest capacity for mercantile affairs some tastes which are supposed to be uncongenial with the labours of the counting-house. He had been lately at New York, where, at the age of forty-four, he had married a very pretty young lady, whom, however, as he found her rather froward, and as she had objected to accompany him at once to Portugal, where his business required his presence, he had left to pass her time among their mutual relations in her native state. Mr. Stubbs was an abstract philosopher, who, having thus submitted to a peaceable separation from his bride before the honeymoon was over, absolutely forgot that he was married, and fell into his old-bachelor habits of general and strenuous flirtation. He was clever, paradoxical, argumentative with men but not with ladies, amorous, and droll as a tumbler-pigeon, sensitive but forgiving, most well-natured, kind-hearted, and generous. He was, consequently, in spite of his oratory and logic, a great favourite with almost every one. Some few dry souls, envious of his acquirements perhaps, voted him a bore; and one serious charge they brought against him, which he took no pains to refute, but confirmed by perpetual repetitions of the offence alleged,—he was a poet! The merchants were startled when they first made the discovery, for poetry and finance seem natural enemies; but their good humour and good sense soon prevailed pretty generally in his favour. He was rational on matters of business, and they forgave his thirst for the waters of Helicon the more easily as he was the poet of the ladies, who were entertained by his amatory effusions and unmerciful fickleness; for he not only forgot his wife, but he had already, since his return from America, made vows of unalterable devotion, which he called Platonic, to almost every English lady, under fifty, of his acquaintance. His simplicity on this point was marvellous; his innocent effrontery matchless: they humoured him, and praised his verses, and he was a happy man. His small quaint person was poetically attired, for he was a mortally bad dresser. He tied his white neckcloth in a very large clumsy bow, and powdered it plentifully with snuff. He wore an old broad-brimmed Pennsylvanian hat, under which long lappets of straight hair flapped over his ears. His clothes, of ill-assorted colours, hung about him as if they had been made by a scrupulous tailor, who scorned to take advantage of a dwarf, and gave him liberal measure of cloth for a full-grown man. Mr. Stubbs was the only English gentleman whose attentions the admired Miss Leslie encouraged; except the handsome Spaniard, he was the only man in the place to whom she was always gracious, never rude. With Don Alvarez, her eyes were more eloquent than her tongue; with Mr. Stubbs, both her eyes and her tongue were eloquent, but the "looks and tones" seemed to be at variance in their meaning: the words were honey-dew; but "there was a laughing devil in her eye," which Mr. Stubbs delighted in, for he mistook it for the reflexion of his own image: and so in one sense it was; but he did not rightly read the riddle. He was sure she was in love with him: but she had many rivals; he therefore pitied her, and he was magnanimous enough, too, to pity Don Alvarez, to whom she spoke so little. Poor Don Alvarez!

Mr. Forsyth had one morning crossed the Douro, that he might enjoy the fragrance of the pine-woods, after a heavy shower, succeeded by a powerful sun. He lounged among them for an hour or two; and on his return towards his boat, he perceived a party, who were established among the huge gray stones of the Cabedello, where they were about to dine, shaded from the now western sun by one tall stone. The boatmen had brought planks, and laid them across two of the detached pieces of rock, to serve for a table and seats. The group was picturesque and inviting; and Mr. Forsyth was hailed the moment his approach was noticed, and did not refuse the invitation. His friends were there; but there also was his enemy, May Leslie, and, seated next to her, was Roderick Pinto, the Lusian Lovelace, like the toad at the ear of Eve. She seemed to be in better humour with Pinto than on the former occasion; he talked much to her, and in a low tone, and she appeared to be keenly attentive to his observations. This might be one of her caprices, or one of her mystifications. She did not bow to Mr. Forsyth. She had come to the resolution of cutting him altogether. The wily Pinto observed this with delight, and made a low reverence, "too civil by half," to the Englishman; while his dark expressive eyes seemed to say, "You see I am in my right place now," in allusion to "the notice to quit" her, which Mr. Forsyth had so ceremoniously given him at Oliveira. Mr. Forsyth, as he acknowledged the salute, was for a moment struck with the singular expression of gratified malice on Pinto's countenance. He was not aware, or had forgotten, how sorely he had galled the Portuguese Lovelace. Jest, gossip, feasting, flirting, and laughing, went on amid the rest of the company; while Pinto's assiduities to Miss Leslie were conducted quietly: it was bye-play; he was too cunning to challenge the notice of those about him, before he was sure of his triumph; and though Miss Leslie listened to him attentively, there was something in her manner which did not

altogether satisfy him. When he bantered her on the disappointment she must feel on the absence of her friend Don Alvarez, who had been expected, she pursed up her lips into one of their *disdains*. He was puzzled; doubtful whether it were meant as a rebuke to his impertinence, or as a disclaimer of partiality to the Castilian. When he ridiculed Mr. Forsyth, which he did with a keen felicity of caricature that should have provoked her laughter, especially as she so evidently disliked the original, she cast down her eyes and looked serious, but without interrupting him by a word.

Our friends, the Portuguese of Oporto, by the way, are exceedingly clever in the art of quizzing, and very fond, with all their politeness, of exercising that talent on or *at* the English: but few of them are, like Mr. Pinto, thoroughly ill-natured, and those few are red-hot politicians of the French school, "the *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed," young men to whom the horrors consequent on the French invasion are but as the dreams of their fathers, though their country has never been tranquil or prosperous since. The Portuguese resisted the invaders nobly; yet they could not have expelled them but by the aid of the English: the obligation is forgotten, or its motive misrepresented, and set down to English selfishness; the Portuguese have secured their liberty, such as it is; their little long slip of earth is an independent monarchy; and they abuse the English, and praise the French! The seeds of French republican principles were sown during the struggle, by the armies of Napoleon, and the French were so far conquerors after all. The fruits are bitterness.

Senhor Pinto, not assured of the effect of his sarcasms on Mr. Forsyth, changed the subject to one still more promising; but when he made Miss Leslie's beauty, and its power over himself, the theme of his well-turned phrases — for he had been educated at Stonyhurst, and spoke English perfectly — she looked at him with proud self-complacency, as if those compliments were only her due. But he occasionally turned to glance at Mr. Forsyth, whom he hoped he was mortifying; and he invariably found, when his attention reverted to Miss Leslie, that her large gray eyes were examining his own skull with a curious expression of earnestness and dismay, as if she were observing its shape to find some mysterious bumps or organs of iniquity. He did not like to be observed in that fashion. He now altered his tactics, and instead of talking sarcasm and gallantry, he spoke to her of England, and of the happy days that he had passed there in his boyhood, of the brave energy and candour of the English character, and of the lofty standard of manners and morals among the English ladies. Miss Leslie, whose prepossessions in favour of her own people, as a people, were strong, heard him with pleasure, though she every now and then cast a glance at his head, as if to discover whether some bump there did not impeach the sincerity of his tongue. At the moment when he began to assure himself that he had enacted the amiable with success, Don Alvarez appeared, and, after the usual greetings, contrived to wedge himself just opposite to Miss Leslie. From the instant of his arrival, Senhor Pinto was eclipsed. The young lady welcomed the Spaniard with a mantling blush and a sweet smile, and the glosing speech and ominous head of the Portuguese no longer drew her notice. She spoke but little to Don Alvarez; perhaps restrained by the presence, in his person, of a commanding interest; perhaps because she was as yet far from fluent in the Portuguese, still less so in the Spanish language, and Don Alvarez did not understand English. They might have conversed together in French, but she had all the recent school-girl's reluctance to express herself in a foreign tongue, for fear of "the dread laugh" of any of the little world about her who might detect her blunders. Besides, Monsieur D'Erlon, the French consul, was there, and she might not like to trust her French in the hearing of a Frenchman, though he was a most frank and well-bred gentleman. So, as is usual in such cases, the man and maiden discoursed with their eyes, and May Leslie's were radiant with intelligence, and the Spaniard's seemed to reflect their intelligence and beauty. All this was gall and wormwood to Pinto. Mr. Forsyth, as he watched her for some minutes at a distance, felt that even he might have been fascinated if she had ever looked on him as she now looked on the enviable Castilian. She chanced to turn her face towards Mr. Forsyth, and their eyes met. With the instinctive quickness of woman where the effect of her charms is concerned, she read him rightly; she caught her enemy in the fact of admiring her in spite of himself; she was softened for a moment, and as she withdrew her eyes, she felt some little compunction. Under the kindly impulse, Miss Leslie was half disposed to be amiable, and to make him some atonement if possible, and looked again that she might try to judge whether his offended pride were likely to be placable: but Mr. Forsyth was no longer at the table; he had escaped her enchantment. Strange inconsistency of a female tyrant in her teens! She was more vexed by Mr. Forsyth's disappearance at this instant, than pleased by the presence of the Spaniard.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when all were startled by screams from two or three children of the party, who had been amusing themselves on the rocks. Ellen Leslie, the sister of our heroine, had perched herself on the smooth pinnacle of the highest rock, and as she was balancing herself there with the mock hardihood of a girl half frightened, she became giddy, and fell on the side where the stone was precipitous. The accident might have been serious to her, had not Mr. Forsyth, in stealing away to his boat, which was close at hand, observed her unsteady tenure of her high place, and had he not, when she fell as he expected, caught the child in his arms. She was not injured, but Mr. Forsyth's right arm was severely wrenched. Miss Leslie, in the anxiety about her sister, hardly understood how she had escaped; and, before her confusion, and that of the rest of the party had enabled the children to explain the matter, Mr. Forsyth, accompanied by

one or two gentlemen, was half across the river on his way to the Foz. All the company got into their boats and dispersed. Miss Leslie was silent and pensive all the way home: Mr. Forsyth had probably saved her sister from some fatal hurt; he had done so just at the time when her own better feelings were prompting her to conduct herself less offensively towards him, a stranger against whom she had adopted a groundless prejudice: how immediately had her returning charity been rewarded! But was it charity? and had she deserved reward? Had she not rather been softened by a feeling of indulged self-love, when she perceived that her beauty had extorted his homage, in spite of his pride and her insolence? Miss Leslie sighed as her conscience answered these questions reproachfully. It was, perhaps, the first time in her life that she had investigated her own motives, and she was far from satisfied by the result of her self-examination. But Mr. Forsyth was gone: he had rendered an important service to her family, and she had not even thanked him. What an ungrateful perverse creature must he think her! And was she not so? She hardly dared to answer herself. We are never in so fair a way of deserving and winning the respect of others, as when we become severe censors of ourselves. Let us, therefore, hope for Miss Leslie. But she is young, lovely, high-spirited, and volatile. How shall such vernal meditation ripen into fruit, when the first gust of vanity may shake the blossom from the tree?

The next day, the Leslies heard that Mr. Forsyth's shoulder had been dislocated by the shock of their child's weight, though he had retired without mentioning that he was hurt. The informant was their friend and physician, Dr. J——, a gentleman formerly an army surgeon, but for many years past the favourite practitioner here; a most modest, generous, unpretending man, highly skilful and successful in his practice, the disinterested friend of the poor, the healer of wounds in more senses than one, and a bond of harmony to the society of the place. This is a digression, but in honour of a good man, who would have blushed at praise, which it was the daily occupation of his days and nights to merit. His life of beneficent toil is closed. He is at rest in the English burial-ground at Oporto, and his epitaph is graven deepest in the hearts of those who knew him best.

Under his able and gentle tendance, Mr. Forsyth was likely to suffer as little as the case could permit; but as Dr. J—— had not been called in for several hours after the accident, the bone was not restored to its socket without difficulty, and a good deal of fever ensued. There were none whom this report disquieted more than Miss Leslie, and she testified her regret with a simple and dignified ingenuousness. For once she was no coquette. If it be true that despised love often turns to fury, it is equally so that dislike, when once its injustice is owned, not unfrequently resolves itself into the opposite feeling. She could at first hardly repress some emotion of impatience whenever little Ellen, the cause of the disaster, came into her presence. But the poor child was as much grieved as herself, and earnestly requested leave to go and see Mr. Forsyth. This could not be granted at present, but Ellen took every opportunity of making inquiries about *her* friend — "my friend" she ever afterwards called him. Whenever any pleasant flowers, especially the lovely Japan roses, were brought from their city-garden, she always selected the fairest, and sent them to Mr. Forsyth, till May Leslie forbade her to do so, on some sudden fancy, or fear, perhaps, that the gentleman might flatter himself that they were sent by her, or at her suggestion.

Mr. Forsyth recovered slowly, and the Foz season was over before he was released from his rooms. The Oporto families were, one by one, returning to the city; their furniture and heavy packages were to be seen on creaking cars along the road, while the water-girls, the *aguadeiras* of the Foz, who so lightly poised their graceful red pitchers on their heads, as they used to file to and fro with stately step, clattering their wooden slippers while they bore the weight of waters from the fountains, like the captive princesses and ladies of the ante-Homeric age, or like the daughters of the patriarchs, were now carrying, on their heads, loads of household lumber, with an erectness of gait, and facility of movement, worthy of admiration. Presently, there was not a single Oporto family, Portuguese or English, in the place; and somewhat later, not even a family from the wine-country; whose people, not coming to the sea-coast till after the vintage, are among the latest lingerers at the Foz, and the neighbouring villages of Leça and Matozinhos. Almost all the human life of the Foz was departed. Not even a chestnut girl to be seen seated on a stone at a street corner, fanning her fire in its clay vase, perforated with round holes, and fixed on a wooden tripod, while her fruit was delightfully cracking as it approached that perfection of roast which none but these out-of-door peninsular girls can give to the chestnut.

The surly Brazilians, and their humble blacks, so numerous here till lately, were all gone. Gone, too, was Mr. Forsyth's nearest neighbour, the sturdy Canon of Braga, who headed the monks of the Minho against Don Pedro and his "Malhados from the islands," for the glory of the Lord and the altar, and of that angel on earth, Don Miguel; and gone was the Padré's portly brother, the huge old Conigo, with his old mountain cousin, Donna Deodata, and her massy daughter, as round as a melon.

The delightful weather of the first weeks of November, called the summer of St. Martin, whose anniversary is on the 11th of that month, was succeeded as usual by squally and heavy rains. The Bar, that had lately slumbered, awoke with a roar of foaming rage, its white mane fluttered high in air, while the south wind rushed down the river to meet and battle with the steady resolute swell of the tide. The rocks along the coast, those fine dark rocks, wore their pleasant wreath of sea-bubbles, that glittered in white contrast for a moment, and were shivered into gauze-like vapour, and then fell and glided down the

sands in rivulets, to be again rallied by the next reinforcement of billows, and again to bubble and break against the crags. The coast, as far as the eye could trace it, was fringed with spray, a broad fringe, and the bar of the Douro was walled with foam. Sky and sea, strand and street, looked desolate. Mr. Forsyth was now as much alone as he could ever have wished to be; he heard few voices but those of wind and wave; and they, indeed, were overboisterous. He stood it well, however, for he revered the majestic music of the seas. His health daily improved, and his books were his never-failing friends during the wet season, which was soon followed by a climate such as we Northerns know not in winter. Then in dry weather, yet keen and fresh, and generally clearest when cold, he could recruit his strength by scrambles among the rocks, or a stroll with dog and gun in search of snipe or quail. By degrees, sea, earth, and sky were resuming their cheerfulness and splendour; not so steadily as quite to forget their brumal character — they were yet peevish or sullen sometimes. The hermit of St. John's had managed to survive the winter with fewer than half-a-dozen visits to the city. One of them was on the occasion of the landing from Lisbon of Don Pedro's heart, his bequest to "the faithful city." No vulgar pageant was that solemn procession of its bearers and followers, priests, soldiers, seamen, and civilians, to the Lappa church, and its deposition in that building, which was darkened with black velvet, and other gorgeous *gloomery*, and lighted with blazing torches. The heart, in a silver vase, was laid at the foot of the great altar on a table covered with cloth of gold; a soldier, one of the old Moustaches of the siege, stood guard on each side. Nothing could be more imposing than the spectacle of the installation of the heart of the romantic emperor who fought against tyranny.

If Mr. Forsyth went seldom to the city, the city came seldomer to him. Only three or four persons called on him during the whole winter. He who lives in Siberia, by choice, must not expect visits from St. Petersburgh. They sent him invitations to their gaieties; all were declined: they took the hint, and left him to himself.

What became then of the Leslies and all his friends? In the mornings, the men walked and talked in the Rua Nova dos Inglezes, their Exchange, and worked away in their counting-houses, or visited their wine-lodges at Villa Nova, or their stores and customers, wherever their several lines of business might call them: they lounged an idle hour or two in their newspaper or billiard rooms. Their evenings were passed in the amusements arising out of a constant interchange of dinner-parties, followed by their eternal cards, whist and boston being the order of the night. The frequent dinner-fêtes at the Factory House were the sumptuous entertainments. And the ladies, what did they? In the mornings, they passed their time as ladies usually do in commercial towns, where men are so little at their service from nine till four or five o'clock. They, old and young, superintended their domestic affairs, worked at single-stitch and double-stitch and embroidery, taught and scolded the young fry, read a little and *musicked* a little, puzzling the Ologies, and excruciating Rossini; and in the afternoons, went out to gossip with their neighbours, or to visit their poor, or to take a walk for exercise, the most tiresome effort of reason. The Portuguese ladies, though fond of dancing, seldom walk out, except for their souls' health to mass, or to pay a visit to some very near neighbour; for the body's health, they rarely submit to the exertion, or are not permitted to do so by custom. The neatness of their small pretty feet may thus be preserved, but the beauty of their faces is too often withered in youth. The English ladies, in the same climate, preserve their beauty longer, though they may somewhat enlarge their feet by freely using them for the purpose for which feet were given them, to walk with. Their evenings were pretty often enlivened by dances at home, or among their neighbours; for ecarté, whist, and boston were not so inveterately the sedentary diseases of the male of the land but that several young men, and a few of the elders, might be collected for partners at piano or fiddle call. Then there were balls at the Portuguese club-room, the assembléa, and, now and then, on a more ambitious scale, and admirably arranged by the managers, a ball given by the British Association at the Factory House to all the principal Portuguese, and to most of the English non-members who chose to accept the invitations; for there were ins and outs at Oporto, two long contending factions of yore; but the rumours of their wars have almost died away. So in fine the winter passed off, with the men and ladies at Oporto, much in the same manner as winters pass elsewhere among mercantile gentry; and for the English at Oporto it must be said, *cum grano salis*, and notwithstanding some idle prejudices among them, that their society was not to be surpassed for social spirit and good fellowship by any other of the kind.

But where was my heroine all this while? She passed her day as most of those of her age and sex did, in "strenuous idleness" for the most part, though Ellen's lessons gave her some worthy occupation; and wherever the gaiety and grace of the young were active in the evening dance, or passive at the insipid tea-drink, there was May Leslie; and around or near her were Don Alvarez, the handsome Spaniard, and Senhor Roderick Pinto, the Lusian Lovelace, and Mr. Stubbs, her poet-laureate, who called her his Young May-moon, and Don Alvarez's May-thorn. Then there was the lively Mr. Spence, who was much given to punning; and there was the smiling lady-killing Mr. Fanshawe, whom she named "Attitude;" and there was the grinning cynic Mr. Harbottle, whom she never named at all; and many other young men and youths, by whom she was more or less admired. And Mr. Forsyth! Did she never speak of him? Often, for a month or two after his accident; but never after he had recovered and still preserved his solitude at the Foz. Absence, perhaps, weakened the interest she felt about him after his misadventure; perhaps she

forgot that she had ever felt the slightest concern, bad or good, respecting him.

Senhor Pinto, however, had not forgotten Mr. Forsyth, nor the little misunderstanding between them about Miss Leslie's choice of a partner at the Oliveira convent. That was the greatest affront he had ever received in his life. Pinto was not a man to forget or forgive an affront, however plausibly he might conceal his resentment till he could make it felt. But during the absence of Mr. Forsyth, no opportunity could occur, and his evil passions were diverted into another channel. A mutual jealousy and detestation had, in the course of the winter, sprung up between him and his quondam friend, the Spaniard, and Miss Leslie was again the cause. Both were assiduous in attentions to her; and it had been latterly her inexplicable humour to encourage them both, with such an even measure of favour, that it was difficult to decide which of them she preferred. The handsome Spaniard, therefore, it would seem, had not gained ground during the winter; had the subtle Portuguese then greatly made up his lee-way? The latter would still occasionally detect Miss Leslie in examining his features, or surveying his head, with a sort of serious curiosity that disconcerted him. On one occasion, as he was leading her into a refreshment room after dancing, he stopped to speak to her mother, who happened to be seated under a pier-glass. He soon observed that Miss Leslie, without withdrawing her arm, had fallen back a little, and suspecting that she was intent on her favourite consideration of his skull, he ascertained the fact by a sly quick glance at the mirror. He turned briskly round, and said to her, peevishly, "Miss Leslie, shall I send you a cast of my head? you seem to think it a good phrenological study."

She coolly replied, "I am much obliged to you, Senhor Pinto, for the offer: it is a present that would much gratify me, though I could not have had courage to beg such a favour."

"A head for a heart then," said the Portuguese, with a constrained air of gallantry.

"You would make a bad bargain," said the young lady; "my heart would be no equivalent for such a precious head. Excuse me, Senhor Pinto, as you make conditions, I will generously decline the cast."

Pinto tried to look deprecating and tender, but he only looked malignant in spite of his power of face: there was something in her manner that worried him exceedingly.

"What is the matter, sir?" said Miss Leslie; "you seem disturbed."

"Look at Don José Alvarez," said Pinto, to give a turn to the conversation.

"What of him?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"He is watching us: his eyes follow you every where," said Pinto.

"He has very fine eyes," answered the lady.

"Very," observed Pinto, drily; "and a very fine head."

"That is true," rejoined Miss Leslie; "a very model for a sculptor."

"I could eat that fellow's heart," muttered Pinto, too audibly.

"Indeed!" said Miss Leslie, gravely, and with a broad stare; "I did not know you were such an epicure. I will sit down if you please," and she took a seat near her mother.

Pinto retired to another part of the room, hating his friend the Spaniard more than ever; while the Spaniard thought himself supplanted. But the latter was of a ductile temper. A smile and a kind word restored his equanimity: he was again at her side; while Pinto, surly in a corner, chewed the cud of bitter fancy.

On this night, which was dark and tempestuous, an important loss occurred to Mr. Stubbs, which enables me to introduce a specimen of his poetry in the pathetic department. The wind uncivilly flew away with his broad-brimmed hat, while he was going home; and as he chose, in spite of robbers and rumours of robbers, to be unaccompanied by a Galician with a torch or lamp, he did not recover it. The next day he produced the following

LAMENT.

I had a hat, a peerless thing,
The pride of beaver samples,
For, always true to church and king,
It guarded crown and temples.

When first I placed it on my brow,
The ladies, pretty dears,
Admired its gloss, and said as how
I shone above my (y)ears.

Of late 'twas brown, and worse for wear,
But so was I, its master:
Both it and I had lost our hair,
But yet I loved my castor.

My brain and it each other knew,
It witness'd all my frolics;
But oh, 'twas not a castor true,
As Castor was to Pollux!

Oh hat of mine, how could you go,
You run-away deceiver?
You must have been, to use me so,
The fur of female beaver.

My hat is gone; I weep to think
That I must wear a cap;
Alas! I cannot sleep a wink,
Because I 've lost my nap.

These sublime verses were answered with good-humoured irony by Miss Devon, a really accomplished and most amiable young lady, who had already shaken his allegiance to Miss Leslie, by painting his portrait in oil, as little as life, and much handsomer than the original.

The hat was, by chance, recovered by Miss Devon's brother, and sent to him with the following lines:—

"It must have been
The fur of female beaver."

These words are truly said, I own:
We question'd it of secrets heard,
Of all the follies it had known:
It answer'd not a single word,
But its brown silence calmly kept,
As if in very scorn it slept:
Such truth and firmness, misbeliever,
Show it to be "of female beaver."

At length, with an indignant air,
"Within," it cried, "the brightness lay,
To turn your darkness into day,

And shed its brightness every where.
Without it, all's so very dim:
Oh, haste, and send me back to him."
Such blind devotion, misbeliever,
Proves it to be "of female beaver."

Mr. Stubbs was in ecstasies. Miss Leslie had no chance against Miss Devon after that,—for a week or two at least. He sate down and wrote an impassioned effusion of eight quarto pages, addressed "To Miss Sappho Devon." Cruel, fickle Mr. Stubbs! Happy Miss Devon! Her name, however, was not Sappho, but Margaret; and among the many amatory stanzas that Mr. Stubbs composed during her reign, were the following, on the double French signification of that word.

LA MARGUERITE.

Well art thou call'd *La Marguerite*,
A daisy or a pearl;
In either sense the name is fit
For so divine a girl.

Some prophet aptly gave that name
At the baptismal hour
Of Her who sparkles like the gem,
Though modest as the flower.

Miss Devon was, or pretended to be, in raptures with this compliment, and added some additional touches to Mr. Stubbs' portrait in oils, under his own superintending eye. Mr. Stubbs, as has been already intimated, was a versatile genius, and among his accomplishments he especially prided himself on his taste and judgment in pictorial art,—and not without reason. The walls of his dining and drawing-rooms were adorned with rare paintings, all undoubted originals by unknown masters, and of which he had detected the merit in the lumber-rooms of furniture-brokers, and in obscure *omnium gatherum* stalls. But Mr. Stubbs was so frank and zealous, that he could seldom conceal from the vender his rapture at any discovery of a treasure; so that he was usually asked pretty high prices. But he was liberal, and delighted to rescue merit from obscurity. On one occasion, he observed in a little broker's shop, a mysterious-looking, time-worn performance, which to a common eye would have seemed nothing else than a flagrant red patch on a black ground. To Mr. Stubbs, it seemed a very Turner of old times. "What is the subject of this picture?" said he to the shopkeeper. "It is an eruption of Mount Vesuvius," was the answer.—"To be sure! to be sure it is!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs, with uncontrollable enthusiasm, "and a most masterly work it is, by Salvator Rosa,—no, no, by Schalchen. I see it now! What is the price?" The honest man, though thus instructed of the value of the article, asked only thirty moidores, about thirty-four pounds. "No," said Stubbs, "I cannot afford so much; "will you take five-and-twenty?" "Well, sir, it is giving it away," replied the broker, after a little hesitation, "but you shall have it."

The painting was bought and paid for, and sent to a picture-cleaner, who was particularly enjoined to bring it home to its new master on a certain day. Mr. Stubbs invited several of his friends to dine with him on that day, on purpose, as he told them, to show them his prize. They arrived, but not the picture. He was growing impatient for the wondrous work of art which he was to exhibit: they were growing impatient for their dinner. The picture came at last: the covering was removed, and the painting turned out to be the portrait of a boiled lobster. The guests were convulsed with laughter. Mr. Stubbs was rather surprised. "Well," said he, "it is a very fine lobster, any how. Let us go to dinner." That painting was afterwards put into a handsome gilt frame, and still adorns the wall over the sideboard in Mr. Stubbs' dining-room; and opposite to it, over his dining-room mantel piece, is Miss Devon's portrait of his own good-humoured, comical countenance. Long may he live to rejoice in them both!

(*To be concluded in our next No.*)

THE WORLD A SEPULCHRE.

THERE is the lone and still church-yard
In some sequester'd glen,
Where cottars sleep beneath the sward,
Remote from haunts of men;

There is the stone-paved burial-place,
The city's crowded bed
Of graves, where rest full many a race;
"A city of the dead!"

There are the wildernesses vast,
Where sand or snowy wreath
Have o'er the weary pilgrim cast
The still repose of death.

There are the bowels of that land
That open'd at God's word,
Ingulfing Korah and his band
When they defied the Lord.

There are the hateful fields of death,
Strewn with remains of War,
Where millions yielded up their breath,
Crush'd by her "Iron Car."

There is the fathomless blue sea,
With all its hidden things,
That o'er a goodly company
Its mocking requiem sings.

Death strews its victims every where
O'er mountain, vale, and wave;
The world's a splendid sepulchre,
A vast revolving grave! G. G. & J. B.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Galway, August 12th.

"It is better," says a trite proverb, "to be out of the world than out of the fashion." The gentry of Galway are quite of that opinion; for, though nearly out of the world in point of geographical position, or, as the vulgar express it, "at the back of God-speed," they cling with unbending pertinacity to all the forms and moods of fashion. Not only in dress and equipage and gorgeous ostentations of the table, but even in the unnatural divisions of time, they ape the customs of the great world, from which they are so far removed.

A subscription ball takes place, during the assizes at one of the principal hotels, to which the company begin to drop in at eleven o'clock. It is long past midnight before the last of them has been set down: just as if the gentlemen had been serving their country all the evening in Parliament, and the ladies showering bouquets upon Cerito, five minutes before their appearance upon this well chalked floor. But these gentlemen have been yawning and stretching themselves in the club-house, till it was time to dress; and the ladies have been keeping themselves awake, for the last two hours, with strong tea and expectation. Ten to one but, if there were no ball, they would have betaken themselves to their idle beds at ten o'clock. But seeing there was to be a ball, and seeing that it would be the most antediluvian thing in nature to open a ball in Nolan's long room one moment sooner than a ball is opened at Almack's, they have been doing penance all the night, until it was time to begin the evening.

Truly "they manage these matters better in France." For in that country, a time there is to dance, and a time to sleep; nor is it considered at all vulgar for provincial folks to come together at seven or eight, amuse themselves for a few hours, and be able to go about their business the following morning, without a headach or the twanging of catgut in their ears all the day long.

To see pursy gentlemen verging on threescore, winking against nature on such occasions, and to behold dowagers, in whom (according to *Doctor O'Toole's* reading of Hamlet) "the *Thady* in the blood" ought to be tame at this time of day, tripping it under the weight of half a century into a midnight ball-room, is almost too melancholy a spectacle for laughter. Red coats, indeed, being a "gay lady-dazzling armour," look well at all hours; and with the fair creatures whose cheeks are flushed and whose bright eyes derive new lustre and fascination from the dance, this is "the very witching time of night." Yet their charms would be found quite as irresistible at nine o'clock as at one, if they would only try it,—and far more so after breakfast the next morning.

Oh, the day after a ball in sultry weather, as balls are conducted now-a-days, is not the precise time when a discreet belle would choose to be at home, to those who had seen her in all her bloom and splendour ten or twelve hours before! In old Chaucer's day, when people kept reasonable hours, it was all the same to say,—

"Up gat the Sun, and up gat Emilie;"

for the dawn of one was not more fresh or glorious than the waking of the other. But here it is another thing altogether. The sun may rise unclouded; but *Mademoiselle Emilie* looks rather misty, and will hardly shine out fairly again, before she "puts another night over her." Is it not a pity that such waste of beauty, of health and spirits, should be committed for the sake of conforming to the irksome and absurd whims of fashion.

At the west end of this town is a bathing village called Salt Hill, delightfully situated along the beach, and commanding a view of the bay and of the rocky hills of Clare, which shelter it from the south-western gales. The accommodations provided for visiters are by no means adequate to the high rents exacted, or to the habits of those who pay them. For the place is crowded during the summer months, by the first families of this and the adjoining counties, whose sojourn is highly beneficial to the town of Galway, and the cause of great social enjoyment to its respectable inhabitants. From the beginning of July till the winter sets in, there is no end of gaiety and display. Fine carriages, with fine women in them, permeate the narrow streets, or dash along the sea-road; while troops of fair equestrians, gallantly attended, scamper through the suburbs, or extend their rides far into the wild country round about the town. Then of festive excursions, denominated *pic-nics*, there is a constant succession by sea and land; and sumptuous private entertainments, or splendid public assemblies (the latter, however, few and far between) fill up the measure of this sober and agreeable dissipation. But as soon as the summer flies are gone, the winter ones retire to their snug domestic recesses; and Galway is said to be as dull and spiritless a winter residence, as it is remarkable for fair-weather jollity.

The wonder is, that it should be a place of fashionable resort at any season, seeing, as I have said, how ill provided it is with comfortable, or even decent accommodations, for the very respectable class of persons who make it their occasional residence. A small ill-proportioned, ill-ventilated, and scarcely half furnished cottage, "making up" five or six beds (at heels and points) without garden in front or rear, but opening upon a narrow and dirty road, from which the houses are not even separated by a raised footpath, will let freely at eight or ten pounds a month. Some few of these "lodges," as they are styled, are protected, by a paling and a narrow belt of lilacs or other deciduous plants, from the intrusive gaze of the multitude; but in many cases the parlour window is brushed by the skirts of passers-by, and the blind is no sooner drawn aside, to let in the daylight, or the sash raised to admit a current of fresh air, than two or three faces, intercepting both, are thrust into the open space, and the in-

mates are assailed with clamorous and persevering appeals to their compassion.

The tribe of beggars, who prowl incessantly on the watch for such opportunities to press their demands, is perfectly amazing. They will take no denial; and to hope for deliverance or respite from the annoyance, by yielding to the first or second application, is about the same thing as if you expected, by brushing away one swarm of flies, to escape persecution from the whole race. In less than two minutes, the place is filled up again; and so it goes on all the day, or as long as you remain exposed to their attacks; the only effect of your liberality (so far as your own comfort is concerned) being to ensure a repetition of the same unsavoury routine of visits on the following day. "Thank you, sir," said one of these facetious leviers of black mail, after extorting a penny *pro illâ vice*—"The Lord put it into your heart to give us more!"

The last cry at night is a cry for "charity," and the first thing that greets you, as you take your place at the breakfast table in the morning, will probably be the nose of some unkempt specimen of *Young Ireland*, an utter stranger to "baths and washhouses for the poor," flattening itself against the window; while his eye declares through a rent in the curtain, as articulately as eye can speak through glass and lawn, that he only waits outside for an invitation to join the party.

There is most certainly, among the poor inhabitants of this populous town, and the sick and infirm who resort to it from various quarters for the benefit of sea-bathing, much of wretchedness and want, possessing the strongest claims upon our sympathy. But these obtrusive and importunate besetters of your doors and windows are for the most part the professional beggars of the place. For years they have never followed any other trade, nor would exchange it, or the idleness and vice which endear it, for a more reputable calling. The filth and raggedness, which so disgust you, are the most valuable part of their stock. Clothe them from head to foot in warm and cleanly garments, and in less than a week they will convert them into tea and sugar, and

"In their own vile tatters stink again."

Poor-houses abound on all sides, and rates are levied for their support, to which every landholder and householder must contribute; but the muster-roll of strolling beggars in this province has lost none of its numbers, whilst every neighbourhood still maintains its own aged and infirm poor by gratuitous, however scanty, benefactions. The present poor law, as a provision for the needy or a means of sharing and alleviating the obligations of the affluent, has proved a total failure. No humane person can find it in his heart to give less now in voluntary relief, than he gave before that law came into operation; because the misery which exists around him is still as forlorn and helpless as it ever was, and the numbers who implore his compassion are undiminished. But it seems to be agreed on by all sections and denominations of statesmen that the new poor law is to remain unchanged. However glaring, however multiplied the proofs may be, that it is, and ever must be, utterly inefficient for the purposes which it pretends to accomplish, no expression of public condemnation, no measure of public discontent, shall be suffered to weigh in the minds of those our supreme lords and masters, in whom resides the collective wisdom of this nation, for the repeal of that most obnoxious statute. They have assimilated us to England on that point, and they seem to regard it as equally indissoluble with the golden link of the crown.*

Much has been said and written generally about the inexhaustible treasures of the deep, and specially, with reference to these western shores, about the fisheries. It is boasted that the bays along the coasts of Clare, Galway, and Mayo, abound in fish enough to feed the entire population of those counties, if the people only possessed the means of appropriating them. Making some allowance for exaggeration, this is true. Every season sends in its peculiar contribution in great profusion. Herrings, cod, haddock, whiting, and mackerel, together with many species of a coarser kind, adapted to the use and level to the means of the common people, are taken in vast numbers. Turbot also, soles, and the alderman's delight, johndory, are generally to be had in their proper seasons at fair prices; and lobsters from the isles of Arran, small but firm and well flavoured, are seldom wanting. Yet Galway, as a fish market, is not generally well supplied. Sometimes the fishermen will not go out, although the weather be propitious and success almost certain. Every where they are a superstitious race; and here they keep a number of holydays not known, or at least not generally observed, by Catholic landsmen. During one period of the year, from the middle of April to the latter end of June, they lay aside their nets and become carriers of sea-weed, which they convey in their boats, from Conemara and Arran to harbours adjoining agricultural districts, where it is eagerly bought up for manure. The general practice of the fraternity binds every individual member of it. He that remains at home from the carrying trade is not at liberty to go fish. Should he attempt to do so, his nets would be cut, or perhaps his boat, together with himself, sunk in the ocean. No fish at all, therefore, is brought into the market while that traffic continues; nor is the supply at any period as constant as it might be reasonable to expect, in a large, populous, and Catholic town situated, as Galway is, near the most abundant fishing grounds in the world. The boats used in the fishery are not large enough to venture many miles from shore, nor are they furnished with tackle adapted to sweep the tenants of the deep from their recesses. In this, as in many other things, capital is wanted to bring out the natural resources and wealth of our country.

* We differ entirely with our Irish correspondent on this matter; and hope to see an efficient poor-law established in both Ireland and Scotland; no matter what proportion of the rents of property it may absorb. The proprietors would then take the proper interest in the condition of the peasantry on their estates.—E. T. M.

There is a very productive salmon fishery in Galway, the exclusive ownership of which is claimed by the lord of the manor, Mr. Eyre Maunsell, and has been hitherto maintained with such rigour that even angling in the stream which connects Lough Corrib with the sea, is strictly prohibited. A license to pursue that amusement can only be obtained by paying a guinea a-year to Mr. Maunsell, and undertaking to give up whatever fish may be taken with the rod, for his benefit. The angler, however, is permitted to reserve one salmon every day, from the produce of his own skill, and take it home with him without payment. The monopoly exercised so long has at length provoked resistance; and this summer, some gentlemen resolved to shake off Mr. Maunsell's conditions and try their right to fish with the fly and appropriate their spoils, "without leave asked of him." It appeared no more than reasonable, while that gentleman retained possession of the weirs, and daily took with his nets large quantities of the fish that attempted to pass through his gaps, that the community at large should not be debarred from the privilege of fair fishing in a public stream running through their own town, and the banks of which are accessible to all. The attempt, therefore, to open the river to the sporting world was received very favourably by the public.

But this legitimate mode of opposition has, unfortunately, been followed up by a most injurious and unjustifiable course, on the part of fishermen of a lower class. These persons, seeing Mr. Maunsell's authority thus set at nought, were not content to abide the issue of a trial at law between him and the gentlemen who began the controversy, but they must themselves rush in, *quâ data porta*, and turn what was a moderate assertion of a right into an affair of waste and plunder. They have accordingly assembled on the battlements of the bridge, under whose arches the salmon come up in large shoals from the sea at certain periods of the tide, and begun to *snatch* them.

This most mischievous and cruel practice consists in letting down amongst the fish, where they are most crowded, a number of hooks, by means of a weight attached to the line, and then drawing it up violently, so as to strike some one or more of the number. The operation, if dexterously performed, seldom fails of success; but for one fish that is actually taken half-a-dozen at least are wounded, and escape with their lives; and it is generally feared that, in consequence of the terror thus spread amongst the whole tribe, they will abandon the river, and resort in future seasons to some other and more secure asylum. Already, indeed, they are beginning to seek a new home. A gentleman angling in the Spiddal river, nine miles to the west of Galway, on the Conemara coast, took a salmon last week which had evidently suffered by the "snatching" process in Galway. It had received a wide gash in the side, and when brought to table was found to be very soft, indifferent food. No other proof is required than such an evidence of decay and wasting, to show the cruelty of the practice. But who, indeed, would ask for proof, that ever saw one of the "snatchers" hauling up his hooks, garnished with pieces, all fresh and bleeding, from the lacerated bodies of the poor mute sufferers? Even the learned Waltonian who wrote an essay in the *Dublin University Magazine*, to prove that trouts "love to be played," and that the sensation of being hooked is rather agreeable to their feelings than any thing else, can hardly defend this species of warfare on the score of humanity.

The summer assizes have just ended here, after a very long sitting, which was protracted beyond the usual duration by a trial for murder, by a commission from the Court of Admiralty. It was what, in compliment to our civilized brethren across the Channel, we usually call an "English murder;" not meaning thereby that the crime was committed by a "Saxon," but that it was done in cold blood, and without any of those motives of real or imaginary provocation which so often enlist the sympathies of the multitude in favour of the criminal. The popular feeling, which is easily roused when the sacred rights of woman are concerned, has been strongly pronounced, in this case, on the side of justice.

The sufferer was a young woman, who had been seduced by one of the prisoners under the promise of marriage, and when she had borne him a child deserted for a rival, whose name was yet without a stain. This is a common case, and might have ended in the common way, had not the "ill-starred wench" been privy to some unlawful practices of which her lover had been guilty, and which she threatened to disclose unless he should make her his wife. He was, in fact, a sheep-stealer, as most of his "village" are, and knew too well that his liberty was in her power. He pretended, therefore, to yield to her expostulations; and having resolved what he would do, devised further how to turn to the best account the necessity which seemed to impel him. He pleaded a want of sufficient money to fulfil his engagement; and, though deceived before, she easily fell into the snare a second time, agreeing to sell her cow, and hand the price to him as a means of paying the priest's fee.

The evening of her return from the fair was appointed for a meeting in a wild and solitary place, near a rock by the sea-shore, whence they were to proceed by water to the village of Roundstone, and be made man and wife. They did meet after sunset, the woman accompanied by her sister, who, strange to say, left her there, in company with her intending murderer.

Shortly afterwards they were seen, attended by another man, to leave the beach in a small boat, and proceed to a smack that lay at some distance from the land. Removing into the larger vessel, they sailed out of the bay; but before she was out of sight, so impatient was the villain to begin his work that the screams of his victim came back over the calm sea, "through the empty vaulted night;" and even the voice of the assistant ruffian was distinctly heard in remonstrance, as her cries died away upon the waters, saying, "She is beat enough."

The witness of their departure, being the same who heard those alarming sounds, lingered about the spot until the boat came back to her former mooring, and he saw the two men return to the shore unaccompanied. They separated upon landing, and went different ways; each no doubt imagining that no eye had seen their movements, nor any ear been made conscious of the evidence of their cruel and treacherous deed.

For many weeks only suspicion rested upon the guilty perpetrator of this foul wickedness, for the essential proof of its accomplishment was wanting; no traces of the poor young woman's body could be discovered. At length, however, a mutilated trunk was cast on the shore, at a place several miles distant from the scene of the tragedy. The body was in such a state that nothing could be ascertained beyond the obvious fact of its being that of a woman and a mother; the latter circumstance being indicated by an occurrence which, in the old time of ordeal judicature, would have been received as a special revelation of divine justice. The clothing which yet enveloped it was no sooner removed than milk flowed from the breasts. These clothes, however, were of themselves sufficient for identification. A button of mother-of-pearl, which secured the petticoat around the waist, was recognised as having belonged to the woman who had disappeared; and some peculiarity which had been described in the shape and stitching of another of her garments, was also found to correspond exactly with the same part of the dress, as it still adhered to this poor fragment of humanity.

All these facts, concurrent with other circumstances, — such as the expenditure, in a few days after the occurrence in the boat, of money by the murderer, in the purchase of an unusual supply of clothing for himself, and for the possession of which money he made no attempt to account, — appeared to bring the crime home to him, and he was found guilty. His supposed accomplice contrived to put off his trial until the spring assizes of the next year.

It is now five years since the town of Galway has been desecrated by a public execution, and that was such a butchery that the inhabitants look with horror to the re-enactment of a similar scene. They are not without hopes, however, of being spared the hideous infliction. The judges, in passing sentence on the Conemara murderer, did not name any day for carrying it into effect; and it is generally reported, that some misgiving remains upon their minds as to the correctness of the memory of two of the witnesses, with respect to a particular fact in the chain of evidence. Of the actual guilt of the criminal, no reasonable doubt can exist. But where the proofs rest entirely upon circumstantial evidence, and so terrible a forfeiture must ensue upon their being established, it is certainly necessary to pause, should the smallest link be defective. There appears no ground to apprehend that the verdict will be reversed. If it be true, however, that the judges are not fully satisfied with every point of the evidence upon which the conclusion of the jury was formed, the probability is, that the villain will be sent to expiate his crime in another hemisphere. It will be no slight punishment; and in any event we ought to rejoice at whatever obstruction may arise against the barbarous and demoralizing infliction of capital punishment, even in the most revolting case of human brutality and baseness.*

The assizes of a western county seldom pass away without some incident illustrative, or at least commemorative, of the old chivalrous spirit of this province. The latest occurrence was very like the mode of picking a quarrel, said to have been some time in vogue at Donnybrook, where a gentleman trailed his coat through the fair, only wishing that some other gentleman might oblige him by treading upon it.

The high sheriff, whose province it is to summon the grand jury, and array its members according to such order of precedence as he may consider most proper, called an individual, second on the list, who was not present to answer to his name. But in the absence of the gentleman himself, a member of his family, (a very young Irelander indeed,) started forward and arraigned the sheriff of gross contempt, in having presumed to assign any place but the first to his honourable relative.

The sheriff, being a cool man, received the reproof, without seeming much to feel or to resent it; but his equanimity only served to aggravate the choler of the fiery youth, who applied to him sundry epithets, that of "gentleman" not being in the catalogue, and, finally, flung down his card, as a cartel of defiance, stating that it contained the name of the hotel where he would be found for a week thereafter.

The phlegmatic official had no objection to the young gentleman's remaining at his hotel as many weeks as he pleased, or as the Chief Justice (to whom the affair is likely to be referred) might please to allow him; and there the *row* ended.

The boy is very young: and I hope he may have good sense and proper feeling enough to get himself out of this ugly scrape, without the help of Mr. Blackburne. Yet there was a time (*ætas parentum*) when even a high sheriff would have been blamed amongst the gentry of this county, for not "going out" in such a quarrel. We (*nos nequiores*) are grown much wiser. The challenger alone, in this case, has covered himself with ridicule and with pity.

* The execution has been respited until the 24th of November, to give time for arguing a legal point (saved by the criminal's counsel) before the twelve judges.

LEIGH HUNT.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is singular to notice how some men "achieve greatness" by the very act of living. Eclipsed and crushed at first by successful rivals, they are fortunate enough to survive them, and to shine forth as stars in the twilight of their departed glory. How picturesque yonder solitary pine, yielding its dark cones to the wind reluctantly, as if loth to bend its aged and reverend head to a blast but newly born! Some years ago, it was lost in the crowd of the forest, till the woodman's axe cut its passage into perilous prominence. So with certain authors: they gather around them the added interest of those who have outlived a generation of giants, and who mingle with the admiration of the present somewhat of the awe of the past. Last of a noble race, the homage they receive is given ungrudgingly, and with the feeling of discharging a debt of gratitude long due, not to one, but to many benefactors. Sometimes, as in the case of Wordsworth, the merit thus tardily acknowledged is of the highest order, but which detraction, and the success of more popular writers, have unjustly veiled. Sometimes it is of minor, though real value, which, amid the blaze of contemporary genuis, has been overborne and drowned. In the year 1820, such men as Croly, De Quincey, Wilson, and Leigh Hunt, were content to be *dii minorum gentium* in the literary Pantheon. We now, in 1846, regard them as a race of "elder gods," Titans partly, because they have outlived a Titanic family.

And yet we feel, that in applying the term Titan to Leigh Hunt, we are bordering upon the ludicrous. No such magnificent epithet will fit him. He is no "giant angel:" he is nothing better than an inspired and perpetual child. He is not great, nor even large; but he is the perfection of elegant and airy littleness. He flits about like an Ariel among the sons of the mighty. Ariel, indeed, the most imaginative and succinct of skyey messengers, full of playful earnestness, is an apter emblem of Hunt's genius than the tricksy Puck. He is the down of the thistle floating nowhither, while Ariel is the winged seed blown right onward to the spot where it is to take root and grow. As we have elsewhere said of Moore and Dickens, we can never disconnect the idea of Hunt from that of smallness. Perhaps, instead of Ariel, he is rather a genuine brother of the Cobweb, Mustard-seed, and Pease-blossom family: like that redoubted race, tiny, swift, etherial, with a fire in his eye, and drops of gold sprinkled on his little wing. Moore is, of the three, Mustard-seed — sharp, biting, and mischievous. Dickens is Cobweb — light, dancing, and sunny. Hunt is Pease-blossom — smelling of the fields, and shining with the hues of autumn sunshine.

Earnestness at ease, is the leading characteristic of Hunt's nature. His is not that eternal frown of certain patriots and philosophers, at which "hell grows darker." His genius wears, on the contrary, a gentle smile, to feed which every thing has run—his learning, his philosophy, his imagination, and his tears.

> "Sorrows [he sings] I've had severe ones,
> I will not speak of now;
> And calmly mid my dear ones
> I've wasted with dry brow."

Struggles he has had,—calumnies borne,—imprisonment too known, in those dark days, when looks were watched, and words tortured, and to sigh in some cases was to sin. He has been separated from children dear to him "as the ruddy drops that visit his sad heart." A child-like friend, dearer than a brother, was severed from him; and he saw, under the darkening sky of his own fortunes, the smoke of his funeral pile rising from the seashore. He felt, too, the recalcitration of the furious heel of Byron. He committed several grave errors, and had many severe literary trials. But all ran to fill up the channel of the gentle smile. His heart would not get old. The boy element would not extract. And the author of "Rimini" and "The Feast of the Poets," is, we believe, smiling still — smiling at the memory of his past griefs and sufferings; smiling at the changed treatment he is receiving from the literary world, and from his ancient foes; smiling pity over the dishonoured dust of Byron, and over the insolent but retracted ridicule of Moore; and smiling a deeper happier smile at that milder social day which has at length risen upon his path; for him, too, as well as Virgil's shepherd,

> Libertas tanquam sera respexit.

Hunt, like most writers of the day, has appealed to the public, not only at sundry times, but in divers manners. He has been a critic, a journalist, an essayist, a writer of tales and dramas, a satiric and a serious poet. As a critic, he did at one time yeoman service to the cause of letters. He stood up, in conjunction with Lamb and Hazlitt, for the three objects, first, of vindicating the fame of the Lake poets; secondly, of directing public attention to the forgotten and neglected English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and, thirdly, of establishing a school of criticism independent of the reviews, which at that time lorded it over the world of letters, and were with a high hand abusing their power. To these objects of this triumvirate, Lamb contributed his subtle discrimination, his delicate yet cutting irony; Hazlitt, his fierce passion and vehement declamation; and Hunt, his grace, his tact, his liveliness, his learning, and his fine fanciful quaintness. The public saw with surprise the pages of a weekly newspaper, studded with critical disquisitions, a-

profound, and much more genial, than any to be found in the great quarterly journals; and began, in the extreme of reaction from former implicit submission, to regard these as blind guides. And although the influence of our literary reformers was counteracted by the furious abuse and victimization which they personally experienced, they in the end gained their object. They shed a new light upon the pages of our elder dramatists; they vindicated the claims of the Lake poets; and they contributed to rouse the public to that spirit of independent judgment which has more or less characterized it ever since, and has compelled journals to become rather the followers than the leaders of the national taste.

Hunt's criticism is distinguished above that of many, by its joyous geniality.—How he gloats over tid-bits!—How he enjoys a literary *bonne bouche!*—How he chuckles over a quaintness, or a recondite beauty! He has, on such occasions, all the glee of a school-boy, who has lighted upon some peculiar pot of jam or neglected drawer of sweet-bread. He laughs, rolls, and riots, in the gladness of his heart; and, like the said school-boy, if a fine generous fellow, calls upon all his comrades to share the spoil. He reads a favourite author as a man reads to his adored, giving, in the fulness of his happy heart, beauty, and meaning, and interest to the pages, which come in reality from a sweeter and dearer source. Thus Hunt, between sympathy with his author and with his reader, gilds his refined gold, paints his lilies, and throws a perfume over his violets. Even his affectations, quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles — and they are not few — remind you of the little arts which the eye of love produces, and which it alone will pardon. The gush of genuine gladness must be permitted its little jets, freaks, and fantasies. Better far this than the cool iron composure of those miserable beings called critics by profession, who are doomed to pass from the Dan of each new title-page to the Beersheba of each Finis, and find all barren; and are capable of enjoying only the poor luxury of "establishing" when they cannot find a "raw."

Of his criticism, the better specimens, we think, occur in his earlier productions, his "Indicator," "Companion," &c. In what seems to have been an evil hour, he wrote "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries." It awoke an outcry from a large portion of the public, who had not yet recovered from that drunken dream, through the medium of which they had for a long while regarded Byron. As Macaulay has well shown, the conduct of the British public to Byron was most extraordinary. First, they idolized him unreasonably; then as unreasonably they ground their golden calf to dust; and then they raised, reconstructed, and set him in a higher shrine than ever. And this latter reaction arose simply from what always seemed to us, his chimerical and insincere expedition to Greece; an incident in his history no more deserving moral approbation, than the conduct of the prodigal, who in his desperation *enlists*. Who on that account dreams of canonizing the poor fellow? But, because Byron, disgusted with himself, sick of Italy, satiated with literary fame, or rather afraid of losing the laurels he had gained, exhausted in intellect, and bruised in heart, threw himself into the Greek cause, (instead of returning to England, calmly confronting his calumniators, and resuming his duties as a landlord and a senator, which had been the part of a wise man,) changed his poetic melody into a wild Albanian war-song, and perished prematurely, therefore all the past was to be forgiven and forgotten, and therefore, if an honest man ventured to blame any part of his conduct, he must be torn in pieces, and have his *disjecta membra* thrown in propitiatory sacrifice upon the poet's Grecian grave. We care very little about the charges of ingratitude and violated confidence which have been brought against Hunt. He had been treated by Byron with great liberality; and no wonder, since he had appeared single-handed in his defence, when the howl of all England was up against him. He had been admitted to his confidence, and might, had he been base enough, have claimed a similar honour with the servant who boasted that he was kicked by a Duke. He had been fed and insulted under the same roof with the noble poet. And in exchange for such favours, he was bound to flatter the man when dead, to whom, when living, he had always acted a firm and manly part! We would have preferred, indeed, had he remained entirely silent on the subject. We never think of Byron as a man, without recalling the words of Milton, in reference to the rebel angels.

> The other sort,
> In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
> Nor of renown less eager, yet, by doom
> Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
> For strength, from truth divided and from just,
> Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
> And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
> Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
> *Therefore eternal silence be their doom.*

But if Hunt was to speak of Byron at all, he was bound to speak the plain unvarnished truth, avoiding equally the extremes of sycophancy and of spleen. And now, the public, by another, and we suspect a final revulsion of feeling, has come round to his opinion, and unites in writing on Byron's bust, the most fatal of all inscriptions, "A traitor to his own transcendent genius."

Our quarrel, then, with this book, is not so much its treatment of Byron's memory, as its general spirit and execution. Its spirit is waspish, its execution feeble. In the one, you read disappointment; in the other, dyspepsia. His memoir of himself, must, from its profusion of capital *I's*, have taxed severely Mr. Colburn's printing press, and has the garrulity without the bonhommie of old age. His estimates of contemporary talent are not eminently felicitous, nor, with the exception of his personal friends, particularly candid. You see altogether, in this work, a mind, in an unhappy state of transition from its first fresh, buoyant enthusiasm, to that mild and serene twilight, which has now permanently settled upon its powers. Clinging still to our former image of a gentle smile, as the best emblem of

Hunt's nature, we must grant that, in this production, it is but faintly visible, if not entirely concealed.

As a journalist, he exhibits a marked contrast, in the course of his progress, between the dashing, slashing, free and fearless style, in which (conjointly with his brother,) he conducted *The Examiner*, and the meek and almost mawkish tone of his *London Journal*. How changed from the daring libeller, whom Regency honoured with its personal hatred and vengeance, and who, like another Camille Desmoulins, shot his bright and bickering shafts at sublime swindlers and crowned imbeciles, the kindly old man babbling of his green fields, looking with dim tearful eye at his old favourite authors, welcoming to his arms books which formerly seemed steeped in the green and livid slime of Bigotry, saying civil things of "The Lights and Shadows,"—ay, of "Matthew Wald," and its author,—shaking (with some tremor,) the huge fist of Christopher North, and instead of the bitter sarcasm in which he often indulged, just hinting faults and hesitating dislike, even to the imbecile, the impertinent, and the absurd. We prefer him, we must say, in the latter character. It is more true to his original tendencies. For the tear and wear, the fret and fever, the squabbling and heart-burning of a newspaper life, Hunt was never fitted. Only by nursing and coddling the inferior parts of his nature, could he have qualified himself for discharging its duties. And he did not too soon resign it to the hands of one much better adapted for the craft.

We regret exceedingly that *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* did not succeed. Never did a cheap periodical exhibit a more catholic and genial spirit. Broad-fronted, mild-tempered, with fine imaginative sympathies, holding that "beauty is truth," it did not deny the converse of the creed, that "truth is beauty." Not a mere weekly dispenser of the cold comfort of utilitarianism, to thousands who begin to feel that thus the deeper wants of their spirits are insulted, as egregiously as were a drop to be sprinkled on a burning thirst, or a crumb to be handed to a raging hunger; it delighted in bringing out the poetry of usefulness, and the spiritual purposes which are served by even the mechanisms of the present age. He never speaks with contempt of this age, as a mechanical age; its motion, that of a rattling railway train; its agitation, the tremble of an unmanageable machine. He sees that machines contain in them a stern poetry of their own; that they present forceful and colossal images of power, of iron will and iron necessity; that in annihilating time and space, girdling the globe with Puck-like speed, "yoking their cars with whirlwinds and the northern blast," they gather round them the double interest of fact and fiction; that a railway carriage, which looks tame enough at rest, in two minutes rushes into poetry, and with its flag of flame, passes through the most beautiful country, less like an intruder than a monarch; while in a dream of beauty walks the waters of the summer sea the great steam ship, or wrestles like a demon of kindred power with the angry billows! He asks, "Has mechanism taken colour from the grass and warmth from the blood?" and feels that while itself often a coarse Caliban, a strong drudge, it may be taught to do the spiriting and perform the magical bidding of the Prosperos of poetry; that in the varied and vast mechanical powers of the age, there lies over for coming artists, a fund of thought and imagination, not likely to be soon exhausted; that each railway train seems shrieking with that unearthly scream of its, for the coming of its poet, and shall not always scream in vain! Such views he held, and was beginning to expound, successfully, in his journal, when unfortunately, for want of passengers, *it* came to a stand-still, and now runs no more.

In the essay, Hunt found himself in his perfect element. Some minds have been as much out of theirs in it as leviathans in a pond. Foster, for instance, lashes his large tail against its narrow limits, till he bursts them asunder. Hazlitt is more at home in its small circle, only through the sacrifice of much that is peculiar, and of all that is profound in his intellect. Lamb's highest qualities are seen shyly and from afar off in even the "Essays of Elia." But Hunt is as active, and bright, and happy, in it, as a gold fish in its globe of glass. All the finer qualities of his mind,—his vinous liveliness, his recherché rather than recondite lore, —his conversational tone,—his gleesome disposition, — his snatches of higher imagination, — his wide sympathies, — the gem-like minuteness of finish he gives to his better things, — the air of fireside ease which waves like a light scarf around all his motions, are to be found in "The Indicator" and "The Companion." With what a light dainty step he conducts us along the "sweet security of streets," from shop to shop, finding incense in the perfumer's, and a dream of Golconda in the jeweller's, and Alnaschar still sitting at the door of his crockery warehouse, and an echo from the stithies of Etna lingering in the brazier's, and his own boy-self standing stealthily at the bookstall, and houri faces smiling on him under the bonnets in the milliner's, and "all the Arabian heaven" opening in the print-seller's, and in the apothecary's a blue and lurid splendour, sending him home to dream of drugs and death. Ye sticks, and hats too, how much do ye owe to his fine idealization! Memories of the metropolis, how has he embalmed you! Even mists and fogs thereof, ye are due him thanks for piercing your thick folds with a ray of poetry. And, happy above all pig-drivers, thou, the immortal genius of thine art, whom his footsteps chanced to follow, in thy difficult but glorious pilgrimage down the Strand, guiding successfully, through direr Scyllas and Charybdes, thy grunting charge! And who, in that sunnier side of the Round-table, which he contributed, has forgotten his "Day by the fireside," where "common things that round us lie," — the crump and crackle of the hot roll,—the knock of the postman, — the song of the tea-kettle, — the tickling feeling, beneath one's feet, of the hearth-rug, — the music of the flickering flames in the grate, — the drawing in of the evening curtains, — the

toasting of one's bed-itching toes, — the tying and smoothing of one's nightcap become suddenly surrounded with an edge of imagination, and we feel that there is poetry in every thing?

"What's in a name?" asks Shakspere. Every thing, we reply. Power, delusion, depth of meaning, the force of fate, are all involved in names. A name cannot raise the dead; but it can start spirits stronger than that which rose at Endor, or met the patriot at Philippi. We have heard the weakness of words deplored; but we know their power — that they are things — that they often contain an omnipotence of mischief in their magic syllables, and that the most vigorous minds are not exempt from their influence. Volumes might be written, for instance, on the nuisance of nicknames — on the mischiefs they have done — the hearts they have broken — the characters they have partially or for ever clouded — the books they have strangled — the currents of progress which they, yes they, poor paltry collocations of foul air! have been able, for a season, to impede. In what a light does it represent the literature of the nineteenth century, that its principal quarrels have been carried on through the medium of contemptuous epithets, possessing neither point nor truth, and which, by *sticking*, only more convincingly proved that they were made of mud! We allude to such terms as "the Lakers," "the Satanic school," "the Cockney school," &c. Will it be believed, in an after age, that the second of these elegant combinations had, at one time, almost the power of the greater excommunication; and that one man at least, mad with the very fanaticism of benevolence, was, through its unscrupulous application, treated as a walking incarnation of the evil one? Or will it be believed, in an after age, that a dexterous ringing of the changes upon this witty epithet, "The Cockney School," was the means of plucking the bread from the mouth of more than one struggling and gifted man? "What's in a name?" O Shakspere, with the inevitable eye, askest thou? Why, the merest misnomer—the most contemptible *alias* affixed by an enemy to a character, has been often as effectually a word of doom, as though it had been uttered in their wrath by those

> Airy tongues which syllable men's names
> On sands, and shore, and desert wildernesses.

Jack Wilkes was never a Wilkite; Coleridge was never a Laker; Shelley did not belong to the Satanic, nor Hunt to the Cockney school. His only title to the term lay in his inextinguishable desire to find the good and the beautiful in the persons and scenes amidst which his lot was cast. If there were vulgar manners in Little Britain, he felt there were also warm hearts. If there were dirt and drudgery in the city, there were also high and solemn memories shadowing its meanest streets into grandeur, and giving a certain pathos even to the sound of Bow-bell. Because Richmond Hill was not the Jura, had it no beauty to be desired? Was Cowper less a poet because he was forced to complain that he had seen no mountains, nor expected to see them, unless he saw them in Heaven? Is not the Cockneyism of the country as detestable as that of the town? Is a rose less a rose because it grows within the sight of St. Paul's? And wherever stands and waves the English oak, does it not stand and wave in poetry — the poetry of the accumulated associations of two thousand years? Our great matter of offence, indeed, with Hunt is, that he is not enough of the Cockney — that he dips but slenderly into that most awful world of London — that he contents himself with partial, desultory, and outside views; and never, or seldom, descends into those abysses of wild anguish and lurid joy, of fun, fury, and madness, which the smoke of its every evening over-canopies. It was reserved for Dickens to go down in the fearlessness inspired by good-will and good-nature into those sunless chambers of city life, and show that there was a soul of goodness, and a spirit of latent poetry, and an element of hope, moving even amid their all-unutterable abominations. Blessings on the daring child, though for nothing else than for this achievement! And where he has preceded, let us hope that Marion (see Mary Howitt,) will, by and bye, in her loveliness, follow.

To Hunt's contributions to *The Liberal*, we are almost ashamed to allude, they are so totally unworthy of his pen. When writing them he was in a most melancholy plight both of body and mind. Shelley, long a screen between him and pecuniary distress, as well as a link binding him to the moody and uncertain Byron, was newly drowned. Misunderstandings between him and his host were daily multiplying. The climate of Italy was rousing his bile. His "Letters from the South," accordingly, are weak, querulous effusions, looking almost helplessly insignificant beside Hazlitt's sounding invectives against the "Spirit of Monarchy;" Shelley's translations at once rendering and rivalling their originals; and Byron's "Vision of Judgment," a lampoon, such as for bitterness was never thrown into the lion's mouth at Venice, and the blasphemy of which reduces the Satan of Milton to a driveller, and leaves even the Mephistopheles of Goethe limping behind. Hunt's small smiling countenance thrust in between those "dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms," like a stray Peri peeping in amidst the fallen gods in the inner halls of Pandemonium, looks absolutely ludicrous. That fell Titanic warfare, revolved in those dark and mighty spirits aiming on "daring doubts to pile thoughts that should call down thunder," was no scene for our mild, though manful hero.

Of his later specimens of criticism in the "Comic Dramatists," "Imagination and Fancy," &c. &c. we know only enough to convince us that they reveal in him no new powers. We find in them all his generosity of spirit, softness of heart, delicacy of sentiment, refinement of taste, with perhaps less liveliness and brilliance, and with more of those sudden and dyspeptic sinkings down from considerable elevation to weakness and languor of thought, which distinguish all his writings. We agree with a writer in *The*

Athenæum, in thinking him too hard upon Dante, for being too hard upon his sinners in the "Inferno." We believe that the man Dante would have shrunk from consigning even the finger that signed his mandate of banishment, to eternal burnings; but this was not to prevent the poet Dante, when elaborating an ideal hell, heating, if he pleased, his furnaces seven degrees, and indulging his imagination in compounding into every tremendous variety the elements of torment. The poet is ever bound to give the brightness of brightness, and the blackness of darkness; to mend, if he can, the air of Elysium, "and heighten the beauties of Paradise;" and, on the other hand, to make "hell itself a murkier gloom." It will never do to argue thence either the benevolence or the cruelty of his disposition. Was Michael Angelo responsible for the awards of his "Last Judgment?" Is the illustrator of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," answerable for the kindling of all those curling, crested, reluctant or rejoicing, eager or slumbering, flames? Was Coleridge less the "Friend," because he appears to exult in the perdition of William Pitt? Is Thomas Aird less one of the most amiable of men, because his "Devil's Dream" contains a most horrific picture of the place of punishment? And has John Wilson the soul of a butcher, because in that famous Noctes directed against our friend Dr. Knox, he describes with such dreadful gusto certain unceremonious proceedings in that "other place," about the spirit of William Burke? There are, indeed, persons who exult and express their exultation in the future fate of those whom their narrow sympathies exclude from bliss: but these are fanatics; they are not artists, and we never yet heard of a true artist who was a fanatic. Art is ever too wide, restless, progressive, to remain confined in the sullen brazen furnace of a bigoted and narrow belief.

Of Hunt's contributions to fiction and dramatic literature, we know little, and prefer not speaking at all. It remains only to say something of him in the character of a poet. And it were vain to deny, that he possesses many of the elements of a genuine poet. No man could be such a good critic, and such a fine essayist without a large share of the poetic spirit. But to enable a writer to interweave his poetic power into living verse, requires a "double portion" of that indefinable and incommunicable essence. And that such a double portion has befallen him, we doubt. His great want is not of fancy, nor of feeling, nor of language; it is that of sustained and masculine strength. Beautiful imaginations abound. Fine lines drop down, soft and bright as rosebuds, winnowing their way from their mother-tree. Such is his description of a stream, which seemed

> "As if it said
> Something eternal to that happy shade."

Epithets fall, fitting themselves as perfectly to their objects as snow-flakes to the form of the yielding branches on which they descend. Indeed could epithets make an immortality, his were secure. "Scattery light," for example, what an image that presents of the sails of a ship coming up in the sunshine! Pathos, too, is frequent, always delicate, and sometimes profound. How it sighs in his poem on his children, "like parting wings of cherubim!" How it steeps with tears that fatal page in "Rimini," where the lovers stopped their reading, and stopped for ever! But while of sentiment there is no lack, there is little profound passion. While there is enough and to spare of fancy, the grand unifying influence of imagination is often absent. While there is much poetry, there is no poem. Deep thought and purpose strike not, like strong trunks, through the luxuriant and clustering foliage. The only uniting principle we can observe in his poetry, is that of a systematic and vicious style. Odd and obsolete phrases, compound barbarisms, an uncommon use of common words, a tasteless selection from the vocabulary of antique writers, deliberate innovations, and false coinages of language, are among the manifold affectations which abound, particularly in his poem entitled "Foliage." This is the more singular, as his prose is generally free from such blemishes. But, as he told Lord Byron, he committed them on system: thus, as Shelley remarks, "permitting a system relating to mere words, to divert the attention of the reader from whatever interest he had created, to his own ingenuity, in contriving to disgust them according to the rules of criticism." But such perverse torturing of language does more than disgust the reader. It impedes the motions, and limits the power of the author. His mind cannot be working with full force and freedom, while compelled by a system to look with such a minute and fastidious eye to the mere verbiage in which his thoughts are clothed. He places himself, in fact, in the false position of one who is thinking in one language and writing in another. The language of elevated conversation is, we think, the language in which poetry should be written. But if Hunt, or John Keats, who hampered, by similar shackles, far more majestic movements, and checked a much profounder vein, had gone through the streets talking in the style of "Endymion" or "Foliage," they would have been sent to Bedlam, and have deserved the translation. Wordsworth's barbarisms are those of a particular county; and, harsh as they are, have much in them that is racy and characteristic. But those of Hunt and Keats, seem artificially twisted beyond the power of pronunciation in any human tongue, and fitted for the inhabitants of some other and still odder world than this. With what severe and smiling scorn did the Grecian culture of the poet of Prometheus teach him, through all his love and sympathy, to regard those little affectations on the part of his friends, and which we regret to say, are still common in the writings of some genuine poets of the age, who, with the poor English language, are playing such "fantastic tricks before high heaven," as might make us weep, were it not for laughter.

Great or good writers may, perhaps, be divided into two classes, the Oracles and the Companions. The first sit, shrouded and folded up in obscurity

or in dazzling light, and utter their responses to wondering, and fearing, and far off auditors. The second sit, or stand, or walk by our sides; some moody and speaking only by fits and starts, others scowling and sullen but instructive; a third class, ever cheerful and communicative. Milton or Coleridge may be taken as a specimen of the oracle; Swift was the sulky but sensible, Addison the cheerful, and Hazlitt the moody companion. It was the glory of Shakspere, that he combined the qualities of both, of all. Where as in him will you find such oracular deliverances? and where such plain homely sense? and where such dreadful moods and tenses? and where such genial gaiety? Now he is a Pan, in hoarse whispers telling mysterious tidings from the thickest glooms of nature; now an elf leaping on your back and playfully pinching your nostril; now a calm, grave, Socratic sage, talking to you of matters that concern your business and your bosom; now a misanthrope, looking on all things at a sinister angle; and now a kind, and glad, and babbling companion, as is the lively and lip-full river to the wanderer who walks beside it for a summer's day.

Hunt, need we say, is "*the* Companion." Most easy, and talkative, and good-humoured of companions, thou hast, to us, beguiled not a few hours while reading, and not a few while at present writing of thee. Our glad hours owe thee much, for thou hast gladdened them still more. Our sad hours owe thee more, for thou hast soothed and brightened them at times. In the flesh we never saw thee, and never hope to see; but we thank thee for thy company none the less; and now, as our paths diverge, we bid thee a hearty and a grateful farewell.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

She was a girl with golden curls, and his was raven hair:
Playmates and friends from childish days those two young cousins were;
And up through all the widening view that youth around them made,
Still, as in childhood, hand in hand they met its light and shade;
To her were told his woodland sports by mount and lakelet fair,
To her each soaring hope of youth, its bright dreams built in air.

And listening with untiring ear, her own sweet dream dreamt she,—
That this long utterance of his soul from Love's own fount must be;
And so time pass'd,—if kind to all, still kept he by *her* side,
With gentle looks and gentle cares her sweet blush did not chide,
Till he was call'd to other lands, where other stars give light,
And then she felt as her *one* star had left her unto night.

Eve shower'd through the purpling sky her influence deep and still,
When once again they stood beside their childhood's favourite rill;
Ever his voice was sweet and low, but dwelt there now a tone,
As fell his accents on her ear, to other days unknown.
"Sweet cousin, who hast heard when grief or gladness wrought with me,
The deepest secret of my soul may well unseal to thee;
A fairer joy hath touch'd my heart than could its dreams foretel,
Kind one! love also, for *my* sake, the bride I love so well."

She did not faint, broke forth no cry to speak her agony,
Crush'd in its blossom evermore although her heart might be;
He told his tale of deepest joy as in the former years,
He knew not every word he said she heard through falling tears.
She blest him with soft voice and clear, and told her spirit high,—
"My heart shall ne'er chill *his*, with wo must rest there till I die."
She smoothed the trouble from his path, as when his childhood's guide,
And won the gracious love of all to greet his fair young bride.

A year rolls on, beside his grave there stream the bitter tears
Of her, his bride,—of her, was but friend of his early years;
And still time passeth on his way, the wife wears joyful brow,
And, robed again in bridal white, at that same church doth vow;
But she, his early friend, unchanged a mourner must remain:
Once had she given her all of love, she gave it not again:
Only when skies are clear, her look saith as it soars above,
"To the pure heaven where thou art gone, *yet* may I bear my love!"

E. H.

M'CULLAGH'S INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF FREE NATIONS.*

It is not saying more than enough to affirm, that no work, on cognate subjects, equal to this, has fallen under our observation for a long series of years. It is full of instruction, and of excellent example; the history of the social progress, and the development of free institutions in two countries remarkable for some general features of resemblance, but much more remarkable for strong contrasts; for what can be more opposite than ancient Greece and modern Holland; the lively volatile Athenians and the astute, phlegmatic Dutch. The history of these two nations is pre-eminently History for the People; and here we find it written with aptitude, ability, and clear and temperate judgment; with patient research, and liveliness of style, that must recommend a work, which, although it had been defective in mere artistic skill, might safely have rested upon its high intrinsic merits. From the title, it may be inferred that this is but a portion of a comprehensive design for writing the history of every free nation; or, in other words, the genuine history of the People of the different nations, instead of the narrative of the wars of their sovereigns, the strifes of their nobles, and the changes of dynasties. In reading History as it has hitherto been too generally composed, how very little, save by accident or incidental side-lights, is seen of the exact social progress and condition of the great mass of the people! It would even seem an object to keep them and their interests in the background, as something too vulgar or unimportant to be brought into view. One apology for this cardinal defect in our modern histories, is the extreme scantiness of the materials stored up by the elder annalists and chroniclers; while modern historians have too generally neglected the obscure but efficient sources to which Mr. M'Cullagh has applied, in a diligent search through all manner of desultory pamphlets, tracts, and small periodicals. These last, among the Dutch in particular, the natural growth of their comparatively free political condition and industrial eminence, came earlier into popular use than among any other people. "If ever," says our author, "the Industrial History of England shall be written, with the care and completeness it deserves, a collection of pamphlets will furnish materials of no ordinary interest and value on all manner of topics and minute details."

While modern readers show such avidity for the minutest details concerning English kings and queens, and courts and princes, whether genuine or apocryphal, let us hope that some one as well qualified as Mr. M'Cullagh, may accomplish the higher and far more arduous task of compiling the "Industrial History of England." If it shall be half as interesting as that of the Dutch, here presented to us, we are certain that no pictures of courts or kings, obsolete scandals or ancient costumes, will be able to vie with it in the favour of those whose approbation is true praise: — This by the bye.

Preferring the near, the useful, and the practical, to the more beautiful but remote, we shall at once dismiss Mr. M'Cullagh's first volume, the "Industrial History of the Greeks;" though the learning and taste displayed in it must propitiate the most refined classical reader, and render the most fastidious tolerant of the more sober annals of a People, who may be said to hold the place among European nations which the Quakers do among religious sects. Though we are thus voluntarily tasked to the annals of the industrious, frugal, persevering, tolerant and religious Quaker family of Europe, we would advise every reader to learn for himself, through a most agreeable medium, what were the primary elements of the life of those famous old Greeks; how among them "industry and freedom grew together;" how "the wise grew strong," and how "the strong grew vain;" and finally, how this brilliant and noble nation declined and fell; the surest workers of its ruin being found in its own bosom.

Mr. M'Cullagh closes his work by saying, "Holland, as she stands at the present day, is the greatest fact in the Industrial History of free nations." This is our text:—

> Not only have the Dutch done more in days gone by, with less means than any other people in Europe, for maritime discovery, enterprise, and trade, and for the practical application of sound principles of banking, insurance, public credit, and currency; but, despite their unparalleled necessities and financial difficulties, they have in the main pursued a more consistent tone of liberality in trade than — with the single exception of the Swiss — any other free people to the present time. And not only is it true that with less means they accomplished more in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for extension of commerce, improvement of art, and development of manufacturing power, than any other race in Christendom, but they actually possess at the present hour the noblest proofs of the invincibility of self-reliant labour, and the most cheering encouragements to others not to weary in well-doing, that the world contains. Empires have increased, and kingdoms prospered greatly during the last thirty years of peace; and the prayer of all good and wise men must be, that in mutual sufferance and good-will they may all continue long to contend only in the peaceful means of human progress; but it derogates from the just praise of none of them to say, that nowhere is long-established political and religious freedom more highly prized, popular education more nearly universal, regard for law and order more profound, the rewards of industry more widely shared, the necessaries of life more abundantly secured, and the blessings of civilization more equally diffused, than among the self-reliant children of Europe's Nether lands.
>
> Look at the map — think of their history — and say, are not these entitled to the post of honour in the march of free industry?

Is the history of such a people not worth studying by every other people?

The History opens with a view of the early con-

* The Industrial History of Free Nations, Considered in Relation to their Domestic Institutions and External Policy. By W. Torrens M'Cullagh. Octavo: two volumes. London: Chapman & Hall.

dition of Holland, and of the physical difficulties—impossibilities, we should say, to all save Beavers or Dutchmen—with which the first inhabitants had to contend. The first traces of their remarkable industry and inventive capacity are obscure. But it is known that at a very early period they made certain astronomical instruments, and horologes, and used glass; and that many among them could read and write at a period when such accomplishments were in other countries limited to the monastery or the schools. So early as the age of Alfred, the Netherlanders obtained wool from England, and supplied their ruder neighbours with dyed cloths of much finer texture than could be woven by the Anglo-Saxons, who knew little of dyeing; and soon after the Conquest, England was indebted to a band of fugitives from the Netherlands, who settled under the royal protection in Pembrokeshire, for increased skill in the manufacture of finer fabrics. There was even, thus early, considerable commercial intercourse between the countries; nor was it long before the British seas and friths were covered with the fishing vessels of this amphibious people. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, the valuable discovery of salting herrings, an art in which the Dutch still excel all the rest of the world, was made by Peter Chevalier, and practised off Yarmouth. The art of thoroughly curing cod, ling, and herrings, was the later discovery of another Dutchman; and thus, in salted fish, was laid the sure foundation of future commercial wealth and prosperity. Dutch commerce rose, in defiance of great natural obstacles, from very small beginnings.

For their nets the fishermen needed a constant supply of some description of light wood. Cork did not grow in their country, or in any district near. From the Baltic they were consequently obliged to bring what they called *toll-hout*, and what by experience they found well suited to their purpose. Probably it was of this wood that they first constructed the water-marks to which they gave the name of *boei* (buoys.) Then, wisely judging that what they found so useful to themselves would find a sale elsewhere, they offered it to their German neighbours; and thus sprung up another auxiliary trade, one of the numberless means which a thoroughly industrious people are ever discovering and turning to account.

The love of freedom was an early distinction of the inhabitants of Guelderland and Holland. In the latter province, it was early discerned that the national strength lay in industry and population; and foreign industry was not only protected, but invited and encouraged to settle in the rising and prosperous towns. Here is unfolded the secret of the prosperity and freedom of the Dutch.

While almost all the other governments in Europe were busy barring their frontier gates, and hallooing their pauper vassals on against the improvements and inventions of their neighbours,—while every where else the mechanist and the chemist were the objects of suspicion or ruthless injury, and the merchant an unpitied and unheard victim of *protective* extortion, the ports of Zealand, Utrecht, and Holland, were open to whosoever had any new thing to show or sell; his person and property were not only secure, but to make him feel at home, and thus, if possible, to induce him to fix his permanent abode amongst them, was a principle of the government and a practice of the people: for both believed that it was their interest to treat strangers so.

The inhabitants of the towns appear to have early aspired to the benefits of self-rule. In many respects municipal privilege and jurisdiction was as yet ill-defined; but instinctively aware of the value of prescription and usage in converting neglected obligations into immunities, the thrifty burghers carefully avoided raising too frequent questions of authority, and for the most part willingly ministered, according to their means, to the wants of their feudal suzerains. The demands of the latter were frequent and importunate; but the ostensible resources of the towns, in all probability, fell far short of the wealth they gradually acquired,—its display being reserved for times of greater security. This alone accounts, in some degree, for the rare occurrence of disputes between the burghers and their territorial lords. But there was another and still more important cause at work. From the earliest enclosure of an urban community within walls, and their first improvisation of municipal rule, the desire appeared of self-assessment, not for local purposes merely, but for those contributions which all were expected to yield to the military chiefs of the nation. For the sake of securing the uninterrupted exercise of this invaluable privilege, occasional exorbitancies in the amount demanded were tacitly forgiven. The spirit of industrial wisdom was here. The self-educated, thoughtful men of the Netherland towns knew, that though taxation, laid by their own free choice and allocation, or by the wrongfulness of ignorant and arbitrary "imposing, may be all one to the purse, yet it worketh diversely upon the courage,"—the courage to endure privation, to persevere under disheartenment, and to wrestle with exigencies and evils however unusual or unforeseen, which is the core of industrial life. Throughout every vicissitude they clung to this vital privilege of self-assessment.

The right of municipal self-assessment enabled them to make a country out of salt water; and while our civic communities seem not yet quite certain whether it is wise or practicable to supply themselves with gas and water, the Dutch, many centuries since, had constructed their stupendous sea-dykes. But this was not all:

Not content with guarding against actual danger from the casual rising of the waters, the inhabitants of every district learned to vie with one another in the extent to which reclamation of the soil for agricultural purposes could be carried, and the perfectness of the process. Without a popular spirit of active and persevering industry these things had been impossible. Here was no Pharaoh will to design vast undertakings, or power to enforce their completion; and here was no serf-population, whose unrequited toil was applicable by despotic authority to such purposes. Without the contributions of the towns, such undertakings could never have been executed by the feudal rulers of the country. Their territorial revenues were small, as their lands were poor and ill-peopled. Their own jealousies and rivalries, moreover, consumed what resources they had: and, like their contemporaries elsewhere, they were engaged in interminable warfare.

Mr. M'Cullagh has great, if not excessive faith in the superiority of urbane to rural communities, and not much admiration of the modern passion for centralized power. The towns of Holland were not, like those of other countries, portions of the State; but the State rather consisted of an aggregate of cities, each having its own laws and government, its own courts of justice, and, within its own limits, entire fiscal power. In this municipal system and federal union, (so to speak,) our author finds the germ or source of whatever is most to be admired in the social condition of the Dutch. "The effect," he says, "of this conformation of society, may be regarded as peculiarly notable in two points of view: industrially, or in

its tendency to develop the inventive and persevering genius of the people; and nationally, in its influence on their political character and fortunes."

In few words we may say that the spirit of localism every where accomplished what centralization, it is believed, never could have effected. There might have been partial injustice in its operation, but the system worked well for the general interest. As in the United States at the present day, the magistrates were seldom lawyers; but the simple laws of each civic community were well, because promptly, administered; and substantial justice was speedily done in both civil and criminal cases. Appeal, however, lay from the municipal courts to the supreme court of the province. The towns had one kind of tribunal, which might, with advantage, be adopted in all new settlements, if it might not, indeed, be found as useful in the oldest communities.

A subordinate tribunal, consisting of eight of the junior citizens, presided over by one of the magistrates of experience, was called the Peace-makers. They formed a kind of arbitration-court, hearing only civil cases, in which both the parties appeared in person; and endeavoured, by the equity of their decrees, to prevent litigation. How excellent a moral training must the performance of such a duty as that of "peace-makers" have been to the younger men of ability and ambition! How wise the polity of such an institution among any people, but, above all, amongst a commercial people!

It is believed probable that, at first, every householder had a voice in the deliberations of the municipal assembly, or, as we should say, Town Council. The increase of population must soon have rendered such popular representation impracticable; but though the right was narrowed, the people did not let slip their hold of the principle of municipal representation, and of the control of their own affairs; though they took wise and peaceful methods to gain their objects.

The sagacity of the Dutch soon discerned that, if popular responsibility could be preserved, the fewer the hands to which power was confided, and the fewer the places in each locality to be given away, the better. They were not a speech-making people. They loved order, method, and economy; they feared uncertainty and hated noise. As their profitable avocations multiplied, these dispositions led them to regard daily with less affection every thing that afforded opportunities for the display of professional rhetoric, or the talents for distraction. They would have low taxes, if possible; or, if that were not attainable, taxes that, though high, were usefully spent and faithfully accounted for. They would have ready and local justice, lenient, if that would suffice; if not, severe and exemplary; and for this they were content to confide large discretionary powers to a few able men.

The gradual changes in the municipal system are not attributed to decay of public spirit, but to the love of quiet and good government, ever incompatible with tumultuous local assemblies.

Had the great principles of free trade, and, above all, of free trade in corn, not now been so generally recognised among us, this book would have come *pat* to elucidate them. If there are no traces of the direct encouragement or protection of trade to be found in the early laws of Holland, it is inferred that none were required, where interference of any sort was never attempted.

No records of prices legislatively fixed—of limitations on particular callings—of differential customs—of navigation-laws! Alas! for the antiquarians in political error, none or next to none! On all these wordy questions, the simple chronicles of mediæval industry are nearly silent; and, truly, "There is a silence that is better than any speech." Curious illustrations might be adduced of this.

The illustrations are found in the commercial history of Venice.

The principal trade of the Dutch, during the thirteenth century, was with England, Scotland, and the provinces on the Baltic. England, at that time, exported corn and other kinds of food; but, though having, in general, more than was required for home consumption, seasons of dearth frequently occurred in Britain; while the Dutch, who depended largely upon foreign supplies, were always better off, and, in seasons of famine, were even able to assist their neighbours. Commercial jealousy sometimes led the English Parliament to pass laws prohibiting the importation of the superior woollen cloth of the Netherlands, and compelling the native wool to be manufactured at home, with the same success which has attended every attempt of the sort, from the reign of King John until Mr. O'Connell lately patronized home-woven frieze coats. Notwithstanding these abortive checks, the trade between the countries increased rapidly; and though Edward I. sought a monopoly of the trade to the British Isles exclusively for his own dominions, Count Robert of Flanders remembered that "The Scots were old friends and good customers;" and, above all, that it was by entire freedom from all tolls, and the security of traffic granted by his ancestors to foreign merchants, that the great annual Fairs had been established, and the basis laid for the opulence and power of his country. At these great Fairs, of which few vestiges now remain, if we except in Russia, most of the business of Europe was, for centuries, transacted. Some of the leading Fairs were early established in the Flemish towns. And in these localities, in this wisely governed country,—

In proportion as industry throve, freedom grew strong also. They clung to each other, as brethren of the same stock; the same spirit of independence—individual, municipal, and, in due time, national—is traceable through all their struggles. Without the hard coin of the towns, the main dykes could not have been begun. These once formed, other works appeared desirable and feasible; for the estates of the lord were become more arable, and the security of the burgher was rendered more complete; and the latter was obtained as the price of the money expended in the creation of the former; thus both were gainers, and by each other's gain. And year by year the good work prospered, feudalism continuing to barter its powers of misrule for solid contributions, which industry could always find means to raise for the purchase of peace and liberty.

The absence of uniformity in the municipal government and the administration of the laws in the different towns, produced no bad effect; as each was well adapted to local purposes, and the people every where loved order and loyalty, and maintained the laws. By the people must here be understood the burghers, and the other inhabitants

of the towns; for in the Netherlands, as elsewhere, at that period, it was in the towns where security and order prevailed, that knowledge, industry, and wealth, were to be found in the possession of the people. The woollen manufactures, the growth of freedom, and consequent industrial enterprise, flourished in Flanders for centuries, and felt no check until the Guilds and Halls began to exercise a pernicious interference with it, and, by attempting to restrict manufactures to particular towns, went far to drive them from the country altogether.

"By this attempt at *compulsion*," says De Witt, "*which is ever most hurtful to industry*, much of the weaving trade was driven out of the towns into the villages; then the wars between France and Flanders drove it from the villages into Brabant. Yet, though they had the experience of all this before them, the Brabanters, being nowise more prudent, by similar means, namely, the restrictions imposed by the halls," and the imposition of heavy duties, provoked many tumults and uproars among the manufacturing population.

After adverting to serious riots among the weavers in Ghent and Bruges, it is said,

Neither liberty nor commerce will permanently abide with those who appreciate them not with loyalty and reverence. Sensitive to insult or wrong, they are easily alienated; and, banished once, they are hard to be won back again.

Untaught by these examples, the very same consequences were brought about in Brabant, where, at Louvain, in a violent outbreak of the weavers and others, many of the magistrates were slain in the Hôtel de Ville. Some of the manufacturers on that occasion emigrated to England, where they introduced the knowledge of their art; but many more, both Flemings and Brabanters, settled in the parts beyond the Meuse, at Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Leyden.

Leyden, which hospitably and gladly received the Belgian refugees, was then a small obscure place; but the skill and industry of those it had wisely welcomed greatly helped to enrich and render it a place of note. How a city best grows and thrives from a small beginning, is well seen in the history of the town of Amsterdam. The passage forms a complete picture, which, with another, we place before our readers:—

In these days mention first begins to be made of the rising town of Amsterdam, though its origin dates somewhat earlier. In 1205, a low and profitless marsh upon the coast of Holland, not far from the confines of Utrecht, had been partially drained by a dam raised upon the hitherto squandered stream of the Amstel. Near this dam a few huts were tenanted by poor men, who earned a scanty livelihood by fishing in the Zuyder Sea; but so uninviting seemed that barren and desolate spot, that a century later Amstel-dam was still an obscure seafaring town, or rather hamlet. Its subsequent progress was more rapid. The spirit of the land was stirring within it, and every portion of it thrilled with new energy and life. Some of the fugitive artisans from Flanders saw in the thriving village safety and peace, and added what wealth they had, and, what was better, their manufacturing intelligence and skill, to the humble hamlet's store. Amsteldam was early admitted to the fellowship of the Hanse League; and, in 1342, having outgrown its primary limits, required to be enlarged. For this an expensive process, that of driving piles into the swampy plain, was necessary; and to this circumstance, no doubt, it is owing that the date of each successive enlargement has been so accurately recorded. . . . . .

HAMBURGH.

The princes of Holstein and Brandenburg, when they had cleared large tracts of their dominions of the predatory hordes of the Sclavi, by whom they had been long infested, besought Holland, Utrecht, and Friezland, to send them a sufficient number of families to colonize the depopulated districts. And many went forth at their invitation. In the swampy plains near the mouth of the Elbe, and along its banks, the emigrants chose to make their home. Hardship and difficulty beset their way; but these were not new to them, and they bore up against them with stout hearts and inflexible determination. The soil was poor and cold; but they had been trained to turn *marsch* into *garten*,—the sterility of neglected nature into the verdure of cultivation. Old Elbe, whose tide had rolled in sullen waste from age to age, grew cheerful with the stir of human life, and proudly smiled as the winged messengers of industry daily more and more numerously traversed its bosom. The pirates of the North came again, but were beaten off: the colonists knew that a bog near a river and the sea was worth fighting for; and they fought for it in such fashion that after a little time the Sclavi returned no more.

And their reward was with them. Spreading cautiously but stealthily around, they grew into a great and opulent community. Villages arose, widened into towns, and throve into cities. Churches were built, first of wood, afterwards of stone "for fear of fire, and to the greater glory of God;" stadthauses also, wharfs, and walls. Then, for considerations timely proffered to their territorial lords, sundry exemptions and immunities from feudal service were obtained. Prudently they sought to make unto themselves friends amongst their needy and dangerous neighbours. Hamborch got its first charter from the Emperor Frederic through the intervention of the earl on whose domain it stood. Amongst other notable things contained in it, was the right to bring all manner of merchandise into the Elbe free of toll, save certain dues to the imperial exchequer payable at Städe. The right of fishing two miles above, and as far below, their city, was conceded them, and, what was more important to their peace and well-being, a power of preventing any one from erecting a fort or castle within two miles of the gates.

The penury of the nobles was every where beginning to be felt, and the means they took to raise money by setting up tolls at the boundaries of every estate, while hindering the spread of traffic and the accumulation of wealth, brought them but precarious and scanty revenues. The tales of their violence and plundering during the thirteenth and fourteenth century,—how they issued from strongholds to beset travellers, or employed armed bands to extort from the defenceless inhabitants of the plain, cattle, money, or provisions,—have been often told. To the growing cities the eyes of industry turned, as to the only places of refuge from corrupt and anarchical feudalism. And there distrust lessened not with danger. No occasion of purchasing additional privileges or immunities (the true fortifications of a free and industrious community) were neglected. Their hereditary lord having sold his rights over Hamburg to the Count of Orlamund for 700 marks, the latter gladly accepted the offer of the city to redeem them at 1500. From that day a new life seemed to open to them; their capacities with their aspirations expanded; and in the brilliant course of enterprise and honour they have since run, it is not perhaps too much to say that the moral impetus thus imparted is still unspent.

Edward III. of England is best known as a warrior and conqueror, and an able statesman; but he deserves equal praise for his prescient knowledge of the principles of political economy; though here the merit may perhaps belong to his parliament and his wise bishop-minister, as it was abandoned when Edward found it necessary to

kill the goose which laid the golden eggs. At the commencement of his reign, all staples, or places having exclusive privileges and monopolies of sales, were abolished, and the merchants and strangers of every country were welcomed to "come and go with their merchandise into England," according to the provisions of the great charter.

The general trade with England continuing to increase, by an act passed at the commencement of Edward III.'s reign the parliament declared that all staples, or places having peculiar privileges and monopolies of sale, both abroad and at home, which had been ordained by kings in times past, should cease; and that all merchants, strangers, and others should be henceforth free to "go and come with their merchandise into England, after the tenour of the great charter."

Sound notions of trade were still more fully expressed soon after in an English statute, which, with no other preamble than that excellent one, "The king desiring the profit of his people," ordains that thenceforth "all merchants, strangers, and denizens, and all other and every of them, of what estate or condition soever they be, that will buy or sell corn, flesh, fish, wools, cloths, wares, merchandises, and all other things vendible, from whencesoever they come, by foreigners or denizens, at what place soever it be, — city, borough, town, port of the sea, fair, market, or elsewhere within the realm, within franchise or without, may freely, without interruption, sell them to what persons it shall please them, as well to foreigners as denizens, except always the enemies of the king and realm." Persons molested or interrupted in the way of their trade, whether natives or foreigners, are to be compensated in double damages; and if the magistracy of the churlish place fail to see justice done to the aggrieved, its charter and privileges shall be suspended by the crown.

So established was the value and so great the growth of wool in England at this period, that, in the scarcity of money, taxes were as often assessed in it as in gold or corn.

What we next quote, is an illustration of the principles of sound national economy, applicable to all countries and times, and, we need not say, to every kind of manufacture :—

While free competition continued, with few exceptions, to form the guiding principle of the Dutch, incoherent efforts to establish protection and prohibition early manifest themselves in English policy. When King Edward demanded subsidies from the parliament which met at Nottingham in the autumn of 1336, they granted him, beside the usual property-taxes, a duty of forty shillings a sack on all wool exported by native merchants, and sixty shillings on all exported by foreigners. The next year a parliament was held at Westminster, who went still further in the same direction, enacting that "*no wool* of English growth should be transported beyond the seas; and that all cloth-workers should be received from whatever foreign parts they should come, and fit places should be assigned them, with diverse liberties and privileges, and that they should have a certain allowance from the King till they might be fixed in a way of living by their trade." It was also ordained that none should wear any cloths wrought beyond the sea, or thereafter to be imported, except the king, queen, and their children.

Far different was the consistent policy of the Dutch. No people were ever more fully conscious of the value of such a manufacture as that of wool; none knew better the tendency of competition to abate present price and profit. . . . . What was their policy in the hour of success and prosperity? Did they seek to avail themselves of the prestige when gained, or forbid the rising competition of other countries, which like themselves were ambitious of being accounted manufacturers? To their honour be it said, the Dutch evinced, in general, a sense of right and sound policy in such matters, very far, indeed, beyond any of their neighbours, and they adhered to the principles of free trade under temptations and provocations which might well have excused their temporary departure from them. The English, like them, had been fain to import artisans skilled in the woollen manufacture from Flanders; but hardly were the rudiments of the art implanted when the work of prohibition began. Statutes and royal proclamations not only forbade the bringing in of foreign cloths, but frequently interdicted the export of the raw material to other countries; and Holland was amongst the number. The quantity of English and Irish wool, nevertheless, imported, as already observed, was very great. An old writer, in depicting the universality of her dealings with surrounding countries, uses the expression, "Ireland is her sheepwalk." And the Hollanders, unmoved by bad example, and unprovoked to retaliation, continued, "On the contrary, to permit the English to bring into their ports all manner of goods, whether they were of the growth of England or not; cloths of their own manufacture, and stuffs both of silk and wool," of the coarser sorts, for which there was found a ready sale, especially among the Germans who came to purchase them. The English had been allowed freely to establish their staple, or public mart, in the first instance, at Middleberg in Zealand, and subsequently at Rotterdam "and Dort, where the magistrates granted them special privileges for the express purpose;" and when the policy of maintaining these peculiar places of sale was abandoned, English goods were admitted with equal facility at various ports. With the traders of Scotland an interchange of friendly guarantees early took place.

Holland has ever been a great commercial and marine state. Ship-building, and all the arts subservient to navigation, were cultivated in Holland from the earliest period; and the prowess of the Dutch in sea conflicts is as much famed as their maritime enterprise. A great Dutch discovery, if we may so term it, was the use of bills of exchange; an invention for which the Dutch believe themselves indebted, not to the merchants of Florence, but to the Hanse League, that powerfully-moving, if somewhat unsteadfast power, which in its day exercised so vast and beneficial an influence on European commerce.

The origin in Holland of the prolonged conflict between feudalism and industry, which has been witnessed in every country in Europe, is at once curious and amusing :—

A family dispute for the sovereignty of the Dutch Netherland provinces, which took place about the middle of the fourteenth century, led to the formation of a noble and a burgher faction, long afterwards known by the party names of *Hooks* and *Kabeljauws*. The people, looking on the class-quarrels from which they suffered, and with which they had no concern, said, that the turbulent nobles lived, like the *great fish*, by devouring the small ones,—

And how could they be checked but by the *hooks* which, though insignificant in appearance, when aptly used would be too strong for them? Such was the talk of the people; and from these household words arose the memorable epithets, which in after years were heard in every civic brawl, and above the din and death-cry of many a battle-field.

Certain of the nobles adhered to the cause of the Hooks, while some of the cities, among which were Delft, Haarlem, Dort, and Rotterdam, supported the Kabeljauws. The community was divided into parties rather than into classes, a division less dangerous to

the permanent being of the state, though often more difficult to appease by concession, and swayed not unfrequently by meaner motives. In the exasperation of mutual injury, the primary cause of quarrel was soon forgotten. The Hooks were proud of the accession of a lord to their ranks; and the Kabeljauws were equally glad of the valuable aid which a wealthy and populous town was able to afford. The majority of the cities,—perhaps the majority of the inhabitants in all of them,—favoured the Hook party, as the preponderance of the landowners lay in the opposite scale. But no adherence to antagonist principles, or even a systematic profession of them, is traceable throughout the varying struggle. The shout of the populace was sometimes raised for the Kabeljauws, and in the localities where their rivals predominated the municipal offices were frequently bestowed upon the nobles of the Hook party.

We regret to say that the *Kabeljauws* were at this time too strong for the *Hooks*.

Laying aside the hostile conflicts in which this generally wise, peaceful, and industrious people were too frequently involved by their rulers or their turbulent neighbours, we shall devote our remaining space to the view which Mr. M'Cullagh's interesting volume gives of the social and political condition of the Dutch at different periods of their history.

It was now the fifteenth century. Philip ruled in Holland; silent change was at work; feudalism was undermined, and had done homage to industry by the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece; and, in spite of the exasperating policy of England and other nations, the enlightened Dutch had ever clung to the principles of Free Trade and fair and open competition. But the hostility or bitter personal hatred perpetuated from generation to generation between the *Hooks* and *Kabeljauws*, was not yet eradicated. Let us see the methods taken permanently to restore social order and good-will among classes. If England needs the lesson at the present hour, how much more Ireland!

Evil-doers were brought to account and punishment. "The governments of the towns were equally divided between the two factions, and thus the establishment of a just understanding was in a great degree effected. The prohibition of 1428 was renewed against the calling of party names; and the *rederykers*, or rhetoricians, a species of dramatic poets, whose art was much in vogue about this time, particularly in the Netherlands, were forbidden to represent satirical pieces, or to sing comic songs, in ridicule of either party. Having thus lessened the incitements to hostilities, Philip took measures to prevent their actual commission, by prohibiting all liveries, or distinguishing marks, except for servants, as well as the wearing of hoods, the creation of new bodies of schuterye, and the wearing of armour or weapons."

In this work of pacification, Philip seems to have relied not a little on the assistance of the local legislatures: and his fearless sagacity in summoning together these popular bodies in a season of such excitement, and thus hazarding apparently the chance of violent recrimination and collision, was amply approved by the result, and by the cheerfulness and the liberality wherewith they met his demands for supplies. . . . . .

The expenses of government were not large. While the nobles lived in a style of prodigality which exhausted their means, the spirit of frugality had gathered strength and self-respect among the burgher class, who already felt the political importance to be derived from the possession of wealth, and whose social position still lay too far beneath that of the aristocracy to lead their vanity into temptation. Economy was therefore less an act of self-denial than at first might be supposed. Their great ambition to be rich, and strong, and free, was directly advanced by its observance. Ordinary luxuries were seldom very dear; and to have a commodious dwelling, and substantial but unostentatious apparel, and to be able to keep a good table, were matters not extremely chargeable. Their aim was accumulation, not display. With this prevalent tone of feeling, it is not strange that public salaries should have been kept exceedingly low. The members of the Council of State in Holland received no more than from four to six hundred schilds (or from £20 to £30) a-year for their services; and the chief magistrate of the province had but four times that sum.

The religious conflicts in which the people of Holland were frequently involved, both during the progress of the Reformation and after its accomplishment, form an important and interesting feature in their political and industrial history.

On no occasion have the Netherlanders and the Dutch shown more of their steadfast and earnest, and, it may be, obstinate and dogged character, than in maintaining their religious right to hold whatever creed, or no creed, they might choose. It was religious zeal that in Holland first powerfully evoked the spirit of nationality. On this subject Mr. M'Cullagh speaks like a philosopher, and a profound student of history and of man's higher nature and attributes, when he says,

They had endured and were schooled to long-suffering,—a good and great thing: but history tells of suffering too long, after which there cometh no resurrection. They had fought valiantly unequal battles, and were ready to fight again: but for what? Something less essentially a question of detail and degree than taxes more or less,—or rights *de non evocando*,—was requisite to arm them for national or abiding victory. A sentiment,—something that admitted not of compromise, something that old age and youth, feminine zeal and manly hardihood, alike could feel, and could not cease to feel—was wanting; and this the differences of religion were now to supply. Do we shrink from a truth that comes upon us with such froward aspect? or, weary and sore with the polemic jars of our own time, refuse to own its force? We can gain nothing by cowardliness, or fast shutting of the eyes; ungainly or ungracious though the form of a truth be, is it not better to make a friend of it than to drive it into latent enmity to our insecure convictions? . . . . .

What doctrines they espoused, this is not the place to inquire. Subscribers to the Confession of Augsburg and followers of Calvin, those who thought Erasmus had gone far enough in reform, and those who deemed Anabaptism the most perfect way,—their heroic loyalty to their conviction of the truth of them is that alone with which we have here to do. Sound or unsound, they believed in them with a whole heart; and that belief, more than all other things, gave them deliverance and victory. To say that, nationally, they might not have won independence otherwise, would be idle. There were grievances enough of a fiscal and judicial kind to keep alive a spirit of popular jealousy; and Grotius does not hesitate to ascribe the first resolution to resist, to the imposition of illegal taxes. But having regard to the local differences that in the sixteenth century severed the provinces from one another, the sparse population of many of them, and the inherent weakness of all, it can hardly be doubted that the introduction of such an element as religious feeling was indispensable to the success of a conflict like that on which they were entering with so gigantic a power as Spain.

Was opinion then a crime? Elsewhere it had no doubt been long deemed such, and dealt with accordingly. Severities against those who were found guilty of disloyalty to the religion of the state had for centuries been practised in Spain, France, and England; and, on many occasions, the zeal of the multitude outran that of

their rulers. But in the Netherlands it had not been so.

The spirit of religious toleration, by which the Dutch have been honourably distinguished at different periods of their annals, has been no mean element in their social advancement. They had indulgence and welcome even for the abhorred Jews, when that people were relentlessly persecuted in every other European state. "It is certain," says one of Holland's greatest men, De Witt, "that freedom of religion, having been always greater in Holland than any where else, it hath brought many inhabitants, and driven out but few." In the silent progress of time and change, many causes contributed to the fusion of the classes of nobles and wealthy burghers; and the factions of *Hooks* and *Kabeljauws* were gradually disappearing when, as the principles of the Reformation spread, and Charles V. attempted to lord it over the consciences and purses of his subjects in the Netherlands, either a common danger or strong religious sympathies united all orders in the defence of their common rights.

Over-taxation was a question of amount; the evils of war a matter of time; the burdens that dismayed the industry of some were haughtily and silently borne by others; and a large class of the community felt comparatively little of their pressure. But every man in a devout and earnest land felt that he had an everlasting soul to lose or save, and that for each there was but one right way among many paths, on the peril of self-condemnation and the death to come, diligently to be sought for and followed. Compromise and concession on all or any other matter were feasible, but how could the exercise of this right be compromised? Here, then, at last was a common cause of apprehension, when the government, inspired more perhaps by political than sectarian motives, undertook to dictate to the consciences of its subjects, and attempted to enforce uniformity of faith. The right of individual judgment, the sense of each one's eternal weal or wo, were alike menaced. Noble and tenant, magistrate and burgher, rich and poor, all were involved in the same danger; and though widely differing among themselves in opinions, and too much disposed to mutual intolerance, they had yet a common cause of fear and hatred of the apparently irresistible power which threatened to reduce by force all religious creeds to its own standard.

The protracted conflicts of the Emperor with his disaffected subjects, his resignation of the sceptre, and the accession of his bigoted, sullen, and despotic son, Philip, are briefly noticed, before that eloquent passage occurs which, to men of the present time, embodies an emphatic lesson. Religious animosity, mutual intolerance, mutual exasperation, and the spirit of retaliation, have not been more active and embittered, in the British isles, since the era of the civil wars, than in the passing years.

To underrate the force of mutual intolerance that tinged so deeply the entire course of the memorable struggle would be an obvious error. Doubtless the enthusiasm of a simple and novel faith, struggling with the reverence equally sincere for long-established ways of practice and of doctrine, steeled many a brave and noble nature to deeds from which, under other circumstances, it would have recoiled. Doubtless many a bosom, too, mourned unfeignedly the hard necessity which a fanatical misconception of duty imposed of stifling those sentiments of pity and forbearance that heretofore adorned and blessed it. All European history of the period is charged with ferocious passion. No realm, no rank, no calling, no church, escaped the fell contagion. Intolerance was almost every where retaliated by intolerance, and cruelty by "no quarter." In such a strife, to say that every atrocity was dictated or designed by those in authority, is as absurd as to imagine that men in power can trample down public right and resort to public violence without practically letting loose innumerable evils and provoking the perpetration of countless crimes never contemplated or foreseen. The painter of civil war will seldom err who holds by each dark act of guilt or misery a mirror wherein its counterpart may be seen reflected. Those whom zeal or party blind will not have it so; their hypothesis does not afford "another side." But see it or not, another side there was, undoubtedly, in all religious wars; and however dissimilar in details, history is compelled, for the most part, to declare that such as the provocation hath been, so is that which hath been provoked.

And if the chronicles of Philip's reign detailed no horrors or excesses save those of the oppressor, they would not be believable. Not all who were, by habits of loyalty or sympathy in creed, ranged on the King's side, were the advocates of persecution. Many a good Catholic shuddered at the threats of Alva, and protested against the jurisdiction and the judgments of the "Council of Troubles." In several of the Belgian provinces these feelings influenced a large majority both of the nobles and the people to make common cause with their Dutch kinsmen, and to brave many sufferings and trials with a fortitude entitled to the higher praise, as it was inspired by no intense enthusiasm, but a calm sense of humanity and right. On the other hand, it is not surprising that where to a sense of terrible and unmerited wrong were added the zeal of an intense belief, and the persuasion that all who warred with it were the undoubted enemies of Heaven, a degree of fanaticism was kindled, incapable of discrimination, justice, or mercy. "There were Protestants in Holland at that time who rivalled their foes in cruelty. Sonoy, governor of Friezland, had shown activity, patriotism, and hardihood, but he made arbitrary use of his authority: persecuting Catholics, and superseding the established courts of justice, he erected a new tribunal, which from its cruelties was called the *Blood-raad*, or Inquisition." As the conflict deepened, the excesses of the popular party increased; and in the wild cry of vengeance and pitiless onslaught of the "Water-Gueux," we seem to hear the truest and fearfullest response to the threats and vows of oppression.

We need not remind our readers how much more than we have pointed out the world owes to the Netherlanders and the Dutch; nor speak of their memorable maritime enterprises and discoveries; of the art of printing; of the origin of periodical popular literature; of a distinguished school of painting; the art of painting on glass; and of many inventions, and a variety of manufactures, subservient to the comfort and luxury of refined life: but how the admirable institutions of Holland directly promoted the well-being and comfort of the great mass of the people, and were seen reflected in the condition of every class, is worth studying; especially when it is remembered that this was a country having few or no natural resources,—that "all was the gift of industry," stimulated by wise government. There were good land tenures, sound principles of inheritance; and—

From the barrelling of herrings, and gathering of the sea-birds' eggs, to the polishing of diamonds, and the fabrication of optical instruments, there was no branch of industry or art that was left untried or unpractised in that indefatigable land. Other nations could do

some things better; but none, in the seventeenth century, could do so many things well.

Other realms contained more arable land, and more numerous inhabitants; but it was the just boast of De Witt,—that in proportion to its population and extent, none contained so many ingenious and industrious workmen. But to what good purpose do we hear of this wonderful skill and industry, though extending, flourishing, and enduring for ever, if the people were only to toil on without reward: "To live," as our author says, "without improvement; multiply without growing strong; and become capable of all that elevates, dignifies, and blesses civilized beings, and yet suffer worse privations than those of savage life,—the ills of beggary at the gate of wealth, of perpetual tantalization in the presence of intrinsically cheap, yet practically unattainable, enjoyments,"—in brief, though our author does not use the words, in the condition of too many of the equally ingenious, skilled, and industrious workmen of our present England. "Did we only know," continues our author—

that Holland was productive and populous, what would it avail us as an example? We need to know much more. Unless the toil we hear of were better recompensed, and the enjoyments, and comforts, and embellishments of life, for the production of which it was set in motion, were diffused more abundantly among those who toiled than among those who were less diligently employed, should we not be tempted to exclaim,—that whatever the glory or greatness of the country might be, their labour was in vain? But not to this disheartening end does the industrial history of a free people lead. The Dutch had made themselves a country, and made themselves free, that in that country they might uninterruptedly pursue the industry without which neither country nor freedom had ever been. And they had their reward.

Of the condition of the upper and middle classes, it is hardly necessary to speak. Before the revolutionary war they were already opulent. Their houses, especially in the towns, were rich in carved furniture and plate; and there were not a few of the burghers who, when they would do honour to a guest, had the table served wholly with silver. They were given much to hospitality; and their hostelries and taverns were so many and so good—more than any other country in Europe contained—that they were rather too often led into conviviality.

Great quantities of wine were annually imported for home consumption from France and the Rhine. Breweries were every where numerous and profitable.

Holland, even during the troubled period of Charles V. continued to increase in wealth; and is described as possessing an amount of opulence and comfort unrivalled in other countries.

Within a circuit of sixty leagues it contained twenty-nine walled cities, many open towns, and 400 villages. Every spot seemed to produce something, and the dense population are portrayed as full of business and energy. The nobles dwelt in the country without envy or reproach; the homes of the merchants were in the large towns, and contained a greater variety of plate, tapestry, paintings, fine linen, and beautiful furniture of wood and brass, than was to be found in a similar number of dwellings in any other country of Europe. All this indicates a state of affluence, and civilization in which the consumption of the luxuries and necessaries of life must have been unusually large. What, then, must it have been in the sunny noontide of Dutch prosperity and power!

The condition of the working-classes may be best inferred from the fact, that while their numbers continued to increase, the supply of all the prime necessaries of life continued to increase also; and the wages of labour, if they did not absolutely rise, were generally considered higher than those which were given in any neighbouring country. . . . . .

The mass of the people were accustomed to substantial and abundant food, and what, in such a climate as theirs, formed an essential ingredient of comfort—plenty of turf and fire-wood. Even in times of depression, "it was not to be expected that the operatives would be content without their butter, cheese, and beer, and a sufficiency of fuel." With regard to wages: "I affirm and can prove," writes Sir Josiah Child, "that the Dutch give generally more wages to *all* their manufacturers, by at least twopence in the shilling, than the English do." He argues, that where wages are high it is an evidence of the riches of that country; and wherever wages for labour run low, it is a proof of the poverty of that country, and that England would have "many more good workmen if our laws gave them fitting encouragement." And what he meant by "fitting encouragement" we gather from his enumeration of the things to which the prosperity of the Dutch was attributable. The catalogue is brief and curious:—1, that they have merchants in their government; 2, just laws of inheritance; 3, an honest and "exact making of all their native commodities, so that the repute of them abroad always continues good;" 4, great encouragement to new inventions; 5, cheaply built shipping, and low freights; 6, thrifty habits of living; 7, sound practical education of both sexes; 8, low customs, the revenue being raised chiefly by duties on consumption; 9, a generous provision for, and employment of, the poor; 10, a good banking system; 11, the perfect toleration of all religions; 12, the "cheap and expeditious law merchant;" 13, the law which renders bills of exchange negotiable; 14, a public registry of property and securities; and finally, the low interest legally chargeable for money.

With this golden catalogue of what is needful to the prosperity of every nation, we shall close our extracts; almost envying those writers in the expensive and voluminous Reviews, who have an opportunity of entering into details, where we can merely indicate. And we think we have said enough to indicate the general spirit and admirable uses of this History of the Dutch. It is, as we have stated, pre-eminently History for the Instruction of the People—the people of every class—in the nature and maintenance of their rights, and in the promotion and security of their best interests; namely, entire, industrial, political, and religious freedom. Many passages might be cited from this volume, and also from the more ambitious one, devoted to the Greeks, to illustrate Mr. M'Cullagh's power as an historical writer. Readers may be directed to the characters of William of Nassau, of the Pensionary De Witt, who is an especial object of our author's admiration, of Queen Elizabeth, Peter the Great, and to many other passages as remarkable for truth of sentiment as for force and elegance of style.

We take leave of this excellent work with feelings of grateful respect, and a hope that the author may yet work out at least as much of his own plan as relates to Great Britain and the United States of America.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Mesmerism in India; and its Practical Application in Surgery and Medicine. By James Esdaile, M.D. Small octavo. London: Longman & Co.

THE mesmerists must exult in the signal proofs of the medical efficacy of their principle which are recorded in this book. It is a narrative of the experiments, or experiences, of an active-minded Civil Assistant Surgeon in the East India Company's service, who, knowing little of mesmerism theoretically, or from reading, save extracts and reports in newspapers, began, in comparative ignorance, to dabble for himself; was astonished at the results; called upon his friends to share his astonishment, and bear testimony to the extraordinary phenomena that were witnessed; and persisted in experimenting until he had, as he imagines, performed above seventy *painless* surgical operations, of which the patients were either wholly or nearly unconscious. His patients were all natives of Bengal, and either persons found in a pauper hospital, or poor suffering country people, who, hearing, we presume, of the miracles wrought by "Dr. Sahib," desired to have the benefit of his magical skill. Dr. Esdaile is, we have no doubt whatever, a sincere, as he is an earnest, believer and faithful reporter; and some of the cases which he describes certainly do look wonderful, as many of the operations must, under ordinary circumstances, have been attended by considerable pain. It must, however, be borne in mind, that his impassive Hindoo patients were never made aware of what was impending; and that once, and often after repeated efforts, having been thrown deeply into the mesmeric sleep — a condition which no sceptic pretends longer to dispute — they only awoke, if at all, after the first and worst stage was passed, and when all that followed could more easily be endured. Natural sleep is a great soother, if not a complete allayer of pain. The toothache is unfelt, the pain of whitlow becomes dormant. And if, besides this, it hold, that the *pain* of pain, as of death, in many operations, "lies most in apprehension," the exemption, whether partial or total, of those operated upon in the mesmeric sleep, may be accounted for without giving the entire merit to mesmerism.

Dr. Esdaile has, as yet, had no personal experience of the higher phenomena said to be evolved by mesmerism: as clairvoyance, reading with the epigastrium, the tips of the fingers, or nape of the neck, &c.; but he evinces a strong disposition to believe all and every thing. He, however, repudiates some of the more obvious quackeries of mesmerism; and indeed, by getting into mental *rapport* with the peasants of Bengal, little could have been attained. He therefore treats the mesmeric power simply as a medical agent; and as such, ascribes to it the most salutary influences and decidedly beneficial effects. There is, however, nothing new or important in his treatise to those who have been reading the current publications on mesmerism, except the report of his own operations, and the details of his medical cases. His practice increased so fast, that he was soon obliged to take assistants to spare himself great bodily fatigue. These he easily found in the native attendants on the hospitals, young Hindoos and Mahometans, a dozen of them, who all turned out skilful journeymen and apprentice mesmerisers; performing all that they were ordered by their superior with address and success. Hard work and hot it must be under the burning sun of Bengal; though the art is readily acquired in any latitude,—Miss Martineau's maid taking it up at her own hand, and at once equalling Mr. Spencer Hall, so far as her mistress was concerned. In mesmerism, as in some other things, it is "but the first step that costs." Dr. Esdaile's first case was an arduous affair, and he had almost given up in despair; but succeeding experiments were found much more easy. The Bengalese are indeed stated to be peculiarly susceptible of the mesmeric influence, — easily popped over. But Dr. Esdaile appears to have also had some European patients, whose cases confirm the others. Several of the cases described are those of persons who had enormous tumours cut off during the mesmeric coma, without pain. Of these we quote the most remarkable,—

Oct. 25th. — Gooroochuan Shah, a shopkeeper, aged forty. He has got a "monster tumour," which prevents him from moving: his great weight, and his having used it for a writing-desk for many years, has pressed it into its present shape. His pulse is weak, and his feet œdematous, which will make it very hazardous to attempt its removal; but with such an appendage life is literally a burden. He became insensible on the fourth day of mesmerising, and was drawn with the mattress to the end of the bed, (my usual mode of proceeding.) Two men then held up the tumour in a sheet, pulling it forward at the same time, and, in the presence of Mr. Bennett, I removed it by a circular incision, expedition being his only safety. The rush of venous blood was great, but fortunately soon arrested; and, after tying the last vessel, the mattress was again pulled back upon the bed, with him upon it, and at this moment he awoke. The loss of blood had been so great that he immediately fell into a fainting state, and it took a good while to remove him. On recovering, he said that he awoke while the mattress was being pulled back, and that nothing had disturbed him. The tumour weighed eighty pounds, and is probably the largest ever removed from the human body. I think it extremely likely that if the circulation had been hurried by pain and struggling, or if the shock to the system had been increased by bodily and mental anguish, the man would have bled to death, or never have rallied from the effects of the operation. But the sudden loss of blood was all he had to contend against; and, though in so weak a condition, he has surmounted this, and gone on very well.

Dec. 1st.—Has been allowed to go home at his own request: the wound is filling up slowly, for want of integument.

Dr. Esdaile has seen no bad consequences from operating on patients in the mesmeric trance, nor any injury to the constitution of the patient from mesmeric practice. He, however, protests against its abuse, or idle employment, and against mesmerising healthy subjects for the love of experiment. This is, so far, well said.

Experimenting on the healthy ought to be discouraged, as it is only undermining healthy constitutions for no possible advantage. The artificial disease is not so transitory or light a matter as it seems to be reckoned by many mesmerisers, who go about upsetting the nerves of every one they can lay hands on. In proof of this I may mention, that after prisoners have been working on the roads for two or three months, I have found them still as much under my command as ever.

It is proper that ladies and gentlemen who beg to be

mesmerised for fun should know this, and then they will probably choose some other kind of amusement.

There is no material difference between the modes employed by English mesmerisers to produce trance, partial or total rigidity of the muscles, the faculty of imitation, and so forth, save that the Hindoo patients were laid in bed, and the room darkened, as a position more favourable to the purposes of the mesmeriser; and that, besides his breath, he found it necessary to bedew his patients with his sweat and saliva. This filthy mode of practice would be rather revolting, we suspect, to European patients. Dr. Esdaile, we have said, is in the best possible frame of mind for a believer. He is ready to believe more than he has seen or proved; but the virtues of mesmerised water he has tested, and this is his philosophy of it. It has, at all events, the merit of ingenuity.

To those who will condescend to think seriously on the subject, and apply their previous knowledge to the examination of it, I would suggest, that if there is a vital emanation from the body, called "mesmerism," there is nothing improbable in the assertion that it can be communicated to water and other inorganic substances, like other invisible and imponderable agents. Water absorbs air and different gases, and the odours of neighbouring objects, with great facility: a glass of water can be charged with electricity, or an empty glass filled with it. Mesmerism has been called "animal electricity," and if correctly named, we should expect it to resemble inorganic electricity in many particulars: but whether it is a modification of electricity or not, I can see no reason why water should not absorb an invisible animal fluid, as easily as a fluid which is imperceptible and organic. There is nothing in the known laws of physics to make it improbable that water can be mesmerised, as well as electrified. On the contrary, it seemed to me so probable from analogy, that I fully believed the statements of others regarding it, and made my first experiment with considerable confidence.

Deleuze, a most honest and trustworthy man, and who had practised mesmerism for thirty-five years in France, with great success, gives the following directions for mesmerising water. "It is to be poured over the tips of the fingers, and the glass is then to be mesmerised by passing the hands down its sides, and the water may also be breathed upon." The following process, though less delicate, is a shorter, and, I believe, a more effectual mode of charging water with the mesmeric fluid.

As there is good reason to believe that the breath is impregnated with the vital fluid, I breathe through a tube into the bottom of a cupful of water, keeping the points of the fingers in contact with the surface; in five minutes the water is charged, and here are my first experiments with it.

June 28th.—From her extreme sensibility to the influence, it seemed to me probable that the woman Alunga would exhibit in perfection the virtues of mesmerised water, if it had any. In the presence of my hospital attendants, I to-day took an ounce of water from the common reservoir, and mesmerised it, putting the like quantity of plain water into another glass. We then went into the women's ward, and I gave the plain water first, very slowly, asking her if it had any taste. It was only plain water, she said. I then gave her the other. After waiting some time, she said it was different from the first; that it was sharp to the tongue, and created a warmth in the stomach. Almost immediately, her countenance began to change; she insisted upon getting up to walk, and I immediately saw that she was a somnambulist. After taking a few staggering steps she would have fallen, but was prevented, and taken back to bed, where she instantly sank into the mesmeric coma, and remained so for hours.

The woman got the same quantity of mesmerised water on several succeeding days, with, in Dr. Esdaile's apprehension, yet more extraordinary effects. Other patients imbibed the mesmerised water with as wonderful consequences. We quote one case:—

July 29th.—At the public Séance, already mentioned, eight men drank mesmerised water prepared by my assistants, and superintended by two doctors and two clergymen; and in spite of the incessant tormenting of their visiters, four of them, to my great surprise, became entranced and cataleptic, and were converted into somnambulists.

N.B.—The mesmerised water only affects those who are already under mesmeric influence.

Though Dr. Esdaile's surgical operations were all performed on poor persons, his medical patients were of a higher class, whom he cured of headaches, affections of the eyes, convulsions, rheumatism, palsy, *tic-doloureux*, &c., by his new and infallible remedy; infallible, for we hear of not one failure. Of the medical cases we select one or two, recommended by their pith and brevity:—

June 6th.—I was called at eight o'clock last night, to see the wife of Baboo Essanchunder Ghosaul, deputy-magistrate of Hooghly. I found her in dreadful convulsions; she was speechless, and suffering from a constriction in the throat, that threatened to suffocate her every minute; and she constantly beat, or pointed at the part. At one moment her body was perfectly rigid, and in another it was bent back like a bow, till she rested on the back of her head and heels only. I never saw such convulsions except in Tetanus and Hydrophobia, and all I knew of the resources of medicine was useless; for how could she take physic when she could not take breath? I therefore had recourse to my new solvent power, and, after nearly an hour's hard work, I left her asleep, and catalepsed.

July 1st.—She has had no return of the fit. This is the lady, for whose relief the conjuror was sent, but came too late. . . . . .

The next case I should never have taken in hand, if new hopes had not been infused into me by the evident effects of mesmerism on the nervous system.

August 9th.—Geeois, a husbandman; aged 22. A man of large frame, and in good condition. There is complete palsy of the whole of the left side; the arm can only be separated from the side for a few inches. He has taken mercury six times, in four years, for rheumatism: the paralysis began four months ago, and he has been three months in his present state:—to be mesmerised for half an hour daily.

August 18th.—He sometimes goes to sleep during the process, and generally sleeps for two hours after it: he can raise the arm more, and there is a little resistance in the left side, on walking between two persons.

August 20th.—He began to walk a little with a stick to-day.

August 25th.—Improves daily; there is more command over the diseased side; the leg is stronger, and he raises the arm higher: he walked to the end of the room to-day, with the help of a stick only.

Sept. 8th.—Much better; walks across the compound, with the aid of a stick; arm also improving.

Sept. 20th.—He has discarded his stick, and crosses the compound unaided.

Sept. 25th.—Daily improving; he can hold his arm nearly perpendicular: there is every prospect of his recovering, and he was allowed to go home, with orders to his friends to mesmerise him daily, in the way they had witnessed.

December 10th.—Horo, a Hindoo woman; aged 28. She has suffered for three years from *tic-doloureux* in the right eyebrow and temple, especially in the cold weather: it is very intense now, and comes on at 6 A. M. remaining till 2 P. M.—to be mesmerised. I returned after an hour, and found her asleep: she awoke soon after, and said there was no pain whatever in the part now, and that "it was cold as water."

Jan. 8th.—She has *had no return of pain.*

One would like to hear how the paralytic young husbandman got on after Dr. Esdaile returned from the campaign of the Sutlej. To the army in that quarter he was called away, but first sent home his work, which has been published under the care of his brother, a minister of the Scottish Church, who is also a thorough believer in mesmerism, and a practical mesmeriser, anxious to extend his sanative power to all who may require it. He has had some lessons from Dr. Elliottson.

Dr. Esdaile set off for the Army of the Sutlej, resolved to work out the subject of mesmerism in all its practical bearings, and hoping to live to communicate his discoveries or observations to the public. Whatever may be the ultimate fiat of the said public upon this curious subject, there is no question that it will look forward to Dr. Esdaile's farther communications with the interest due to his motives, his ability, and the good temper in which he writes.

Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands. Parts I. and II. From the Journals of Charles St. John, Esq. "Murray's Home and Colonial Library."

An English gentleman, fond of Nature, and of natural history, and an ardent sportsman, has chosen to locate himself on the eastern border of the Highlands, near to or upon the shores of the Moray Firth, where its waters encircle Morayland, and where the mountains of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland shires are in magnificent prospect. From this post of vantage, Mr. St. John has made sporting and exploratory excursions in all directions, and narrated his observations and adventures by hill and loch, in the animated style which makes the books of all sportsmen, who are sportsmen and something more—who are naturalists and poets, though wanting the accomplishment of verse—the most captivating of light reading. Highland legends and sketches of the living manners diversify the journal; and an atmosphere of wild beauty and romance is diffused over its homeliest details. We could not, indeed, imagine a more charming work for the spare nook of one of the huge pockets of a shooting jacket, than this *melange* of much that is rarest in Walton, White of Selborne, the author of "The Moray Floods," and "Nimrod," or John Mills. Take a sample. It is a sketch for Landseer.

THE BADGER.

I once, in the north of Scotland, fell in with a perfect colony of badgers; they had taken up their abode in an unfrequented range of wooded rocks, and appeared to have been little interrupted in their possession of them. The footpaths to and from their numerous holes were beaten quite hard; and what is remarkable and worthy of note, they had different small pits dug at a certain distance from their abodes, which were evidently used as receptacles for all offensive filth; every other part of their colony was perfectly clean. A solitary badger's hole, which I once had dug out, during the winter season, presented a curious picture of his domestic and military arrangements. A hard and long job it was for two men to achieve. The passage here and there turned in a sharp angle round some projecting corners of rock, which he evidently made use of when attacked, as points of defence, making a stand at any of these angles, where a dog could not scratch to enlarge the aperture, and fighting from behind his stone buttress. After tracing out a long winding passage, the workmen came to two branches in the hole, each leading to good-sized chambers: in one of these was stored a considerable quantity of dried grass, rolled up into balls as large as a man's fist, and evidently intended for food; in the other chamber there was a bed of soft dry grass and leaves. The sole inhabitant was a peculiarly large old dog-badger. Besides coarse grasses, their food consists of various roots; amongst others, I have frequently found about their hole the bulb of the common wild blue hyacinth. Fruit of all kinds, and esculent vegetables, form his repast; and I fear that he must plead guilty to devouring any small animal that may come in his way, alive or dead; though, not being adapted for the chase, or even for any very skilful strategy of war, I do not suppose that he can do much in catching an unwounded bird or beast. Eggs are his delight; and a partridge's nest, with seventeen or eighteen eggs, must afford him a fine meal, particularly if he can surprise and kill the hen-bird also; snails and worms, which he finds above ground during his nocturnal rambles, are likewise included in his bill of fare. I was one summer evening walking home from fishing in Loch Ness, and having occasion to fasten up some part of my tackle, and also expecting to meet my keeper, I sat down on the shore of the loch. I remained some time, enjoying the lovely prospect: the perfectly clear and unruffled loch lay before me, reflecting the northern shore in its quiet water. The opposite banks consisted, in some parts, of bright green sward, sloping to the water's edge, and studded with some of the most beautiful birch trees in Scotland; several of the trees spreading out like the oak, and with their ragged and ancient-looking bark resembling the cork-tree of Spain—others drooping and weeping over the edge of the water in the most lady-like and elegant manner. Parts of the loch were edged in by old lichen-covered rocks; while farther on, a magnificent scaur of red stone rose perpendicularly from the water's edge to a very great height. So clearly was every object on the opposite shore reflected in the lake below, that it was difficult, nay impossible, to distinguish where the water ended and the land commenced—the shadow from the reality. The sun was already set, but its rays still illuminated the sky. It is said that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step;—and I was just then startled from my reverie by a kind of grunt close to me, and the apparition of a small waddling gray animal, who was busily employed in hunting about the grass and stones at the edge of the loch; presently another, and another, appeared in a little grassy glade which ran down to the water's edge, till at last I saw seven of them busily at work within a few yards of me, all coming from one direction. It at first struck me that they were some farmer's pigs taking a distant ramble; but I shortly saw that they were badgers, come from their fastnesses rather earlier than usual, tempted by the quiet evening, and by a heavy summer shower that was just over, and which had brought out an infinity of large black snails and worms, on which the badgers were feeding with good appetite. As I was dressed in gray and sitting on a gray rock, they did not see me, but waddled about, sometimes close to me; only now and then, as they crossed my track, they showed a slight uneasiness, smelling the ground, and grunting gently. Presently a very large one, which I took to be the mother of the rest, stood motionless for a moment listening with great attention, and then giving a loud grunt, which seemed perfectly understood by the others, she scuttled away, followed by the whole lot. I was soon joined by my attendant, whose approach they had heard long before my less acute ears gave me warning of his coming. In trapping other vermin in these woods, we constantly caught badgers—sometimes several were found in the traps. I always regretted this, as my keeper was most unwilling to spare their lives, and I fancy seldom did so. His arguments were tolerably cogent, I must confess. When I tried to persuade him that they were quite harmless, he answered me by asking—"Then why, sir, have they got such teeth, if they don't live, like a dog or fox, on flesh?—and why do they get caught so often in traps baited with rabbits?" I could not but admit that they had most carnivorous-looking teeth.

SPEARING SALMON.

I once fell in with a band of Highlanders, who were employed busily in the amusing but illegal pursuit of

spearing salmon by torch-light. And a most exciting and interesting proceeding it was. The night was calm and dark. The steep and broken rocks were illuminated in the most brilliant manner by fifteen or sixteen torches, which were carried by as many active Highlanders, and glanced merrily on the water, throwing the most fantastic light and shade on all around as they moved about. Sometimes one of them would remain motionless for a few moments, as its bearer waited in the expectation that some fish, which had been started by his companions, would come within reach of his spear, as he stood with it ready poised, and his eager countenance lighted up by his torch as he bent over the water. Then would come loud shouts and a confused hurrying to and fro, as some great fish darted amongst the men, and loud and merry peals of laughter when some unlucky fellow, darting at a fish in too deep water, missed his balance and fell headlong into the pool. Every now and then a salmon would be seen hoisted into the air, and quivering on an uplifted spear. The fish, as soon as caught, was carried ashore, where it was knocked on the head and taken charge of by some man older than the rest, who was deputed to this office. Thirty-seven salmon were killed that night; and I must say that I entered into the fun, unmindful of its not being quite in accordance with my ideas of right and wrong; and I enjoyed it probably as much as any of the wild lads who were engaged in it. There was not much English talked amongst the party, as they found more expressive words in Gaelic to vent their eagerness and impatience. All was good humour, however; and though they at first looked on me with some slight suspicion, yet when they saw that I enjoyed their torch-light fishing, and entered fully into the spirit of it, they soon treated me with all consideration and as one of themselves. I happened to know one or two of the men; and after it was over, and we were drying our drenched clothes in a neighbouring bothy, it occurred to me to think of the river bailiffs and watchers, several of whom I knew were employed on that part of the stream, and I asked where they were, that they did not interfere with the somewhat irregular proceeding in which we had all been engaged. "'Deed ay, sir, there are no less than twelve bailies and offishers on the water here; but they are mostly douce-like lads, and don't interfere much with us, as we only come once or twice in the season.'

DEATH OF MY FIRST STAG.

Where is the man who does not remember and look back with feelings of energy and delight to the day, the hour, and the wild scene, when he killed, unaided, his first stag! Of course, I refer only to those who have the same love of wild sport, and the same enjoyment in the romantic solitude and scenery of the mountain and glen that I have myself: shooting tame partridges and hares from the back of a well-trained shooting-pony in a stubble-field, does not, in my eyes, constitute a sportsman; though there is a certain interest attached even to this kind of pursuit, arising more from observing the cleverness and instinct of the dogs employed, than in killing the birds. But far different is the enjoyment derived from stalking the red deer in his native mountain, where every energy of the sportsman must be called into active use, before he can command success.

Well do I remember the mountain side where I shot my first stag; and though many years have since passed by, I could now, were I to pass through that wild and lovely glen, lay my hand on the very rock under which he fell.

Though a good rifle-shot—indeed few were much better—there seemed a charm against my killing a deer.

. . . . . .

I had been looking during the chief part of the day for deer, and had, according to appointment, met an attendant with my gun and pointers at a particular spring in the hills, meaning to shoot my way home. This spring was situated in the midst of a small green spot, like an oasis in the desert, surrounded on all sides by a long stretch of broken black ground. The well itself was in a little round hollow, surrounded by high banks.

I was resting here, having met my gillie, and was consoling myself for my want of success by smoking a cigar, when, at the same moment, a kind of shadow came across me, and the pointers, who were coupled at my feet, pricked up their ears and growled, with their eyes fixed on some object behind me. My keeper, who had been out with me all day, was stretched on his back, in a half slumber, and the gillie was kneeling down taking a long draught at the cool well, with the enjoyment of one who had had a long toiling walk on a hot August day. Turning my head lazily to see what had roused the dogs, and had cast its shadow across me, instead of a shepherd, as I expected—could I believe my eyes!—there stood a magnificent stag, with the fine shaped horns peculiar to those of the Sutherland forests. . . . . .

This was on a Saturday. On the Monday following, at a very early hour, Donald appeared, and after his morning salute of, "It's a fine day, sir," he added, "There will be some deer about the west shoulder of the hill above Alt-na-cahr. Whenever the wind is in the airt it now is, they feed about the burn there." We agreed to walk across to that part of the ground, and were soon *en route*. Bran galloped round us, baying joyously, as if he expected we should have good luck. We had not gone half a mile from the house, when we met one of the prettiest girls in the country, tripping along the narrow path, humming a Gaelic air, and looking bright and fresh as the morning. "How are you all at home, Nanny, and how is your father getting on? does he see any deer on the hill?" said I. Her father was a shepherd not far from the house, and she was then going down on some errand to my servants. "We are all no' that bad, thank you, sir, except mother, who still has the trouble on her. Father says that he saw some hinds and a fine *stag* yesterday as he crossed the hill to the kirk; they were feeding on the top of Alt-na-cahr, and did na mind him a bit."

Donald looked at me, with a look full of importance, at this confirmation of his prophecy. "Deed, sir, that's a bonny lass, and as good as she is bonny. It 's just gude luck our meeting her; if we had met that auld witch, her mother, not a beast would we have seen the day." I have heard of Donald turning home again, if he met an old woman when starting on any deer-stalking excursion. The young pretty girl, however, was a good omen in his eyes. We passed through the woods, seeing here and there a roebuck standing gazing at us as we crossed some grassy glade where he was feeding. On the rocks near the top of the woods, Donald took me to look at a trap he had set, and in it we found a beautiful marten cat, which we killed, and hid amongst the stones—another good omen in Donald's eyes.

On we went, taking a careful survey of the ground here and there. At a loch whose Gaelic name I do not remember, we saw a vast number of wild ducks, and at the farther extremity of it a hind and a calf feeding. We waited here for some time, and I amused myself with watching the two deer as they fed, unconscious of our neighbourhood, and from time to time drank at the burn which supplied the loch. We then passed over a long dreary tract of brown and broken ground, till we came to the picturesque-looking place where we expected to find the deer—a high conical hill, rising out of rather flat ground, which gave it an appearance of being of a greater height than it really was. We took a most careful survey of the slope on which Donald expected to see the deer. Below was an extensive level piece of heather with a burn running through it in an endless variety of windings, and fringed with green rushes and grass, which formed a strong contrast to the dark-coloured moor through which it made its way, till it emptied itself into a long narrow loch, beyond which rose Bar Cleebrich and some more of the highest mountains in Scotland. In vain we looked and looked, and Donald at last shut up his telescope in despair: "They are no' here the day," was his remark. "But what is that, Donald?" said I, pointing to some bluish-

looking object that I saw at some distance from us rising out of the heather. The glass was turned towards it, and after having been kept motionless for some time, he pronounced it to be the head and neck of a hind. I took the glass, and while I was looking at it, I saw a fine stag rise suddenly from some small hollow near her, stretch himself, and lie down again. Presently six more hinds, and a two-year old stag got up, and after walking about for a few minutes, they, one by one, lay down again, but every one seemed to take up a position commanding a view of the whole country. We crept back a few paces, and then getting into the course of the burn, got within three hundred yards of the deer, but by no means whatever could we get nearer. The stag was a splendid fellow, with ten points, and regular and fine-shaped horns. Bran winded them, and watched them most earnestly, as if to ask why we did not try to get at them. The sensible dog, however, kept quite quiet, as if aware of the importance of not being seen or heard. Donald asked me what o'clock it was. I told him that it was just two. "Well, well, sir, we must just wait here till three o'clock, when the deer will get up to feed, and most likely the brutes will travel towards the burn. The Lord save us, but yon's a muckle beast." Trusting to his experience, I waited patiently, employing myself in attempting to dry my hose by wringing them, and placing them in the sun. Donald took snuff and watched the deer, and Bran laid his head on his paws as if asleep; but his sharp eye, and ear pricked up on the slightest movement, showed that he was ready for action at a moment's warning. As nearly as possible at three o'clock they did get up to feed: first the hinds rose and cropped a few mouthfuls of the coarse grass near them; looking at and waiting for their lord and master, who, however, seemed lazily inclined and would not move; the young stag fed steadily on towards us.

Frequently the hinds stopped and turned back to their leader, who remained quite motionless, excepting that now and then he scratched a fly off his flank with his horn or turned his head towards the hill side when a grouse crowed or a plover whistled. The young stag was feeding quietly within a hundred and fifty yards of us, and we had to lie flat on the ground, now and then, to escape his observation. The evening air already began to feel chill, when suddenly the object of our pursuit jumped up, stretched himself and began feeding. Not liking the pasture close to him, he trotted at once down into the flat ground right away from us. Donald uttered a Gaelic oath, and I fear I added an English one. The stag that had been feeding so near us stood still for a minute to watch the others, who were all now several hundred yards away, grazing steadily.

The epic interest deepens as the story proceeds; but it is enough that the noble animal fell at last, before Mr. St. John's resistless rifle, and that we have given such a specimen of his sporting journal, and of his reflective and descriptive powers, as must, we think, tempt our readers to a full perusal.

Musings of a Musician; a series of Popular Sketches illustrative of Musical Matters and Musical People. By Henry C. Lunn, Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This musician loves his art, and seems to understand what, in England, is wanting to its proper encouragement. He is somewhat more satirical, at times, than is altogether beseeming in the lover and worshipper of melody and harmony; though it must be confessed that the popular ignorance, humbug, and pretension, which abound on all hands, are enough to enrage any musician. That this particular one does not want acuteness and sound knowledge, is evinced in many a page of his somewhat sharp strictures. Hear him on "Boarding-school Music."

A great deal is said in the present day about the desecration of the art; and we are told that teachers themselves are to blame for not endeavouring to form the taste of their pupils by letting them know, at least, of what music is capable. Nonsense!—form the taste indeed at two guineas a quarter; why it is pretty well to mark the fingering and detect the wrong notes whilst they are playing; besides, does not a young lady attend her music as she attends her French, her Calisthenic exercises, and her personal deportment? Does she not call the piece she is learning her "notes," and is not, therefore, one set of notes as good as another? no, no—talk to your boarding-school pupil of "forming the taste," or treat her, in fact, as any thing beyond a mere delicate piece of mechanism, and see if the governess do not know all about it before the next lesson: it will be lucky indeed if you escape being called "impudent" by the teacher.

There is something in this boarding-school music peculiarly adapted to the taste of parents and guardians. A showy brilliancy invariably pervades it, which convinces them that they are having something for their money. When Miss Anna Maria arrives at home for the vacation, it is usually expected that she shall be able to "do something;" and as this "something" usually consists of sundry skips from one end of the pianoforte to the other, praiseworthy attempts to play twenty-four notes in the time of one crotchet, and other equally extraordinary gymnastic feats, it is obvious that the weaker the theme, the better is it suited for the purposes of torture

Our musician descants on the caprices of fashion in music, and the foolish fashion of discarding the best music as old or superannuated. How should we like to see our Homers, and Shaksperes, and Miltons discarded for the Byrons and Bulwers, as the best music too often is to make way for the flashy ephemeral compositions of the day? But, again, hear the Enraged Musician. His indignation is far from being unjust:—

Many years ago I recollect calling upon a pianist, who, urged by the example of many around him, had precisely pursued the system I have here mentioned. As I was ascending the staircase I heard him performing Handel's little gem of the "Harmonious Blacksmith," with variations. This he interpreted to such perfection that I could not help pausing outside, in order that I might allow him to finish it undisturbed. The unadorned simplicity and quaint character of this composition so delighted me that I felt as if I had suddenly breathed an air purer and fresher than that to which I had been hitherto accustomed. When I entered the room I observed that he hid the piece of music which he had just been performing under a large book, and, placing a modern Fantasia, abounding with the most perplexing difficulties, before him, tried to appear as if he were thoroughly at his ease. Upon my expressing to him an earnest desire that he would again delight me by performing the unfashionable air of the "Harmonious Blacksmith," he appeared actually lost in astonishment. "And do you really," he said, "prefer such simple music to this wonderful piece, which every body is trying to play, and which nobody but those who are gifted with the greatest agility of finger can hope to succeed in?"

"Candidly," said I, "let me assure you, that I know not when you have given me so much pleasure in your presence as I have experienced this morning by listening outside your room-door. Is it possible that you do not like these musical trifles?"

"Hush!" said he, looking cautiously round. "If I am to give my *real* opinion, let us be quite certain that nobody is listening." Then, taking the Fantasia from the instrument, and throwing it into the middle of the room, "There," said he; "if I could exercise my own free will, not one note of such ephemeral productions as these should ever find a place upon my piano-forte."

"But," said I, "if you really dislike it, why do you invariably play this class of music whenever you are heard in public?"

"Because," said he, "I follow the fashion, and intend that the public shall admire *me* instead of the *music*. . . . . .

"Music is now classed, not according to its *beauty*, but according to its *difficulty*. Any person, therefore, who dares to go against the stream, must be content to be laughed at until he has proved himself right; and, as most *of* our instrumentalists prefer applause to laughter, the matter is not likely to be put to the test. I have, at this moment, two or three trifles by Beethoven and Mozart, which to me are the perfection of simplicity and elegance."

"And if you were to play them before a mixed company," said I, "what would be the effect?"

"The majority would say that I had 'gone off in my playing,'" said he; "*playing* being primary, and *music* secondary. Many persons would laugh at the absurdity of my performing such 'childish' music; and my pupils would declare that they could play it themselves quite as well."

"But *do* they play it?" inquired I.

"Decidedly not," said he: "and, being thus disowned both by master and pupil, many of our most delightful little pieces are unfortunately lost for ever. Take it as a general rule, my friend, that any composition, however beautiful it may be, which has once been branded as 'easy,' can never hope to be again admitted into the drawing-rooms of private families. If, therefore, you have an irresistible desire to hear them, do as you have done this morning; call upon a professor when he least expects you, walk as softly as possible up the staircase, and *listen at the door*."

This conversation occurred when I was very young, but every word of it has dwelt upon my mind, and I have, since then, of course, had frequent opportunities of personally proving the truth of my friend's remarks. Yet, in considering the matter attentively, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that the public are really so much to be blamed as the professor himself. Why, for instance, let me ask, are Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas scarcely ever performed at concerts? Not because the public do not like to *hear* them, but because the pianist does not like to *play* them. Because he feels that the audience will go away talking more of Beethoven than of himself; and because, like the great actors of the present day, he will insist upon it that the creator shall invariably be secondary to the executor.

The unhealthy state which music has assumed, in consequence of this, must be sufficiently apparent to all. In literature, works which have once taken a high rank, remain there by the force of their excellence. We hear nothing of their becoming antiquated on account of their simplicity.

Now, this we call an admirable lecture on music, as well as an excellent advice to musicians.

A Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon, comprising, with additional matter, some Corrections of Mr. Twiss's Work on the Chancellor. By William Edward Surtees, D.C.L., Barrister at Law. Octavo. London: Chapman & Hall.

The author of this sketch is connected, though remotely, with Lords Eldon and Stowell, by the marriage of the former with his grand-aunt, and by this means has been able to procure both direct information, and copies of the original family and other letters of both the fortunate brothers. Readers, not particularly interested in their fortunes, will not however, we imagine, find much in his minute emendations of Mr. Twiss's narrative. The same remark applies to most of the additional letters. Both brothers had a passion for accumulation, and the following anecdote is related of Lord Stowell, who left large estates, and £200,000, in the three per cents.

There is a story current of him in Newcastle, that, when advanced in age and rank, he visited the school of his boyhood. An old woman, whose business was to clean out and keep the key of the school-room, conducted him. She knew the name and station of the personage whom she accompanied. She naturally expected some recompense — half-a-crown perhaps — perhaps, since he was so great a man, five shillings. But he lingered over the desks, and asked a thousand questions about the fate of his old school-fellows. And as he talked, her expectations rose — half-a-guinea — a guinea — nay, possibly (since she had been so long connected with the school, in which the great man took so deep an interest) some little annuity! He wished her good-by kindly: called her a good woman; and slipped a piece of money into her hand. It was a sixpence!

Mr. Surtees attempts a sort of vague apology for the excessive parsimony of his heroes, by stating the frugal habits in which they had been bred, as a reason for them living unlike men in their station. Their frugal living might be overlooked had liberality been evinced in nobler directions. It is said—

Possibly, as life advanced, Lord Stowell might, in the matter of accumulation, have felt towards Lord Eldon some degree of rivalry; and though the struggle, there too, proved vain, might have been unwilling that his youngest brother should beat him also in that. But, be the cause what it may, a change took place more lamentable than rare: and the prudence of youth was lost in the avarice of age.

Lord Stowell was a great eater. As Lord Eldon had, for his favourite dish, liver and bacon, so his brother had a favourite quite as homely, with which his intimate friends, when he dined with them, would treat him. It was a rich pie, compounded of beef-steaks and layers of oysters. Yet the feats which Lord Stowell performed with the knife and fork, were eclipsed by those which he would afterwards display with the bottle. And two bottles of port formed with him no uncommon potation. By wine, however, he was never, in advanced life at any rate, seen to be affected. His mode of living suited and improved his constitution; and his strength long increased with his years.

The countenance of Lord Stowell was intelligent and benign; but his personal appearance was much inferior to that of Lord Eldon, and presented the disadvantages of a slovenly toilet, and time-worn clothes.

With the peculiarities of the undistinguished herd of men, the public can have no concern and little curiosity; but in the case of such a man as Lord Stowell, who has rendered the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Bench so distinguished for elegance and depth of learning, and has stamped an image of his own mind on the international jurisprudence of the world, the public, in return for the immortality conferred by its approbation, has a claim to be made acquainted with characteristic details of habits and deportment. It has a right to learn that the hand, which could pen the neatest of periods, was itself often dirty and unwashed; that the mouth, which could utter eloquence so graceful, or such playful wit, fed voraciously, and selected the most greasy food; and that the heart, which contained so much kindliness and honour, was generally covered with a tumbled frill and soiled shirt.

The curiosity of Lord Stowell was remarkable: there was no subject above or beneath his interest. Superior to the pedantry or bombast which disdains common sources of instruction and amusement, he was the most indefatigable sight-seer in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling or less, was visited by Lord Stowell. And the author of this sketch has been assured by a friend that his father had seen him, after his elevation to the peerage, coming out of one of the penny show-rooms in the streets of London. . . .

For table-talk Lord Stowell had a high reputation. At dinner, when surrounded by an "audience, few, but meet," he was one of the most agreeable of men. His mind was remarkable for its quickness; and hence, he

was capable of giving sudden and very pleasing turns to conversation. His humour was dry; his language was terse; he would say much in few words. His memory, enriched with the spoils of all ages, was tenacious and ready. At times, therefore, he would exhibit vast stores of learning; and, in a very agreeable way, would unexpectedly throw historical illustrations on the subject of discourse. His classical quotations, often humorously applied, were always effective. He was a frequent and honoured guest at the table of Dr. Howley, both when Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury; and here, whether in the polite or profound scholarship of his host—himself also at one time an Oxford Fellow and a tutor—he would feel the inspiration of kindred sympathies. But to a lawyer, the greatest of all conversational treats was to meet Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell together in a friendly dinner-party of lawyers. Here, sure of deference and appreciation, each brother would playfully unbend after the labours of the day; talk one against the other; and narrate alternately professional anecdotes.

The volatile ethereal essence of fine conversational wit can never be conveyed faithfully to print. You might as well attempt to represent Ariel on the stage, as to transfer to paper the spirit of a *bon mot*.

Having attempted to cover myself by this protest, I shall now proceed to jot down for the reader one or two of the sayings of Lord Stowell.

On some occasion, when he had been worn out by a plague of clergymen, requesting his assistance in a parliamentary measure which promised to affect their interests, he ejaculated, "Those parsons! I shove them out by barrows-ful!"—A miserable little cur ran barking after him furiously, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "get along with ye, *vox et præterea nihil!*"

Other *bon mots* of Lord Stowell are related, which do not appear very brilliant; and then we are told, that

The domestic life of Lord Stowell was amiable: and, in spite of his negligence in attending public worship, he bore the reputation of a sincere Christian, and a conscientious member of the church of his country.

Whether Lord Stowell would now, had he lived, been a better or worse Christian, it is hard to tell; but he most certainly would have gone more regularly to church; church-going being the more decorous custom of the present generation. The private history of this not very enviable great lawyer, is thus concluded—

As no descendant of Lord Stowell survives to be pained by the disclosure, we are bound to make one exception in this praise, and to mention a misconduct, which brought, alas, its own retributive punishment. William Scott, his only son who grew to manhood, had formed an attachment that was unexceptionable. His father would not make him a sufficient allowance to enable him to marry. The intemperate habits of the son increased under the disappointment; and he died of a broken constitution about two months before his father. —The title of Lord Stowell is extinct: the riches, which he had heaped up, are gathered by collateral relatives!

Of this sketch it may safely be affirmed that its additional matter does not incline readers to love or admire the brothers much more than Mr. Twiss had previously made them do. The mere favourites of fortune are, with good reason, seldom the favourites of mankind.

Letters to a Clergyman, on Institutions for ameliorating the Condition of the People, chiefly from Paris, in the Autumn of 1845. By John Minter Morgan. London: Chapman & Hall.

The author of this book is one of that increasing number of intelligent, if occasionally somewhat crotchety men, who devote themselves to philanthropic pursuits, or the moral and social advancement of mankind, with as much ardour and enjoyment as is found in the passion which makes others betake themselves to the turf or the gaming-table. Much space in the volume is filled up with the personal adventures of the writer while he was employed in explaining and promoting his benevolent plans for a self-supporting institution. There is an exceedingly interesting account of a visit which he made to the industrial colony at Metteray, and of another made, some years since, to the German Moravian settlements. Whatever may be the results of the efforts of such men as Mr. Morgan, they merit all praise for their pure and excellent motives, and activity in what they believe a good and great cause—the improvement of their kind.

Bohn's Standard Library.

"The Works of Schiller."—Historical: "The History of the Thirty Years' War," complete. "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands, to the Confederacy of the Gueux:" Translated by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A. London: Bohn.

The whole world of English readers must hail with satisfaction the appearance of a complete and uniform edition of the Historical works, and the dramas and poems of one of Germany's greatest geniuses—if not her very greatest—in a neat form, and at too cheap a price. The series is to be comprised in four volumes, which, for the convenience of purchasers, will be each complete in itself. The fourth volume is to contain a Life of Schiller, compiled from the various elaborate memoirs which have appeared of late years, telling all that can now be known of his very interesting personal history.

Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic. Embracing the Author's personal adventures, with the Civil and Military History of the Country, &c. &c. during and before the Administration of Governor Rosas. By Colonel J. Anthony King, an officer in the army of the Republic. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

The author of this narrative is an American, who, smitten, like so many of his young countrymen, with the love of adventure and of perilous enterprise, set off, or ran away, from New York, in 1817, at the age of fourteen, and has since had a "strange eventful history." His work is professedly written from high public and political motives; but if its readers are of our mind, they will prize it as much as the personal narrative of a life marked by stirring events and strange vicissitudes. The author claims to be better acquainted with the internal condition of the country in which he did and suffered so much, than any one else, save the natives; and this may be the case. Though the bias of his mind is apparent, a good deal of information may be gathered from his statements of what fell under his immediate observation. Colonel King ultimately married, and settled in Buenos Ayres; but, disgusted with the atrocities of Rosas, in 1841 he returned to the United States, and felt it his bounden duty to make known the miserable condition of the beautiful and interesting country he had sojourned in so long, under its despotic and cruel Dictator. There may be in the volume things to favour the views of the warlike and conquest-loving citizens of the United States; but this does not seem the author's object. He would turn Rosas adrift, but replace him by "some competent and worthy native," probably General Paz. We repeat, that those indifferent to the civil broils, the wholesale butcheries, and literal throat-cuttings, in Buenos Ayres, will yet take interest in the personal adventures of this soldier of fortune.

England's Colonial Empire, an Historical, Political, and Statistical account of the Empire, its Colonies, and Dependencies. By Charles Pridham, Esq. B.A. &c. Vol. I. The Mauritius and its Dependencies. Octavo, with Map. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

This is the first instalment of a work for which there is room, and which is even wanted. The danger to be avoided is proceeding on too large a scale, and giving undue prominence to secondary matters: though this may be obviated by making the history of each colony a complete work in itself. In this view, the volume before us forms a useful work as a history of the Mauritius, while it augurs well for its successors.

The Why and the Wherefore; or, the Philosophy of Life, Health, and Disease; with New and Original Views, explanatory of their Nature, Causes, and Connexion, and of the Treatment of Disease upon a few general Principles, based upon the Laws of Nature and Common Sense; with Rules for the Preservation of Health and Renovation of the System; the fruit of Thirty years' Observation and Professional Experience. By Charles Searle, M.D. &c. late of the E.I.C. Madras Establishment. Octavo. London: Churchill. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Co.

This is a lengthy title; but, in the work itself, Dr. Searle embodies a complete system of medicine within very moderate limits. It is, of course, his own system; and what he considers true he states with clearness and brevity. Upon the justness of all his notions or hypotheses and conclusions, it is for professional men alone to pronounce; but, of his *general rules*, the unprofessional may form an opinion,—and they appear, upon the whole, judicious and rational. He commends a good deal of the hydropathic practice; and he does not countenance the vulgar prejudice which makes so many people regard opium, at all times, and upon all occasions, as some demon-philtre.

Experimental Researches on the Food of Animals and the Fattening of Cattle; with Remarks on the Food of Man. By Robert Dundas Thomson, M.D., Lecturer on Practical Chemistry, University of Glasgow. Small octavo. London: Longman & Co.

This is one of the books of the time. The results of Professor Thomson's experiments will be interesting to men of science, but doubly so to those engaged in forwarding what may be termed the great Agricultural Movement, to which, in the midst of severe present distress, every one is looking forward with hope. Those experiments on the fattening of cattle, on which the whole work is based, were made at the instance of the government. But Professor Thomson has carried his investigations beyond this limit, and included the *human* animal. The composition of the blood of the cow, he states, is identical with that of the human species: hence it is obvious, that though their diet is not precisely the same, it must possess the same properties. The details of the experiments with different descriptions of milch cows, especially in relation to the quantities of milk and butter which, when fed in different ways, each yielded, will be useful to dairymen and practical agriculturists. Professor Thomson sets more store by a good milk or butter ancestry than by any particular colour of the animal. Indeed, much of the value of the work consists in its practical character, and the accuracy and minuteness of the experiments detailed.

NEW NOVELS.

I. *The Fawn of Sertorius.* In two volumes. London: Longman & Co.

Perhaps we should not class this book among the "new novels," for we are sure that neither Mr. Colburn nor Mr. Bentley's *tasters* would have advised these gentlemen to publish it; and this for the business-like and sufficient reason, that not one circulating library proprietor or novel reader in a hundred would look at it. It is a classical composition, displaying very considerable literary power. It is founded upon a somewhat romantic episode in the Roman annals; and one which, by vagueness, obscurity, and mysticism, as well as higher elements, offered a fine theme to an imaginative man and a scholar. The story of Quintus Sertorius and his genius, *The Fawn*, is familiar to all readers of Plutarch. It is not so distinctly narrated as to confine the fictionist within the boundaries of history and to embarrass him with prosaic details. He has free scope for invention and embellishment; he may create and mould materials at his will; and the author of Sertorius has made excellent use of this license. A prefatory chapter gives the usual mystified history of the origin of the book, written by Oppius, and, after the lapse of centuries, strangely discovered. This idle chapter, at least, shows the author's powers of graceful composition, and, with some little parade, his classical learning and the imbuing of his mind with the soul as well as the forms of classic antiquity. The *Fawn* is among the most poetical and beautiful of superstitions, from that of Quintus Sertorius to Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylestone;* and it is here delicately treated, and found more effective over human sympathies than the *Star*, the *Spectre*, or any other form which superstition has embodied as the minister of destiny, or the guardian spirit of illustrious men.

Though we would warn our novel readers that this is not an ordinary romance, we may at the same time assure them that it is well worth a fair trial, and that they will find characters individualized, and a stirring narrative, though intermixed with dialogues and disquisitions which familiarize the history, the institutions and customs, and the national genius and philosophy of the Romans.

II. *The Ship of Glass.* By Hargrave Jennings. Three volumes. London: Newby.

The Ship of Glass, the author tells us, "is an attempt to revive some of the more sober attractions of the old romance." What these "more sober attractions" may be, he does not exactly explain, though we should not, unless told, have imagined "sobriety" the distinguishing feature in his inventions. But only half the space is filled with "*the Ship of Glass;*" a more life-like story is *Atcherly*, a fiction of which the basis is the Rye-House Plot. Mr. Hargrave is a lively and entertaining writer, who, if he may not charm every reader, will tire no one.

III. *Revenge; or, the History of Arthur Phillips.* By R. Bedingfield, Esq. With two illustrations. London: Strange.

This is a fiction which displays powers deserving of better equipments, and external shows, than it has obtained. We recommend it to the attention of those who are not apt to be misled by mere outside in judging of the qualities of books.

IV. *Charlotte Corday.* By Rose Ellen Hendricks, author of "Joan of Arc," &c. London: Groombridge & Sons.

It was a perilous attempt to mould a heroine, a female Brutus, out of Charlotte Corday; or, in other words, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, to extenuate, however indirectly, the foul crime of assassination, or even familiarize it to human thought. Yet the author has steered her course with some skill, and not forgotten at the close that killing is murder.

V. *Bolsover Castle.* A Tale from Protestant History of the Sixteenth Century. By M. D. London: Short & Co. Edinburgh: Whyte.

This story, suggested by a visit to Bolsover Castle, is meant to counteract what the writer imagines the pernicious effects of some recent *religious* (?) romances about Jesuits, and for and against Puseyite doctrines. But there are better things in it; and among them a good sketch of the life and character of that redoubtable old lady "Bess of Hardwick," whose history proves what female talent may achieve when exerted with the single aim of personal and family aggrandizement. The scene sometimes turns to Scotland, with which the writer appears familiar. The heroine is the unfortunate Arabella Stewart, on whose secret predilection for the doctrines of Rome much of the interest of the tale hinges.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

An Easy Introduction to Chemistry. By George Sparkes, late Madras Civil Service. Second edition. London: Whittaker & Co.

An Easy Guide to Geography and the Use of the Globes, for the use of Schools and Private Instructors. By Charles Butler, author of "The Guide to Knowledge." &c. &c.

Modern Geography Simplified and Illustrated, by Moral and Historical Observations on the principal Nations of the Earth; with brief Notices of European Discovery and Colonization, with Maps, &c. By a Member of the Society of Friends. London: Darton & Hall. —This work seems, in some respects, an improvement upon the common system of teaching geography. It gets a firmer hold of the pupil's mind.

Watson's Tutor's Assistant; or, Complete School Arithmetic, &c. &c. By W. Watson, author of "An Easy and Comprehensive Introduction to Algebra." Fourth edition, much improved. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

SERIAL AND PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe. Engraved after National Pictures of the Great Masters; with Notices, Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By S. C. Hall, F.S.A. Parts I., II., and III. London: Virtue.

This serial belongs more to the fine arts than to literature; yet its plan and popular character renders it a work for "the many" who may have a few shillings to lay out to advantage, on specimens of well-engraved first-rate pictures. Each number contains three plates, well selected, and fairly executed. Among those already published are Wilkie's *Rent-day*, engraved by Greatbach; Crowley's favourite picture, *Cup-tossing*, engraved by E. W. Sharpe; to which Mrs. Hall has appended a pretty Irish sketch; Gainsborough's *Cottage-door;* Wilkie's *Blind Fiddler*, and *Village Politicians;* and two beautiful landscapes from Cuyp. The letter-press illustrations, or descriptions, given under the head Biographical and Historical, are much to the point; and, we need not say, well-written. The work promises well, and deserves encouragement, as a fair attempt to diffuse the best pictures at a price which the millions may reach.

The Christian in Palestine; or, Scenes of Sacred History Illustrated; from Sketches taken on the spot. By W. H. Bartlett; with Explanatory Descriptions by Henry Stebbing, D.D. Parts I. and II. London: Virtue. —This is rather an interesting publication, though some of the plates may probably turn out to be old acquaintances. Much has been written, of late years, by travellers and missionaries to the Holy Land; and Dr. Stebbing has kept up his reading to the latest date.

Modern Atlas of the World. Parts V. and VI.

Old English Worthies. Parts VII. and VIII.— We have already expressed our hearty commendation of this work. It is really an English family book. The above parts contain the portraits of Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; Cromwell; Fuller; Jeremy Taylor; Clarendon; Milton; Sir M. Hale; Andrew Marvell; Barrow; Hobbes; and Lord William Russell; and the lives of each of these come in sequence.

The Autobiography of an Artisan. By Christopher Thomson. Part I. London: Chapman, Brothers.— This work promises to be of interest, both from its author and its subject, which last professes to be "the struggles of an artisan, from the cradle of poverty," through a boys' day charity school; and the varied reputable callings and "idle trades," of sailor, artisan, and strolling player. The work seems to be written in a healthful spirit, and is calculated to be useful to readers of the author's own class. Four shilling numbers are to complete the work.

The Modern Orator. Parts XX. and XXI.; being Parts V. and VI. of Edmund Burke.

Gilbert's English Dictionary. Parts IX. and X.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

Speech of William Ewart, Esq. M.P., on Moving Resolutions, in favour of Education, in the House of Commons.

Remarks on the Sympathy existing between Mind and Body, especially during Disease; with an Inquiry into the best means of preserving Health in both. By John Walker Ord.

The Fallacy of the Present System of Emigration, and a Practical Remedy. By a Colonist.

Life and Property in Ireland Assured as in England, by a Poor-rate on Land, to provide Employment for the Destitute Poor, on the Waste Lands of Ireland. By John Douglas, Esq.

Considerations, Moral and Political, on the subject of Slavery, with reference to the question whether communities are justified in trafficking in commodities the produce of slave labour.—The author of this pamphlet takes the common-sense view of the question.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

AUTUMNAL RECESS — SPANISH AFFAIRS — IRELAND.

The world moves, though we perceive it not, even while we sleep: and Government goes on during the autumnal suspended animation of chatterers about it, in and out of Parliament, all the same as when the public is listening to their squabble, and looking at their gesticulations, and taking them for actual business. Ministers are not Government. The Government is an immense machine composed of Downing Street and Somerset Offices, of Law Courts, Assizes and Quarter Sessions, of County Courts and Town Councils, and many more. All the innumerable officials in these multiform and multiplace establishments, down to the poorest clerk, are part of the Government machine. Without being aware of it, they are parts of an organized whole; they work into each other's hands as regularly and as unconsciously as the teeth of wheels in a crane; they intermit and resume their action at stated intervals; summer and winter, morning, noon, and night, some of them are at work. This great machine has been formed by instinct, not by foreseeing reason. It has grown up, as it were; and nobody, whether a mere looker-on or a part of it, comprehends it as a whole. Peel and Russell (we take them as examples) with their respective tails, alternately scramble on and push the other off, as boys do in the game of "I keep the castle." When they are on, they may at times, to a certain extent, control the speed and prescribe the direction in which it is to work; but, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they must submit to be carried along by its previous impulse — at the best they can only modify, not change, its course. The Government machine, being made of men, and these men being taken from the public, acquire in time the tones and opinions of the public, though slowly: the traditionary maxims of office continue to regulate it long after they have been innoxious out of doors.

We are about to experience this in our foreign relations. The intermitting attention to political discussion is favourable to much mischief being done by the machine before the pressure of out-of-door's opinion can be brought to bear upon it. The English Government is going to play the fool about Spain, after the old approved fashion, if it be not checked.

The present state of affairs in Spain, as far as can be divined from appearances, is pretty much as follows: The Queen is ripe and ready for a husband. Louis Philippe — we have no quarrel with the man. He has had the sense to throw himself into the scale of peace; and he is showing the same judgment in preparing to rank himself under the banners of a free trade. But Louis Philippe is a *roi bourgeois* in a very different sense from what his flatterers attribute to him. He looks upon France as a farm, upon his kingly office as a lucrative appointment; he is *bon père de famille;* he will do nothing that can bring him to rub shoulders with the gallows; he will make money by every means that do not make him incur the risk of being sent to Coventry; he will settle his daughters well, and set up his sons in a good way of business. His every thought centres in self, and in his children, because they are part of himself. He only differs from a tallow-chandler in having to do with ministerial portfolios, and national accounts, instead of country orders, Petersburg invoices, and the ledger and day-book of Melt, Drip, & Co. He has put off a daughter on his neighbour the King of the Belgians; he has got one son a footing in Brazil; and he is bent on setting another in a way to get upon the throne of Spain. Louis Philippe, with his homely, friendly ways, has the smirk of a mercer or man-milliner showing off his wares; and, with his plain pot-luck dinners to all who come across him, of a Lord Mayor who thinks a good feed is every thing. No wonder he is such a favourite with the Lord Mayor of London; he is, in fact, the Lord Mayor of Paris. And, withal, he is a more inveterate match-maker than any ever caricatured in comedy. Well, the Queen of Spain, being ripe for a husband, he offers her his son the Duc de Montpensier.

Now, the inscrutable machine we have attempted to describe at the outset, which governs England, has as great a taste for match-making as Louis Philippe himself. The Queen, God bless her, cannot but catch something of the habit and sympathies of the people by whom she is always surrounded; with whom, and after whose fashion she must work. Besides, all women, God bless them too, have a natural taste for match-making; so she catches it the more easily. Well, Louis Philippe having come forward with a son, recommended as the gallant descendant of many chivalrous ancestors, (not a word about his grandfather,) Queen Victoria and the English government produce their candidate. The aspirant to wed with a king or queen must, of course, come of a sovereign house. But a prejudice has, of late, been growing up in favour of the least powerful sovereign that can be found, for fathers-in-law. The more knowing of the small fry of kings, (and their equivalents) throughout Europe, seeing how the game goes, have, for about a century, laid themselves out to breed wives and husbands for the great ones. A hale and tolerably good looking heir-apparent, crossed with a healthy beauty, who can show sufficient quarterings, has been found a profitable investment for independent sovereigns of territories four leagues square. In this line the house of Cobourg has been doing a great stroke of business lately, distancing all its rivals. The house of Cobourg has got not only the custom but the patronage of England; and one of its scions was, accordingly, taken by the hand by the English Government, as a rival to the Duc de Montpensier, and recommended as a better article to the Queen of Spain.

The English Government has the taste but not the talent for match-making. Louis Philippe has both. Simply because it is instructive, do we go farther into the details of this miserable revelling in intrigue. It is no disgrace to the English functionaries to have been beaten; the disgrace was in entering into the competition. Louis Philippe, finding that there were invincible obstacles to the marriage of his son with the queen, so played his cards that he has forced her into a marriage with a man who can have no hope of offspring, and manœuvres to marry his son to her younger sister, the next in the order of succession. There is a callousness of feeling in this procedure, a moral filthiness, a recklessness of consequences, that is revolting in the extreme. All the moral aberrations which doubtless await the unfortunate young woman who has been the victim of these plots, may fairly be charged upon Louis Philippe. His

conduct is tainted with some profligate abuse of natural impulses; the same disregard of the sanctity of the marriage connexion that stained the court and noblesse of France before the Revolution. Louis Philippe is a moral man in his family circle, after the fashion of old George III. His queen is a pious lady; fastidious on the score of her female acquaintances; a great patroness of missions to the Heathen, — ice to sensual affections, of a seraphic glow of devotion. The young Duchess de Montpensier will be brought to a home of the purest sentiment, — a *fac-simile* of the Vicarage of Wakefield. She will there be taught, in Christian charity, to hate her sister, as that pattern-woman, her mother-in-law, hated the Duchess de Berri, and to be equally unscrupulous in the means she takes to lay bare that sister's weaknesses to the world. And when she and her husband mount the throne from which her sister has been — removed, Louis Philippe and his queen will say, with the unction of a brace of Tartuffes, Thus God rewards purity and continence. And, perhaps, the pair of shams may not have enough of unperverted conscience left to feel that the whole shame and criminality of the transaction is theirs, and that their motives have been of the lowest and most sordid character. Theirs is the true morality of a Genlis, the decorous mistress of Egalité, who lived in the family with his wife, teaching his children to mouth moral precepts and be externally decorous. France never can again tolerate a king with a *Parc au Cerfs;* but neither can that dynasty be permanent which is merely moral in externals, and tampers with the voluptuousness of the former one, not from passion, but as a mercantile speculation.

But the English government has little right to give itself airs of superiority over the decorous son of Egalité. It entered into the unworthy competition; it placed itself on a level with the gambler, who has swept the board. And even now it is seeking to have its revenge, as gamblers express themselves, by out-manœuvring Louis Philippe in turn. The government organs in the press are insidiously and incessantly labouring to persuade the English people that their interests and "glory" have been compromised by the success of Louis Philippe. God forbid that they should speak of war! but really they are ashamed to see England cut such a shabby figure on the occasion. Something must be done to counteract it. And there is a plot, "an excellent plot," cut and dry for the purpose. The Spaniards, we are told, will unite to a man against a foreign, a French, an Orleans heir-presumptive. Carlist, Moderado, and Exaltado, will make common cause. Don Carlos has escaped from Paris, his son from Bourges, and Cabrera has come over to London, where Espartero is. Their ministers, and their Tapers and Tadpoles, are whispering in every direction, "The truth is, the queen-mother was very anxious to have the Prince of Cobourg." "Shocking conduct this of Louis Philippe; the poor queen is not likely to have a long life of it; a wrong pill, or a cup of coffee can do the business at any time." Lord Palmerston is making pacific speeches to the *savans* at Southampton; and his scribblers have instructions to be indiscriminate in their attacks upon Whig and Tory ministers as sacrificing the honour of England. Lord Clarendon is caught in the toils, and is as ready as Lord Palmerston to snatch at the dream of an Espartero-Carlist campaign to re-establish English ascendency at Madrid. Earl Grey, who at one time would not sit in a cabinet in which Lord Palmerston was to be foreign minister, and who tolerated him there at last only on the understanding that he was to be muzzled, sees what is going on, and is silent and acquiescent. The English cabinet is relapsing into the old vicious policy of mixing itself up in the intrigues of foreign courts, and its writers are busy at work to reconcile the national mind to such folly.

The day is past when a dynasty could harm or help us; it is with nations we have to deal. The son of Louis Philippe seated on the throne of Spain, would be compelled to act toward his father or brother as a Spaniard, or lose his crown. It is said, however, that the force put upon the queen's affections will create a demoralized and demoralizing court; that the prospect of a French heir will create civil war in Spain; that anarchy, bloodshed, and immorality will be perpetuated in that unfortunate country. All this is very true, at least very probable. But if the Spaniards themselves cannot see and avert this evil, no one else can do it for them. A *moral* foreign domination is quite as subversive of national independence, national happiness, national morality, as an immoral one. Neither Louis Philippe nor Lord Palmerston, Mr. Bulwer nor M. Bressen, could, if they were willing, give national independence to Spain; the Spaniards must take it for themselves. Can any one imagine the possibility of two foreign ambassadors presuming, in London or Paris, openly interfering in the question, who was to be the king's wife, or the queen's husband? They could not, because there is a nation in France and a nation in England. Until Spaniards have a legislative assembly like the English Houses and the French Chambers, Spanish nationality and independence are but words. Until Spain is national and independent, those miserable court intrigues will prevail, and shake the whole country by their explosions. But England — every foreign country — can only gain expense and disgrace by meddling with them. England with her commerce ramified into every region in the world, with her fleets bearing her flag on every sea, can best preserve that dignity which is inseparable from true healthy power, by abstaining from meddling with affairs that no way concern her. All nations, when she asks quietly but peremptorily that justice be done to any of her citizens who may have suffered wrong, will be ready enough to comply. The interests of nations are teaching them that nothing is to be gained by refusing to deal with us. We can afford to let our neighbours play the fools in their own or each other's houses, provided we are prudent ourselves. By such intrigues as were used to force upon the Queen of Spain, a Cobourg or an Orleans, we may gain or lose the ephemeral good will of a court faction, but we cannot conciliate and we may endanger the respect and love of a nation. The contest with Louis Philippe, which ministers seem so willing to renew, noways concerns the interests of France, Spain, or England, but merely of the match-making houses of Orleans and Saxe-Cobourg Gotha. The whole affair is a nasty and discreditable one, and the less we have to do with it the better. We think it is one of Sir Walter Scott's heroes who sturdily vows that he is not going to fight for the —— of Babylon or for any other lady of her profession. We go farther, and feel disinclined to fight either for or against such cattle; and this we believe is the feeling of an immense majority of the English public.

The truth is, that Englishmen have matters of more

consequence to mind nearer home. The aspect of affairs in Ireland is the reverse of tranquillizing. There is already great distress there, and before many months elapse there will be more. We cannot in common humanity allow such misery to exist unrelieved; and we cannot in common prudence allow the belief that we are inclined to do so, to get abroad. This must be kept in mind: poverty in Ireland is so general, the pittance on which life is sustained in average years so very low, that privation there necessarily extends over a wide surface, and kills at once in constitutions so weak. We must not suspect exaggeration, because struggles for self-relief are not made, which would be certain to be made in Great Britain and with a considerable amount of success.

On the other hand, care must be taken that relief of the poor does not degenerate into unprincipled jobbing. From papers laid on the table of the House of Commons, towards the close of the session, it appears, that, since 1830, from eight to ten millions of public money have been advanced in aid of public works, and other purposes in Ireland. Of this, about one half was viewed from the beginning as a free gift; but for one half of it, the words of Irish gentlemen were pledged that it should be repaid. The whole of this money has been expended for the benefit of that class. The increased productiveness of the land, the diminished expense of carrying to market, have caused greater nett returns of profit than before; and all this has been swept, (in the first instance,) into the pockets of the landlords. Their system of rack-renting has been inexorably adhered to. The Irish fields have grown richer, but the Irish peasant and small farmer remains as poor as before, only not a pauper, because the poor-law does not provide for him. The wretched tenants still, throughout Ireland, breed pigs they are never to taste, to pay the rent; they still at certain seasons, lock their doors, hide the key in the thatch, and set out to seek, by working or begging, to scrape together wherewithal to meet the claims of their landlords. And the landlords, who have thus engrossed the whole benefits of government grants and loans, will not pay. A very small portion of the advances have been squeezed out of them, and that at the expense of half the sum regained in law costs.

These landlords are now refusing, almost to a man, to contribute to the relief of the peasantry, and are clamorous for more grants and loans to promote public works; for more English money to improve their estates, to increase their incomes, which are not to be shared with the peasantry. Lord Devon and Mr. Smith O'Brien, speak the same language on this subject. Government have properly resolved not to yield to these shameless and profligate claims. They are resolute, that the property of Ireland shall bear its due proportion of the burden of relieving misery in Ireland; that the food stored up to meet extreme cases, shall not be distributed so as to destroy the business of small shop-keepers, thus adding to the number of paupers; that the works undertaken shall be for the general good; that the landlords shall pay for their share of the benefit derived from them; and that, though England will cheerfully contribute to relieve real distress, not a farthing shall be squandered upon landlord jobs.

It is a wise and humane resolve; and we hope our friends the Whigs may be inspired with more than their usual strength and faith in their own principles to enable them to carry it through. The peculiar character developed in Ireland by the increase of population, the anarchical state of society under "the Ascendency," and the want of any other employment but agricultural, is most difficult to deal with. There, as every where, industry (and there is plenty of it in Ireland) is constantly producing surplus capital. But, except in a limited portion of the north of Ireland, this can only be invested directly or indirectly in land. The want of manufactures has produced upon the Irish nearly the same effect that the incapacity to hold real property or engage in manufactures produced upon the Jews. Every Irishman who makes a little money becomes a lender or a jobber. The local banks and loan societies, (well-meant institutions, and calculated to be beneficial in a healthier state of society,) have encouraged and aggravated this propensity. Throughout the rural districts of Ireland there are but two classes—pauper labourers and scheming reckless financiers on a small scale. The former are always suffering and ready to be made the tools of designing men; the latter, like all gamblers, are constantly exposed to ruinous reverses, and ready to repair their fortunes by any profligate expedients. It was proved before Lord Devon's commission, (and it was well known, long ere that commission sate, to all familiar with Ireland,) that the agrarian outrages in Tipperary, though perpetrated by the most wretched of the population, have been almost uniformly planned and instigated by a wealthier class of farmers. The landlords, when needy, and the extravagance and unbusiness habits of most of them keep them constantly in debt, are as reckless as the Tipperary farmers. It is not long ago that we saw the peasants of a district in the north of Ireland marshalled under Captain Rock, to compel a fair purchaser to relinquish an estate to a gentleman of old family; and letters from that gentleman's lady were published, appealing to the fears of the purchaser. At this moment the landlords of Ireland are trying to excite the peasantry against the Government measure of relief, in the hope that they may escape contributing, and get grants to improve their estates.

The crisis is a critical one for Ireland. Government must be humane, but it must also be firm. The selfish greed of the landlords will be aided by the sympathy, want of knowledge of the world, and love of popularity of the clergy of all denominations. And no one can blame the poor hungry neglected peasantry, if misled by the exaggerated declamation of these parties. But if government be firm and true to itself, after and even before the first shock, it will find valuable allies. There are many real gentlemen among the landlords of Ireland, and some of them have already spoken out. There are, among the hierarchies, both Catholic and Protestant of Ireland, men to regulate their sympathies by an instructed reason. And a public is growing up in the Irish towns that will support these their rational leaders. In Cork, Limerick, and Belfast, in Dublin, and to a less extent in Derry and some other towns, a merchant class has been formed; shrewd, sturdy men. They have little sympathy with the mass of the landlords, known to them as supercilious needy borrowers and bad payers. These men feel that, in the present state of Ireland, its resources cannot be developed, and that while this is the case, they and their families cannot prosper as they are entitled to do. These men wish to see Ireland not English, but steady and settled as England. They comprehend the object of government: they see the importance of not allowing English charity to be made a mere landlord job; they will act (and act intelligently and energetically) with the more liberal among the landlords, and the more intelligent among the clergy. By standing firm to their own principles at this moment, by combining firmness of purpose with cordial kindliness in action, ministers may be instrumental in calling into existence a rational practical party in Ireland. We do not promise them, that in this party they will find devoted supporters—that must depend upon their own future conduct; but if they act liberally and wisely, they may be sure of this party; and, at all events, to have called it into existence, will be an honour of which nothing may deprive them.

Ireland is at this moment in a state of crisis. Either harshness or irresolution may provoke a recurrence of such a paroxysm as was witnessed in 1640 and in 1798. Firmness, tempered with benevolence and guided by enlightened prudence, may make the famine year the Hegira of a better political creed than Ireland has yet known. This is surely a field of action that more nearly concerns us, and in which more honour may be won than in the dirty and disreputable intrigues of Madrid.

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PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A LITERARY BLACKGUARD.

In the square fronting the courts of justice in Edinburgh, there stands a battered leaden statue of a half-naked man on horseback. The inscription of the pedestal declares the figure to represent "the most pious and most unconquered monarch, Charles the Second;" and the statue and the truth-telling pedestal, which had long lain hidden in a cellar, were lately re-erected by the Reformed Town Council of the city. It has always been our own opinion that this act of the civic wisdom was highly commendable. It must have been intended to set up the figure as a political scarecrow. The sight of it is enough to make any man, for the moment, a republican; the recollection of it, and the thoughts it calls up, are standing safeguards against tendencies to retrogression; and if we should be fortunate enough to have twenty sons, we will bring each of them in his turn to the foot of this statue, and there deliver to him a sermon on the theory of government, of which the resuscitated inscription shall be the text.

Now, we should be the better for a few literary scarecrows, as well as for political ones. In literature, as in history, there are names too bad to be forgotten; names which ought to be permanently pilloried, because connected with facts which are precious lessons. Among these is the name of the person who is here to be dealt with, a person whose life is perhaps the blackest of all the black blots that deface the pages of the annals of literature. If any man of letters were to become either too proud of his avocation, or too impatient for its rewards, he might be taught both humility and contentment by the contemplation of such a spectacle as this wretched fellow presented, so thoroughly worthless and so eminently successful.

In the Tuscan town of Arezzo, in one of the last years of the fifteenth century, there was born a boy, who, being the bastard of a gentleman of the place, had to rest content with his baptismal name of Peter. In this unlucky urchin, as he passed through the period of boyhood, there were exhibited, in extravagant caricature, the wildness, and oddity, and eccentricity, which, caused perhaps partly by constitution and partly by external circumstances, so often distinguish persons thus unhappily born. The quiet burghers of the town, a dull race, whom Dante had compared to porkers, seriously suspected that Master Peter was possessed by an evil spirit. Nor was the suspicion without reasonable foundation, in the young gentleman's malice and impudence, in his disregard for all decencies, in his open contempt of every thing sacred. While he was still in the midst of his teens matters were brought to a crisis. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but it required little instruction to qualify a quick intellect like his for the lighter exercises of literature. The scapegrace became a versifier; and he was suspected, or proved, to have been the author of a bitter sonnet which was circulated, and which boldly satirized the papal indulgences. Of course, after an offence like this, committed in Italy in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the offender's native place was too hot to hold him. He sought refuge at no great distance, skulking for a considerable time in the town of Perugia, where he maintained himself by working as a bookbinder. But peace was not his element. From this shelter, likewise, his conduct compelled him to flee. All who have travelled in Italy are familiar with those niches, at the corners of streets, which contain painted figures of the Virgin holding the Child, while at their feet is a lamp, lighted by devotees every evening, and surrounded, as the dusk breaks in, by groups who sing the Ave Maria. About one of these niches in Perugia there was gathered one morning a crowd of gazers, affected, not by devotion, but by horror. The painting had been altered in the course of the night. The Virgin, instead of caressing the Infant, was represented as playing on the fiddle. It is needless to add that the artist was the runaway Peter. This profane and unseemly trick, perpetrated about his twentieth year, closes the history of his youth. After such a career, any other young fellow in the world might have been held to be ruined. Not so our friend. He was one of those cat-like persons who always fall on their feet, one of those rhinoceros-skinned persons upon whom all disgraces play buff. Further, as we shall find, he learned caution by experience.

For about fifteen years more, however, — that is, till he was about thirty-five years old,—he was a wanderer on the face of the earth. Many points are uncertain in this, as in the preceding part of his life; but he can be traced from time to time as a dependant, oftenest in capacities very anomalous, upon persons of rank and fortune. Indeed,

among the many puzzles which his history presents is the fact, that several of his early patrons not only were men of personal respectability, but occupied stations making it almost unaccountable that they should have shown favour to one like him. The very first place where he sought refuge, after his pedestrian flight from Perugia, was Rome itself. Here, after various changes, he was actually able so far to recover character, as to be received into the service of the reigning pope, Julius II.; and he afterwards found favour and protection from Leo X. and Clement VII. We read likewise that, in the latter part of this stage in his history, when he had begun to grow noted as a man of letters, he was received kindly at Bologna by the Archbishop of Pisa, and at Mantua with great attention by the Marquis Federigo Gonzaga. His prospects at Rome, however, were blighted by one of his characteristic freaks, which was his first appearance in the world of literature. There appeared in Rome, in 1623, the famous obscene engravings, executed by Marcantonio Raimondi, from designs by Giulio Romano, and accompanied by an anonymous series of descriptive sonnets. This outrage on decency could not be tolerated, even at the slippery court of Pope Clement VII. The painter, opportunely invited abroad, escaped to Mantua, and there executed his famous frescoes: the engraver, put in prison, was released after a short confinement, through the intercession of powerful friends, of whom our fugitive from Arezzo boasts of having been the most active. If it was so, his triumph was short; for it was immediately discovered that he was the author of the obnoxious sonnets. The engravings, indeed, (which are frequently alluded to by the English writers of the next age,) went usually by his name. He found it convenient to quit Rome. In the course of the next year he gained, through his previous dependence on the Medici family, a place to his heart's content. He became a kind of boon companion to a famous soldier of fortune, Giovanni de' Medici, the captain of the noted companies of hireling swordsmen called the Black Bands. Giovanni and his troops were then in the service of France; and, Francis the First having crossed the Alps, to conduct in person his invasion of the Milanese, Peter was presented to him by his new master, and improved the opportunity with his usual address. He became a great favourite of the king, and was much about him while he remained in Italy.

Thus powerfully propped, the adventurer perpetrated what would, if done by any other man, have been an act of extreme imprudence, or impudence, or both. He presented himself anew at Rome, as a candidate for the patronage of great men, or of the state. He was speedily driven away by a new misadventure, which, oddly enough, exercised a more injurious effect on his reputation and the comfort of his subsequent life, than other incidents in which he had been much more decidedly the wrong-doer. He had, or desired to have, an intrigue with a cook-maid: in this wretched amour he had for his rival a Bolognese gentleman; and, in a satirical sonnet, he treated this person very scurvily. The Bolognese, finding him alone, came to blows with him, gave him with his dagger several stabs in the breast, and maimed one of his hands. All the malignant activity of the wounded man was called up to procure the punishment of the assailant; but in vain: such a question was purely a question of interest and protection: no one concerned cared for it as a question of right; and the balance of influence lay on the side of the stabber. Peter said he was disgusted and shocked by the refusal of the government to do him justice. Probably he was likewise convinced, by the disregard with which the affair was treated, that his prospects of patronage in that quarter were ruined beyond redemption. But, besides this, the affair became the means of stirring up against him a group of enemies, the most bitter and dangerous he ever had,—enemies whose literary pursuits brought them into continual collision with him in the subsequent part of his life, and who, rejecting his repeated overtures for reconciliation, continued to heap on him accusations, which, sometimes true and sometimes false, have made his memory even blacker than it is made by the undoubted facts of his conduct and the plain infamy of his writings. The woman about whom the quarrel arose was a servant of the prelate Giberti: Giberti had taken an active part against Pietro: Giberti's secretary at the time was the poet Berni, the chief of that scoffing school of rhymers whose style (imitated in our own day by Byron and others) takes its name from him; and another poet of the school, Il Mauro, was likewise attached to the prelate's establishment. These two satirists, and others in the little band of burlesque versifiers, instantly attacked Peter with all the force of their sarcastic and unscrupulous wit. Overwhelmed with universal ridicule, he quitted Rome for the last time. He sought refuge in northern Italy, in the camp of his patron Giovanni. This young soldier, however, wounded in the campaign of 1526, died at Mantua in his dependant's arms. This event, throwing Peter again loose on the world, closed what may be set down as the second period in his eccentric life. It closed also the period of his wanderings. We are henceforth to look at him in another character; a character but for his assumption of which, the preceding parts of his history would not have been now remembered, or at any time worth remembering.

In the spring of 1527 he took up his residence at Venice; and in that city he dwelt thereafter for thirty years, with no interval of absence except a few short visits to other places in Italy. These thirty years were for him a period of uninterrupted and increasing success, in the singular scheme of life which he had chalked out for himself, and which he had long been on the watch for an opportunity to put in practice. Very few years of his residence at Venice had elapsed, before his name was known over the whole of Europe, and to men of all ranks, characters, and pursuits. Other remarkable men of his time had their peculiar circles of influence: his sphere was so exten-

sive as to enclose them all. A suffrage all but universal acknowledged his right to titles which he boldly assumed, directly assertive of high genius, of power sternly exercised, of independence proudly preserved. Peter of Arezzo,—Pietro Aretino,—was known as "The Divine" and "the Scourge of Princes," and described himself in his title pages as "Peter the Truth-teller," and "Peter by the Grace of God a Free Man!" There was something grand in this. Pity that it was all pretence. But so the case was. It was all a lie. The Divine Peter was a literary man of the fourth or fifth rank. The Teller of Truth was an unscrupulous and malignant libeller, on all occasions when his venom could be spit out with safety to himself. The Free Man who Scourged Kings was a greedy sycophant. Alas for vaunting names! alas for the pride of letters! alas for fame so hollow and so rashly awarded! Yet there must have been some cause for so strange a phenomenon. An eminence such as this could not have been gained, but by a man possessing extraordinary qualities: and Pietro's voluminous correspondence, still extant, furnishes the means of detecting several of the springs which were most efficient in moving the machinery.

In settling at Venice he designed, as he tells us, to live by his literary labour,—"by the sweat of his ink." This design was formed by a man thirty-five years old, whose literary fame as yet lay wholly in expectancy: for down to this time his only published works were the infamous sonnets and a few occasional lyrics. The design was formed by a man debauched, and indolent, and ignorant; a man who, notwithstanding his excellent natural gifts, was yet disqualified, intellectually as well as morally, for executing any literary work really great. The design was formed by a man who, living in an age when literature could not subsist without the patronage of the great, avowed himself sick of the misery and degradation of dependance, and declared his resolution never again to submit to it. The design was formed, too, not by a man of few wants, to whom that might be competence which to others would be poverty, but by a man fond to excess of all sensual indulgences, an epicure, a profligate, and a fop; a man to whom wealth was indispensable, for the sake of the enjoyments which could not be purchased without it. Never was any scheme laid that seemed more thoroughly insane. Never was any scheme more triumphantly executed.

It is probable that his excessive self-esteem prevented him from seeing clearly the amount of the difficulty caused by his equivocal literary position. But he was quite justified in believing that he had considerable reputation, that great things were expected of him; and he took care not to leave unused any means (except one) for preserving and increasing the favourable opinion entertained of him. The one means which he did not use was, the performance of literary achievements justifying his reputation. This he did not do, because he could not. But as many of his hours of luxurious ease as he thought necessary for the purpose, were sacrificed to the composition of literary works, which might suffice to keep his name afloat so long as it was buoyed up also by other floaters. The only things he ever wrote that approached to goodness, were several plays; namely, comedies of exceeding cleverness, and a tragedy which has been praised by paradoxical modern critics. But none of these works seem to have been much looked to in his lifetime: nor was much more attention earned, or deserved, by his other poetical works, consisting of lyrics, occasional verses, pasquinades, and unfinished chivalrous poems. The villain even wrote theology, and was fitly rewarded by being placed in the Index Expurgatorius; a fate which (without having read the lucubrations) we may readily believe to have been well deserved by productions written simultaneously with libels, and with the disgusting and miserable "Dialogues." But his chief literary works were his "Letters," which indeed were mainly conducive to purposes not directly literary, but were secondarily intended for the press, just as plainly as Pope's, and are the most characteristic of his writings. He boasts in regard to them, quite justly, that they were the first Letters in the modern Italian language that were published in the lifetime of the author. Indeed we are probably right in believing, that this fashion of non-posthumous publication of correspondence (which it cost poor Pope so much intriguing to bring about) found its earliest precedent of any kind in no more respectable quarter than that which we are at present examining. Now, these and his other works show much native talent. Peter, if he had lived in a more cultivated and more moral age (say, in our own time, which in both respects is incalculably ahead of the boasted sixteenth century) would have made a prime magazine-writer, and an invaluable reviewer. Nay, he might even have aspired to the honours of the satirical or fashionable novel. "Cecil" is far below the pitch he would have attained to: we hold him quite capable of having, in proper circumstances, written "Coningsby" or "Vivian Grey." His writings are almost always what our writers of periodical criticisms call "racy," a word which, in sense as well as in sound, is something very like "rancid." The rancidity or raciness belongs to much of the matter: it pervades the mode of expression almost every where. The affectations of the seventeenth century of Italian style found in him one of their most instructive prototypes. His prose was of that hybrid kind which is called "poetical prose:" and the images which raise it to this equivocal rank are often of the strangest kind. He speaks of the caresses of sovereigns as being the mothers of hopes; of sounding the well of circumstances with the bucket of reflection; of fishing in the lake of reason with the hook of thought; of burying hope in the urn of lying promises; of the inability of the light of his ink to lull the wind of malignity or dispel the mist of envy. Yet, in regard to the Letters, it has been justly remarked, that "it would be possible to cull from them a large mass of sayings, sometimes false in taste or judgment, but all original and striking, and some of them

very felicitous in expression as well as in thought."* The criticisms on Art are the most successful things he ever did, except some of the scenes in his comedies: but even these criticisms are quite as remarkable for their presumption, as for their occasional acuteness of analysis, and their almost unfailing liveliness of sensibility to the beautiful. With matchless self-confidence, he announces to Michel Angelo his admiration of the Last Judgment, by sending him a description of the piece without having ever seen it: and the artist, in a highly characteristic answer, points out to the critic that which causes at once the chief excellencies and the chief faults in his descriptions of paintings; saying that even though Pietro had actually seen the Day of Judgment he could not have painted it better, if the painting were to be executed with words instead of colours. — In short, Peter maintained with great success the character with which he started, of being one who could do much better than he did. The kind of reputation is not unexampled in our own day.

For maintaining this character, however, he relied much less upon his published works than upon other exertions which cost him less. One of the most efficient of these was certainly his power of talking. He was not altogether earthy. Even in his mind, always polluted, and gradually more and more degraded, there dwelt a spark of diviner fire. He took great pleasure in the society of men intelligent and refined; and there is abundant proof that of such society he was capable of being, when he chose, a distinguished ornament. Indeed, it is not too much to attribute a considerable part of his reputation to the impression which his talents made on those who conversed with him. He possessed, in some degree, the taste and feelings of a poet; he possessed intensely the susceptibility of an artist. He delighted especially in contemplating and analyzing pictures, statues, and the masterpieces of architecture; and several passages in his writings show him to have had a fine eye for natural scenery. There is, in one of his letters to Titian, a gorgeous description of a sunset in Venice. All these powers were made, not only to furnish amusement for those of his idle hours which were not claimed by debauchery, but also to promote the chief means by which his great purpose was to be effected. Dryden says, in the prologue to one of his plays,

> The poet's bound to please, not to write well.

Peter Aretine's aim was to gain a reputation, not to deserve it. For this end, even more than for the pleasure it really gave him, he courted the society of literary men. He praised them unsparingly, that he might get praise in return, and that the praise might be reported to third parties. Nor did he cultivate less assiduously intercourse with persons who, although neither literary nor personally powerful, were yet likely to be influenced by the opinions of literary men, and whose position might enable them to convey those opinions to the quarters in which he desired to be thought well of. Such persons were, besides others, the Italian artists, among whom his acquaintance speedily became very extensive. Such were also all men of rank and education who happened to visit Venice, or who were so situated that Peter had any excuse for opening a correspondence with them. From this class it was not Italians only that were drawn into the vortex of his influence. His increasing notoriety made it at length easy for him to establish relations of this sort in every capital city of Europe. Spanish, French, German, and English gentlemen, if they travelled in Italy, were taught to hold themselves honoured by being introduced to so important a personage. The envoys of Italian and foreign courts were acquaintances still more welcome and valuable.

We shall see by and bye how close were his relations with our own country; meantime, we glance at the circle of his acquaintance in the world of letters and art. It is absolutely humbling to reckon up the names, and to reflect on the endowments and celebrity, of the men who condescended to let themselves be ranked as the friends of this infamous person. But the fact is one which should be sternly taken into account, in every estimate of the moral bearings of Italian literature and society in their vaunted sixteenth century. Among his most familiar companions and correspondents were literary men of the highest class, — Bernardo Tasso, Lodovico Dolce, Molza, Varchi, and Alamanni; and not less intimate with him were the classical scholars of his time, such as Paulus Manutius, Bernardo Navagero, Annibale Caro, Bargæus, and all the minor poets of the day except the clique with which he was at war. The literary churchmen corresponded with him just as freely; Guidiccioni, Cardinal Bembo, and Pietro's fellow-hireling, Paulus Jovius; while, as if to show that heterodoxy presented no bar to the flow of his catholic sympathies, he patronized Palearius, and accepted patronage from Vergerius. His literary friends, indeed, served him for one use, which is worth notice in passing. He made them supply the classical learning of which he was himself destitute, and without the show of which no literary man, in that age, could attain even respectability. Without being able to read correctly a sentence of Latin, he published, with such aids, paraphrases and commentaries on the Vulgate, and a biography of one of the leading schoolmen; in his letters he coolly criticised the classical poets; and in his "Dialogues" he introduced a prose travesty of Virgil's tale of Æneas and Dido. The secret of these results was exposed by the profligate scholar, Niccolò Franco, (afterwards hanged at Rome,) who, after having been kept in Pietro's house for some years as his Latin jackall, quarrelled with him, and was turned out of doors.

Not content with making friends, Pietro aimed anxiously at disarming the hostility of enemies. He remonstrated, through common acquaintances,

* Biographical Dictionary of the Useful Knowledge Society: article "Pietro Aretino;" a short memoir, from which no a few hints are here borrowed.

against the attacks of the Bernesque poets; he protested that he entertained a hearty good-will towards all of them; and on one occasion he went so far as to write to Berni himself, making overtures, which were contemptuously rejected. In conciliating another celebrated man of letters he was more successful. Sperone Speroni (an ecclesiastic) had spoken of his conduct with becoming severity, but had at the same time thrown out illiberal reflections on his birth. Seizing hold of this weak point in the prelate's censure of him, Pietro addressed to him a letter which is at once manly, sensible, and respectful; and in no long time the two became cordial friends.

After we have counted Pietro's literary friends, the muster-roll of his literary enemies makes a beggarly show: but the talent of these enemies, their activity, and their unconscientious malice, made ample amends for the smallness of their numbers. Never was any man so evil spoken of. Not only was his literary ability disparaged; not only were his boastful titles burlesqued; not only were his actual weaknesses and vices gibbeted to public scorn: as if his real character had not been despicable and infamous enough, he was charged with all sorts of imaginary crimes, improbable and impossible. Incest was not the worst sensual charge brought against him; and, really destitute of all religion, he was charged with being a systematic atheist, and was one of the persons said to have written a book that never existed, the treatise "On the Three Impostors." He had a noted contest of scurrility with Albicante, one of the Bernesque band; and Doni, after having been one of his sycophants, wrote a book called "The Earthquake, with the Fall of a Beastly Colossus," the purpose of which was to prove that Pietro was Antichrist, charges of sacrilege being adduced as proofs, and another proof being the allegation that he was really the son of a friar and a nun. The bitterness and obstinacy of these assaults prove two things: the unblushing profligacy of the man against whom they could be hazarded; the importance of the man who was thought worth the trouble they cost.

The artists were not capable of becoming so dangerous to Pietro's reputation. But they were well worth making friends of; and in his intercourse with them he behaved both with caution and with activity. Titian and Jacopo Sansovino, both residing in the same city with him, were his constant and cherished companions; and Tintoretto was usually on excellent terms with him. But his familiarity with the Venetian masters did not prevent him from corresponding with Michel Angelo; and these two men wrote to each other in a style of seeming cordiality, alloyed with deference and caution, which reminds one of protocols exchanged between amicable but negotiating potentates. Pietro's intercourse with the artists would not have been completely characteristic, if it had not exhibited his greed as well as his other good qualities. From his townsman Vasari, the historian of the painters, (who married his brother's daughter,) and from painters of meaner note, and also from sculptors of the second or third rank, he was continually accepting presents of paintings, reliefs, or cameos. Nor is there reason for believing that he gave any remuneration to the artists for executing honorary medals, of which, in the highest flush of his success, he caused several to be struck, with his satyr-like head on the obverse, and emblematic groups on the reverse. To those artists of the highest order, who would not give away their works unasked, he was an incessant and importunate beggar. His friend Titian was a good-natured giver, not only painting his portrait, but frequently presenting him with sketches and small pictures. But all Peter's persuasive eloquence could hardly ever persuade Michel Angelo to send him so much as a drawing.

Enough has been exhibited already, to show that this man was totally unworthy of the distinguished friendships he thus enjoyed. But the disgrace which those friendships stamp, alike upon the parties to them and upon the state of society in that age, could not be fully exposed without an exhibition of some features in Pietro's life, which are shamelessly paraded in his correspondence, but which, in their real grossness, are too bad for modern ears polite. He prints letters to loose females, close by others which he had been allowed to write to Vittoria Colonna, Veronica Gambara, and other women of virtue. He sends petty presents to those worthy correspondents; he presses them to procure him presents from their admirers; he showers elaborate praises upon their personal attractions; he invites them to entertainments,—at one of which, by the bye, the supper-party was to consist of the lady addressed, Peter himself, Sansovino the architect, and Titian. The female servants in his own house were all, and always, the wretched instruments of his vices; and in several letters, which he included in his printed collection, he laughs to scorn the remonstrances of friends on the disorder of his household. Some of his letters are pieces of grave moral advice, addressed to the husband of one of his mistresses. A daughter of this woman he named Adria, in compliment to his Venetian patrons; and another was called Austria, in honour of Charles V. and to remind him (the hint is given in very intelligible terms in the letter of announcement) that the pension he had from that prince was considerably in arrear. Adria, on growing up, was married to a young man of Urbino, and her dower was contributed by the Duke of Florence, (son of Peter's former patron, Giovanni de' Medici,) the Cardinal of Ravenna, and Mendoza, the famous Spanish ambassador. The marriage proved most unhappy; and the father deserves some credit for the distress he showed on the occasion, and for the instinctive affection he always displayed towards all his three unfortunate children. In the whole course of his domestic relations there is scarcely another redeeming feature; unless we were to be lenient enough to accept, as such, the evident sincerity with which he long deplored the death of one of his mistresses.

And this pretender to literary merit, this defier of all moral laws, this impostor, and liar, and debauchee, was allowed to call himself the friend

of all those who were most justly celebrated for intellectual endowments in his age and country! A precious commentary is this fact on the independence and purity of our ancestors! But one excuse there was for the men of letters and art,—the excuse by which, perhaps, oftener than by any other, the devil tempts men to do his bidding: they did but after the example of those whom the world calls their betters. A painter or a sculptor, a literary recluse or a literary dependent of the great, nay, an ecclesiastic aiming at preferment, might do safely, or even with profit, what was done by princes and their ministers, by kings and kaisers, all over Europe. The fact was so. It was mainly for the sake of the influence to be exerted on such men as these, that Peter the Divine condescended to be familiar with scribblers on paper and daubers of canvass.

The whole machinery which he had so patiently organized was made to play steadily upon this one point. The plan he had formed was a most cunning one. The "Free Man" had forsworn dependence; yet he knew well that he could not do without it. His real design was only to strip dependence of its worst evils. Patronage had become intolerable to him, because his patrons had been few, and because they were chiefly men of secondary rank. He sagaciously foresaw that the duties imposed on him by his acceptance of patronage would be very light indeed, if he could secure patrons who should be at once numerous and highly illustrious. He had found it impossible to serve satisfactorily a Roman merchant, a cardinal, or a pope: he believed it would be easy to serve, as a literary dependent, all the greatest sovereigns of Europe. He determined that he would obtain the patronage of all those sovereigns; and he did obtain it. While he never refused money, or other gifts, from any quarter, he relied on no gifts but those which came from princely givers. He was able to establish a correspondence (which in almost every instance was a profitable one) not only with every reigning prince in Italy, but with the Emperor of Germany, the King of France, the sovereigns or royal families of Poland, Portugal, Spain, and England. He received gifts or pensions from most of the crowned heads of Europe, from many distinguished nobles, soldiers, and statesmen, from the Sultan Solyman, and from Barbarossa the pirate. It was calculated (and the estimate was probably below the mark) that he had been able, before his death, to extort from his patrons no less than sixty thousand crowns in money, besides many valuable presents of other kinds. It is at all events certain, that, from the gains thus procured, he contrived to support himself in Venice for thirty years, not merely in comfort, but in wasteful luxury.

He has himself exposed to us the whole secret of the means by which the end was effected. He exulted in his skill of diplomacy: it was a part of his plan that the extent of his resources should be known: and when he collected his own Letters, and published them in six successive volumes, he was just promoting the purpose for which the Letters had been written. It would hardly be correct to say that every one of his letters was written with a view to the one object of his despicable life: but assuredly there were very few that were not subsidiary to that object. In fact letter-writing was his business, his profession, to which all his other employments were but incidental. We have seen in some measure how his moral and intellectual character is illustrated by his correspondence, a record candid beyond the candour of Rousseau, humbling beyond any humiliation ever elsewhere exemplified in the annals of literature. We may now inquire what light the correspondence throws on the relations of the writer to his patrons.

The most cursory perusal of the Letters would disabuse us of a mistake almost universally current. Remembering Peter Aretine's common title, "The Scourge of Princes," we think of him as a person who visited the rulers of the earth with solemn warnings, or assailed them with vehement remonstrance or reproach. He really did nothing of the sort. In his direct addresses to monarchs he never went so far as even to threaten it. He wished the world to believe that he either did, or could, deal vengeance upon crowned heads: he expended innumerable artifices in insinuating indirectly, to those who sat upon the thrones, that their subjects thought him capable of shaking them from their seats. But, in his own approaches to royalty, he is nothing else than an abject sycophant. His letters to the great are couched in a strain of fulsome flattery. His attitude is a perpetual salaam. Indeed, with all his moral obstinacy of purpose, he had not physical courage enough to face personal danger: we may yet glance at one or two whimsical instances of his cowardice. His letters to princes, however, are not mere encomiums; they have been correctly described as being genuine begging letters. He gives it to be understood distinctly that his commendations have their price: he endeavours to convince his royal correspondents that the price is one which it would be worth while for them to pay. His expedients for putting the argument "ad crumenam," are amusingly diversified. Sometimes he strives directly to move compassion for his own alleged poverty. Sometimes he acts the part of frank bluntness; saying, for example, that he will never prostitute his pen to praise a king who does not possess liberality, the first of kingly virtues. On some occasions he plays off his patrons against each other, telling one of them what the rest have given. At one stage of the correspondence, he makes, in plain terms, a comically impudent offer to sell himself to the highest bidder; the two princes whom he wishes to incite to the competition being Charles V. and Francis I. He assumes his favourite appellation of "Peter the Truth-Teller!" To Francis, who required more pressing than his great rival, he offers to "tell the truth" about his great actions, as he had already "told the truth" about those of the emperor: but he adds, with great candour, that a poor man like him cannot afford to "tell the truth" for nothing; and that, unless furnished with the means of subsistence, he must remain silent. Unluckily for the

chivalrous king of France, who had been one of the Truth-Teller's kindest patrons in early life, his gifts, though far from being scanty, were doled out irregularly: his imperial rival, a better man of business, in this as in more momentous things, was not content with assigning to the petitioner a stated pension, (the payments of which, however, were not always obtained without dunning,) but flattered his pensioner's vanity by showing him marked personal attentions.

We have said that Peter had not courage enough to become either a real scourge or a martyr. His want of pluck was shown again and again. He attempted, as we have seen, to conciliate his literary enemies: he succumbed always when manfully attacked. On one occasion he had spoken ill of Tintoretto, the painter, a spirited or hot-headed man. Tintoretto called at his house, walked into the room where he sat, and drew out a pistol. Peter started up in affright, and demanded what he meant. The visiter came close up to him, and applied the pistol to various parts of his body. The victim stood in speechless terror. "That will do," said Tintoretto; "I merely came to take your measure; you are just six pistols in length, and I shall know how to fit you next time." Tintoretto was never insulted again; and in one of the letters, which was printed on the earliest opportunity, there was inserted a most laudatory description of the painter's masterpiece, the picture in the school of San Rocco. Again, when Marshal Strozzi was in exile at Venice, Pietro thought it safe to attack him. The fiery soldier sent him a message that, the first time he saw him in the street, he would cut his throat. The libeller was conveniently seized with a fever, and kept his bed for weeks, never venturing to quit it till Strozzi had left the city. Not less cowardly were his insults to Clement VII., soon after he had gone to Venice: for the Pope was then completely humbled; the Emperor, Pietro's especial patron, was at war with him; and it was, therefore, quite safe to wreak the old grudge, a grudge of that bitter kind which a bad-hearted man feels, not towards a real enemy, but towards a friend with whom he has quarrelled.

Nor, moreover, is any argument for Peter's courage to be drawn from the seeming boldness with which he treated the popedom and ecclesiastical questions in general. One of the instances is the fact, that, in his writings, the word "friar" is scarcely ever used without some derogatory epithet. It must be remembered that, under certain well understood restrictions, the friars were held to be fair game. There has always subsisted, between the secular and the regular clergy in the church of Rome, a rivalry resembling in some respects that which has arisen in our Protestant churches between the established clergy and the dissenting preachers; and, even in our own day, the endowed Italian priest is seldom indisposed to chuckle when he hears a sneer at the voluntary and popular Capuchin. Farther, however, Pietro's choice of Venice as a residence was calculated to give him the utmost license in dealing with matters ecclesiastical. The political relations, always equivocal and sometimes hostile, in which the Venetians stood for centuries towards the See of Rome, introduced into the writings published at Venice an unwonted freedom of discussion in regard to questions of church polity, and even in regard to questions of theological doctrine. Reforming zeal, and sceptical or immoral indifferentism, were alike safe in the den of the Lion of St. Mark,—a brute who, like many other brutes, had a pride in cherishing protégées which his own appetite did not tempt him to devour. Nothing followed, even upon the profane jest with which Peter quitted the scene of life. After he had received extreme unction, he addressed to the friends who stood by his bedside an extemporaneous couplet, begging that, now when he was well oiled, they would take care the rats did not eat him. The body of the sinner was buried in the Venetian church of San Luca; and, though the traveller will seek in vain to identify his grave, a portrait of him is introduced in one of the pictures of the choir.

In speaking of Peter's royal patrons, we named the King of England as one of them. His correspondence with our country presented some very characteristic features; and, if we were writing an elaborate memoir of his life, it would be possible not only to solve some difficulties that have embarrassed his foreign biographers, but to bring out more clearly than they have done the particulars most interesting to English readers. Here we must just take some of the circumstances which lie nearest the surface, and which illustrate alike (unfavourably enough) the want of principle in the persons, and the low standard of truth and decency which distinguished the spirit of the age. We all know that Thomas Cromwell, Wolsey's secretary, and afterwards Earl of Essex, travelled in his youth. He made Pietro's acquaintance at Venice; and, on his rise to power, he remembered him, and thought the good will of this dangerous man worth purchasing. By his recommendation, Henry VIII. sent Pietro a present of three hundred crowns. Encouraged by this liberality, the "Truth-Teller," in 1542, on publishing the second volume of his Letters, devoted them to Henry in one of his most extravagant dedications; the book, by the way, being of course published in Catholic Italy, and the royal patron having already forfeited, beyond recal, his title of Defender of the Faith. Peter cared nothing for this: he wanted a second gift. But the Earl of Essex had by this time fallen; and the king was insensible to the honour which had been done him. The panegyrist did not choose that he should continue to be so; and, having made acquaintance with several English gentlemen in the same way as with Cromwell, he set them at work to awaken the royal liberality. His intercessors — whose names are easily traceable through their Italian disguises of "Paggetto," "Deni," and "Obi" — were most fortunately selected: all the three were favourites of Henry, and enjoyed the rare felicity of retaining the capricious monarch's favour till the day of his death. Sir William Paget was one of the principal secretaries of state. He and Sir Anthony Denny were named, by Henry's will, to be members of the

young king's regency. Sir Philip Hoby, besides being one of the few personal friends to whom Henry bequeathed legacies, had previously been protected by a royal pardon from the consequences of disobedience to the Six Articles; and a similar indulgence had been extended to Denny's wife. Much honour it did the Protestantism of these gentlemen to be friends of Peter Aretine! However, they were long either sluggish or unsuccessful. In the year 1546 we find that Peter had still been unable to obtain any fresh presents; but he is then busy in urging all his three correspondents to increased exertions. He desires Hoby to inform the king that all Italy ("which is absolutely beginning to adore his majesty," then almost at the end of his path of blood) is astonished at Henry's having made no courteous acknowledgment for the dedication; and that the emperor, on learning the fact, had written a letter to Henry on the subject! Either through these shameless lies, or in spite of them, or in ignorance of them, the royal heart and hand were opened. Shortly before his death, Henry sent orders to his ambassador at Venice, — "the illustrious Signor Arouello," that is, Edmund Harvel, Esquire, — to make Pietro a new present of three hundred crowns. No remittance was made to satisfy the payment; and the ambassador was evidently pinched for money. However, he borrowed the sum at usury; and in May 1547, Pietro acknowledges it to have been paid in the presence of witnesses. In the course of the same month, wisely looking toward the rising sun, he sent to England a number of copies of an engraved portrait of Edward VI.; which, he says, he had caused to be executed at his own expense, (we wonder how much he paid the artists!) and was busily circulating in Italy, in order that his countrymen might become familiar with "the celestial image" of the young king's "angelic countenance." But the cordiality between the prince and his encomiast was soon overcast. The foreign biographers of Pietro make sad confusion in this new stage of the story; but the truth is easily discoverable, if we assume an error in one or two of the dates. Edward's advisers ordered a new gift to be made; but, like their predecessors, they forgot to remit the money; and Pietro was informed of the order by some of his friends, but did not immediately receive the payment. He complained of the ambassador openly, and in highly injurious language, charging him with having put the money in his own pocket. His words were reported, of course; all imprudent personal remarks are invariably reported; at least, it is so in the place *we* live in. Harvel's midland-counties blood would not bear the affront, even from the scourger of princes. Informing himself when and where the impatient claimant might be come at, he armed six of his serving-men with cudgels, and led them to the square of St. Mark; and there, on Pietro's appearing, he made them, in his own presence, administer to him a severe beating. To a spoiled child like him, the disgrace was even worse than the pain. He says, probably truly, that his Venetian friends were astounded at the Englishman's audacity, "which," adds the sufferer, "is quite consistent with the insolence of his nation." Envoys of foreign powers sent to his house to inquire after his health, and present messages of condolence; he himself, professing the perfection of Christian meekness, went publicly, as soon as he was able to stir, and took the communion in token of his entire forgiveness; and, having thus set himself right with the public, he went resolutely to work to obtain revenge. The quarrel between the high contending powers was thought to deserve a high mediator; it was arranged by the intervention of Mendoza, Charles V.'s ambassador. The English envoy was obliged, of course, to pay the money, though he not improbably had to borrow it as before; and, if we are to believe Pietro's letters, (which we need not, unless we like,) he offered also a humiliating apology, declaring that he would willingly expiate the offence by his life's blood! After this, the whipper of princes had leisure to remember, that it would be imprudent to lose a royal correspondent. He renewed his communications with England, congratulating himself on having recovered the favour of his patrons in London, and upon having, "through his own goodness of heart, been reconciled to the illustrious Arouello!"

Not long afterwards Hoby visited Venice; and through him, six years later, Peter transmitted his congratulations on the accession of Queen Mary. We regret that it is not in our power to say what success attended this new claim for patronage, the last recorded step in a series of communications with our country, which was alike honourable to all the parties.

And now, gentle reader, what is it we have laid before thee? A ribald tale? A dull extract from the book of literary history? Neither, as we hope. In our own view, it is a sermon; and we devoutly trust thou hast derived, from every attendance of thine in church, as much instruction as this discourse of ours, if rightly understood and ripely digested, is well calculated to afford. Draw the practical application for thyself. We cannot do it for thee; our sand-glass shows the hour to have run out. We draw but that one inference, in which we scribblers by profession are most directly interested. We thank heaven, that, bad as the world still is, it is better than it was three hundred years ago; we rejoice that literature is not now exposed to the degradations which it inevitably underwent while it lay at the feet of private patrons. Long live the Public! God save the Booksellers!

THE BELLE.

ADVENTURES AT A PORTUGUESE WATERING PLACE.

(Concluded from page 650 of our October number.)

The winter was over and gone. February had passed away blandly. March, though now and then bursting into a fit of tears, or puffing out his cheeks into a roar, had been, on the whole, less obstreperous than usual. And now balmy April was come, with all its delectations of sea and shore, sunny skies, freshly germinating woods, fields and wastes green with shrubs, and gay with flowers, and pungent with aroma; rocks, old walls, antique roofs, and the superficial roots of ancient trees dressed in the softest mosses, or mailed in the hard lichens which had protected them from the cold; and the singing-birds were busy in the ilex-groves, and the nightingale, the nightingale was come!

> These delights if thou wilt give,
> *April*, I with thee will live.

Early on one of those inspiriting mornings Mr. Forsyth had strolled away through the pine-woods at the back of the Foz, then dipped into a little oaken valley near the siege-battered, ruinous village of Lordello, and emerged into the road, and avoided the village by crossing a runlet of water that works a mill, and twists and capers among the crevices of vine-shadowed rocks. Thence, making a considerable circuit, sometimes through bye-lanes and the intrenched roads which had been the lines of the besieged on the north and east sides of the city, and sometimes up and down the craggy heights in that direction, he found himself, to his surprise, on the St. Cosme road, much farther from the Foz than he had had any intention of going; for he was close to the city, and at the extreme southern end of it. Thus finding himself in the suburbs, he entered the city by a square which had been recently laid out as a promenade, and was ornamented with choice flowers, shrubs, and a handsome marble basin with a *jet d'eau*, of which the spray fell, in diamond showers, upon gold and silver fishes that were darting about the fountain, while gaily-dressed dames and damsels were seated round it. One side of the square was a convent, which is a *Pension* for young ladies; another is a church of considerable pretensions to architecture, but ruinous and unfinished. The two other sides are occupied by tall, but squalid houses; the whole being a fair specimen of Portuguese good and bad taste, of energies disproportioned to means, of elegance and squalor in unsightly approximation, and of spirited designs left half executed, and bearing the melancholy appearance of youth in ruins. The square, which is called the Garden of St. Lazarus, was filled with citizens in their holiday garb, and crowds of peasants in the gayest and most grotesque costumes, as rich in contrast of colours as any costumes of the Swiss cantons, and in gold ornaments far richer, though the effect might not be altogether so pleasing. It was the saint-day of St. Lazarus. In the church was a miraculous relic of the saint, an arm and hand, in wood or wax, to which some strange legend was appended, and which a man, who stood in a red silk surplice near one of the altars, presented to be kissed by kneeling devotees, each of whom, after having kissed it, deposited a copper coin of ten or twenty reas (a halfpenny or penny) in a tin box held by another man in a white muslin cassock. Mr. Forsyth edged his way into the church through the crowds of pilgrims and sight-hunters, and through the formidable squad of cripples who lay about the church door; and he established himself by a lateral altar, in a good position for the view of all that was going on at the opposite altar, where the arm of St. Lazarus was exhibited. Among the devotees came a person whose striking countenance and figure did not harmonize with the mummery he was practising. He was a tall, meagre man of middle age, with closely-shorn black hair, enormous black whiskers, dark splendid eyes, well-defined thin eyebrows, finely regular features, though visage somewhat lank, and extremely darkly pale but for a fierce consumptive-looking flush of blood in the centre of each cheek. What was this man? a poet, a hero, or a bandit? He was dressed in the neat uniform of the Queen's Volunteers — brown trousers, a brown jacket faced with light blue at the cuffs and with white at the collar. He knelt, took the image in his hands, kissed it mechanically, threw rather than dropped his reas into the gaping mouth of the begging-box, so that the coin clattered as it fell; and then he rose with a blustering, contemptuous air, and pushed his way out through the mob. Three minutes later this man returned, and was standing in earnest conversation with Senhor Pinto, very near Mr. Forsyth, when the latter observed them. Senhor Pinto advanced smiling, and the man followed. Pinto shook hands with Mr. Forsyth, and requested permission to speak with him out of the church. Mr. Forsyth, who had seen enough of the ceremony, acquiesced, on which the Volunteer pioneered the way, rudely enough elbowing the people right and left to clear the road for the two gentlemen. When they got into the square, Pinto informed Mr. Forsyth that he had heard he was in want of a cook, and that Manoel Gomez, the tall volunteer, a Galician, the best cook in Oporto, was now out of place, and ambitious of serving him. That man a cook! Mr. Forsyth marvelled, but gladly hired him. He had been half poisoned by the nasty, greasy messes usually prepared for him by the unskilful artist whom he was about to dismiss. After a day or two, Manoel Gomez was president of Mr. Forsyth's kitchen, and gave great satisfaction in his art, though his manners were rather too rough and independent for his new employer's taste. He was also a cheat: but in Portugal there is nothing but *paçiençia* for that evil; for in domestic expenses a stranger is almost at the mercy of the easy conscience of his cook, whom

he supplies with money to go to market for every thing edible, and who delivers such an account as may suit his notions of honesty between man and master.

Manoel Gomez was particularly useful on an occasion which soon called his culinary accomplishments into active exertion. A regatta on the Douro was about to take place, and good cooks are important personages on such occasions. The auspicious day was to be Wednesday the 17th of June, and great were the preparations for the festival. A handsome boat was built, to be given to the four rowers of the first of six boats that were to contend for the prize. At a convenient station, called the Bicalho, or Little Point, near the left bank of the river, opposite Massarellos, three spacious barges, with awnings and furniture, were fastened together in line, and moored so as to form two long rooms; one for viewing the race and for dancing, and the other for refreshment. Covers for a hundred persons were laid in the latter, under the superintendence of a gentleman well qualified for the task. The barges were ornamented with flags, and a military band of music was bespoken. Two young gentlemen, one the spirited projector of this plan, and one the promoter of all gaieties, were the directors. There were two other stewards and four ladies-patronesses, and these ladies were to present the prize-boat in due form to the victors. The crews of the second and third boats were also to receive gratuities in money, and the three last a smaller indemnity for the loss of their day's work. The prize-boat, gay with its new paint, its blue-striped awning, and its Portuguese and English flags, and complete with oars and sail, was moored in the centre of the river opposite the triad of gala boats, the *tria juncta in uno*. The weather, as is usual at this season in this favoured latitude, had been perfectly fine, and the ladies, Portuguese and English, prepared their best dresses and bonnets for display. Nothing was talked of earnestly among them for some previous days but the regatta, the charming regatta.

At last the wished for morning dawned, but "heavily in clouds came on the day big with the fate" of bonnets and of gowns. The air was oppressively close, and the black masses of vapour lowered and gathered round, nearer and nearer, investing the city like an army of Vandals, as they were. But it was decreed that the expectants were to be happy, and most of them defied the ill-omened aspect of the clouds. About mid-day carriages drawn by oxen came down to the river side, with a gravity of motion less suited to the light hearts they carried, than to the ponderous march of the clouds. Lighter vehicles, drawn by mules, were whirled rapidly to the embarking points. Sedan-chairmen came trolling eagerly with their gaudily coloured lady-boxes, and their willing captives, dames of fine attire. Boats were ready to receive them, and plied actively to and from the tri-bodied reception-boat, that showed its huge length upon the water "like some sea monster come to sun itself." But, alas! where was the sun? Have patience! perhaps it will shine out yet. The numerous merchant vessels and other craft in the river were crowded with gazers; so were the rocky hills that overlook the Douro, and the shady grove of Lombardy poplars on the strand of Massarellos.

> But who is this! what thing of sea or land!
> Female of sex it seems,
> That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
> Comes this way sailing
> Like a stately ship
> Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
> Of Javan or Gadire,
> With all her bravery on and tackle trim,
> Sails fill'd and streamers waving!

It is a Lusitanian Donna seated on a donkey, which is nearly extinguished by the burden, and lackied by a liveried servitor, who seems in a state of solution by heat with his efforts to keep pace with the sprightly, though almost invisible ass on which his great and gorgeous mistress is mounted. What a treasure for a Turk would that sleek giantess be! But a few heavy drops of rain, and a low rumbling growl from the skies, give warning that the clouds have brought their artillery within bearing-distance of the devoted water party. The ass's head is wisely turned homeward, and the lady disappears, while the melting footman toils after her in vain, as panting Time did after Shakspere, according to Dr. Johnson. Two of the English ladies-patronesses have not yet arrived, and are also doomed not to arrive,—the lady of the grand magnolia tree, and the most fair sister of the projector of the water-feast. Never mind! numbers have arrived, and here they are "all together in spite of the weather," under their canvass-lined and flag-lined water-tent, crowds of resolute *pleasurers*. Boats full of spectators surround them, and among the most ornamental is Mr. Elphinstone's new and well-rigged boat, with its seventeen flags,—its first appearance on the aquatic stage. There is one lady-patroness at her post, Mrs. Stanley. Music! strike up! God Save the King! Rule Britannia! Donna Maria's Hymn! the Battle of Asseçeira! Bravo!

The rival boats are in line, ready to start. Blue, purple, orange, yellow, are the rowers' colours. Make your bets, ladies and gentlemen; lose or win Torloni's shopful of gloves. The signal-gun is fired, and away slip the racers,

> And down comes a shower
> Of rain that might deluge the world in an hour!

It comes rushing through the canvass roof of the three-barge palace. Alas for my wife's best dress! alas for my daughters' new bonnets! alas for wet feet and wet shoulders! alas for the doctor's bills! alas, alas for every thing! Now comes the thunder, peal on peal reverberated by the rocks; the lightning darts and quivers round the Serra Convent; it writhes like a fiery serpent round the lofty head of the Clerigos Tower; it flashes nearer, nearer, nearer, into our very eyes. It plays and whizzes about and around us; and a fiery bolt, red hot, has just plunged hissing into the river. Is there an earthquake? No; it is a

sky-quake, and a water-quake, and a heart-quake for the ladies. Poor dear dripping pullets, how they tremble! And it is a knee-quake for some of the men. Even Mr. Stubbs, who is not easily frightened, owns that it is unpleasant, and rejoices in the breadth of brim of his Pennsylvanian hat. But he kindly says, "Don't be alarmed, ladies; there is no danger from lightning while it rains."

"But why?" asks a pale, shrewd, little feminine *quaker* of fourteen.

"Because," says Mr. Stubbs, "because — that question really puzzles me — because the aqueous element acts like an extinguisher upon the electric fluid."

"Heavens, what a flash!"

"Extinguisher, say you?" ejaculates a blue-stocking spinster; "marry, call you that an extinguisher?"

"Marry indeed," interjects Mr Spence; "how can a woman talk of marrying at such an awful hour as this?"

"Pray, Mr. Stubbs, don't keep so near me," says Miss Leslie.

"Why? I have not got a lucifer-match in my pocket."

"Perhaps not, sir, but your hat is a perfect shower-bath."

"Oh Miss Leslie, how can you say so? That is the wolf and the lamb over again: the stream that runs from you to me. You are a head taller than I am."

"Yes, and so your hat is making a sluice of my back."

"Miss Devon," cries Senhor Pinto, peevishly, "your parasol is taking the starch out of my shirt collar."

"Choler is unseasonable here," says the ever-punning Mr. Spence.

"What a sagaciously chosen position this is for a pleasure party," observed Senhor Pinto, who was in very bad humour. He was addressing Mr. Forsyth, and it was plain enough that he meant the reverse of what he said.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Forsyth: "the day is most untoward, but the place seems convenient enough."

"Convenient," replied Pinto; "oh, very! You are under a lime-kiln that puffs down upon you the suffocating breath of Tartarus, in the shape of volleys of smoke, at every squall from the south. You are near the old burial-ground of the English. That is ominous. You are as near as possible, also, to the old lazaretto; and, better still, this lazaretto is now a powder magazine. What if a spark of lightning should fall there? Very convenient indeed!"

"Spare the ladies' nerves, Senhor Pinto: probably most of the persons here are ignorant of the objectionable circumstances you mention."

"Yes, yes," said Pinto, "and I'm off in the first boat I can get into."

But the racing-boats are coming back; they have struggled stoutly for the prize in spite of the thunder and lightning. "Where? where? I can't see the boats."

"Who *can* see through such walls of water-spouts?"

The purple has won! Imperial purple, thou art Nature's bully! Now for cold collations and champagne.

Hour after hour, and no cessation to the floods —not of champagne, but of thunder water, that pours through the unhappy canvass on the more luckless silks and muslins; and the thunder rattles, rattles and roars, among the answering hills and over the turbid waters. "Good Jupiter!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs, who, after his consolations of champagne and something stronger, was what Miss Fanny Kemble called *How comed you so, indeed?* "Good Jupiter, we are not all deaf; you needn't bawl so loud! You preposterous lightning, we are no cynics wanting your assistance to find honest men by daylight! We are no midnight voyagers near a lee-shore; we are moored in harbour in the face of day: put out your revolving light; you are only wasting gas. You, rain, we are no Mussulmans, and don't want washing all day long; enough is as good as a feast; do be quiet! You won't? Well, we drink your healths, you three amiable graces, fire, air, and water! lightning, thunder, and rain, your healths! and better manners to you."

And Mr. Stubbs suited the action to the word, and tossed off another bumper of ancient port, when, lo! he lost his balance and tumbled into the river, and would have been drowned but for the presence of mind of Miss Leslie, who held down to him her parasol, which he luckily grasped the end of, and held on by, till Manoel Gomez, Mr. Forsyth's cook, jumped in, and clutching him by the waistband of his trowsers, flung him back again into the barge, at the feet of Miss Leslie. Mr. Stubbs jumped up, as if nothing had happened. "But, oh my hat, my hat!" he exclaimed. It was floating down the river. The good-natured Portuguese boatmen went after it. There was another race between two of their boats for Mr. Stubbs' hat, and it was such a neck-and-neck race that the hat, when overtaken, was nearly being drowned by the scramble of the several boatmen to get hold of it. It was at last brought back. Mr. Stubbs gave twenty moidores to Manoel Gomez, the man who had saved him, and ten moidores to the crews of the boats that had saved his hat. This, however, was not done till the next day, for Mr. Stubbs was as generous and as brave when he was sober as when he was *How comed you so, indeed?* But now, when his plaguy hat was once more restored, he threw himself on his knees to Miss Leslie, and vowed everlasting fidelity to her at the risk of breaking Miss Devon's heart; then jumping up again, he apostrophized his hat with jolly indignation, "Ah, my fine fellow, you thought to make a voyage without your master, did you? I'll dance you dry, however."

He clapt it on his head, and dance he did. And when the cowardly sun, that had hid himself during the storm, ventured to peep out again at four o'clock in the morning, there was Mr. Stubbs dancing the gallopade, with Miss Leslie for his partner, and there was the whole party dancing as merrily as birds glance and sing among the

trees, after a dewy night. The Douro fishes, that had been kept awake all night by those indefatigable feet, went away in shoals fifty miles up the river into Spain, resolved rather to trust to the mercy of Zumelacarrégui and the Carlists, than to lie under foot of the Constitutional dancers of Oporto, the heroic city.

"And is this all you have to tell us of your regatta?" I hear some amiable reader cry who belongs to the numerous family of the fault-finders —"Why it is nothing but the old story: it always rains at a picnic or a regatta."

Yes, I answer, it does in your climate, in your eternally weeping woods, and on your foggy coasts and hazy lakes, my British reader; but in Portugal! in the leafy month of June—in the land of the melon and vine; in the port of port wine; the thing was as unreasonable as it was unseasonable. "Such a day as that," as Mr. Spence afterwards protested, "was a monstrosity in nature, an unnatural monstrosity."*

A merry place was Oporto, especially for a year or two after the horrors of the siege. At the risk of surfeiting my readers with trifle, I must dedicate a few pages to recollections of one of the most remarkable entertainments I ever witnessed in that quarter. It was given by an English merchant, at the picturesque mansion of Freixo, on a scale so extensive that it required more than ordinary courage and liberality in a bachelor to undertake it. The trouble must have been immense, for the donor of the fête knew too well what he was about, not to take care to superintend and direct all the preparations himself. In the neighbourhood of London, or of Paris, or Vienna, a fairy festival of the most exquisite perfection can be got up *impromptu*, without the least demand on the host for any exercise of ingenuity, or indeed for any personal trouble whatever. The silver wand works magic. Not so in the land of the Lusitanian. Not only must particular directions be given to each and all of the mechanics, artists, purveyors, and servants, but the execution of every order must be watched by the eye of the master, or the chances will be ten to one that it will be left undone, or done by the rule of contrariety, and never up to time. Such, at least, used to be the case in these, as in more important matters. Mr. Herbert, the gentleman who gave this splendid fête, had lived long enough among these good-natured, ever promising, never minding people, to spare himself trouble on this occasion; consequently, his perseverance was rewarded by the good taste and elegance of the arrangements, though his patience was nearly exhausted.

First, as the owner of the untenanted mansion of Freixo lived at Lisbon, Mr. Herbert called upon his representative at Oporto, to request his permission to use the house and grounds. The old Portuguese assented, not only with courtesy, but with downright cordiality. "Sir," said he, "I thank you for your politeness in condescending to ask leave to make use of the Freixo House. For several years it has been uninhabited, except a small portion of the offices in the occupation of the farmer; and, during all those years it has constantly been the custom, both with my own country men and women, and with yours, to assemble summer-parties there, whenever it suited their fancy, without deigning so much as to cause it to be hinted to me that they were doing so on my supposed sufferance: and truly, though I was annoyed at these liberties at first, I soon became reconciled to the matter, till at last I almost considered that the public had established a prescriptive right to use that house, and those grounds, whenever they pleased. I am much obliged to you, sir, for having gone through the form of acknowledging my delegated rights of seigniory. Do what you please with the Freixo."

The Freixo is a curious, not very ancient, but ancient-looking, large square mansion of stone, with buttresses, and turrets, and pinnacles, ornamented with a multiplicity of stone carving, in a style of architecture of which it would be difficult to define the prevailing order—composite it is, but not of the privileged orders. It is, however, a most quaintly handsome and dignified dwelling, situated at a league up the river from Oporto, and on the same side of the river as the city. It stands not far from the edge of a line of bank which is cut down to the river in stair-terraces, and defended on the side nearest to the water, by a wall, and a stone balustrade, within which is an oblong garden, laid out in square beds, with walks between. In the centre of this garden is a fountain leaping up into air, and falling in a circular shower of prismatic vapour into a huge stone basin. The various walks and arbours above and below the house, and under the wing nearest to Oporto, are perfumed as usual by orange, lemon, and citron trees, and overshaded with vines. The principal arbour, behind the house, also boasts of a profusion of sculpture, and of one or two grotto-like recesses, where fauns, satyrs, and bacchanals, are carved in groups of laughers among vine-leaves; and it is often in one of these fanciful nooks, that a party of careless youths and lasses, take their refreshment, forming a group of real life, in perfect keeping with the still life of the chubby children of the sculptor's hand, above and about them. For the sculptures and mouldings, as works of art, when examined in detail, we will not venture to say much, though the general effect is pleasing. For the live faces and forms of many of those joyous groups that we have seen in this charming place, much, much might be said. But we are calm as Erebus, and leave raptures to Mr. Stubbs.

It was along this walk that Mr. Herbert planned his morning-dinner room. The dancing was

* Thunder storms and heavy showers are not unfrequent here in summer. But such a day, as this was, is very rare indeed. A respected friend of mine, the Protestant clergyman of the English congregation at Oporto, who did not mix in, nor perhaps approve of, these frequent parties, alarmed for his neighbours by the state of the weather, imprudently came out to an elevated spot, from which he could examine their position on this occasion. While doing so, he was struck by lightning, and so was his servant who had followed him. Happily neither of them was seriously injured.

to take place in the house. His arrangements were well-nigh completed, and some scores of game and poultry were already slaughtered for the feast, when, two days before that for which he had issued his cards of invitation to about three hundred persons, the heavens began to lower, and presently the rain fell copiously. Mr Herbert, resolved not to give a land repetition of the regatta, put off his party, and gave away his turkeys and partridges. The weather brightened up; again the day was fixed. Twenty-four hours before his friends were to meet him, the clouds again descended, and extinguished all hopes of favourable weather for the morrow. Once more Mr. Herbert postponed his day, and distributed here and there his poultry and his joints, his game pasties, and his jellies, and all the et-cetera of *unkeepable* things, that had been cooked; for his banquet was now much more advanced in preparation than before. His courage was crowned at last. On the day a third time fixed, the sun rose in the best of humours, and never perhaps did the Douro exhibit a livelier or lovelier scene than on that day: for the water was alive with boats, not only with those that had white canvass awnings or painted wooden coverings, and were bearing the guests bidden to the feast, but with many others freighted with spectators. It chanced also on that fine morning, the first after bad weather, that an unusual number of the large wine-barks of the Upper Douro, each with its great square sail, blanched by many an earnest sun, and full with a fair breeze, were working their way majestically up the flood.

From the Freixo house and terraces could be seen to the utmost advantage, all the varieties and accidents of the winding river, with its variously shaded currents and eddies, and the steep banks, and the oaks and pine-trees of the opposite shore, with the green valley of Quebrantes, and, in the distance, the blue Arouca hills, and on the east, behind St. Cosme's, the sullen hills of Vallongo. The prospect was altogether enchanting; but few, perhaps, of the crowd of *pleasurers* thought about it, though even the most insensible, or the most preoccupied, must have unconsciously felt its witchery.

Those of the party who came by water, were admitted through a large area on the east front of the building; those who arrived in carriages, by one of the Quinta gates. All came up the superb double flight of stone steps, and so entered the great hall, which was chalked for dancing, and where two ladies, a tall and elegant Brazilian, the wife of the governor of Oporto, and an English lady, were in attendance with Mr. Herbert to receive a company, which was composed of nearly all the English of the place, and a much larger assemblage of Portuguese. The musicians, disposed in a gallery above, struck up a symphony, which somewhat lowered the tone of merry greetings. Quadrille sets were then formed, and things went on as usual, smiles, attitudes, compliments, graces, and grimaces; the usual trivialities were uttered, sometimes with more meaning in them than met the ear; the bland jest, and sly sarcasm, were bandied to and fro, while non-dancers, old and young, sate or stood thronged near the walls, some simpering, some languishing, some yawning, and some wondering when breakfast would be ready. They "had begun to arrive" about eleven, and the dancing commenced at midday. Senhor Pinto was in his glory; he was well known to all his countrywomen, and not a little in favour with most of them. He was not sorry at this opportunity of showing the English ladies how popular he was with the natives. He was always trying to make impressions and to fan jealousies and feuds about his dearly loved and thoroughly graceless self; and yet there was certainly something superior about him, both in manners and mind, when he chose to put out his strength with a view to conquest. Don Alvarez, too, was in much request with the dancing damsels of both countries, if flattering eyes are to be trusted. Mr. Stubbs had entangled himself in a knot of engagements to dance, before the arrival of Miss Leslie; when she did arrive, she saw at a glance that all the men she preferred dancing with were engaged, and, whether from indifference or coquetry, she almost immediately escaped from the room, contriving to carry off with her by far the most interesting blonde beauty of the whole assembly, a young English widow lately returned from a visit to Lisbon, a lady whose loveliness was of that sweet seraphic character, that awes the presumption of foplings, while it enforces their admiration. Nothing could be more different than the style of Mrs. Lumley's beauty, and May Leslie's. The latter, dark, haughty, and somewhat scornful, the other so delicately fair, so spiritually amiable, so gentle to all, yet so guarded from all impertinent familiarities by a matronly simplicity, as effective for self-protection as Miss Leslie's haughtiest expression of reserve. Mrs. Lumley had lost her husband, who was one of Don Pedro's auxiliary English officers, about three years previously. He was killed by almost the first shot that was fired on Oporto during the siege, when he had been married only two months.

These two lovely young women ensconced themselves on a stone seat in a retired and obscure corner of the Quinta under a vine shed, only open to the river; of which their retreat commanded a fine reach. They were in earnest conversation, when Senhor Pinto, whose triumphs among the ladies were incomplete unless they were witnessed by the two most beautiful Englishwomen of Oporto, stealthily approached. He was looking for them. He heard their voices, and concealing himself behind one of the vine-leaf curtains that hid them from view, heard the following dialogue and remarkable confession.—

"He is certainly a singular man," said May Leslie, "and so unlike all the men whom I have ever seen, especially those that we know here, except one or two who mix less in our society than even he does, that he interests me in spite of myself, for I think him plain: don't you, Mrs. Lumley?"

"She cannot mean me," thought Pinto: "I mix in all societies, and am not plain. She cannot

mean Alvarez either, for the same reasons. It must be Mr. Forsyth."

He listened eagerly for the reply.

"He is not handsome, certainly," said Mrs. Lumley, "nor is he young, two cardinal sins, I should have thought, with a girl of your youth and beauty, May: but I agree with you as to Mr. Forsyth; there is nothing common-place about him. He is a gentleman in every good sense; he is not only a gentleman fashioned in society, but he is one of Nature's gentlemen: he has a heart at once gentle and proud. I like that sort of gentlemen."

"So do I," said Miss Leslie, "yet I have by my own impertinence taught that man to hate me."

Pinto's worst passions were roused. He broke in abruptly upon the ladies: they were startled, and that warned him of his indiscretion. He said in a voice smooth and honeyed,—"So, ladies, you escape from us tiresome every-day sort of persons, to compare notes on the merits of a stranger. That is rather hard on old friends: you should not allow your secrets to be overheard."

Miss Leslie gave him one of her looks: contempt could not have been so perfectly expressed in words. Mrs. Lumley mildly answered, though not without a blush, "We were talking of Mr. Forsyth, and praising him; but we have no secrets, Senhor Pinto. Let us go to the dancers, May."

It was now two o'clock, and breakfast was announced; the company were ushered into the immense long tent that had been prepared on the terrace with so much elegance, such an admirable arrangement of drapery, banners, and flowers, that it looked like a picture in a dream. "And the breakfast? for that," said Mr. Spence, and many thought with him who did not say it, "is the important thing after all." Well, covers were laid for three hundred persons; and every place was occupied, yet there was no inconvenient pressure, and the breakfast was such as might have made Pope exclaim, though this was no Timon's villa —

> Is this a banquet? this a genial room?
> This is a temple and a hecatomb!

Only that this was a sacrifice to the Graces, and ox-beef was not the staple thereof. Music, song, healths, and complimentary speeches, principally from the polite Portuguese, enlivened an hour or two after the repast, and then the dancing was resumed in the hall; parties strolled about the grounds; coffee and other refreshments were served about ten o'clock; and the party broke up at midnight, returning as they came, by land or water, lighted by a radiant moon, and a galaxy of stars.

This merry fête was succeeded by a tragical event. Among many of the visiters who were returning by water all the way to Foz were the Leslies and their guest Mrs. Lumley, Don Alvarez, Senhor Pinto, and Mr. Forsyth. Don Alvarez returned in the boat of the commandant of the Foz Castle, with whom and his daughter he had come. Pinto, who had officiously persisted in being one of the escorts of the three ladies just mentioned to their boat, was stepping in after them, as if he was one of their party, though he had arrived with some of his own family. Mrs. Leslie, whom her daughter had informed of Pinto's *espiegleric* in the morning, promptly prevented him by saying, "I beg your pardon, Senhor Pinto, but we have no room; Mr. Forsyth is coming with us."

Mr. Forsyth, who had just stepped into his own boat, alongside theirs, was rather taken by surprise; but he had tact enough to perceive that he was wanted, so he at once passed over and took his seat by Mrs. Leslie, politely requesting Senhor Pinto to use his boat if he could not find his own. This, which was really intended as a civility, was mistaken by Pinto for English insolence, and galled him even more than the exclusion from the ladies' boat. But the marked preference shown for Mr. Forsyth's company was what galled him most, — at a moment, too, when he had resolved to punish Miss Leslie's pride by making himself irresistible to Mrs. Lumley, on whom also he had long had his views, for he was as presumptuous as he was unprincipled. This long midnight cruise down the river would have been, he thought, the most favourable opportunity possible to insinuate himself into the good graces of the fair young widow. And he was superseded by Mr. Forsyth, the man whom he detested even more than he did the handsome Don Alvarez; Mr. Forsyth, the man who had so grievously mortified him formerly, and who now, as he would have it, added insult to injury by the mock courtesy of offering him the service of his boat! Pinto however bowed and accepted the offer, while Manoel Gomez handed a cloak to his master, and then followed Senhor Pinto into Mr. Forsyth's boat. It happened that, in the confusion of departure, Don Alvarez had taken Mr. Forsyth's cloak, and the one just handed to him by Gomez belonged to the Castilian.

Pinto, in a low conversation with Gomez, now reproached him for having disappointed his expectations. As to what those were, the man's answer was explicit. — "If I had found the stranger in whose service you placed me, the dog you described him, the account might have been soon settled. Fifty moidores is a handsome bribe for the death of a dog. But it is poor pay for poisoning a man. I kept your moidores and mean to keep them. If any cur should happen to bite you, Senhor Pinto, send for me, and I will cook his dinner for him. Then our account will be straight."

"Rascal!" said Pinto, in uncontrollable rage, "I will have you strangled."

"No, you won't," replied Gomez bluntly, "you will think better of it."

Pinto was silent till the boat was near the landing-place. He then said in a low anxious whisper, "At least you will not betray me, Manoel."

"The moidores you gave me guarantee your secret," said the cook: "I will not betray you."

"Then, good-night, Manoel."

"Good-night, Senhor Pinto, a very good-night."

Pinto jumped ashore and vanished. Gomez waited to look for his master, who arrived in about a quarter of an hour, and accompanied the ladies to their door before he went to his own.

But Don Alvarez had discovered that he had not his own cloak, and on examining that which he had, by the torch-light of the man who opened the castle gate, he saw that the name Forsyth was marked inside of the cloak: on which he told his friends that previously to retiring to his lodging at the inn, he would go at once to the Englishman's house which was but a little way off. When Mr. Forsyth, followed by Gomez, reached his own detached residence, he found the doors still closed, and a man extended on the pavement. It was Don Alvarez, who had been stabbed by some person that had been lurking in the shadow of a garden wall opposite, unperceived till the Spaniard felt a knife in his side. The folds of the cloak had somewhat weakened the blow, but he was already nearly insensible from loss of blood. Gomez exclaimed, "None but that miserable Pinto could have done this!" But Mr. Forsyth's dismay prevented his attention to what was uttered. No time was lost in rousing the sleeping servant who was in charge of the house; and Don Alvarez was laid on a bed on the ground-floor, while Gomez was despatched for a surgeon. Both Dr. F—— and an able Portuguese practitioner were at this season at the Foz, and in a few minutes both were in attendance. They were inspecting the wound when the commandant arrived from the castle, where Gomez had also left a message. The medical men saw that the case was dangerous. They remained all the rest of the night in the house, after requesting the commandant to retire, and to prevent any assembly in the street when the affair should become known, as quiet was indispensable to his wounded friend. The commandant placed a soldier on guard at the door with the necessary orders, and set about to discover the assassin. But who was to discover him? The deed was probably unwitnessed. Gomez had, perhaps, guessed rightly; but his exclamation had been unheeded or not understood by his master; and, on cooler reflection, he did not choose to repeat it, though he had no doubt that Pinto was the assassin, and that the blow was meant for Mr. Forsyth. Don Alvarez might survive, and Manoel Gomez could and would prevent any new attempt upon his master by the same hand.

The next day a false report of the death of Don Alvarez brought a magistrate, attended by his secretary, to make a preliminary inquiry into the circumstances. But investigation was in this case a mere form, and nothing could be elicited in the present condition of the sufferer. If he should die, and the suspected person could be named, this magistrate's duty was to give an order for the arrest of the latter, who would be conveyed before a jury, and the proper judicial officer, by whom the accusation would be confirmed or not, (similar to the finding or throwing out of a bill by our grand jurors) after an examination of witnesses. If the charge were not found, the accused would be released at once; if it were, he would be sent to trial before a court of judicature, composed of six judges, whose decision would be final, subject only to the pleasure of the sovereign.

The consternation at the Foz, and chiefly among the numerous friends of Don Alvarez, may be imagined. A thousand rumours and misrepresentations were in the wind. Some political enemy in Spain might have suborned the assailant; or it might have been an attack of which the object was merely robbery, and the ruffian might have been alarmed before he could secure his booty, for Don Alvarez had lost nothing but his blood. This was the more plausible suggestion, because night robberies were very frequent after the siege, though murder was very rare. Disbanded soldiers and other prowlers infested the streets and the suburbs; the police was wretched, and after it was strengthened by military patroles, the number of robberies was not few, and there were doubts whether several of them were not committed by these very guardians of the public safety. Civil jurisdiction has improved since that time. The suburbs of Oporto are not more dangerous now at night than those of London, though the temptations to outrage are greater, for the Oporto streets and roads are ill lighted, or not lighted at all, and the watchmen or soldier-police are comparatively few and inefficient, so that there is far less danger of detection for the robber.

Nowhere did the news of that outrage fall more heavily than in the residence of Mr. Leslie. When some rash newsmonger abruptly announced to the three ladies that Don Alvarez was *murdered*, Miss Leslie betrayed far more feeling than might have been expected from the belle and the coquette. She betrayed a secret which even her nearest intimate, Mrs. Lumley, was far from suspecting. She burst into tears, and wrung her hands, in the utmost agitation. "Where, where?" she cried, "let us go and see him. Is he dead? Oh, mother, what have I to live for?" The bolt was shot. That anguish of mind, those words were genuine, and could not be explained away. Mrs. Lumley was astonished. Some recent conversations with May Leslie had half convinced her that Mr. Forsyth was her favourite, and Mrs. Lumley, even at that distressing moment, was not sorry to be quite assured that she had been mistaken. Her sorrow for Don Alvarez, if less acute and less absorbing than Miss Leslie's, was as sincere. But when she was soon afterwards informed that the Castilian had been stabbed at the door of Mr. Forsyth, and was now in a precarious condition in that gentleman's house, her agitation was almost equal to her friend's.

Miss Leslie had now a hope of the possible recovery of Don Alvarez, and it gradually fortified and calmed her. Mrs. Lumley felt some undefined terror at the association of Mr. Forsyth's name and residence with the horrible crime. Almost every hour messengers were sent to inquire into the state of Don Alvarez. The few particulars of the attack on him were soon understood, though no one but Gomez suspected the hand that dealt the blow. Senhor Pinto, after the ineffectual

visit of the magistrate was known, presented himself at Mr. Forsyth's door, and left his card as one of the inquirers there!

Many hours had not passed before Mrs. Lumley and May Leslie were in perfect intelligence. Miss Leslie's passion for her Castilian lover had revealed itself so suddenly that it might seem that

"The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years;"

but it was not the passion of a moment. The flint from which that sparkle had been struck might never have confessed the fire within it but for some such violent collision with disaster. Miss Leslie, the belle and the coquette, might but for this event have been able still to deface her heart of woman with vanities; Don Alvarez might have been long without discovering that he was the true object of her preference among a crowd of admirers, and Miss Leslie might, even to herself, have only acknowledged him to be.

"More loved than any, though less dear than all."

The dagger aimed at the life of Don Alvarez cut the complicated knot of May Leslie's self-love.

Don Alvarez recovered, and the Belle was in due time the reward for all his sufferings. In the conflict of political factions in Spain, though the star of Don Carlos has not regained the ascendant, the personal interests and fortune of Don Alvarez, one of his most loyal partisans, rose to prosperity by circumstances out of the scope of this narrative. The name of May Leslie has ceased to exist. She is one of the most admired wives of Madrid, the wife of Don Alvarez, and the mother of young Hidalgos. On the same day that the English Belle and Castilian cavalier, both Catholics, were wed in the cathedral of Oporto, Mrs. Lumley was married in the English chapel to Mr. Forsyth the hermit of the Foz.

Here ends, or should end, my story; but where is Mr. Stubbs? Miss Leslie's marriage did not take place till several months had passed after the attack on Don Alvarez; but the positive fact of her engagement became known to Mr. Stubbs about two months after the date of that alarm. Mrs. Leslie communicated the cruel tidings on the 30th of November, and in less than an hour afterwards a remarkable catastrophe befell the disconsolate Stubbs. He was hurrying in exceeding perturbation of mind over the Pontoon Bridge that connected Oporto with Villa Nova. He had got half way across the bridge when he suddenly paused, dubious whether he should proceed and visit his wine-lodge, or then and thence throw himself into the river. The latter was a fearful alternative: but the gloom and wildness of the weather suiting the gloomy habit of his soul, rather encouraged him to take the plunge. The floodgates of heaven had opened in Spain: down came the melted snows of the Spanish mountains in a gigantic current that broke the banks of the Douro, and then carried away portions of the soil from the Upper Douro, and so raving along in muddy haste it reached Oporto, where it snapped the chain of the bridge; when away went the boats, some to the Arsenal, and some over the Bar. Three or four men, besides Mr. Stubbs, were on the bridge at the moment that the crash of the current let the boats loose with their several superstructures of plank and railing, white and red: those men found themselves suddenly carried down over the lower part of Villa Nova, for that was submerged in a moment—and then, across, down to the Arsenal, where their truant fragment of a bridge drifted ashore, and they were quit for their fears, after a compulsory water-trip of about a mile and a half. But a single boat, with its cover and its fore and aft fence of railings, the central boat in which Mr. Stubbs was contemplating suicide, settled his doubts by detaching itself from the rest and launching itself with Mr. Stubbs into the stream.

"Perfidious bark, and built in the eclipse!"

It bore away the little poet to his extreme astonishment: it went whirling, eddying, and wavering hither and thither, but never stopping — now it seemed inclined to land him at Gaya; now it shot away to the opposite coast of Miragaya, then fluctuated between Massarellos and Bicalho, then wavered at the Arsenal, then darted down right for the Bar as if determined to make a transatlantic voyage and carry him back to his wife at New York, in spite of his remonstrances. It was an awful period of Mr. Stubbs's life. His life. No gambler in his senses would have staked a new crown on his chance of safety against Portugal and the Algarves. Poor Mr Stubbs! as he stood on the verge of eternity, like some reluctant wretch condemned "to walk the plank," placed as it were on a lofty stage above his whirling boat that seemed bound for the Atlantic, if it could escape swamping among the rocks and quicksands of the Bar, did he think of all his sins of inconstancy to the tender sex? Did he think of all the maids and matrons whom his oily tongue and persuasive verse had flattered and deceived, and of his pretty little virago spouse in America, and repudiated marriage-bonds, faithless as the bonds of Mississippi? He did, he did; and he was in an agony of contrition, when his runaway wooden hippopotamus halted plump upon the Cabedello and jerked him off upon the sands, where he executed a somerset that would have won applause for the clown at Astley's. He gasped; he grasped the sands which seemed to melt in his fingers; the muddy salt waves pursued and almost choked him; he lifted up his head in anguish; he recovered his breath, and got upon his legs, and ran as fast as soft wet sands allowed, for he seemed sinking at every step; but at last he got to firmer ground, and stood safe, just below a well-known landmark, the gray, smooth stones of the Cabedello, where, at many a joyous picnic, he had triumphed in the smiles of May Leslie, and, inspired by champagne, made verses to her eyes.

But here he was on the wrong side of the river, and had a full hour's leisure to return thanks for his escape, and to rest, before the tide turned, and some boatmen from the Foz ventured off and brought him across. Mr. Forsyth, the only Englishman that lingered there, received him at his

house, where the excellent cookery of his friend, Manoel Gomez, and some choice beverage, half as old as himself, speedily restored to Mr. Stubbs the philosophic temper that made him consent to live and to endure

> The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to.

His affairs calling him to England, and his wife calling him to New York, he embarked for Liverpool in about three weeks after his last adventure, and the sailing vessel in which he was a passenger was pitching in the Bay of Biscay, on the 25th of December, a festival on which he had for several successive years of his jolly bachelorhood been a guest at the table of Mr. Leslie. This recollection awakening all his tenderness, compelled him, in spite of the inconstancy of the young May Moon, to address to her a farewell lyric, which he forwarded to Oporto by the first packet. Somehow or other a copy of the poem got to New York before the poet; and it is said, that on his arrival there, the first salute that he received from his little wife was not the kiss of peace, but a salute from her open palm, administered with such conjugal good-will that it made one of his cheeks blush scarlet for his Christmas carol. Like the horse-dealer, who, when he was warranting a filly "free from vice and quiet in harness," received from her a kick which made him swallow his front teeth, Mr. Stubbs, while yet tingling with the smart of his young Xantippe's palmy greeting, exclaimed, "Pretty little playful creature!"

We subjoin the immortal verses which procured for Mr. Stubbs so warm a testimony of his wife's estimate of its merits, and of her correct notion of the true intent and meaning of the heroic motto, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*. It was Mr. Stubbs's first and last

SEA LYRIC.

A Christmas day on Biscay's Bay,
Is sorry cheer, May Leslie!

A roaring breeze and raging seas,
Are music drear, May Leslie!

Our moaning bark, like Noah's ark,
Is all alone, May Leslie!
The waste of surge to ocean's verge,
Is all our own, May Leslie!

Skies, sea, and wind were fair and kind
But yesterday, May Leslie!
But now astray they force our way
On Biscay's Bay, May Leslie!

The sea and wind are like thy mind,
A fickle pair, May Leslie!
The changing skies are like thine eyes,
So false and fair, May Leslie!

Within Oporto's orange shades,
And citron bowers, May Leslie!
Are maids of beauty dark, and maids
As fair as flowers, May Leslie!

And one there is above them all
With charms endowed, May Leslie!
A maiden dark, and fair, and tall,
Of spirit proud, May Leslie!

Her eyes are as the lightning bright,
In arrowy freaks, May Leslie,
Enkindling blushes with their light
On her own cheeks, May Leslie!

And then the magic of her smile,
That smile of smiles, May Leslie!
Which still invites and still delights,
And still beguiles, May Leslie!

Though far away from sunny shores
And sunnier eyes, May Leslie!
I toss where angry ocean roars
To blackening skies, May Leslie!

That stately form, in every charm
Of perfect grace, May Leslie!
Before me glitters through the storm!
I see her face, May Leslie!

But mark, the gale has ceased to rail;
The wind has veered, May Leslie!
Our bark so gay now knows her way,
North-westward steer'd, May Leslie!

I fill the glass, a health to pass,
Though far at sea, May Leslie!
A health to Porto's fairest Lass,
And that's to Thee, May Leslie!

THE FAIRY LADYE'S LOVE. A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

A Fairy Ladye loved a Knight,
Renown'd for valour, grace, and might,
Sprung from a line of nobles true,
An ancient house of old Bayeux.
Upon that beauteous Ladye's face,
Time left no footprint, line, or trace;
She watch'd the Knight in eastern lands,
Invisible 'mid bolts and brands,
And o'er her human gallant's head
The Egis of the Fairy spread.
When the toss'd pilot on the main,
Essay'd with helm and sail in vain,
It matter'd not if rocks were there,
If quicksands spread their treacherous snare,
If Scylla and Charybdis' jaws
Were open'd for the reeling bark,
She trampled on the Ocean's laws,
(As o'er the Deluge swept the Ark;)
She bore the groaning vessel through
To waters sunlit, still and blue,
For love of him, who on the deck
Awaited the impending wreck.
Invisible as yet was she,
But to his deep heart, secretly,
She told the mighty love that made,
Her Fairy Being grief and shade.
It lay upon her like a spell,
And bound her to a dying race,
And lured her beam-like soul to dwell,
Upon a troubled resting-place:
Deaden'd her heart with doubts and fears,
Taught her the bitterness of tears,
And, what she ne'er was form'd to know,
Our human helplessness and wo.
But proudly did the young Knight hear,
The tale she whisper'd in his ear,

And loved her whom he ne'er had seen,
Who in the fight his shield had been,
His pilot on the sea;
And promised constancy and truth
To her, endow'd with changeless youth,
And immortality!
Scarce from his lips the words had pass'd,
When round him was a brightness cast,
And in the midst the Fairy stood,
Resplendent in the womanhood
She clad herself for him.
Her tresses were like beams of gold,
Encircled by an azure fold;
In every beauteous limb
The Fairy with the mortal blent;
And each best brightest charm was lent
To the new form the Fairy took,
To meet her lover's first fond look.

"I have left the rosy chambers,
Far beyond the wilds of sea;
Human grief, and pain, and labours,
I have known for love of thee!
I who sat upon the rainbow,
That above the cataract gleams,
Light, and bright, and like a halo,
On a *lotos* rode the streams:
On my track the breezes follow,
That awake the flowers of spring;
I went forth to meet the swallow,
And bear up his weary wing:
To my car of rosy petals,
Harness'd by a spider's thread,
Gleaming like the precious metals,
Dragon-flies before me sped.
And the warbling of the song-bird,
And the buzzing of the bee,
The aspen by the breezes stirr'd,
All were minstrelsy to me!
Every race and form of creature,
Wing'd, or finn'd, or footed, knows,
'Twas my task to bring their pleasure,
And the solace for their woes.
I have sacrificed these powers,
I have left my Fairy Race:
Others now shall dew the flowers,
Wreathe their sprays with matchless grace.
To a mortal I have bound me,
Who will change, and fade, and die:
Mortal coil I've put upon me,
But to please thy human eye.
I shall love thee ages after
Thou to mother-dust hast turn'd,
When the earth, and air, and water,
Have reclaimed the heart that burned.
I shall trace thee in the grasses
That will grow around thy tomb;
And in every wind that passes
In the stilly hours of gloom!
But one word, my Knight, must never
Pass the lips I love so well!
Every tie that word will sever:
It must be my parting knell.
While I speak, through all my being
Thrills a dead and chilling pain,
It would seem to kill each feeling,
And dissolve my heart to rain.
It is *Death!* oh! never utter
That dread word, my spirit's bane;
All things round me seem to mutter,
Death is certain—Love is vain!"

And o'er the Fairy Ladye's face
A mortal's tears their passage trace;
But soon he kiss'd those drops away,
And swore no tongue should ever say
That word of import dread and strange,
Of fallen nature's last sad change.
The Ladye meekly bore the wo
All dwellers upon earth must know;
Nor panted for the wondrous bliss,
The sparkling lightsome happiness
Her Fairy kindred knew;
But as a fond and loving wife,
Around the dull provincial life,
A thousand charms she threw.
And, like some beauteous twining flower,
Seem'd she around the hold and bower
A rosy light and glow to fling;
And as the wild bird's warbling,
Were the sweet snatches that she sung
The halls and woodland paths among;
But ever when she past a tomb,
A chill through all her pulses went;
Annihilating seem'd the gloom
The thought of dissolution sent.
Then looking up into his eyes,
With the deep earnest gaze of love,
She said, "My soul within me dies,
To think thou e'er should'st pass above,
And leave me here to know that sorrow
Which spares no hope to greet the morrow.
Oh! it is madness thus to fling
Our all of joy upon one die,
Round one fond hope to writhe and cling
With all life's desperate energy.
But I have done this, oh! my lover,
Nor thought, nor joy have I for other."

Years past away—he still was true,
The awful word was never said—
And from her lustrous eyes of blue
A happier, calmer light was shed.
Yet one sad day the spell was broken,
The word of dread and doom was spoken.
Sudden and careless was the deed,
'Twas done without design or heed;
But soon as from his lips it went,
Her fate was seal'd—the dart was sent.
She faded stilly from his sight,
Like shadows on a moonlight night;
Each hue grew fainter in her face—
Transparent, scarce she seem'd to trace
An outline 'gainst the summer sky,
And as a spirit she past by.
No angry word the Fairy spoke,
No cry burst when her fond heart broke;
She cast one look of wild regret,
Where love and piteous anguish met,
And dumb surprise, and dread dismay,
To see the hand she cherish'd slay
Her one sole hope, her spirit's stay.

'Tis long since pass'd from human sight
The gentle Fay who loved the Knight,
For ages he in peace hath laid
Beneath the altar's holy shade:
A thousand suns have ta'en the hue
Of the broad banner that he bore;
The idle rust hath eaten through
The baldrick and the helm he wore.
But still at eve the peasants say
They hear the mourning of the Fay;
And still when o'er the waking earth
Glisten the dews of morning's birth,
The burden of her wail is heard
Amid the matins of the bird;
'Tis "Death," yet "Death" the Fairy calls,
Hovering around the ruin'd Walls.

BROWN'S LECTURES ON ETHICS.*

If these Lectures deserve half the commendation which Dr. Chalmers has bestowed on them in his recommendatory preface, every one who desires the dissemination of pure moral views and sound literature, must be glad to see them detached from the body of Dr. Brown's Philosophical Works, and given to the world in the cheap and popular form which facilitates their entrance into the humblest library and the most obscure reading circle. Except to students of moral science, the Ethical Lectures of Dr. Brown, from being regarded as part and parcel of his investigations and views on Mental Philosophy, are comparatively little known; though, in point of fact, his inquiries and elucidations of what is by far the most important of all the sciences, are written in a style which need not have alarmed the reader, the most diffident of his own capacity to follow subtle trains of reasoning, or of nice analysis. No severe task is imposed on his untutored or untried power of following close and intricate processes of reasoning; while the practical details in Brown's code of moral duties and virtues, are written in as simple and popular a style as the details of Paley, though with a more flowing eloquence and much greater scope of vivid and poetical illustration. "When," to borrow the words of Dr. Chalmers, "he passes from the elementary questions in morals, to the description and detail of the particular virtues, he very much drops the analyst; and, instead of a laborious and severe scrutiny into first principles, sets before his readers the most beautiful sketches and representations of character." Dr. Chalmers alleges a farther reason or apology for this passing from the severely philosophical to the popular, which, though it could not have been contemplated by Dr. Brown, has incidentally fitted for the widest diffusion a body of Ethical Lectures, originally addressed to a limited number of students. The cause which has produced the happy effect we have noticed, is thus stated in the preface: — "Over and above the strict philosophy of the subject, there is in it a high practical importance, possessing in itself the most urgent claims on the attention of the Professor, [of Moral Philosophy,] and making it indeed an imperative duty that he should pass onward from the laws, whether of human erudition or thought, to the lessons and the obligations of human virtue. There was, besides, a great temptation — were it for nothing else than the relief and relaxation of his students, after the fatigue of those arduous speculations through which he had before conducted them—that he should regale both himself and them, by setting forth in perspective the grace and loveliness of those virtues the principle of which he had just been labouring to explore. Let us not wonder, then, that the philosophical *savant* should, on such occasions, have become the rhetorician or the monitor; and, indeed, we should have held it an unpardonable defect, had he not felt the impulse to communicate of his own enthusiasm for the beautiful and the good, to the youth who sat before him. They who personally knew him will at once recognise, in some of the representations which are here given, a picture of that very gentleness and refinement by which himself was characterized. It is this mixture of the more popular and engaging with things of abstruser quality which, in our opinion, makes it so advisable that these Lectures should be given to the world in the form of a separate publication."

By the help of Dr. Chalmers we have, we think, made out our first position, namely, the adaptation of a work which might be imagined wholly given up to elementary and abstruse philosophical inquiries and views, to the dissemination of the knowledge of those principles of duty and conduct, the earnest investigation of which is the paramount duty and interest of every thinking being. Dr. Chalmers does not, indeed, affirm that the Ethical Lectures of Dr. Brown, any more than the writings of any other uninspired man, present either a perfect theory of virtue, or a perfect directory of conduct. Such a work still is, and he imagines must, in our present state, ever remain a desideratum. But even an approximation to a perfect text-book, or to one standard work upon Ethical Science, is no small achievement; and this is found by him in Brown's Lectures, when he describes them as "A body of sound principle, ably and eloquently advocated;" and "having an immeasurable superiority over all the merely *human* systems of Moral Philosophy, or those where the science is treated apart from revelation, which he is acquainted with." Particular proofs of this superiority we shall point out as the discussions arise upon which they bear.

There is another advantage which general readers may obtain from the perusal of these Lectures:— Either for the exposition or the refutation of particular theories and views, Dr. Brown has, with great clearness and perfect candour, stated the doctrines of every eminent philosopher, every founder of a school, ancient or modern, who has treated of the science of Ethics. From Epicurus and Zeno, to Paley, Hume, and Smith, he includes them all. Of the twenty-eight Lectures, seven are entirely devoted to this important branch of a course of Ethics. On this head, Dr. Chalmers remarks, after an assurance to Dr. Brown's philosophical admirers, that the "best and highest theologians" agree with him as to what is the primary fountain-head of morality,— "And there is another most important coincidence between the ethical views of Dr. Brown and what is conceived by the ablest expounders of

* Lectures on Ethics, by Thomas Brown, M.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; with a Preface by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Professor of Divinity in the Free Church College, Edinburgh. Post octavo. Pp. 524. Edinburgh: William Tait. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Christian truth to be orthodox in theology. We esteem it to be one of his most successful achievements, the utter demolition which he has effected of the Selfish System of Morals; in which category is included the Moral Philosophy of Dr. Paley, as being but an enlargement of the Selfish System: the one, properly so called, making the essence of virtue to lie in the pursuit of our own good in time; and the other, still in the pursuit of our own good, but of our good in eternity. The principle which most avails him in the work of refutation, is that for which the world was first indebted to Bishop Butler, in one of his Fifteen Sermons, which, taken all in all, form a most invaluable repertory of sound ethical doctrine, whether as grounded on the lessons of strictly moral science, or on the admirable and original views presented by their author, of man's moral constitution."

But, once for all, we refer to the eloquent preface,—in which Dr. Chalmers gives a general view of the nature and value of the work,—and proceed to the grateful task of introducing to our readers what has hitherto been, in a great measure, "a sealed book," though it is one not only worthy of all acceptation, on the highest grounds, but one admirably adapted to the purpose for which it has been given to the public in its new shape.

The opening Lectures treat of the first principles of the science, or of "our notions of virtue," and embody Dr. Brown's own views of the origin of morality, obligation, merit. They also contain nearly all that is given in the work of the metaphysics of moral philosophy. But the chain of reasoning which unfolds the nature and source of our primary moral notions, whether of the excellence or delinquency of particular actions, must be followed link by link by those who would clearly see their way through the investigations which follow, and who would start fairly, by at once getting rid of prevailing misconceptions. This preliminary part, therefore, of Dr. Brown's treatise, we leave to the diligent and careful reader, giving merely an outline and example of his happy manner of illustrating and simplifying difficult questions. He is showing how the same action may affect us very differently in different conditions of feeling or circumstances, and says,—

The action may seem to us worthy of blame rather than of praise, or scarcely be worthy of praise at all, or worthy of still higher admiration; but the difference arises from the change of circumstances supposed, not from any necessary difference in the principle of our moral judgments. In this way, by imagining some other agent with different views, or in different circumstances, and in this way only, I conceive, we learn to consider actions separately from the particular agent, and to regard the morality of the one as distinct from the merit of the other; when, in truth, the action which we choose to denominate the same, is, as a moral object, completely different.

If we were present when any one, unacquainted with the nature of the different lenses of the optician, looked at any small animal through a magnifier, or a multiplier, in a piece of plain coloured glass, we should never think of blaming his sense of vision as imperfect, though he were seriously to believe that the animal at which he looked was much larger than it is, or was not one merely, but fifty, or was blue not white. If, however, we were to conceive others, or the same individual himself, to look at the same object without the medium interposed, and to form the same opinion, we should then unquestionably ascribe to their vision what we before ascribed to the mere lens interposed; and, if we conceived our own sight to be perfect, we could not but conceive theirs to be imperfect. It is precisely the same in that distinction of the virtue of an action and the virtue of the agent, which has produced so much confusion in the theory of morals. We conceive, in the one case, the moral vision of the agent with the lens interposed, in the other case without the lens; and we make in the one case an allowance which we cannot make in the other. But still I must repeat, that in making this very allowance, it is only on account of the difference of circumstances that we make it, and that we cannot justly extend the difference from the mere medium to the living principle on which moral vision depends.

The emotions, or rather "notions" of virtue, morality, obligation, merit, are traced by Dr. Brown to one simple condition of the mind, which is "a feeling of vivid approval of the frame of the mind of the agent, which arises on the contemplation of certain actions, and the capacity of which is as truly essential to our mental constitution as the capacity of sensation, memory, reason, or any of the other feelings of which the mind is susceptible." But we cannot more satisfactorily exhibit Dr. Brown's theory of "Moral Approbation," than in the words of the retrospect of his speculation on a doctrine on which he bases so much. He says,—

It may be of advantage, therefore, to take a short retrospect of our original speculation. In surveying either our own conduct, or the conduct of others, we do not regard the actions that come under our review as merely useful or hurtful, in the same manner as we regard inanimate things, or parts even of our living mental constitution, that are independent of our will. There is a peculiar set of emotions, to which the actions of voluntary agents in certain circumstances give rise, that are the source of our moral sentiments, or rather which are themselves our moral sentiments, when considered in reference to the actions that excite them. To these emotions we give the name of moral approbation or moral disapprobation; feelings that are of various degrees of vividness as the actions which we consider are various. The single principle on which these feelings depend, is the source of all our moral notions; one feeling of approbation, as variously regarded in time, being all which is truly meant when we speak of moral obligation, virtue, merit, that, in the works of ethical writers, are commonly treated as objects of distinct inquiry; and that, in consequence of the distinct inquiries to which they have led, and the vain attempts to discover essential differences where none truly exist, have occasioned so much confusion of thought and verbal tautology as to throw a sort of darkness on morality itself. Instead, then, of inquiring first, what it is which constitutes virtue, and then what it is which constitutes merit, and then what it is which constitutes our moral obligation to do what we have seen to be right and meritorious, we found that one inquiry alone was necessary—what actions excite in us, when contemplated, a certain vivid feeling—since this approving sentiment alone, in its various references, is all which we seek in these different verbal inquiries. If a particular action be meditated by us, and we feel, on considering it, that it is one of those which, if performed by us, will be followed in our own mind by the painful feeling of self-reproach, and in the minds of others by similar disapprobation; if a different action be meditated by us, and we feel that our performance of it would be followed in our own mind and the minds of others by an opposite emotion of approbation, this view of the moral emotions that are consequences of the actions is that which I consider as forming what is

termed moral obligation, the moral inducement which we feel to the performance of certain actions, or to abstinence from certain other actions. We are virtuous if we act in conformity with this view of moral obligation; we are vicious if we act in opposition to it; virtuous and vicious meaning nothing more than the intentional performance of actions that excite, when contemplated, the moral emotions. Our action, in the one case, we term morally right, in the other case morally wrong; right and wrong, like virtue and vice, being only words that express briefly the actions which are attended with the feeling of moral approbation in the one case, of moral disapprobation in the other case. When we speak of the merit of any one, or of his demerit, we do not suppose any thing to be added to the virtue or vice; we only express, in other words, the fact, that he has performed the action which it was virtuous or vicious to perform; the action which, as contemplated by us, excites our approval, or the emotion that is opposite to that of approval. Moral obligation, virtue, vice, right, wrong, merit, demerit, and whatever other words may be synonymous with these, all denote then, as you perceive, relations to one simple feeling of the mind; the distinctive sentiment of moral approbation or disapprobation, which arises on the contemplation of certain actions; and which seems itself to be various, only because the action of which we speak or think, meditated, willed, or already performed, is variously regarded by us, in time, as future, present, past. There are, in short, certain actions which cannot be contemplated without the instant feeling of approval, and which may therefore be denominated morally right. To feel this character of approvableness in an action which we have not yet performed, and are only meditating on it as future, is to feel the moral obligation or moral inducement to perform it. When we think of the action in the moment of volition, we term the voluntary performance of it virtue; when we think of the action as already performed, we denominate it merit; in all which cases, if we analyze our moral sentiment, we cannot fail to discern, that it is one constant feeling of moral approval, with which we have been impressed, that is varied only by the difference of the time at which we regard the action as future, immediate, or past.

A great part of the confusion which has prevailed in the theory of morals, has arisen, I have little doubt, from indistinctness of conception with respect to the identity or the difference of these moral notions of obligation, virtue, merit. . . . . It is necessary for general peace, even though no other relation were to be considered, that there should be some great rules of conduct, according to which all may direct their actions in one harmonious course of virtue; or according to which, at least, in any partial discord of the actions of individuals, the moral sentiment of the community may be harmoniously directed, in checking what would be generally injurious, and furthering what would be generally beneficial. There is, therefore, we found, such an accordance of sentiment—of sentiment that is directed by the provident benevolence of God to the happiness of all who live in the great social communion of mankind, even when the individual, acting in conformity with the sentiment, has no thought beyond the sufferer whose anguish he relieves, or the friend to whose happiness he feels it more than happiness to contribute, or the preservation of his own internal character of moral excellence, in cases in which pain is encountered or pleasure sacrificed with no other object than that moral excellence itself. Since the world was created, there have indeed been myriads of human beings on the earth; but there has been only one God, and there is only one God. There is, therefore, only one great voice of approbation in all the myriads of mankind; because He, the great approver and the great former of our moral constitution, is one. We may refrain from virtue; we may persecute virtue; but, though our actions may be the actions of hatred, there is a silent reverence which no hatred can suppress. The omnipresent Judge of human actions speaks in the cause of the wicked as in the cause of the good, and has made it impossible for us, even in the wildest abuses of our power, not to revere, at least in heart, the virtue which he has honoured with his love.

Dr. Chalmers censures Brown for not more explicitly assenting to the doctrine which Butler has named "The Supremacy of Conscience;" but here and in similar passages we find the fullest recognition of this doctrine.

In exposition of his own theory, it is said, in another place,—

All our moral sentiments, then, of obligation, virtue, merit, are in themselves, as we have seen, nothing more than one simple feeling, variously referred to actions, as future, present, or past. With the loss of the susceptibility of this one peculiar species of emotion, all practical morality would instantly cease: for, if the contemplation of actions excited in us no feeling of approval, no foresight, that, by omitting to perform them, we should regard ourselves, and others would regard us, with abhorrence or contempt, or at least with disapprobation, it would be absurd to suppose that there could be any moral obligation to perform certain actions and not to perform certain other actions, which seemed to us morally equal and indifferent.

This fragment would be yet more incomplete if we wholly omitted the practical conclusions which are drawn from the previous speculation. On this head it is remarked—

We have now, then, examined very fully the great question, as to the distinctions which we find man every where to have made of actions, as morally right or wrong; and I trust, for the sake of your happiness in life at least, as much as for the accuracy of your philosophy, that you are not inclined to withhold your logical assent from the doctrine of the moral distinction of vice and virtue; a doctrine which seems to me to have every character of truth as a faithful picture of the phenomena of the mind, and which it would therefore be as erroneous as it would be miserable to deny.

In an earlier stage of the investigation, when discussing the limitations to the universality and omnipotence of the great moral law of our nature, the soundness of the logic is, if possible, surpassed by the glow and charm of sentiment and the beauty of illustration with which the subject is invested. One of the limitations to the universality for which Brown contends, is the complex nature of certain actions, and their complex results. On this point, it is argued—

Such partial views, it is evident, may become the views of a whole nation, from the peculiar circumstances in which the nation may be placed as to other nations, or from peculiarity of general institutions. The legal permission of theft in Sparta, for example, may seem to us, with our pacific habits, and security of police, an exception to that moral principle of disapprobation for which I contend. But there can be no doubt that theft, as mere theft,—or, in other words, as a mere production of a certain quantity of evil by one individual to another individual,—if it never had been considered in relation to any political object, would in Sparta also have excited disapprobation, as with us. As a mode of inuring to habits of vigilance a warlike people, however, it might be considered in a very different light; the evil of the loss of property, though in itself an evil to the individual, even in a country in which differences of property were so slight, being nothing in this estimate when compared with the more important national accession of military virtue. And, indeed, the reason of the permission seems to be sufficiently marked, in the limitation of the impunity to cases in which the aggressor escaped detection at the time. The law of nature, the law written in the heart of man, then came again into

all its authority; or rather, the law of nature had not ceased to have authority, even in those permissions which seemed to be directly opposed to it; the great object, even of those anomalous permissions, being the happiness of the state, the pursuit of which nature points out to our approbation in the same manner, though not with such vivid feelings, as she points out to us for approbation the endeavour to render more happy the individuals around us. It would be a very interesting inquiry to consider, in this way, all those instances which have been adduced as exceptions to natural law, and to detect the circumstances of real or supposed good accompanying the evil permitted, for which the evil itself might in many cases seem to have been permitted.

After following out this reasoning somewhat farther, it is convincingly argued of the limitations or exceptions to the universal law,—

When these supposed exceptions are tolerated, why is it that they are tolerated? Is it on account of the benefit or of the injury that co-exists in one complex mixture? Is it said, for example, by the ancient defenders of suicide, that it is to be commended because it deprives mankind of the further aid of one who might still be useful to society, or because it will give sorrow to every relation and friend, or because it is a desertion of the charge which Heaven has assigned to us? It is for reasons very different that it is said by them to be allowable; because the circumstances, they say, are such as seem of themselves to point out that the Divine Being has no longer occasion for our service on earth, and because our longer life would be only still greater grief or disgrace to our friends, and a burden rather than an aid to society. When the usages of a country allow the exposure of infants, is it not still for some reason of advantage to the community, falsely supposed to require it, that the permission is given? Or is it for the mere pleasure of depriving the individual infant of life, and of adding a few more sufferings to the general sufferings of humanity? Where is the land that says, Let misery be produced or increased, because it is misery? Let the production of happiness to an individual be avoided, because it is happiness? Then, indeed, might the distinctions of morality in the emotions which attend the production of good and evil, be allowed to be wholly accidental. But if nature has every where made the production of good desirable for itself, and the production of evil desirable, when it is desired and approved, only because it is accompanied, or supposed to be accompanied, with good, the very desire of the compound of good and evil, on this account, is itself a proof, not of love of evil, but of love of good. It is pleasing thus to find nature, in the wildest excesses of savage ignorance, and in those abuses to which the imperfect knowledge even of civilized nations sometimes gives rise, still vindicating, as it were, her own excellence,—in the midst of vice and misery asserting still those sacred principles which are the virtue and the happiness of nations—principles of which that very misery and vice attest the power, whether in the errors of multitudes who have sought evil for some supposed good, or in the guilt of individuals, who, in abandoning virtue, still offer to it an allegiance which it is impossible for them to withhold in the homage of their remorse.

The philosopher again returns to his fundamental doctrine of "approvableness," illustrating its modifications thus simply and felicitously—

In complicated cases, then, we may approve differently, because we are in truth incapable of distinguishing all the moral elements of the action, and may fix our attention on some of these, to the exclusion of others. Our taste, in like manner, distinguishes what is sweet and what is bitter, when these are simply presented to us; and there are substances which are no sooner put in the little mouth of the infant than he seems to feel from them pleasure or pain. He distinguishes the sweet from the bitter, as he distinguishes them in after life. Who is there who denies that there is, in the original sensibility of the infant, a tendency to certain preferences of this kind; that there are substances which are naturally agreeable to the taste, substances which are naturally disagreeable, and that it requires no process of education, no labour of years, no addition of prejudice after prejudice, to make sugar an object of desire to the child, and wormwood an object of disgust? Yet in the luxury of other years, there are culinary preparations which the taste of some approves, while the taste of others rejects them; and in addition which it is difficult to distinguish the prevailing element, whether acid, austere, sweet, bitter, aromatic. If the morals of nations differed half as much as the cookery of different nations, we might allow some cause for disbelief of all the natural distinctions of right and wrong. But what sceptic is there who contends, that the approbation which one nation gives to a sauce or ragout, which almost sickens him, that the sweet do not naturally differ from the bitter, as more agreeable the aromatic from the insipid; and that, to the mind, sugar, wormwood, spice, are, as sources of pleasure, essentially the same?

The manner in which the influence of association widely and powerfully limits our moral estimates of particular actions, is stated with peculiar clearness and force; but, as we can neither quote the whole of the Lectures, nor yet neglect all their beauties, we must, on this head, be brief; and the illustration which we copy out will sufficiently explain its own object.

It is quite evident, for example, that, in a civilized country, in which property is largely possessed, and complicated in its tenure, and as in the various modes in which it may be transferred, the infringement of property must be an object of peculiar importance, and what is commonly termed justice, in regard to it, be a virtue of essential value, and injustice a crime against which it is necessary to prepare many checks, and which is thence regarded as of no slight delinquency; the offence of the transgressor is estimated, in such a case, not by the little evil which, in any particular case, he may intentionally have occasioned to another individual, but in a great degree also by the amount of evil which would arise in a system of society constituted as that of the great nations of Europe is constituted, if all men were to be equally regardless of the right of property in others. When we read, therefore, of the tendency to theft, in many barbarous islanders of whom navigators tell us, and of the very little shame which they seem to feel on detection of their petty larcenies, we carry along with us our own classes of actions, and the emotions to which our own general rules, resulting from our own complicated social state, have given rise. We forget, that to those who consider an action simply as it is, the guilt of an action is an object that is measured by the mere amount of evil intentionally produced in the particular case; and that the theft which they contemplate is not, therefore, in its moral aspect, the same offence that is contemplated by us. . . . . The same actions may be approved and disapproved in different ages and countries, from the greater importance attached to the good or to the evil of such compound results, in relation to the general circumstances of society, or the influence perhaps of political errors, as to the consequences of advantage or injury to society of these particular actions; and, in the same age, and the same country, different individuals may regard the same action with very different moral feelings, from the higher attention paid to certain partial results of it, and the different presumptions thence formed as to the benevolent or injurious intentions of the agent. All this, it is evident, might take place without the slightest mutability of the principle of moral sentiments.

The reasons for this we cannot state at length, nor yet those which prove that, with all the limi-

tations which are recognised, the denier of moral distinctions, the assertor of the original indifference of all actions, takes untenable ground. We cannot, however, forbear, though regretting the necessary mutilation, to give some specimens of the eloquent exposition of the universality and supremacy of the original law written in the heart of all men, which teaches them to distinguish good from evil; to approve of virtue and disapprove of vice. On this point it is remarked, in refuting those who deny original moral distinctions in actions, or rather in contending for what Dr. Chalmers thinks Brown should have more distinctly recognised as the Moral Sense,—

We can imagine vessels sent on voyages of benevolence, to diffuse over the world the blessings of a pure religion, we can imagine voyages of this kind to diffuse the improvements of our sciences and arts. But what should we think of a voyage, of which the sole object was to teach the world that all actions are not, in the moral sense of the term, absolutely indifferent, and that those who intentionally do good to the society to which they belong, or to any individual of that society, ought to be objects of greater regard than he whose life has been occupied in plans to injure the society in general, or at least as many individuals of it as his power could reach? What shore is there at which such a vessel could arrive, however barren the soil, and savage the inhabitants, where these simple doctrines, which it came to diffuse, could be regarded as giving any instruction? The half-naked animal, that has no hut in which to shelter himself, no provision beyond the precarious chase of the day, whose language of numeration does not extend beyond three or four, and who knows God only as something which produces thunder and the whirlwind, even this miserable creature, at least as ignorant as he is helpless, would turn away from his civilized instructors with contempt, as if he had not heard any thing of which he was not equally aware before. The vessel which carried out these simple primary essential truths of morals might return as it went. It could not make a single convert, because there would not have been one who had any doubts to be removed. If, indeed, instead of teaching these truths, the voyagers had endeavoured to teach the natives whom they visited the opposite doctrine, as to the absolute moral indifference of actions, there could then be little doubt that they might have taught something new, whatever doubt there might justly be as to the number of the converts.

Having further illustrated this position by beautiful classical examples and quotations from an eloquent modern writer, our author proceeds—

There is, indeed, to borrow Cicero's noble description, one true and original law, conformable to reason and to nature, diffused over all, invariable, eternal, which calls to the fulfilment of duty and to abstinence from injustice, and which calls with that irresistible voice which is felt in all its authority wherever it is heard. This law cannot be abolished or curtailed, nor affected in its sanctions by any law of man. A whole senate, a whole people, cannot dispense from its paramount obligation. It requires no commentator to render it distinctly intelligible, nor is it different at Rome, at Athens, now, and in the ages before and after; but in all ages, and in all nations, it is, and has been, and will be, one and everlasting: one as that God, its great author and promulgator, who is the common Sovereign of all mankind, is himself one. Man is truly man, as he yields to this divine influence. He cannot resist it, but by flying as it were from his own bosom, and laying aside the general feelings of humanity; by which very act he must already have inflicted on himself the severest of punishments, even though he were to avoid whatever is usually accounted punishment. . . .

I have already alluded to the strength of the evidence which is borne by the guilty, to the truth of those distinctions which they have dared to disregard. If there be any one who has an interest in gathering every argument which even sophistry can suggest, to prove that virtue is nothing, and who will strive to yield himself readily to this consolatory persuasion, it is surely the criminal who trembles beneath a weight of memory which he cannot shake off. Yet even he who feels the power of virtue only in the torture which it inflicts, does still feel this power, and feels it with at least as strong conviction of its reality, as those to whom it is every moment diffusing pleasure, and who might be considered perhaps as not very rigid questioners of an illusion which they felt to be delightful. The spectral forms of superstition have indeed vanished; but there is one spectre which will continue to haunt the mind, as long as the mind itself is capable of guilt, and has exerted this dreadful capacity — the spectre of a guilty life, which does not haunt only the darkness of a few hours of night, but comes in fearful visitation, whenever the mind has no other object before it that can engage every thought, in the most splendid scenes and in the brightest hours of day. What enchanter is there who can come to the relief of a sufferer of this class, and put the terrifying spectre to flight? We may say to the murderer, that, in poisoning his friend, to succeed a little sooner to the estate which he knew that his friendship had bequeathed to him, he had done a deed as meritorious in itself, as if he had saved the life of his friend at the risk of his own; and that all for which there was any reason to upbraid himself was, that he had suffered his benefactor to remain so many years in the possession of means of enjoyment, which a few grains of opium or arsenic might have transferred sooner to him. We may strive to make him laugh at the absurdity of the scene, when, on the very bed of death, that hand which had often pressed his with kindness before, seemed to press again with delight the very hand which had mixed and presented the potion. But though we may smile, if we can smile, at such a scene as this, and point out the incongruity with as much ingenious pleasantry as if we were describing some ludicrous mistake, there will be no laughter on that face from which we strive to force a smile. He who felt the grasp of that hand will feel it still, and will shudder at our description; and shudder still more at the tone of jocular merriment with which we describe what is to him so dreadful.

What, then, is that theory of the *moral indifference* of actions which is evidently so powerless, of which even he who professes to regard it as sound philosophy, feels the impotence as much as other men; when he loves the virtuous and hates the guilty, when he looks back with pleasure on some generous action, or with shame and horror on actions of a different kind, which his own sound philosophy would teach him to be, in every thing that relates to his own internal feelings, exclusively of the errors and prejudices of education, equal and indifferent?

We cannot further follow an argument enforced by so much glow of sentiment and beauty of language — which establishes the grateful and ennobling doctrine, a doctrine as consonant with revelation as with reason—of the primary distinctions of morality being implanted in every human heart, never to be completely eradicated.

Having given so much of our space to what we may call Brown's system of ethical science,—which Dr. Chalmers states to be generally coincident with that of Bishop Butler, as unfolded in his "Sermons," affirming that the works of both are peculiarly fitted to be "the accompaniments, and, in some instances, the correctives of each other,"—we must be much more brief with our author's examination and refutation of the theories of the

most eminent of his predecessors in ethical inquiries. The first of them is Mandeville, whose theory is described in few words.

That man, like all other animals, is naturally solicitous only of his personal gratification, without regard to the happiness or misery of others; that the great point, with the original lawgivers or tamers of these human animals, was to obtain from them the sacrifice of individual gratification, for the greater happiness of others; that this sacrifice, however, could not be expected from creatures that cared only for themselves, unless a full equivalent were offered for the enjoyment sacrificed; that as this, at least in the greater number of cases, could not be found in objects of sensual gratification, or in the means of obtaining sensual gratification which are given in exchange in common purchases, it was necessary to have recourse to some other appetite of man; that the natural appetite of man for praise readily presented itself, for this useful end, and that, by flattering him into the belief that he would be counted nobler for the sacrifices which he might make, he was led, accordingly, to purchase this praise by a fair barter of that, which, though he valued it much, and would not have parted with it but for some equivalent or greater gain, he still valued less than the praise which he was to acquire; that the moral virtues, therefore, to use his strong expression, are "the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride;" and that, when we think that we see virtue, we see only the indulgence of some frailty, or the expectation of some praise.

Such is the very licentious system as to moral virtue, of this satirist of man; whose doctrine, false as it is, as a general view of human nature, has, in the world, so many instances which seem to correspond with it, that a superficial observer, who is little accustomed to make distinctions, extends readily to all mankind, what is true only of a part.

The hypothesis of Mandeville is then exposed at some length ere it is remarked—

If it be easy to make a little system like that of Mandeville, which reduces all virtue to the love of praise, it is just as easy to reverse the system, and to make all love of praise a modification of the purest virtue. . . . . A slight extension of the system of Mandeville produces that general selfish system of morals which reduces all virtue to the desire of the individual good of the agent.

The hypotheses of Clarke and Wollaston are more summarily disposed of. Of the system of the first, or of both, it is said,—

The system of Dr. Clarke, therefore, if stripped of its pompous phraseology, and translated into common language, is nothing more than the very simple truism or tautology, that to act virtuously is to act in conformity with virtue.

From this doctrine of conformity to the fitness of things, the theory of Wollaston, in which virtue is represented to consist in the conformity of our actions to the true nature of things, scarcely differs, as I have said, in any respect, unless as being a little more circuitous and complicated. The truth of which Wollaston speaks, is only virtue under another name; and if we had no previous notions of moral good and evil,—no love of the happiness of others more than of their misery, it would be absolutely impossible to determine whether virtue or vice were truth or falsehood, even in the sense in which he uses these terms.

A singular sort of commendation is bestowed upon the treatise of Wollaston, when it is stated to be—

More valuable for the light which it indirectly throws on the nature of the prejudices that pervert our judgment, than for the truths which it contains in itself. If I were desirous of convincing any one of the influence of a system in producing, in the mind of its author, a ready acquiescence in errors the most absurd, and in explanations far more necessary to be explained than the very difficulties which they professed to remove or illustrate, I know no work which I could put into his hands better suited for this purpose than the Religion of Nature Delineated.

In confuting the system of Hume, the Utilitarian System, of which Hume was the father and type, a more arduous task is undertaken. Dr. Chalmers describes the reasoning of this part of Brown's work, as "singularly able and conclusive, against the system of utility." With the argument we shall not intermeddle, as it will bear neither abridgment nor mutilation. Every separate step must be followed; but we may cull some specimens of those eloquent and graceful illustrations which have much of the force of argument. Dr. Brown is proving, that if utility be our standard, and the actuating principle of our moral actions, it is one of which the agent is himself unconscious.

Does the mother, (it is asked,) when she hangs sleepless, night after night, over the cradle of her sick infant, think even for a single moment, that it is for the good of the society of mankind, that she should labour to preserve that little being which is so dear to her for itself, and the abandonment of which, though no other being in the universe were to be affected by it, would seem to her a crime of scarcely conceivable atrocity? and are we to refuse to her patience and tenderness, and watchfulness of regard, the name of virtue, because she has thought only of some little comfort that might possibly flow to the individual, and has not measured her own personal sacrifices with that general good to which they should have been exactly adapted, nor estimated the general advantage of maternal love, as a principle of conduct which operates, and is continually to operate, in all the families of mankind? When we enter some wretched hovel, and see that wretchedness, which is so much more dreadful to the eye of him who beholds it, than to the ear of him who is told, in his splendid apartment, that there is misery upon the earth,—and who thinks that in pitying it, with the very idleness of pity, he has felt as a good man should feel; when we look through the darkness, to which there is no sunshine, on some corner darker still, where the father of those who have strength only to hang over him and weep, is giving to them his last blessing, which is all that remains to him to give; do we feel, on looking at this mixture of death, and sickness, and despair, and want, in dreadful assemblage, that it would be well for the world if a little relief were given to miseries so hopeless; or that compassion, as a principle of conduct, is of the highest usefulness, where there are so many sufferers on the earth, who may be objects of compassion? Of the principle of the action, in its relation to general utility, we never think. We hasten to do what it is in our power to do; and we have already obtained looks of as much gratitude, as could be felt in a moment of such affliction, long before we have thought of any thing more than what was before our very eyes. . . . .

But the feelings of the agent himself, whom alone we have yet considered, it may perhaps be said, furnish no decisive confutation of the supposed moral measurement of the virtue of actions, by the feeling of their precise degrees of general utility.

It is questioned whether the utilitarian philosopher in all cases pauses to estimate particular actions by their advantage to the community; and affirmed that such an idea never occurs to the multitude, whose moral feelings are at least as vivid as those of the philosopher who can calculate the most remote consequences of actions. A portion of the reasoning here will, we think, bear to be detached, without greatly suffering.

Let the feelings of the agent be left wholly out of account, and let us think only of the feelings of him who contemplates the action of another. Is the approbation of virtue, in this case, the feeling of mere utility? our indignation, disgust, abhorrence of vice, in its aspects of greatest atrocity, a feeling of nothing more than of the uselessness, or physical encumbrance and detriment to society, of that profitless thing which we call a tyrant or a parricide! The doctrine of utility, as the felt essence of virtue, is in this case as little in agreement with the moral facts which it would explain, as in the case of the feelings of the agent himself; as little accordant with them as any false hypothesis in mere physics, with the stubbornly resisting physical facts, which it would vainly endeavour to reconcile, or at least to force together.

If the approbation which we give to virtue be only the emotion excited in us by the contemplation of what is useful to mankind, it is very evident that such utility is to be found, not in the actions only of voluntary agents, and in the general principles of conduct from which the particular actions flow, but in inanimate matter also; and indeed, on earth at least, it is only by the intervention of matter that one mind can indirectly be of any utility whatever to any other mind. Let us imagine, then, not a mere chest of drawers before us,—for that may be counted of too trifling convenience,—but the most useful machine which the art of man has been able to devise,—a loom, for example, a ship, a printing-press, instruments which have certainly contributed to the happiness of the world a far greater amount of good than any moral action of any generous benefactor, whose voluntary production of a little limited good, perhaps to a single individual only, may yet have excited in us the liveliest emotions of a regard that is almost veneration, or more than mere veneration. When we think of any one of these noble instruments, as placed before our eyes, or when any one of them is actually before our eyes, and when we trace all the contrivances of its parts, and think of the good which has for many ages resulted, and will still continue to result from the whole, does it seem to us possible that any one should assert, or almost that any one should imagine, for a moment, the sameness in kind of the intellectual admiration, if I may so express it, which we feel in such a case, with the moral admiration that is excited in us by the patriot or the martyr; or even by the humblest of those who, in their little sphere of private life, in the ordinary circumstances of peaceful society, exert, for the good of the few who are around them, an energy of active benevolence, as powerful as that which, in a more elevated station, and in a tumultuous age, ennobles the leader and the sufferer in the cause of nations and of the world? Our admiration of a steam-engine, our admiration of an heroic sacrifice of personal comfort, or of life itself, are feelings that can scarcely be said to have any greater resemblance than the brightness of scarlet and the shrillness of a trumpet; and the blind man who asserted the similarity of these two sensations, was, I cannot but think, (if our consciousness is to decide on the comparative merit of the theories,) at least as sound a theorist as he who would convince us of the similarity of the two emotions. Indeed, if we were to strive to conceive all the possibilities of extravagant assertion, it would not be easy to imagine one less warranted by fact, than that which would affirm that we love a benefactor exactly with the same feelings as those with which we regard a house or a loaf of bread; or at least that there is no difference, but as one or the other may have been in degree more or less to us or to the world in general.

If, indeed, mere matter could, by the most beautiful subserviency to our happiness, become a reasonable object of moral admiration, by what means have we been able to escape an universal idolatry? How is it that we are not, at this moment, all adorers of that earth on which we dwell, or of that great luminary which renders our earth not habitable merely, but delightful? The ancient worshippers of the universe at least supposed it to be animated with a soul. It was the soul of the world which they adored. The savage, who trembles at the thunder, and bends before the whirlwind that knee which does not bow to man, believes that there is some being greater than man who presides over the awful darkness. But, according to the system of utility, the belief of a soul of the world, or of a ruler of the lightning and the storm, which even the savage thinks necessary, before he deign to worship, is superfluous for our more philosophic veneration. . . . .

A benevolent man and a steam-engine may both be instrumental to the happiness of society; and the quantity of happiness produced by the unconscious machine may be greater, perhaps, than that produced by the living agent; but there is no imaginary increase or diminution of the utility of the one and of the other, that can make the feelings with which we view them shadow into each other, or correspond in any point of the scale. . . . . .

Of all the virtuous actions which are performed at any one moment on the earth, from the slightest reciprocation of domestic courtesies, to the most generous sacrifices of heroic friendship, there is perhaps scarcely one, in which this thought of the supposed scale of utility, according to which his action is to be measured, is present to the mind of the agent, and is the influencing circumstance in his choice, the immediate motive which confers on his conduct the character of virtue. He is useful to the world, indeed, when he relieves the sufferings even of a single individual being. But he relieves that suffering, not because the world, if he gives the relief, will, as a whole, have less misery; or because it would be for the advantage of the world that others should imitate him in similar cases; but that the individual before him may have less misery: or, if he think of any thing but that particular misery and its relief, he thinks only of the manner in which he would appear to himself, if he were to abstain from giving the relief which is in his power. He bears sufferings of his own, in like manner, without lamentation; not because a single groan from him, in any case of bodily anguish, would increase the misery of the world, or lessen its happiness, but because a single groan, though it might leave the happiness of the world precisely the same as before, would degrade him in his own estimation. . . .

. . . Who is there, that, in the contemplation of Thermopylæ, and of the virtues that have made that desolate spot for ever sacred to us, can think of Leonidas and his little band, without any emotion of reverence, till the thought occur, how useful it must be to nations to have defenders so intrepid! Our admiration is not so tardy a calculator. It is instant in all its fervour; and when we begin to think of the exact point in the scale of utility at which the action may be ranked, this very thought is itself a proof that our emotion has already become less vivid. The question, indeed, is one which our consciousness may decide in a moment, if we only trust to the evidence of our consciousness; a sort of trust which, simple as it may seem, is no slight intellectual effort, when our consciousness is opposed to errors that are brilliant, and that have the authority of any great name. Our consciousness, if we appeal to it, will tell us, that to admire what is useful, and to revere what is virtuous, are feelings as different as any two feelings which are not absolutely opposite; and that, if we class them as the same, we may, with as much reason, class as the same, and reduce under a single term, our moral veneration and our sensation of fragrance, because they are both pleasing; or our admiration of what is useful, and our notion of a circle, because they are both states or feelings of the mind. Who ever looked on his conscience precisely in the same manner as he looked upon his estate; and felt not regret merely, but all the agonies of remorse, because his acres were less productive than the richer fields of his neighbour? We may respect the inventor of a machine, but we certainly do not respect the machine itself; though it is only in reference to the instruments which he invents that the inventor, as an inventor, has any utility; and, even in respecting his intellectual talents as an inventor, though he may have contributed more by this one exercise of

them, to the permanent happiness of the world, than all the virtues of all the multitude that existed around him at the time, do we feel for his new and beautiful application of the physical powers, the moral emotion which we feel for the humblest of those virtues? It is enough, as I have said, to appeal to your consciousness on this point.

But it would be vain to attempt giving any adequate notion of this part of Brown's work. It is enough that he is the most formidable opponent which the system of hard naked utility has yet had to encounter.

The selfish theory of moral science, as one much less plausible, did not require the same elaborate examination. Its demolition is more easily effected, and more effectually. Of the Selfish System it is remarked,—

Even if virtue were as selfish as it is most strangely said to be, I may observe, that it would be necessary to form two divisions of selfish actions: one, of those selfish actions in which self was the direct object; and another, of those very different selfish actions, in which the selfish gratification was sought in the good of others. He who submitted to poverty, to ignominy, to death, for the sake of one who had been his friend and benefactor, would be still a very different being, and ought surely, therefore, to be classed still differently from him who robbed his friend of the scanty relics of a fortune which his credulous benevolence had before divided with him; and, not content with this additional plunder, calumniated perhaps the very kindness which had snatched him from ruin. . . . . .

The foreigner of whom Dr. Franklin speaks, who, on seeing the tragedy of Othello, conceived that all the emotion which the actor exhibited was for the loss of a handkerchief, did indeed form a theory as just as that of many very ingenious philosophers, when they would labour to convince us, that a little personal gratification was the only object of those who, in the dreadful ages of Roman tyranny, followed their friend into exile or imprisonment; or who, after he had nobly perished, still dared to proclaim that innocence, the very assertion of which was a crime, which the tyrant, who knew only how to pardon what was atrocious, and not what was virtuous, was, by the habits which he had wrought into the dreadful constitution of his nature, incapable of forgiving.

The impossibility of obliterating our moral perceptions, whatever might be the amount of selfish advantage offered to us in exchange for their sacrifice, is illustrated in the following noble passage.

We may, indeed, agree, by a sacrifice of truth, to call that purple which we see to be yellow; as we may agree, by a still more profligate sacrifice of every noble feeling, to offer to tyranny the homage of our adulation,—to say to the murderer of Thrasea Pætus, "Thou hast done well,"—to the parricide who murdered Agrippina, "Thou hast done more than well." As every new victim falls, we may lift our voice in still louder flattery. We may fall at the proud feet, we may beg, as a boon, the honour of kissing that bloody hand which has been lifted against the helpless; we may do more; we may bring the altar, and the sacrifice, and implore the god not to ascend too soon to heaven. This we may do, for this we have the sad remembrance, that beings of a human form and soul have done. But this is all which we can do. We can constrain our tongue to be false; our features to bend themselves to the semblance of that passionate adoration which we wish to express; our knees to fall prostrate; but our heart we cannot constrain. There virtue must still have a voice which is not to be drowned by hymns and acclamations; there the crimes which we laud as virtues are crimes still; and he whom we have made a god is the most contemptible of mankind; if, indeed, we do not feel perhaps that we are ourselves still more contemptible. When is it, I may ask, that the virtue of any one appears to us most amiable? Is it when it seems attended with every thing that can excite the envy even of the wicked,—with wealth, with power, with all which is commonly termed good fortune; and when, if its influence on our emotions depend on the mere images of enjoyment which it suggests, these may surely be supposed to arise most readily? It is amiable, indeed, even in such circumstances; but how much more interesting is it to us, when it is loaded with afflictions from which it alone can derive happiness. It is Socrates in the prison, of whom we think—Aristides in exile; and perhaps Cato, whatever comparative esteem he might have excited, would have been little more interesting in our eyes than Cæsar himself, if Cæsar had not been a successful usurper.

In farther showing that the admiration of actions as virtuous, is not affected by those calculations of loss and gain which a matured and acute mind, reflecting on the nature and consequences of particular actions, might make, a fine illustration is found in a simple primary source.

Every nursery exhibits a fair field for an experiment that may be said to be decisive; and will the selfish moralist submit his theory to the test? Will he take upon his knee that little creature which has, perhaps, scarcely felt a pain since it entered into life, which knows only that it has a friend in every living being that has met its eye, and which has never thought of its own misery as a thing that is possible? Will he watch that listening countenance, every look of which is fixed on his own, as he repeats verse after verse of the ballad which describes some act of injustice and atrocious cruelty; and will he expect to see no tear in those eyes; to hear no sobbings when the misery is extreme; to discover no demonstrations of an indignant wrath that thinks not of itself at the time, but thinks only of the oppressed whom it would gladly succour, of the oppressor on whom it would gladly inflict vengeance. It will be well for that child if, in the corruption of the world, he retain a sympathy with the good and the wretched, and a hatred of guilt, as ardent as he feels in those years of ignorance; if, on learning the relation of virtue to his own happiness, he love it merely as he loved it when he never thought of the relation.

The love of virtue, then, I conclude, is different, and essentially different, from the mere love of selfish gain.

We are then told, in glowing language, what this disinterested and exalting affection is.

The different modifications of the Selfish System, and its refinement and enlargement in that of Paley, are next investigated; and the sanctuary of infancy, the nursery, is again thrown open to demonstrate the fallacy of the theory of universal selfishness, and the truth of the original susceptibility of human nature to pure moral feelings. Certain modifications of the selfish system being finally dismissed, that of Paley is thus described:

After these two lights, in which the system commonly distinguished by the name of the Selfish System of morals has been considered by us, there remains still one other light in which it is to be viewed; that in which the obligation of virtue is supposed to consist merely in an exclusive regard to our own individual eternity of happiness in another life; and virtue itself to consist in obedience to the will of the Supreme Being; not on account of the moral excellence of that Supreme Being, or of his bounty to us, which might seem of itself to demand compliances, that are the only possible expressions of the gratitude of dependent creatures, to him from whom their power as well as their happiness is derived, but without any such views of reverence or gratitude, at least without any such views as are in the slightest degree necessary to the virtue of their motives, merely on account of the power which the Ruler of the

universe possesses, to give or withhold the happiness which is our only object. This form of the selfish system, which has been embraced by many theological writers of undoubted piety and purity, is notwithstanding, I cannot but think, as degrading to the human character as any other form of the doctrine of absolute selfishness; or rather, it is in itself the most degrading of all the forms which the selfish system can assume: because, while the selfishness which it maintains is as absolute and unremitting, as if the objects of personal gain were to be found in the wealth or honours or sensual pleasures of this earth; this very selfishness is rendered more offensive, by the noble image of the Deity which is continually presented to our mind, and presented in all his benevolence, not to be loved, but to be courted with a mockery of affection. The sensualist of the common system of selfishness, who never thinks of any higher object in the pursuit of the little pleasures which he is miserable enough to regard as happiness, seems to me, even in the brutal stupidity in which he is sunk, a being more worthy of esteem than the selfish of another life: to whose view God is ever present, but who view him always only to feel constantly in their heart, that in loving him who has been the dispenser of all the blessings which they have enjoyed, and who has revealed himself in the glorious character of the diffuser of an immortality of happiness, they love not the giver himself, but only the gifts which they have received, or the gifts that are promised. Yet, such is the influence of the mere admission of the being of a God, and of the images of holiness and delight which that divine name is sufficient to suggest, that while the common system of the universal selfishness of virtue has been received by the virtuous themselves with an indignant horror, that was itself almost a confutation of the system, the equally universal selfishness of the doctrine of these theological moralists has been received, not merely without any emotion of disgust, but with the approbation and assent of no small portion of those who, in opposition to the very doctrine which they have embraced, are truly in their hearts disinterested lovers of man, and equally disinterested lovers and worshippers of God.

The doctrine of the absolute selfishness of our homage to God, and of our social virtues, considered as the mere conformity of our wills to the command of him who is the dispenser of eternal happiness and eternal misery, for the sole reason of his power of thus dispensing happiness or misery, and not on account of his own transcendent excellence, that of itself might seem to demand such a conformity, is a doctrine of very old date. But the writer who in modern times has led to the widest diffusion of this doctrine, is Archdeacon Paley, the most popular of all our ethical writers; and one of the most judicious in the mere details of ethics, however false and dangerous I consider his leading doctrines to be. Virtue he defines to be, "the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness." The last part of the definition is the most important part of the whole; for, the knowledge of this everlasting happiness he supposes to be all which constitutes moral obligation; meaning by obligation, not any feeling of moral love, but the influence of happiness as an object of physical desire, and of pain as an object of physical aversion; one or other of which is to follow our obedience or disobedience to the command of the Power who is the supreme dispenser of both. The will of God is our rule, he says, but "private happiness is our motive," and therefore our obligation. In short, the inducement or temptation to be virtuous, which is all that constitutes our obligation to be virtuous, is precisely of the same kind with the inducements or temptations to vice, which may be said in like manner to constitute an obligation to be vicious. The only difference is, that a good man — that is to say, a person whom we distinguish by the flattering title of good — is more prudent than those whom we have chosen to denominate wicked. Both act from an obligation which may be said to be moral in one case as much as in the other; since in neither is disinterestedness of affection necessary to virtue; and in both there is that desire of pleasure which is sufficient to constitute an inducement, and therefore, in his acceptation of the word, which he regards as synonymous with inducement, an obligation.

That we have a moral sentiment of obligation, virtue, merit, which is very different from the mere inducements of pleasure near or remote, I surely need not attempt to demonstrate to you, after the remarks already made on the selfish system in general. The doctrine of Paley differs from the general selfish system, only by the peculiar importance which it very justly gives to everlasting happiness and misery, when compared with the brief pains or pleasures of this life. In the scale of selfish gain, it is a greater quantity of physical enjoyment which it has in view. It is a sager selfishness, but it is not less absolute selfishness which it maintains; and it is therefore subject to all the objections which I urged before at great length, and which it would now therefore be idle to repeat.

One great answer obviously presents itself to all those selfish systems which convert the whole of virtue into prudence; and make the differences of virtue and vice in every respect precisely the same in kind, as those of speculators in the market of commerce, who have employed their capital more or less advantageously, in the different bargains that have been offered to them.

The "great answer" must be sought for in our author's text, where giving due praise to Paley, as being in details the most judicious of all our ethical writers, his fundamental principle is upset by arguments which, according to Dr. Chalmers, show the philosopher Brown to be more purely orthodox, according to the opinions of "our highest and best theologians," than the churchman Paley. The system of Paley, (and perhaps "Other Worldliness," the term by which Coleridge defined a certain kind of religion, of which there is a great deal to be found in the Christian world, might be the best nomenclature)—the System then of Paley, or *Other Worldliness*,

which defines virtue to be the "doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, for the sake of everlasting happiness," and which makes, not the love of God, nor the love of mankind, but this love of everlasting happiness, the motive and sole obligation to the good which otherwise we should have had as little moral desire of producing or promoting, as of producing an equal or greater amount of evil, must be allowed to be, in its very essence, as truly selfish, as if it had defined virtue to be the pursuit of mere wealth, or fame, or of the brief dignities, or still briefer pleasures of this mortal existence.

We must here indulge in a rather long extract, as, in closing his examination of the various systems of ethics, Brown takes the opportunity of recapitulating, and finally enforcing his own views. It is also here that, while differing with Paley and other theologians, he displays that coincidence with the opinions of "our best and highest theologians," which Dr. Chalmers has pointed out. In reference to the Selfish System, and in particular to that of Paley,—that of "Other Worldliness," and hence a mere modification of the purely and undisguisedly selfish scheme, Brown argues,—

If the most prudent labourer after his own selfish interest, without the slightest regard for the happiness of others, unless as that happiness may be instrumental to his own, be constantly actuated by the same moral motive which influences the most generous lover of mankind, how strange an illusion is all moral sentiment, which views with such different feelings objects that are in every moral respect precisely the same! But it is

in our emotions alone that our notions of morality have their rise: and how illusive, therefore, and radically false I should rather say, must be that system which is founded on the absolute similarity of feelings that are recognised by every bosom as absolutely dissimilar!

Though I trust, then, it is sufficiently evident to you, from the results of the long discussion in which we have been engaged, that the moral obligation to virtue is not, as Paley says, the mere inducement of pleasure held out to us by power which we cannot disobey, without losing the pleasure, and encountering pain, but an inducement of a nobler kind, since pleasure, though it may lead us to be virtuous, may surely, as mere pleasure, if there be no essential distinction of it, as pure or impure, right or wrong, often lead us into what we are at present accustomed to denominate vice; and though I shall therefore not repeat, in application to this enlarged selfishness, which extends its interested view through immortality, the objections previously urged against that more limited selfishness which looks only to the surface of the earth, and to the few years in which we are to be moving along it, it may be of importance to make a few remarks on that other part of the doctrine of this celebrated moralist, which makes conformity to the will of God the rule of virtue.

That virtuous actions—those actions which excite in us the feeling of moral approval — are conformable to the will of God, there can be no reason to doubt; since the very universality of this approval may be regarded as a sort of expression of the divine approbation. As little can we doubt that when the declared will of God is present to our mind, and we think of certain actions as commanded by him, of certain other actions as prohibited by him, and when, in designing or meditating any action, we feel that it is one of those which he has prohibited, there would arise in our mind an instant feeling of disapprobation, that is to say, of vice or demerit, in the performance of the prohibited action. But the question is not, whether it be virtue to conform our will to that of the Deity, when that will is revealed to us, or clearly implied; for of this there can be no doubt. It is, whether there be not in our nature a principle of moral approbation, from which our feelings of obligation, virtue, merit, flow; and which operates, not independently of the divine will indeed, for it was the divine will which implanted in us this very principle; but without the necessary consideration, at the time, of the expression of the divine will, and consequently without any intentional conformity to it or disobedience, or which in our obedience itself, as often as we think of the divine will, is the very principle by which we feel the duty of such conformity. The mother, though she should, at the moment, forget altogether that there is a God in nature, would still turn with moral horror from the thought of murdering the little prattler who is sporting at her knee, and who is not more beautiful to her eye by external charms and graces, than beautiful to her heart by the thousand tendernesses which every day and almost every hour is developing; while the child, who perhaps has scarcely heard that there is a God, or who at least is ignorant of any will of God, in conformity with which virtue consists, is still in his very ignorance developing those moral feelings which are supposed to be inconsistent with such ignorance, and would not have the same feeling of complacency in repaying the parental caresses with acts of intentional injury, as when he repays them with expressions of reciprocal love. . . . . The expression of the divine will, indeed, not merely gives us new and nobler duties to perform, it gives a new and nobler delight also to the very duties which our nature prompts; but still there are duties which our nature prompts, and the violation of which is felt as moral wrong, even when God is known and worshipped only as a demon of power, still less benevolent than the very barbarians who howl around his altar in their savage sacrifice.

But for the principle of moral approbation which the divine being has fixed in our nature, the expression of his will would itself have no moral power, whatever physical pain or pleasure it might hold out to our prudent choice. It may be asked, why should we obey the divine command, with as much reason as it may be asked, why should we love our parents or our country? and our only answer to both questions, as far as morality can be said to be concerned, or any feeling different from that of a mere calculation of physical loss or gain, is, that such is our nature; that, in considering the command of God, our greatest of benefactors, or in considering the happiness of our parents, our country, mankind, which it is in our power to promote, we feel that to act in conformity with these, will be followed by our moral approbation; as to act in opposition to them will be followed by inevitable self-reproach. There is a principle of moral discrimination already existing in us, that, even when we conform our conduct to the divine will, is the very principle by which we have felt the duty of this delightful conformity; and if there be no such principle in our nature, by which we discover the duty of the conformity, it is surely very evident that there can be no such duty to be felt, any more than there can be colour to the blind, or melody to the deaf.

God may be loved by us, or feared by us. He may be loved by us as the source of all our blessings, conferred or promised. He may be feared by us as a being who has the power of inflicting on us eternal anguish. In one of these views, we may, when we obey him, act from gratitude; in the other, from a sense of the evils which we have to dread in offending him. But if it be a duty of gratitude to obey God, we must previously have been capable of knowing that gratitude is a virtue, as much as we must have been capable of knowing the power of God, before we could have known to fear his awful dominion. We consider the Deity as possessing the highest moral perfection: but in that theological view of morality which acknowledges no mode of estimating excellence beyond that divine command itself, whatever it might have been, these words are absolutely meaningless; since if, instead of what we now term virtue, he had commanded only what we now term vice, his command must still have been equally holy. If, indeed, the system of Paley, and of other theological moralists, were just, what excellence beyond the excellence of mere power, could we discover in that divine being whom we adore as the supreme goodness, still more than we fear him as the omnipotent? . . . . . In the system of Hobbes, which considers law itself, as constituent of moral right, a tyrant, if his power of enacting law be sufficiently established, is not to be distinguished, in his very tyranny, from the generous sovereign of the free; because the measure of right is to be found in his will alone. . . . . .

The will of God, then, though it is unquestionably the source of virtue, in the most important sense—as it was his will that formed all the principles of our constitution, of which the principle of moral approbation is one — is not the source of virtue in the sense in which that phrase is understood by some theological writers, as limited to the mere declaration of his will, sanctioned by punishment and reward. There is an earlier law of God, which he has written in our hearts; and the desire of our mere personal happiness or misery, in this or in another world, is truly an object of our approbation, not the source of it; since the love of mere selfish enjoyment is at least as powerfully the motive to vice, in some cases, as it is in other cases the motive to virtue. We do not merely submit to the will of God as we submit to any power which it is impossible for us to resist. We feel that it would be not imprudence only, but guilt, to wish to disobey it. We seek, in the constitution of our nature, the reason which leads us to approve morally of the duty of this conformity of our will to his beneficent and supreme will; and we find, in one of the essential principles of our nature, the moral reason which we seek.

This is a long, but it is, we conceive, an important passage; and, besides, the work from which it is taken may be regarded, in relation to general readers, as one still unknown.

Differing from Smith in his Theory of Moral Sentiments, and denying his leading doctrine, Dr. Brown gives that philosopher's treatise the high praise of being a work of "the first rank in the most interesting to man of all the sciences." We cannot quote Dr. Brown's outline of Dr. Smith's theory of Sympathy as the origin of our moral feelings; but one short passage, which gives a tolerably fair notion of the sympathetic hypothesis, together with its refutation, is apt for our purpose of cataloguing Brown's Lectures.

If the doctrine of the necessary antecedence of sympathy to our moral approbation or disapprobation be just, the system may be admitted, even though many of his minor illustrations should appear to be false. If this primary doctrine be not just, the system, however ingenious and just in its explanation of many phenomena of the mind, must fail as a theory of our moral sentiments.

To derive our moral sentiments, which are as universal as the actions of mankind that come under our review, from the occasional sympathies, that warm or sadden us with joys and griefs and resentments which are not our own, seems to me, I confess, very nearly the same sort of error as it would be to derive the waters of an ever-flowing stream from the sunshine or shade that may occasionally gleam over it. That we have a principle of social feeling, which, in its rapid participation of the vivid emotions of others, seems to identify us in many cases with the happy or the sorrowful, the grateful or the indignant, it is impossible to deny. But this sympathy, quick as it truly is to arise, in cases in which the primary feelings are vivid and strongly marked, is not a perpetual accompaniment of every action of every one around us. There must be some vividness of feeling in others, or the display of vividness of feeling, or at least such a situation as usually excites vivid feeling, of some sort, in those who are placed in it, to call the sympathy itself into action. . . . . There is no theory of our moral distinctions, which supposes that we are to approve equally of all actions that are right, and to disapprove equally of all actions which are wrong; but it is essential to one theory—that theory which we are considering—that there should be no feeling of right or wrong, merit or demerit, and consequently no moral estimation whatever, where there is no previous sympathy in that particular case. . . .

This essential error, the greatest of all possible systematic errors, is no less than the assumption, in every case, of those very moral feelings which are supposed to flow from sympathy, the assumption of them as necessarily existing before that very sympathy in which they are said to originate. . . . .

Of all the principles of our mixed nature, sympathy is perhaps one of the most irregular, varying not in different individuals only, but even in the same individual in different hours or different minutes of the same day, and varying, not with slight differences, but with differences of promptness and liveliness, with which only feelings the most capricious could be commensurable. If our virtue and vice, therefore, or our views of actions as right or wrong, varied with our sympathy, we might be virtuous at morning, vicious at noon, and virtuous again at night, without any change in the circumstances of our action, except in our greater or less tendency to vividness of sympathy, or to the expectation of more or less vivid sympathies in others.

By all the eminent writers from whom he differs, Dr. Brown deals with perfect candour and mildness. The doctrine which bears the name of Hobbes, Brown, from the very constitution of his own mind, must have disliked; but even for Hobbes there is the charitable apology that he might in some measure have been driven into error by the disorganized state of society, by the civil dissensions of the period, and "by a wish to lessen the inquisitorial and domineering influence of the priesthood of a fanatical age, by rendering even religion itself subject to the decision of the civil power."

But it is more than time that we had reached the practical, and more directly instructive part of this work; where, first principles having been ascertained, and objections refuted, philosophical investigation and argument cease, and the severe analyst becomes the eloquent expounder of the particular virtues. This will, no doubt, to a very large class of readers, form the very pith and marrow of the entire work. It is replete with beauties of every varied kind; of pure and lofty sentiment, of glowing imagery, and of the moral excellence which teaches by actual representation. The practical virtues are divided into three classes; namely, the duties which we primarily owe to our fellow-creatures, those that relate directly to ourselves; and, lastly, the duties which we owe to the Great Being who formed us; and "human life," it is said, "when it is worthy of the name of life, consists in the exercise of these duties."

From the section in which the negative duty of not violating the rights of property is treated, we select a few sentences as a specimen of the clear manner in which controverted points are settled:

The writers who attempt to prove justice to be a virtue wholly adventitious, and not the result of any original moral tendency of our nature, because in different stages or circumstances of society there are different views of property, forget that justice, as a moral virtue, is not the creation of property, but the conformity of our actions to those views; that though all men in every part of the earth, and in every age since the earth was peopled, had, without even the exception of a single monstrous individual, united in their notions of what is termed property, there might still have been the most complete injustice,—a desire of invading this property, not merely as frequent as in the present circumstances of mankind, but equally universal with the notion of property itself. There might then, the mere notion of property remaining in every respect precisely the same, have been either perfect justice or perfect injustice, or such a mixture of both as the present order of society presents. . . . . In the different rights of property then, in different nations and ages, as variously sanctioned in various systems of jurisprudence, I perceive no inconsistency of the moral principle. I perceive every where, on the contrary, a moral principle which, among the rude and the civilized, and in all the innumerable gradations of civilized life, and of systems of law more or less sage and refined, feels that there are certain things which it would be wrong to invade; in savage life, perhaps only the objects which are in the immediate occupation of another, or on which he has exercised his labour for purposes of utility to himself; in more civilized society, innumerable objects which the circumstances of that society have rendered essential to the comfort of their possessor, and which law, with a view to the preservation and furtherance of general happiness, has allotted in various ways. . . .
It is the same moral principle of justice still, though directed to new objects; as it is still the same power of vision that traces the stars of the firmament, though, but for the nice contrivances of the optician, and the labour of all the ruder artificers who have furnished him with the materials of his beautiful art, eye after eye might for ages have gazed upon the great vault above, without knowing the very existence of brilliant multitudes of worlds, which, with the aid of this skilful but simple contrivance, it is now impossible for the rudest observer not to perceive. Who is there that, on

this account, will deny to the mind its original visual sensibility! . . . .

In contending for essential principles of morals, no one asserts that, in circumstances which are absolutely different, the moral sentiment should be the same; more than that an eye, with and without a telescope, should form the same views of the nature that is before it. . . .

Justice, then, I repeat, (and the distinction is one which is of great importance,) is not what constitutes property; it is that virtue which presupposes property, and respects it, however constituted. It may vary, therefore, with all the ordinances of different social states, but it is still the same virtue, if it respect what, in those different states, is legally assigned to individuals.

We must apologize for obliterations. Those who have opportunity may soon supply for themselves all that we have been compelled to suppress; and to a less fortunate class we wish to indicate, in substance, the excellence which we cannot present in detail. In discussing a particular mode of injuring our fellow-creatures, by robbing them of the affections which are their right, and which constitute their happiness, we find, among the strictures on modern manners in high life, the following remarks on their tendency to relax moral principle:—

In the present state of manners, in which, at least among the higher orders of society, there is so very little of what was once considered as domestic life, and, in the place of its simple unpretending enjoyments, such constant and close succession of almost theatrical exhibitions, on stages on which each is to each mutually spectacle and spectator; to perform gracefully their part is as much an object of ambition to the unpaid actors and actresses, in this voluntary and unremitting drama, as it is to the actors and actresses on another stage, whose livelihood, as well as glory, depends on the number of hands which they can render by their best efforts most noisy in applause. That there is a very powerful charm in elegant manners, and in the lighter eloquence of conversation, which can adapt itself readily to every subject, from the statesmanship of the day to the flower or the feather, I am far from denying; and that, even in a moral view, from the influence which it gives to the opinions of the individual, and the easy happiness which it spreads to all around him, this excellence, frivolous as it may seem, is not to be despised, however humble and comparatively insignificant it must always be rated, when placed in the scale of merit with nobler wisdom, or still nobler excellence of the heart. One great evil of this system of universal display, however, and of the familiar and sprightly levities which it involves, is, that where this gay excellence is of high value, the praise of it must be sought from all. To all alike must be paid those gallantries of manners which all alike are to admire. The wedded and the unwedded may thus be said to live in a constant interchange of symbols of affection, which, though understood to be mere symbols, may yet, as symbols, excite that very affection which they were never seriously intended to awake. Nor is this all.

But we shall not go farther.

From among the many beautiful lessons which these pages present to us, we shall perhaps best accomplish our purpose of showing the value of this work as a moral guide, by detaching a few examples. This is from the chapter *On abstaining from injuring the character of others.*

The evil which calumny can do to those whose virtue is scarcely in need of any support from public approbation, is slight, when compared with the evil which it may produce to those whose weaker virtue is mixed with much imperfection, that affords an easy pretext for censure, even when censure is unmerited; while the loss of the encouraging regard of others is more injurious, when withheld from frailty, that, even when it wishes to do what is worthy of praise, is too ready to fall, without the support to which it clings. The real imperfections of mankind are, therefore, delightful to the heart of the slanderer, who sees in them only a warrant for all those additional charges of guilt or error which it may be his interest to add to the real amount. They are the elements of the poison which he prepares, without which he would have as little power to cloud the moral scene, as the enchantresses of ancient fable would have had to obscure the sun, or bring down the moon from the sky, without the baleful herbs that were essential to the incantation.

It is our duty, I will not say only to love the good, but even with our indignation against the wicked to mix some portion of pity; that pity which would lead us always to wish, that even their names could still be added to the list of the virtuous. If such be our duty then, what are we to think of those who, far from pitying the wicked, would gladly double all their atrocities, and who, still farther from loving the good, would point them out, as the wicked, to public execration! . . .

But, if the tale which we love to whisper be just, can it be a crime to lament over guilt that is real! It is not a crime to lament over guilt, if we do lament over it. But if we do truly lament over the probable appearances of it, we shall not be very eager to circulate a doubt that may be injurious, till we have reason ourselves, not to doubt merely, but to believe. I do not wish to recommend that weakness of humanity, which, in the world, often passes current for virtue, though it implies rather a defect of moral feeling, than any refinement of it,—or which at least, if it be virtue, is a virtue that can hear of oppression, and even witness it, without feeling indignation against the oppressor; and which rather would see a thousand repetitions of the injury, than give to the wicked the name and the odium which he deserves. When crimes are walking secretly in darkness, as much as when they present themselves proudly in the very sunshine of day, it is our duty to the innocent who have suffered, to give them the consolation of our sympathy, in the indignant feeling of their wrongs; as it is our duty to the innocent who may suffer, to call them to beware. Even in denouncing guilt, however, the office which we exercise is an office of duty, not of pleasure. It is to be exercised, not with the eagerness of one who rejoices in discovering something which he may condemn, but with the sorrow of a lover of humankind, who is forced to add another moral ill to the catalogue of human delinquencies. Such are the feelings of a generous spirit, even when the vice which it discovers is of a species that implies more than ordinary moral turpitude; and when it discovers only such foibles as are not inconsistent with the ordinary proportion of human virtue, it will love rather to speak of the virtue than of the failing; it will think not of what the individual is only, but of what human nature is; and will not withhold from one the indulgence which it must extend to all, and of which it must even, on some occasions, have too good reason for wishing the extension to itself.

When the propagators of tales of scandal think that they have completely justified themselves, by declaring that all which they have said is true, they forget that there are virtues of which they are silent, that are true, as well as the defects of which they speak with such minute and exact remembrance; and that, if they were to omit all notice of what is excellent in a character, and to cull only what is defective, the most illustrious of mankind, without any positive violation of biographic truth, might soon cease to be illustrious.

From the section which treats of *Veracity* as a virtue, we gather the following remarks:—

So much of the happiness of social life is derived from the use of language, and so profitless would the mere power of language be, but for the truth which dictates it, that the abuse of the confidence which is placed in our declarations, may not merely be in the highest

degree injurious to the individual deceived, but would tend, if general, to throw back the whole race of mankind into that barbarism from which they have emerged, and progressively ascended through still purer air and still brighter sunshine to that noble height which they have reached. It is not wonderful, therefore, that veracity, so important to the happiness of all, and yet subject to so many temptations of personal interest in the violation of it, should, in all nations, have had a high place assigned to it among the virtues.

That, in the case of a virtue, so essential to the commerce of life, man should have been led instinctively to the practice of it, would not of itself appear absurd, or even very wonderful, to those who consider the other instinctive tendencies in our constitution; and since all, in uttering falsehood, are conscious of an effort which represses the truth that seems to start of itself to the lips, and all seem to believe what is told them, till the experience of frequent deceit have induced some degree of doubt in the young listener, who begins to be a sceptic, it has been supposed, by many philosophers, that there are, in our nature, two instinctive tendencies adapted to each other,—a tendency to speak truth, and a tendency to believe what is spoken. . . . . .

We are conscious of an effort in speaking falsehood; because, but for this effort, our feelings would of themselves suggest their corresponding signs; and we have thus to repress the truth that rises spontaneously, and to invent laboriously the combinations of words that are in discord with our belief. What wonder is there that, when we walk through a meadow in a sunny evening of autumn, there should arise to the mind, and thus to ready utterance, phrases expressive of the real feelings —How beautiful is this scene, and how happy these cattle appear!—rather than phrases which have no connexion with the real feelings, and which cannot be supposed, therefore, to be readily uttered, because they are not readily suggested.

In treating of the various modes of seduction, by which we may injure the virtue of our fellow-creatures, flattery is considered as among the most vicious. The flatterer is held to be one of the worst of seducers; and his arts are not confined to the courts of kings, and the mansions of those who enjoy almost regal splendour, but are said to descend to a scale which includes the humblest of mankind. There are many ways in which flattery may perform its base work.

Flattery, the fosterer of vanity, and often of affections more degrading, implies, in whatever station the flatterer and the flattered may be, a disregard of the virtue of others, which in itself is no slight vice. But the sly bribery of praise is not the only bribery with which human selfishness would strive to seduce human selfishness. There are grosser bribes, which those who count themselves honourable men, and are aspiring to stations of still higher honour, have no hesitation in employing for the furtherance of useful vice. A little perjury, real or implied, is all which they require; and they are content to pay for it its fair market price, or even to raise a little the market price, if perjury should have grown more reluctant than before, or more skilful in the calculation of its own exact value. It is painful to think, that an offence against public morals, of such serious import, should be so lightly estimated by those who strive to forget their own delinquency, in the equal and familiar delinquency of others; as if the very wideness of guilt were not an additional reason for ceasing to contribute to that which has been already so extensively baneful;—and that the first step to the legislation of the freest and most virtuous nation on the earth, to the noblest of all the trusts which a nation can bestow,—that of enacting the means by which its own tendencies to guilt may be lessened,—should, in so many instances, be the purchase of a crime, or of many crimes.

There is another species of seduction upon which Dr. Brown pours forth the vials of unmitigated moral reprobation, with a warmth in which he rarely, if ever, indulges, save when his feelings lean to the side of generous pity or glowing approbation.

There is [he says] one species of corruption, which is exercised from a love of the corruption itself, or at least from the mere pleasure of companionship in guilt,—a spirit of malicious proselytism, which forms the last dreadful stage of vice; when the gray-headed veteran of debaucheries that began in youth, and have been matured by a long life of unceasing excess in all that is gross and depraved, till he have acquired a sort of oracular gravity of profligacy among gayer profligates, collects around him his band of youthful disciples, whom he has gathered wherever his watchful eye could mark out another victim; relates to them the tales of merriment of other years, as an excitement to present passions; observes in each the few virtues which will need even yet to be repressed, the irresolute vices that will require to be strengthened; and, if on some ingenuous cheek a blush should still arise, marks it with a sort of joy, that almost calculates the moment of triumph when that blush shall have been washed away, to appear again no more. If there be a being on this earth whom it is permitted to us to hate with full and absolute detestation, it is surely a human demon like this; and, if we could trace through all its haunts the licentiousness of a single great city,—from the splendid gaming-house of the rich to the obscure chambers of vulgar riot, in which the dissolute of another order assemble to plan the frauds or robberies of the night, or to turn to the only uses to which they know how to turn them, the frauds or robberies of the preceding day,—of how many demons of this class should we trace the horrible power, in the lessons which they are giving, and the results of lessons which have been given!

Another order of reckless corrupters and tormentors of their species are the scoffers, the audacious blasphemers, and withering, malignant sophists. Of this class it is indignantly said,—

They are too wise not to discern that the evident tendency of that which they value only as acute, is to corrupt human virtue, and extinguish the best hopes and consolations of human suffering. But it is sufficient comfort to them, that if they render miserable those whose virtue they corrupt, they have at least not corrupted them without the observance of some of the most exact technicalities of logic. Such are the various forms of direct corruption.

No one, we presume, questions the influence of the domestic example of the court and the aristocracy upon all the inferior classes of a society existing under a monarchy. On this subject it is remarked,—

In considering the influence of example on national virtue, we are too apt to think only of the authority of those who are placed in eminent stations; and to forget the more direct influence of domestic examples on those individuals, who must always indeed be ranked as individuals, but whose virtues or vices united are the virtues or vices of the nation. The example of the great may give the primary impulse, but the force descends progressively from rank to rank; and each is affected chiefly by those who are around him, or a very little above him. The parents who hang over our cradle, thinking for us, before we have formed what can be called a thought, and who continue, during life, to be viewed by us with a peculiar sort of tender veneration, which no other created being seems to us entitled to possess,—the comrades of our pastimes in boyhood, and the friends who partake with us the graver occupations, and graver pastimes of our maturer years,—these are they who transfuse into us their feelings, and from whom, without thinking of them as examples, we derive all that good

or evil which example can afford; and yield ourselves more completely to the influence, because we are not aware that we are yielding to any influence whatever. To be frequently with the good is to know, on almost every occasion, how the good would act in the situation in which we are placed, and to feel, at the same time, that reverence for the action itself as it seems to us recommended by their choice, which we must have felt for those whom we imagine as performers of it. Whatever impresses on us strongly the image of the virtuous, therefore, cannot be indifferent to our virtue. The very meeting of a great man, as Seneca strongly says, may be of lasting advantage to us; and we derive instruction even from his very silence. . . . . .

It is this universal radiation of example, reflecting light upon example, which forms the moral splendour of an age; without some portion of the light of which, good laws are powerless; and with which it is almost a matter of little moment, at least to the existing generation, how few the laws may be under which good men are living in peace.

In speaking of the injury which we may do by disturbing the mental tranquillity of those with whom we have social relations, the bad effects of haughtiness and superciliousness are characterized; but there are other and baser modes of injuring the mental tranquillity of others,—

It is not the insolence of the haughty, however, which is the only intentional disquieter of others. There is a power in every individual, over the tranquillity of almost every individual. There are emotions latent in the mind of those whom we meet, which a few words of ours may at any time call forth; and the moral influence which keeps this power over the uneasy feelings of others under due restraint, is not the least important of the moral influences, in its relation to general happiness.

There are minds which can delight in exercising this cruel sway; which rejoice in suggesting thoughts that may poison the confidence of friends, and render the very virtues that were loved, objects of suspicion to him who loved them. In the daily and hourly intercourse of human life, there are human beings who exert their malicious skill in devising what subjects may be most likely to bring into the mind of him with whom they converse, the most mortifying remembrances; who pay visits of condolence that they may be sure of making grief a little more severely felt; who are faithful in conveying to every one the whispers of unmerited scandal, of which, otherwise, he never would have heard, as he never could have suspected them. . . . .

But we need not follow out the representation of the Malagrowthers and Mrs. Candours of society, against whose malevolent power the true preservative is that which is the protector of the virtuous from all other injury — "their own purity of conscience."

The Duties of Benevolence have afforded our author a delightful and most congenial theme, on which he has descanted in flowing and graceful language, springing free from the heart. A portion of a very subordinate division of this discourse must suffice for us — that which describes the nature of true Politeness:

Politeness, — which is, when ranks are equal, what affability is, when the more distinguished mingle with the less distinguished — is the natural effect of that benevolence which regards always with sympathetic complacency, and is fearful of disturbing, even by the slightest momentary uneasiness, the serenity of others. A breach of attention in any of the common offices of civility, to which the arbitrary usages of social life have attached importance, even when nothing more is intended, is still a neglect, and neglect is itself an insult; it is the immediate cause of a pain which no human being is entitled, where there has been no offence, to give to any other human being. Politeness, then, — the social virtue that foresees and provides against every unpleasant feeling that may arise in the breasts around, as if it were some quicksighted and guardian power, intent only on general happiness, — is something far more dignified in its nature than the cold courtesies which pass current under that name, the mere knowledge of fashionable manners, and an exact adherence to them. It is in its most essential respects what may be possessed by those who know little of the varying vocabulary and varying usages of the season. The knowledge of these is, indeed, necessary to such as mingle in the circles which require them; but they are necessary only as the new fashion of the coat or splendid robe, which leaves him or her who wears it the same human being, in every respect, as before; and are not more a part of either, than the ticket of admission, which opens to their ready entrance the splendid apartment from which the humble are excluded. The true politeness of the heart is something which cannot be given by those who minister to mere decoration. It is the moral grace of life, if I may venture so to term it — the grace of the mind; and what the world counts graces, are little more than graces of the body.

This subjoined remark is made on a particular phase of benevolence; and many liberal and substantially benevolent persons would do well to consider it:—

Even in pecuniary liberalities, benevolence does not merely produce good, but it knows well, or it learns to know, the greatest amount of good which its liberalities can produce. To be the cause of less happiness or comfort than might be diffused at the same cost, is almost a species of the same vice which withholds aid from those who require it. The benevolent, therefore, are magnificent in their bounty, because they are economical even in bounty itself. Their heart is quick to perceive sources of relief where others do not see them; and the whole result of happiness produced by them, seems often to have arisen from a superb munificence which few could command, when it may, perhaps, have proceeded only from humble means, which the possessor of similar means, without similar benevolence, would think scarcely more than necessary for his own strict necessities.

And Dr. Brown, who throughout his whole work draws largely from the poets, ancient and modern, finds an apt and charming illustration with which to close his subject, in Pope's picture of "The Man of Ross." It is in this division of the work that the theories of Godwin and others are refuted, which make moral duties depend upon the absolute merits of the individual, independently of his particular relationship to the agent; or which lay down, in short, that the preference of natural affection is a vicious feeling, as it may lead us to prefer, or to love, our own faulty father or benefactor above some more virtuous and deserving person, whom we erroneously suppose to have no particular claim upon our duty or regard. This system of sole universal duty hardly required refutation. The common sense and common feelings of mankind disclaim it.

We find [says our author] the universal feelings of mankind accordant with the system of particular duties, that is so largely productive of happiness. In every region of the earth, and in all circumstances of society, the indulgence of the private affections is considered not as allowable merely, but as obligatory.

In closing the subject of special duties to certain individuals, as to parents, to benefactors, and to friends, it is beautifully said,—

Heaven has adapted the vividness of our affections to our power of being beneficial; the love being most lively

in those moral connexions, in which the opportunities of usefulness are most frequent, and capable of being most accurately applied, in relation to the peculiar wants of him who is to be benefited. . . . . It is not evil, then, for man upon the whole, that, in wishing the happiness of all mankind, he should wish, in an especial manner, the happiness of those who are connected with him by peculiar ties.

Among private duties, those of the parent take the first place. They are set forth in due order; but Brown indulges in strictures which embrace a higher and wider range than the ground usually trode by commonplace moral instructors; and here, as in many other instances, he proves his title to the high praise of Dr. Chalmers, when this Christian teacher says of him,—"There is no author, who has not expressly treated of revelation, whose mental philosophy suggests so many accordances between the science of mind and the subject-matter of Christianity." Such a writer as Dr. Chalmers describes, is surely to be regarded as an eminent authority when he speaks of the moral and religious discipline by which it is the duty of parents to train their children.

How many parents do we see, who, after teaching their sons by example every thing which is licentious in manners, and lavishing on them the means of similar licentiousness, are rigid only in one point—in the strictness of that intellectual discipline which may prepare them for the worldly stations to which the parental ambition has been unceasingly looking for them, before the filial ambition was rendered sufficiently intent of itself!—how many, who allow to the vices of the day full liberty, if the lesson of the day be duly meditated; and who are content that those whose education they direct should be knaves and sensualists, if only they be fitted by intellectual culture to be the leaders of other knaves, and the acquirers of wealth that may render their sensuality more delicately luxurious! To such persons, the mind of the little creature whom they are training to worldly stations for worldly purposes, is an object of interest only as that without which it would be impossible to arrive at the dignities expected. It is a necessary instrument for becoming rich and powerful; and if he could become powerful, and rich, and envied, without a soul,—exhibit the same spectacle of magnificent luxury, and be capable of adding to the means of present pomp what might furnish out a luxury still more magnificent, they would scarcely feel that he was a being less noble than now. In what they term education, they have never once thought that the virtues were to be included as objects; and they would truly feel something very like astonishment if they were told that the first and most essential part of the process of educating the moral being whom Heaven had consigned to their charge, was yet to be begun, in the abandonment of their own vices, and the purification of their own heart by better feelings than those which had corrupted it; without which primary self-amendment, the very authority that is implied in the noble office which they were to exercise, might be a source not of good but of evil to him who was unfortunately born to be its subject. . . . . .

Though the enjoyments of this world, which so many seek as all, were truly all, and we ceased to exist when our mortal existence terminated, it would still be the duty of the parent to consult the happiness of the child, more than those circumstances of accidental happiness which may sometimes lead to it, but often, perhaps as often, are productive of misery; and, even of the short happiness of this short life, how large is the part which we have to ascribe to our virtuous affections, or rather, how very little is there of pure happiness which we can ascribe to any other source! But when we think how small a portion of our immortal existence is comprised in this earthly life; when, amid sensual pleasures that fade almost in the moment in which they are enjoyed and wealth and dignities that are known more in their rapid changes, as passing from possessor to possessor, than as truly possessed by any one of the multitude, who, in their turns, obtain and lose them, we feel that, amid so many perishable and perishing things, virtue, the source of all which it is delightful to remember, is the only permanent acquisition which can be made,—how completely must he seem to have neglected the duty of a parent, who has thought only of a few years that are as nothing, and neglected that immortality which is all. If we had a long voyage to undertake, it would be but a cruel kindness that should pour forth its bounty on a single day, and provide for us only one repast, however costly. It is surely a kindness not less cruel which, in the common offices of education, thinks but of a single day, and makes provision only for its comfort in that endless course, not of years, but of ages, on which we enter in entering into life.

In discussing the parental duties, as they relate to the temporal circumstances of children, Dr. Brown, though indirectly, lifts up his testimony as a moralist against the law of primogeniture, while condemning the selfish prodigality through which the extravagance of parents consigns their children to indigence, rendered more bitter by previous habits of luxury. He says,—

I allude to the intentional deliberate sacrifice which is made of the comforts of many children to the wealth of one,—a sacrifice which has usually, or at least often, tended only to make one less virtuous than he would have been, and many less happy. The national consequences of the privileges of primogeniture and of sex, belong to inquiries in political jurisprudence. At present, it is not of these that I speak. It is only of the wants of the children, and the affection and duty of the parent. These wants are obviously equal in all; and if the merits of all be equal, the affection of the parent should be the same, and his duty equal to all who, with equal wants and equal merits, are consigned to his equal love. . . . . Nor is it only to those whom he directly wills to impoverish, that he is guilty of a breach of duty; he is equally guilty of it, in many cases, to the single individual whom he exclusively enriches, if, in estimating what he confers, we consider the virtue and happiness, or vice and misery, that may arise from it, and not the mere wealth, which in itself is nothing.

The power and superiority thus bestowed on one favoured child, may not always be abused; but it is regarded as ever perilous to human virtue, to have too much power imposed on human weakness.

In the section of the filial duties, we would point out one passage which applies with peculiar force to our own society and age; for when and in what country did so many young persons of both sexes receive an education which raised them intellectually so far above their parents? But a tender and pathetic passage, descriptive of one form of filial duty, where love is the sole inspirer, concludes thus, before the observations begin to which we wish more especially to draw attention,—

How delightful is the spectacle, when, amid all the temptations of youth and beauty, we witness some gentle heart, that gives to the couch of the feeble, and, perhaps, of the thankless and repining, those hours which others find too short for the successive gaieties with which an evening can be filled, and that prefers to the smile of universal admiration the single smile of enjoyment, which, after many vain efforts, has at last been kindled on one solitary cheek!

If filial love be thus ready to bear with bodily and moral infirmities, it is not less ready to bear with intellectual weakness. There is often, especially in the middle classes of life, as great a difference of mental

culture in the parent and the child as if they had lived at the distance of many centuries. The wealth that has been acquired by patient industry, or some fortunate adventure, may be employed in diffusing all the refinement of science and literature to the children of those, to whom the very words, science and literature, are words of which they would scarcely be able, even with the help of a dictionary, to understand the meaning. In a rank of life still lower, there are not wanting many meritorious individuals, who, uninstructed themselves, labour indefatigably to obtain the means of liberal instruction for one whose wisdom, in after years, when he is to astonish the village, may gratify at once their ambition and their love. It would, indeed, be painful to think, that any one, whose superiority of knowledge has cost his parents so much fatigue, and so many privations of comforts, which, but for the expense of the means of his acquired superiority, they might have enjoyed, should turn against them, in his own mind, the acquirements which were to them of so costly a purchase; despising them for the very ignorance which gave greater merit to their sacrifice, and proud of a wisdom far less noble, when it can thus feel contempt, than the humble ignorance which it despises.

Our attention is strongly drawn to many passages, illustrative of the personal virtues or duties: but we must pass them all, without even enumeration, except the remarks on the motives which alone can justify a woman in taking upon herself the solemn engagements of marriage. And, by the way, our philosopher,—though most courteous to the sex,—in matrimonial differences, lays down the law, that though it would certainly be desirable to give place to frequent exceptions, and that the woman where wiser and more virtuous should decide, yet from the importance of the general rule of the man being in such cases the judge, the husband must have this power. And here, as in many other instances, Dr. Brown recognises the doctrine of Utility, if not as the origin, then as the frequent test of moral obligation. But to return to the duties of young ladies contracting marriage.

If it be necessary for man to be careful to whom he engages himself by a vow so solemn, it is surely not less necessary for the gentler tenderness of woman. She, too, has duties to fulfil, that depend on love, or at least that can be sweetened only by love; and when she engages to perform them where love is not felt, she is little aware of the precariousness of such a pledge, and of the perils to which she is exposing herself. It is truly painful then to see, in the intercourse of the world, how seldom affection is considered as a necessary matrimonial preliminary, at least in one of the parties, and in the one to whom it is the more necessary; and how much quicker the judgment of fathers, mothers, friends, is, to estimate the wealth or the worldly dignity than the wisdom or the virtue which they present as a fit offering to her, whom wealth and worldly dignity may render only weaker and more miserable, but whom wisdom might counsel and virtue cherish. It is painful to see one who has, in other respects, perhaps, many moral excellencies, consent, as an accomplice in this fraud, to forego the moral delicacy which condemns the apparent sale of affection that is not to be sold,—rejoice in the splendid sacrifice which is thus made of her peace,—consign her person to one whom she despises, with the same indifference as she consigns her hand,—a prostitute for gold, not less truly because the prostitution is to be for life, and not less criminally a prostitute, because to the guilt and meanness of the pecuniary barter, are added the guilt of a mockery of tenderness that wishes to deceive man, and the still greater guilt of a perjury that, in vows which the heart belies, would wish to deceive the God on whom it calls to sanction the deceit.

When marriages are thus formed, it is not for the sufferer to complain, if she find that she has acquired a few more trappings of wealth, but not a husband. She has obtained all which she wished to obtain; and the affection and happiness which she scorned, she must leave to those who sought them.

In the lecture upon *the Duties of Contract*, there is an admirable section on the treatment of domestic servants, and in it we find another practical lesson to ladies.

There are beings with gentle voices, and still gentler eyes; with smiles that seem never to be willed, and scarcely even to fade and brighten again, but to be almost the native character of the countenance, like the very lustre that is ever blooming on the cheek and on the lip,—there are beings who seem to exist thus only in a perpetual moral atmosphere of radiance and serenity, that, on the sight of a single particle of dust on a book, or a table, or a chair, as if in that particle a whole mountain of misery were before them, can assume in an instant all the frowns and thunders of all the furies; whose delicate frame is too weak to bear the violent opening of a door, but not too weak, after the door is opened, to shake the very floor with the violence of their own wrath on the unfortunate opener of it.

Indulgence to the lighter imperfections of servants is then an important part of our moral obligation in that temporary domestic relationship which we have contracted. But, though it is a duty which we owe to them, it is at least as much a source of tranquillity to ourselves. A life of constant upbraiding is very far from being a life of happiness. When we make them miserable, they have had already too good a revenge in the very fretfulness of the anger that is wreaked on them.

The Duties of Citizenship, comprehend that of resistance; the "last resource, but still a resource,—"

a resource in those miserable circumstances, in which times, and occasions, and provocations, teach their terrible lesson. When the rare imperious cases do occur, in which the patriotism that before made obedience a duty, allows it no more, to him who feels that he has now another duty to perform,—when he sees, with sorrow, that a cause which is good in itself, will demand the use of means from which, with any other motives, he would have shrunk with abhorrence, he will lift his voice, sadly indeed, but still loudly,—he will lift his arm with reluctance, but, when it is lifted, he will wield it with all the force which the thought of the happiness of the world, as perhaps dependent on it, can give to its original vigour; he has made that calculation in which his own happiness and his own life have scarcely been counted as elements. If he survive and prevail, therefore, though in anticipating the prosperity which he has in part produced, he may sometimes look back on the past with melancholy, he cannot look back on it with regret; and if he fall, he will think only of the aid which his life might have given to that general happiness which he sought,—not of his life itself, as an object of regard, or even as a thing which it would have been possible for him to preserve.

But the duty of resistance is of very rare occurrence, and other neglected duties of citizenship ought to be in frequent exercise. The citizen has to obey the laws and to defend them; and he has higher duties imposed upon him. He is bound to improve institutions, to remedy errors in government, and, in his proper sphere, to attempt the redress of political grievances. The political reformer is by Dr. Brown placed above every other kind of national benefactor, because

The reform of a single political grievance may, in its ultimate effects, be the producer of all which we admire in the thousand acts of individual patriotism,—the opener of fields of industry,—the diffuser of commerce,—the embellisher of a land,—the enlightener and blesser of those who inhabit it. It is not possible, indeed, to

estimate how valuable an offering he makes to society who gives it a single good law. . . . . .

He, then, is not a true lover of the society to which he belongs, nor faithful to those duties which relate to it, who contents himself with admiring the laws which he might amend; and who, far from wishing to amend them, regards perhaps, or professes to regard, every project of reformation, not as a proposal which is to be cautiously weighed, but as a sort of insult to the dignity of the whole system, which is to be rejected with wrath, and treated almost as a subject of penal censure.

The whole section breathes the manly and enlightened doctrines of freedom and enlarged patriotism.

We have left ourselves no room to consider the graver and most important division of these Lectures, which, first proving the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, leads the way to the elucidation of our duties to the Supreme Being. But we scarcely regret our circumscribed space, as slight justice could be done to this part of the work, by any analysis that could be given of it. Once more we must be content to quote Dr. Chalmers, who, of the Natural Theology, which concludes the volume, remarks, — "It deserves a high rank among the highest works of this class. . . . . There is no author who has not expressly treated of Revelation, whose mental philosophy suggests so many accordances between the science of mind and the subject-matter of Christianity. From the wide territory of thought over which he [Brown] expatiates, there is no enlightened student, enlightened we mean both in Philosophy and Holy Writ, who might not gather from it fresh proofs and illustrations on the side of the Christian argument.

"And even for the practical objects, we are persuaded, whether of the Christian teacher whose office it is to prepare the weekly lessons of the pulpit for the instruction of his fellow-men, or of the Christian scholar who is bent on the advancement of his own personal religion — should either of them but dwell thoughtfully and intelligently on the pages of Dr. Brown, he will find, of many views which are given there of the workings of our nature, that they shed a pleasing and confirmatory light on what may be termed the moral dynamics of the gospel.

"Among Christians, there is often a sensitive jealousy and dislike of all human philosophy — a sickliness and fearfulness of recoil from it, wherewith we cannot in the least sympathize. We only wish they could ponder and apply the declaration of Scripture, that 'to the pure all things are pure.'"

It is with reluctance that we lay aside this work, ere we have indicated, in even the slightest way, many of the excellencies which are pointed out in the above testimony. We had marked out several passages, and in particular those on "Our Duty to Ourselves," on "The Cultivation of Moral Excellence," and of "Happiness," which abound in noble and elevated thoughts and sentiments. But we have said enough, and to many of our readers, more than enough, of a work which, though hitherto comparatively little known, except to students of moral philosophy, they will, even on our imperfect showing, see to be deserving of the widest diffusion, and the most attentive study.

To conclude in the words of Dr. Chalmers, "The beauty of such moral pictures as he [Brown] has drawn, and an enthusiasm like his, all on the side of goodness and truth, must find an echo in every bosom; and will meet with an abiding testimony from men of wisdom and worth throughout all ages."

TO THE DOVE.

BY THE LATE J. F. SMITH.

Hail, emblem of the dearest tie
That human hearts can bind,
Love's all-devoted constancy
When kindred souls are joined!
Than thee, no purer image fills
A niche in nature's shrine,
Type of ecstatic transport's thrills,
And feeling's glow divine.

The eagle and the vulture share
Dominion of the sky;
I mark th' imperial lords of air
With regal pomp sweep by:
But, ah! their flight, far sunward spread,
No soft emotion brings;
Foreboding sounds of wo pervade
The rushing of their wings.

But thou, what melting sweetness glows
In thy long, mellow note,
Heard where the random wild-flower blows
In forest glooms remote.
O, more than language can express,
Of love and truth is there;—
The depth of woman's tenderness—
The purity of prayer!

More mellowing pathos stamps that strain
Than music's self affords,
To bid the bosom thrill again
From its profoundest chords.
And such its power to give release
From passion's earthly spell,
That, listening, I could bid, in peace,
The realms of time farewell.

Spontaneous worship hallows deep
The scene where none intrudes,
When earth and heaven, communing, keep
The Sabbath of the woods;
While sunset sanctifies the calm,
Devout, of earth, and skies;
And low, like prayer from fields of balm,
The breath of evening sighs.

Yet, spotless dove, religion lends
My theme a glory too—
A charm, harmoniously that blends
With nature's simple due.
O marvellous was the sign of love
Through thee to mortals given,
When stooped thy brooding wings above
The Majesty of heaven!

Bird of the consecrated plume,
Whom Earth's Creator chose,
(Whilst yet above its watery tomb
One lonely mountain rose,)
To waft the pledge of peace to men,
The olive's welcome bough:
I hail thee, mercy's herald then,
Her sacred symbol now.

TEMPTATION AND ATONEMENT.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Continued from page 626 of our October number.*)

CHAPTER IX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye:
Not always signs in man of calmest mood.

BYRON.

THAT evening, John Downing, who for years had not approached the Hall,—never, in fact, since the sense of his unworthiness of the bounties of the old baronet weighed upon his mind,—took his staff into his hand, and walked steadily across Hartington green, and up the old avenue. He had waited till evening, not so much to conceal from vulgar observation the emotions that blanched his shrivelled face, as for the greater certainty of finding Sir Mark Colston alone.

He was answered by the single servant, superadded to the old establishment, that, at such an hour, he could not be admitted; that Sir Mark was writing in his study, and not to be disturbed. But for this, the old man was prepared.

"Tell him, sir, it is the parish clerk of Hartington who wants to see him on pressing business," said he, "and I warrant your master will not refuse."

To the evident surprise of the butler, the old man's prediction was verified.

"Show him in immediately," was the reply. And a moment afterwards, old Downing, having left his hat and staff in the servants' hall, was ushered into a room, where, beside a bureau, lighted by a shaded library lamp, sat the man he came to upbraid.

"I expected this visit, Mr. Downing," said he, the moment the servant, after receiving orders that Sir Mark was not to be disturbed till he rang, had quitted the room. "I expected this visit, and am prepared for it. You are not a man of sufficient strength of mind to discern that it is as essential to your welfare as to mine that we should not be suspected of having met before."

"It is not the care of either your welfare or mine, that has brought me to this house," replied Downing; the firmness with which he had entered the gates of the old place already somewhat shaken by the stern self-possession of him he had expected to find anxious and wavering. "I am come for the sake of the innocent, who have been despoiled of their inheritance. I am come to see justice done to those who have been wronged."

"If you manage to effect *that*, my good friend," replied the new baronet, with a contemptuous smile, "you will be a greater man than the Lord Chancellor himself. You have been reciting for the last fifty years the verse that promises the seed of the righteous man they shall not be forsaken, and of the virtuous, that they shall not be seen begging their bread, till you fancy that, in redressing grievances, you are sure of the strong arm on your side. Had you lived in the stress of the world, Master Downing, instead of in your lonely cottage by the Hams of Hartington, you would know better. But sit down, sit down. We have much to talk about. I have not the slightest wish to hurry the homilies and menaces with which I see you are about to favour me."

"I am about to favour you with nothing of the kind, sir; for I know they'd be thrown away!" replied the old man, sinking into the chair pushed towards him, not in accordance with the invitation of his host, but because he was scarcely able to support himself. "The man who'd act as *you* have done, must be not only a villain, but a desperate one. Bad as your actions have been, you'd have doubtless done worse, had your occasions required it. And if I come here boldly, (though knowing how glad you'd be to put me out of the way altogether,) it is because, as your servants have seen me come safe into your presence, it is necessary to your character they should see me safe out of it again."

"Ay, ay? Have you found tongue at last, old gentleman?" retorted Sir Mark, a little amazed at this self-assumption on the part of one he had previously found so meek. "You are right, however. I cannot afford to shoot you. It strikes me, however, that an allusion to cutting throats, is ungracious and out of place on the part of the father of Luke Downing. Though, by this time, you have perhaps taken care to remove from Warling-wood, the evidence of the murder committed by him, I promise you that his neck is not the less in jeopardy."

Sir Mark was satisfied. The hint was not made at random; and the immediate change of the old man's countenance convinced him that the evidence in question had not been removed; either because the poor father had wanted courage for the search,—or because his search had proved unsuccessful. The latter was, in fact, the case. Fruitless had been the clerk's utmost endeavours. When, at the close of many months after the fatal event in his family, he found heart for the attempt, all trace of the objects in question had disappeared.

"It is not of me and mine, sir, that I am here to speak," rejoined old Downing, as soon as he could command his voice. "Better we should all be brought to shame, than that I should have to answer before God for sitting by and seeing the old house and lands of the Colstons wrested from their rightful owner, to fall into the hands of——"

"One whom even *you* will allow to have as much of the Colston blood running in his veins as either of the whitefaced heiresses who pretended

to supplant me. By your leave, friend Downing, you are but an ass. You are deserting the cause of your order. If you saw things clearly and wisely, you would feel that, sprung from your own class, the grandson of a man who was the friend and companion of your grandfather, it is your business to support me in my pretension to the Colston estate, rather than people who are no otherwise entitled to it than inasmuch as their great uncle Mark may have played the rogue to the pretty daughter of one of the honestest men in Hartington."

The poor clerk, who had never before taken this view of the case, was for a moment a little staggered by the sophistry of his host. But by degrees the plain sense of a virtuous mind resumed the ascendency.

"It is not the rights or wrongs that may have been, sir, for which I am accountable," said he. "All I have to answer for to God, to man, and to my conscience, is the having suffered you to obtain possession of documents, by the loss of which the claims of poor Miss Sophia and her sister have been set aside; and enable you to have a false key forged for Hartington church, by means of which ——"

"What evidence have you, my good friend, of the facts you are pleased to assert?"

"The evidence of my own ears and eyes. Do you suppose I have forgotten the hammering in the church, the morning after the Colston vault was opened? Do you fancy I am to be taken in by the coffin-plate affixed to one of the old coffins, by the fellow who put himself off upon me as one of the undertaker's men? No, no! sir: I see plain enough through all these things *now*."

"I did not inquire through what you saw, or *fancied* that you saw, Mr. Downing; but simply what *proof* you could adduce in a court of justice of any unfair dealing on *my* part with either register, key, or coffin-plate. Such old wives' tales as those you seem disposed to narrate, are not so difficult of invention as to be believed on your simple asseveration. Where, pray, is your witness?"

"*There!*" interrupted the old clerk, pointing upwards with his trembling hand.

"Excellent!" replied Sir Mark, with a bitter sneer. "Truly a most dramatic touch! I have seen it better done though, before now, at the Surrey theatre. But do you suppose, my good friend, that mummery of this description would be admitted in proof by so matter-of-fact a person as a Lord Chief-justice of the realm? No, no. The wiseacres of the bench require a pair of human eyes to witness the doings of a pair of human hands, and a human tongue to declare it. I *saw* the murder of your son Jack, perpetrated by the hands of his brother Luke, on the outskirts of Warling-wood, and am ready to depose to it on my oath. *That* is *evidence!* But did you *see* me destroy any portion of the Hartington register? Did you *see* me take an impression of the church key? Did you *see* any person in my employ affix a false plate to one of the Colston coffins?"

Poor Downing looked puzzled and panic-struck.

"Then how can you pretend to give evidence of the fact in a court of justice? Do you suppose the law-officers of the crown have nothing better to do with their time than listen to the drivelling surmises of a doting old fellow, whose brains have been cracked by family misfortune?"

"I know nothing about courts of justice or law officers, sir," retorted old Downing, with more self-possession. "But I *do* know and am known to Colonel Garrett, the nearest magistrate in these parts. He is aware, sir, that with whatever family troubles it has pleased God to try me, my mind's as reasonable as his or your'n. Not a soul in this parish can tax me with being negligent or incapable of the duties of my calling; and my word has, consequently, as much weight with an upright justice of the peace as that of Sir Mark Colston."

Somewhat startled by the rationality of this argument, the man of the Inner Temple came closer to the point.

"In one word, then," said he, "it is your intention to denounce me? Good! Nothing like being forewarned and forearmed."

"I do not want to denounce you. I want you to let justice have its way, without being forced to it. I want you to give up the Hartington estate quietly and honestly, to them it belongs to."

"And so accuse myself as a swindler and impostor? Fool! on what pretence could I possibly abjure the rights which I have asserted, and which have been conceded to me? What plea could I adduce for resigning my pretensions? No! The die is thrown, and we must play out the game."

"Not if it is to be won by unfair means!" persisted Downing. "It is never too late to be honest. I, sir, am on the border of the grave; nearer to it by five years, than when so sorely tempted by *you* that I yielded to the temptation. And for that yielding, I am now prepared to suffer; for I can't die in peace till atonement is made."

"Selfish, drivelling fool!" muttered Sir Mark, eyeing him askance, with a contemptuous smile. "Feeble in vice as you were unstable in virtue! Will you *never* learn to be a *man*? *Who* do you suppose cares how you die, or when, or where?"

"The Almighty cares, without whose decree not a hair of my head can fall," persisted Downing, gathering courage from this coarse abuse.

"Then let the Almighty take care of his own!" cried his auditor, out of all patience; "for I warn you, master clerk, that in case you persist in intermeddling with affairs that nothing concern you, you will have need of stronger protection than that of your own babbling tongue and palsied members."

The old man folded his arms meekly over his breast; but his looks blenched not. He had evidently made up his mind to abide the worst. And the worst was soon unfolded.

Taking from the upper part of the bureau a small despatch-box, closed by a patent lock, his

companion proceeded to open it by a key, suspended to his guard-chain. There was something unaccountable, however, in the care with which the box was secured. For the first object withdrawn from it by Sir Mark was simply a printed newspaper.

"You hear occasionally, I presume, from New York?" said he, affecting negligently to examine its columns. "It can be no news, therefore, to *you*, though it might to old Wigswell and Colonel Garrett, that Luke Downing of Hartington now figures under the name of Laurence Donovan as a partner in one of the most thriving manufactories in the States."

A slight moan escaped the lips of the miserable father.

"You will readily believe that *I* am too deeply interested in his career, to have lost sight of him for a moment," resumed Sir Mark. "No one more appreciates than I do the skill and intelligence with which, in so short a space of time, he managed to acquire the confidence of the employers to whose hands he intrusted the little capital with which you were wise enough to establish him in his adopted country, where money, combined with shrewdness and prudence, has twice the value it bears in our overgorged land. No one understands as *I* do the motives of those arduous endeavours. Laurence Donovan, it appears, is now a naturalized citizen of New York. Nay, the paper before me contains a much applauded speech made by him a few months ago, at a public meeting of the chief merchants, to promote the abolition of——"

"I don't want to read it," cried the old man, in a querulous voice, pushing back with his hand the offered paper.

"I will read it *to* you, then——"

"I don't want to hear it read, *sir!* It is *not* the affairs of—of Mr. Laurence Donovan I came here to discuss."

"*That* point you must permit *me* to decide. I have had some correspondence, within the last year, with the said Mr. Laurence Donovan, which, by your leave, I will now communicate to yourself."

And while the old man sat aghast with consternation at this astounding intelligence, he proceeded to unfold a letter addressed to Mark Colston, Esq., Inner Temple, in the well-known handwriting of the unhappy Luke, bearing the New York post-mark, at which poor Downing cast a shuddering glance of recognition.

Deeply as his interest was excited by the letter, he would fain have said again, "Don't read it! I can't bear to hear you read it!" so appalled was his spirit at the notion of hearing confirmed the terrible fact of his son's amenability to the power of a ruffian, but that he was certain his prayers would only serve to confirm the intentions of Sir Mark.

"By what unhappy mischance my secret fell into your keeping," wrote the pseudo Laurence Donovan, "it were useless now to inquire. Suffice it that you know what I fondly believed to be safe in the custody of my poor father, and of that still more merciful Father who is in Heaven, who knows my innocence in what you justly term a black and heinous affair.

"But to what end, sir, have you disturbed me in my career of industry and integrity, and the happy security I was enjoying? It cannot be for a good purpose. For, since you know the life of usefulness I am leading, exercising my strenuous endeavours for the promotion of the public weal, while striving also to establish the respectability of my new and undeservedly prosperous condition, you would, if a virtuous man, say, 'Peace be with him! If he have sinned, he is making atonement. If only unfortunate, Providence extends its hand over him, and his cause prospers.'

"But the tone of menace in which you have addressed me, attests that such are not your views; and I will, consequently, not waste my time in appealing to your compassion, or describing the moments of anguish, past and present, by which I work out the expiation of an involuntary crime. My crown of thorns is never laid aside. My penitence is before God. And in His mercy is my trust.

"To *you*, therefore, I address neither prayer nor entreaty. We have never met. Heaven send that we may never meet. But I seem to understand your nature and drift as though we were well acquainted.

"Speak out, then. Tell me in plain terms your object. Fix your price. As you justly observe, though my life may be secure against your denunciation, that which is dearer to me than my life, my character, would be destroyed at once by a mere whisper of the fact that my name is an assumed one, and that I fled my country to evade a charge of manslaughter—*of fratricide!* Name the sum or sacrifice by which your secrecy is to be obtained, and, if by any human possibility within my compass, it shall be yours. If not, you must do your worst. Should I be compelled, by the hardness of your terms, to break off the negotiation, the letter which conveys the tidings of my incompetency will also convey the news of my death. On such points I have dwelt too considerингly under the pressure of heavy and incessant affliction, not to have made up my mind on every possible point and contingency into which my unfortunate position could betray me.

"I said just now, sir, that I scorned to address to you either request or petition: I was premature in the protest. On one point, sir, I would *fain* be beholden to you. On one point I entreat your mercy. In denouncing me to those among whom I am now associating, and to whose level of mind I have raised myself by severe study and a self-effected education, do not, I implore you, aim a still harder blow than I have been already the unhappy cause of inflicting, on two whom I love as much better than fame, or name, or mere worldly connexions, as the ties of nature are stronger than those created by interest or ambition. Let my poor father, let my dear cousin, Esther, live in happy ignorance of whatever evil you intend me. Above all, spare the gray head of

that dear and good old man, and I shall find courage for my fate."

"And this is the son," cried Sir Mark, as soon as he perceived big tears pouring like rain from the eyes of the unhappy Downing, "this is the son whom you abandon to his ruin, in order to serve the cause of a couple of peevish damsels, who scarce consider you good enough to tread the same earth as themselves; with whom, so long as you live, you will never exchange a syllable; and who, even if aware of the sacrifice you had made in their favour, would think you did no more than your duty as a born serf of their estate, in leaving your only son to be hanged by the neck, in order that they might enjoy the spending of a certain number of thousands a-year!"

"It is not for *their* sakes I am acting; it is for my own!" replied John Downing, in a dogged voice.

"After all, then, your fine sentiments end in a sneaking affection for number one!" cried his adversary, with a hoarse laugh. "You are afraid of what your neighbours would say, were the truth discovered! You are afraid of losing appetite for your food, and sleeping in the dark o' nights. You are afraid of Parson Wigswell,—you are afraid of Jukes the wheelwright,—you are afraid of mine hostess of the Black Lion."

"I am afraid of what 'twere better for you that you feared as I do,—*I am afraid of hell-fire!*—I am afraid that, in the better land promised even to sinners, if contrite and humble," rejoined the clerk, "it may be denied me to behold again the beloved wife of my youth, unless I strive to unburden my conscience."

"Your conscience—your conscience!" retorted Sir Mark, out of all patience. "People never find out the *existence* of their conscience, till they've overloaded it, just as a rich man finds out he has got a digestion. Take what dinner-pills you choose for your relief, but not at *my* expense. In one word, therefore, Master Downing, either you keep your surmises and our previous acquaintance to yourself; or this letter, long prepared for the purpose," continued he, taking a large envelope addressed to the Secretary of State's office, from the case containing the collected documents,—"this letter shall instantly convey to the proper authorities a disclosure of every fact connected with the murder of John Downing the younger. After the communication from a certain Mr. Laurence Donovan with which you have been favoured with the perusal, I need not tell you that such a denunciation were tantamount to a sentence of death upon your son. Not by the hand of the finisher of the law. The rope of the hangman reaches only the body of the felon. But better still, by his own!—his own—whose ministry will condemn his immortal soul to the pangs of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched."

"Man—man!—have mercy on me, do not tempt me thus cruelly," interrupted the agonized old clerk, to whom these words were sacred. But his adversary was not to be entreated.

"Let him have repented and atoned as he may for his *former* sins," persisted Sir Mark, "his last act in this world will be the crime of suicide. For *that*, expiation is impossible, unless by those torments of eternity which constitute the vengeance of a jealous God!"

"No, no, no!" cried Downing. "The Lord our God is a God of mercy:—the Lord our God, who hath witnessed our sore temptation."

"And *without* temptation, who falls into sin?" interrupted the evil-minded sophist. "My good friend, know that he who has tripped once, may without scruple fall again, for his cause is judged. If, from a wishy-washy apprehension lest the nearest kinsman of the late Sir Clement Colston should enjoy his estate unsanctioned by a marriage ceremony more or less, you should condemn your only son to the eternal penalties of self-murder, far greater would be your crime than in having for a moment neglected the custody of a bunch of rusty keys."

"You must give me time, sir, you must give me time to consider all these things," faltered poor old Downing, the powers of whose enfeebled mind were becoming exhausted. "You must give me time!"

"On condition you pledge the flimsy thing you call your conscience, that, in the interim, not a hint escapes your lips relative to the position you suppose me to hold in this place."

"I give you my solemn word!" cried Downing. "I can do no more. *You* know whether I can keep it."

"Enough! Go home!—Ponder upon all you have heard. Ponder upon the great fact that God, who commanded children to love and honour their parents, issued no commandment to parents to love their children, so impossible seemed it to him who so loved his Son, that parental tenderness could be wanting. It is the first great instinct of nature, Master Downing,—the holiest and best. Think twice, therefore, before you outrage the tie."

Satisfied that these high-sounding words would sink deep into the bewildered spirit he had been endeavouring to mislead, the new master of the Hall, when he saw the study door close upon his victim, replaced the precious documents which had served as implements to his malice, in their former safe-keeping, with a chuckle of exultation and glare of triumphant scorn such as used to irradiate the features of Edmund Kean after his subjugation of the "gentle Lady Anne."

He foresaw that his purpose was accomplished.

CHAPTER X.

"S'il ne fallait que s'abandonner en toute liberté aux instincts de son cœur, pour revenir ensuite à son devoir et retrouver intacts tous les biens qu'on a perdus, cela serait trop simple et trop facile."—JULES JANIN.

THE break of day that succeeded this stormy interview, was one of those soft, misty, autumnal mornings, when Nature, like other decaying beauties, appears to cover her face with a veil to conceal its infirmity of feature.

Creeping mists obscured the lowlands; and the acclivities of Warling-wood, deeply tinged with

their autumnal hue, could only be perceived at intervals as the wreaths of vapour passed onward along the valley. So still was the quiet landscape, that you seemed to hear the dropping of every yellow leaf that fell death-stricken to the ground. Only the Hams and their alder-bushes retained the dank dark unnatural verdure, produced by the overflowings of the little stream.

Before the leaden sky was more than half enlightened, the poor old clerk had already issued from his cottage; his heavy spirit in sad accordance with the depressing closeness of the weather. With his spade upon his shoulder, as if for the garden work which for some time past he had resumed sufficiently to supply himself with the necessaries of the life, though never for the pride and pleasure of former years, he reached the wicket gate opening to the lane.

Pausing there a moment, he looked to the right and left, as if to ascertain that no eye was upon him, ere he closed it after him and proceeded with steps more hurried than his usual drooping pace, towards the bottom of the lane; where the muddy ooze gradually terminated in a sprinkling of verdure deepening into the green margin of the stream. Poor old man!—His foot was on the Hams again; on the Hams from which, for more than five years past, he had refrained as from a place of torment.

Flapping his faded straw hat still lower over his eyes, and looking neither hither nor thither, he took his way along the path towards F———; at that season of the year so spongy with the rise of the waters, that every print of his heavy foot seemed to sink into the soil. He perceived it not, however. His downcast looks were bent upon the grassy way before him; and even that he saw not, for the mist before his eyes. He did not so much as hear the rippling of the stream, where, at a turn of its channel, the gravel thrown up by the trout formed a sort of dam, against which the waters chafed and murmured. His senses were wholly absorbed in the inward workings of his soul.

On reaching an alder bush, somewhat larger than the rest, at the foot of which lay a white stone, placed there perhaps as a mark, the old man paused suddenly, raised his hat from his forehead, wiped the cold moisture from his brow; and having stared wistfully round, to assure himself that, though the morning had now fully dawned, he was still in solitary possession of the valley, he turned suddenly to the left; and, putting aside the underwood fringing like a natural boundary the abrupt rise of Warling-wood, pushed upwards along a run, or pathway, so overgrown and entangled that, even though the leaves had partially fallen from the trees, the person ascending to the ridge of the hill by that narrow way, was undiscoverable from the level below.

Some fifty or sixty feet above the Hams, along the slanting ascent, ran a ledge a few feet wide, produced either by a landslip, or, according to the often mumbled assertion of poor Sir Clement, by the remains of an old Roman military road; an antiquarian crotchet that signified little, since the lapse of centuries had covered it with underwood like the rest, so as to render the track undiscernible, unless when groping on the spot.

Thither it was, however, that the old clerk was wending his way. Had he been questioned concerning his business there, his answer would have been, that he came to dig up, for transplantation to his garden, a few roots of the wild lilies that grew abundantly near the spot. But constant reference to the fragment of a letter which he took from his pocket, on which seemed traced a plan or map, indicated some ulterior object.

As he wound his way upwards with the spade resting on his shoulder, the oppressive mistiness of the atmosphere, warm with the exhalations of the teeming earth and the decaying vegetation on its surface, compelled him to rest himself for a moment. Or perhaps he paused only to ascertain that the rustlings he heard around him, though not a breath was stirring, were produced only by the flitting of the birds among the sharp glossy leaves of the underwood of Spanish chestnut; as they flew, piping to each other, from bush to bush, in the sweet melancholy whistle that sounds like a sad farewell to the declining year.

After a moment's breathing-time, the poor old man resumed his way. But just as he attained the spot he was desirous to reach, again he stopped suddenly; and *this* time, with heaving breast and distended eyes. Horror overcame his mind on discerning through the mist, and at the very juncture recently pointed out by a letter from New York, the figure of a person engaged in the very office he was come to perform.

The bushy copsewood interposed like a screen between them. The hazy atmosphere perplexed his at-all-times imperfect vision. But as well as he could satisfy himself, a white figure was stooping over a cavity that might have served for an infant's grave, on the very spot where he knew the clothes of his unhappy son to have been deposited.

Nothing doubting that the visitation was supernatural,—an apparition indicatory—(which?)—of divine wrath or divine protection, the hair stood up on the old man's head, and he was about to fall on his knees in reverence; when, lo! startled by his movements, the figure hitherto stooping, stood upright; and he beheld one whom he instantly recognised as Esther Harman, his niece.

Still, his mind was so perturbed, his recollections of the girl whom he had beheld but twice or thrice since she grew to woman's estate, were so faint,—and above all, the wasted shadowy creature before him bore such slight affinity to the well conditioned maiden so loved of Luke, and, unhappily, so loved also of his brother,—that poor Downing might be forgiven if, for a moment, he fondly imagined that he beheld the disembodied spirit of his sister's daughter; who, being in service in another county, had perhaps died, and returned after death to haunt the spot so fatal to her earthly happiness.

But poor Esther possessed a far clearer mind

than her uncle. No sooner did she catch a glimpse of him striving against the branches of the copse, than she understood at once his purpose there, and his terror lest that purpose should be discovered.

"Uncle!" said she, advancing hastily towards him, "we have not a minute to lose. People will be about, uncle, and neither of us must be seen here. The shreds that remain of what you came to destroy, are already under ground. I was filling in the earth over them. Help me, uncle, help me. When quite covered in, I will replace the moss and sticks over the place exactly as I found them."

But to excite the same apt promptitude in the old man, with which the danger of him she loved had inspired her own gentle nature, was not so easy. Poor Downing kept gazing on her, bewildered, and holding her hand in his,—as if trying to remember,—or perhaps trying to forget.

"Lose no time, dear uncle," persisted the poor girl, snatching away her hand, and taking from the trembling hold of the old man the spade he was now scarcely capable of using.

"What do you want with me, Hetty? What is it you are going to do? I came here to dig up roots for my garden," said he, at length, in such manifest confusion of mind, that, without further hesitation, she addressed herself anew to her task, and using the sharp narrow garden-spade of her uncle in place of the clumsy hoe with which, as the only instrument at her disposal, she had scraped rather than dug her way into the fibrous earth, fortunately softened by the October rains, the cavity was now speedily filled in again. The moisture fell from her brow as she worked. But when the earth was carefully levelled, she spread over it the moss and decayed leaves and broken twigs, with the art or instinct of a bird constructing a nest for its young.

"You would not notice the spot *now*, would you, uncle?" said she, pausing a moment, with tearful eyes and cheeks crimsoned by exertion, to survey her work. Then finding his face overspread by a vacant and idiotic smile, she took him by the arm to lead him away from the place.

"Stay a moment!" said she, stopping suddenly as they were hurrying down to the Hams, through the crashing branches. And though her arms ached with a pain beyond weariness, from her previous labours, she put her foot once more to the spade, and dug up several knots of lily roots, by way of pretext for their presence there in case of any unlucky encounter.

Not a word, however, escaped her lips. She resolved to defer to some future moment when he was more himself, her explanations to her uncle.

With the spade and hoe hung over his shoulder, and his niece by his side, bearing a few clumps of lily roots, secured with moss and osier withys, he was now tottering mechanically along the water-side back to the cottage; absorbed in vague bewilderment of mind, in which predominated terrible reminiscences of the past, such as seemed to tinge with blood the green herbage under his feet, as when, after long gazing at the sun, crimson spots appear to arise on every object that meets our eyes.

In utter silence they traversed the Hams. Worlds of thought and emotion struggled in the minds of both, so that talk was impossible; and without obstruction, they attained the spot where the oozings of the lane, discharging themselves into the stream, for a moment defiled its fair margin.

Gladly did they turn into the causeway where their presence would excite no surprise; and there it was that Esther Harman found courage to speak.

"I was coming to visit you this morning, uncle," said she, in a broken voice, "even if we had not met in Warling-wood. I wanted to see you. I wanted to tell you that I had heard from *him*. A ship letter. He is well. It was a hint from *him* that urged me to the duty you found me executing."

"Bide a bit, lass," muttered the old man, opening the wicket, leading into his garden, "bide a bit, till you are safe under my own roof, Esther, before you talk of such things."

Before they reached the cottage, John Downing flung aside into the bushes, as if weary of their weight, the tools he had been carrying. But it was only at the door-sill that Esther deposited the lily roots she had mechanically brought back with her all the way to Hartington.

Her uncle was the first to enter the house, which, according to the custom of that primitive village, was left on the latch; and the exclamation of horror-struck surprise with which he started back on the threshold, prepared her for some unusual circumstance.

On following him into the kitchen, the first object that met her eyes was a hard featured, middle-aged stranger, attired in the deepest mourning, who seemed so thoroughly at home, that poor Esther's amazement was almost as great as that of her uncle. Of Sir Mark Colston, she had never even heard. But the external appearance of this early visiter seemed to indicate that he was a clergyman. Since she last visited Hartington, Mr. Wigswell had probably been gathered to his predecessors, and was replaced by the harsh-looking individual before her. He did not keep her long in suspense.

"We are both of us early risers, it appears, Master Downing," said he, "like most people who have aught stirring in their heads or hearts to lighten their slumber. To-day, it seems, you have been beforehand with me."

"I went out betimes to meet my niece," said the clerk, who by the very shock of finding his enemy thus established under his roof, had recovered his self-possession. And Esther, judging from this evasive reply on the part of a man so upright as her uncle, that the stranger was one to whom he was forced to defer, and whose knowledge of his real errand would be injurious, took her cue from his reserve, and prepared to answer whatever question might be addressed her by the individual who was staring her out of countenance with little ceremony or decency.

But Sir Mark Colston was no asker of questions.

He was of the order of spirits who are accustomed to give the law, rather than receive it.

"I came hither, Master Downing," said he, after a momentary pause, during which Esther would have retired and left them together, but for a sign from her uncle,—"I came hither to inform you of what escaped my memory last night, that the New York packet sails on Saturday next; and that, before that time, your mind must be fully made up."

"Before that time, sir, I will wait upon you," was the reply of the old man, whose feelings were still deeply moved by his recent expedition. "In the meanwhile, I do not well see what we have to say to each other."

"Less, certainly, than *of* each other!" retorted his visiter; adding more forbearingly, after obtaining a more perfect view of the sweet face of Esther Harman by the removal of her bonnet, "But on whatever other points we may disagree, Master Downing, there is surely no reason why, as landlord and tenant, we should live on ungracious terms."

"You are mistaken, sir. I am an independent man. This cottage is copyhold. This cottage and the four nearest it are built on what was once church land, and pay a pepper-corn rent to the rector. No, no, I have nothing to do with the Colston family,—nothing to do with the Hartington property."

"Then I am a less lucky man than I thought myself," retorted Sir Mark, with another admiring glance towards Esther. "I was in hopes that the visiter you had risen so early this morning to welcome, was at least going to reside under a roof that called me master."

Even this sally obtained not a civil word in reply from old Downing, who, weary as he was, kept sturdily afoot, rather than afford a pretext to his tormentor for resuming the seat from which, at their entrance, he had risen with the spontaneous deference paid by even the coarsest natures to the presence of youth and beauty.

"I should have spared myself the walk from the Hall, had I been aware that I was not likely to find you alone," continued the baronet, perceiving that there existed no tendency to accommodation on the part of one whom it was so essential to conciliate. He even judged it better to expedite his departure, lest the old clerk should be incited to an open rupture in presence of his niece; and mortifying enough it was to the man at the head of the Hartington estates, that not a single point of advantage presented itself by which he could impress the people before him with a sense of his superiority.

"Aha!" cried he, however, in an exulting voice, the moment he reached the threshold, and saw the lily roots lying beside the door. "You have been to Warling-wood this morning? A strange spot, Master Downing," continued he, fixing his eyes significantly on the instantaneously blanched face of the old clerk, "a strange spot, surely, for *you* to select for your horticultural experiments? Were these roots taken, pray, from the spot where ——"

"They were dug up by *me*, sir, to place in my uncle's garden," interposed Esther, coming promptly to the assistance of her uncle. "I am fond of flowers, sir,—*very* fond,—as fond as *he* is."

"In that case," rejoined Sir Mark, touching his hat slightly, in token of leave-taking, "you must come and visit the garden at the Hall. The flowers and plants *there* are quite as much at your disposal, and I trust a little freer from melancholy association than the weeds you have been at the trouble of transplanting from a spot, to say the least of it, so unlucky as Warling-wood."

"Shut the door, Hetty!" cried the old man, tottering back into the cottage and sinking upon the settle, the moment his guest disappeared through the garden-gate into the lane. "Shut it after him, lest he should be tempted to return. Shut it, child, and bolt it!" continued he, with almost hysterical violence. And Esther could appreciate the restraint her uncle must have been exercising over himself in the stranger's presence, from the violence with which his emotions now burst forth.

Heavy sobs, broken by incoherent ejaculations, escaped his heaving breast.

"The wretch—the ruffian!" cried he. "*He* to speak disrespectfully of my poor boy!—*He* to triumph over Luke!—*He* to threaten!—*He* to exult! And to be obliged to listen to him, Esther, and stand by without an angry word between my lips, while he was darting his looks into yours, and taking the measure of your shape with his hateful eyes. What would your cousin have said, Hetty, could he have seen him!—And *I* said nothing! *I* uttered never a word!—Like a poor convicted wretch I sat by, prepared to meet with submission whatever insult he might be pleased to offer to me and mine!"

"Do not distress yourself in this way, uncle," pleaded the poor girl. "The gentleman, whoever he may be, spoke you fairly, and seemed to mean you no harm."

"Means *me* no harm!" muttered poor Downing, with a haggard look.

"People who have undergone much trouble, get to look upon every body as an enemy," persisted Esther.

"If you were acting this morning, my dear child, under orders from your poor cousin Luke," rejoined the old man, "you cannot but be aware that his anxiety of late has arisen from the threatenings of a man who is bent upon bringing him to justice."

"Bringing him to *justice*?" interrupted Esther Harman, turning as pale as death. "No, uncle! I knew nothing of the kind; I guessed nothing of the kind. Since the poor fellow landed in America, he has written to me from time to time, telling me only that he was well and thriving; but never why he had quitted England, or whether he ever intended to return to it again. At first, indeed, I offered to join him, as soon as the labour of my own hands afforded me means for the voyage. For *then* I fancied him poor, and that my assistance and presence might be a comfort to him. But as soon as I found how much you had done for my cousin, and how

greatly he was prospering, I ceased to make further plans or further offers, fancying that, after all, his trip to America had been a mere speculation—an affair of money-making, the unlooked-for success of which had perhaps made him look above me—perhaps forget me,—perhaps *forget himself.*"

"Poor fellow! poor Luke!" murmured his father, in scarcely audible accents.

"And so I took what comfort I could, uncle, and determined to trouble him no more," added poor Esther, in a still more desponding voice; "though, in spite of all I could do, he was still uppermost in my thoughts,—that is, he was *all* my thoughts,—*all*, my object,—all my very life,—he has been, God knows, ever since we were children together, threading daisies on the Norcroft meadows. I worked the less hard, indeed, from the time I knew it was all of no use; and that, hoard what earnings I might, they were never to take me to *him!* But a short while ago, there came a letter by post, not like the rest, sad, and short, and cold, but like a leave-taking letter, telling all—*all* that is in the heart, because there is no further use in concealment. In *that* letter, uncle, he explained why he had never asked me to join him, why he had ceased to remind me of my promise to be his wife; because, prosper as he might, a great peril was always suspended over him; and that never, *never* would he expose *me* to the shame which might at any moment overtake him and darken his remaining days."

"Ay, at any moment—at *any* moment!" muttered the unhappy old man.

"He even told me the cause of all this trouble, uncle," added Esther, in a faint voice, "and *very* terrible was it to me to learn for truth what I had so often guessed and guessed till my heart ached again. But from all he said of his feelings and his reasons for abstaining from making me his wife, I determined instantly to set out for America, and join him. The money I first collected is still untouched. For though I had given up all thoughts of the voyage, I should have taken shame to myself to have used a shilling of it for any other purpose."

"Poor girl!—*Good* girl!" moaned the father of Luke.

"And next week, uncle, I shall embark at Liverpool. You will not betray me to my brother? No, no, you will not betray me. Since my poor mother's death, I have not held myself accountable for my doings to any at Norcroft; where I was forced to hear my cousin spoken of in terms that made my blood freeze in my veins."

"You are going—*you*, a young and delicate girl, are literally going to join him in America?" faltered the astonished clerk.

"Since it was humbleness and not pride which made him forbear to ask me," added Esther in a lower voice, "why should I hesitate? From something in his letter, however, a fear he expressed that you might have wanted courage to execute a grievous commission with which he had charged you, I thought it better, before I sailed from England for ever, to visit this place, to visit Warlingwood. From the way in which you found me occupied this morning, you can understand my purpose. It is fulfilled. Thank God it is fulfilled. Thank God I had strength of heart to seek out that horrible place. For it was not too late, uncle. It was necessary that one of us should reach the spot. And now that my task is done, I can go in peace. Unless, (since you say that the man who was here, just now, is the bitter enemy of Luke,) unless the sight of the lilies should have awakened his suspicions,—all is now safe."

"Esther!" said old Downing, removing his trembling hand from before his face and placing it in that of his niece. "Esther, you are a good girl,—a good and faithful girl! You must take me with you. If I can manage to quit this place by stealth, so as to meet you at Bristol——"

"You can—you can!" interrupted his niece, anticipating with joy what was to follow.

"In that case, my poor child, I will go with you to America."

CHAPTER XI.

This warld's wealth, when I think on
Its pride and a' the lave o 't,
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o 't.
Oh! why should fate such pleasure take
Life's dearest bands untwining,
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining! BURNS.

WHILE these painful scenes were passing in the quiet village of Hartington, the amiable family so singularly frustrated in their expectations of inheritance, were nearly as much to be pitied as Esther and her uncle.

The first, if not the only care of the two girls, was their mother. At *her* age, the sudden loss of nearly two-thirds of her income was a loss indeed. The prudence of Mrs. Colston's habits of life during the first years of her widowhood, afforded sufficient proof that the splendours of affluence were not essential to her happiness. But the indulgences of the last ten had now become habitual; and hard indeed was it to be forced to reduce her establishment, discard her attached servants, renounce her comfortable abode, and the carriage which her increasing infirmities rendered almost a necessary of life. To secure all these enjoyments to their kind mother by a proper settlement, the girls had kept single during their uncle's lifetime; and now, it was impossible not to regret their over-solicitude. For in the event of the marriage of either, Sir Clement would unquestionably have bestowed a dowery such as might have afforded some compensation for the eventual loss of the estate.

On every side, their prospects were gloomy. The comfort of their mother's declining years was destroyed; nor would either of them listen to the generous eagerness with which a home was offered to her both by Colonel Larpent, and Sir Henry Fletcher.

"Remember the fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks," said Cecilia, when the latter

pleaded for the immediate fulfilment of their engagement. "To strengthen each other, we must remain together. Poor mamma must not be deserted in her change of fortunes by the children to whom she has devoted her life."

"Do I ask you to desert her?" was the earnest rejoinder. "No, no! I would not have you lose sight of her, dearest Cissy, for a single day. You must persuade her and Sophia to reside with us. There is room enough for you all, in my rambling old barrack of a house at Newtown Fletcher. I cannot, indeed, pretend to lodge Mrs. Colston so well, or make her so comfortable, as she has been in her charming house in Bruton Street. But she is sure of the rough and ready hospitality of an Irish hearth; and, while you rule over both, my own dearest, as their lady and mistress, I cannot fancy that the old lady will be *very* unhappy under my roof. Besides, she will enjoy what you and yours seem to prize beyond many a more brilliant privilege—the power of doing good. My people and place have been sadly neglected, Cissy. I shall not be able to spare *you* to look after them half so much as they require; and it would be indeed an act of humanity were Mrs. Colston and Sophia to superintend the schools I am building, and carry out a hundredth part of the plans you had formed for Hartington!"

Cecilia Colston was gratified, but not convinced. At her mother's time of life, it was essential that she should be independent; and both daughters fully coincided in her project of retiring to the country, after disposing of the lease and furniture of her London house.

But when the moment came for quitting it, all three appeared to feel, for the first time, the hardness of the fate that had befallen them. Not a room in the house, scarcely an article of furniture, but was endeared to the girls by association with some moment or incident of their happy courtships. It was not the good taste and elegance of the establishment, (which had so readily secured a tenant eager to purchase every thing as it stood,) that moved their regret. But there was something of desecration in leaving to the enjoyment of strangers, those pleasant drawing-rooms where their young lives had passed so happily; and where each in succession had found her girlish happiness completed, by a declaration of attachment from the man she loved.

A small cottage residence on the border of Hertfordshire, had been engaged by Mrs. Colston, till a complete settlement was effected in their affairs. For, though neither Aldridge nor Mr. Boscawen, her London lawyer, afforded much encouragement to commence the amicable suit suggested in the first instance, the cost of which would be a heavy burthen on her reduced income, Colonel Larpent saw things with more sanguine eyes. On two points *he* was firm as a rock; *viz.*, his determination to overcome Miss Colston's disinterested scruples about becoming his wife, and his advice to resist to the utmost the pretensions of one, who, with the perspicacity of a shrewd mind and honest heart, he had never doubted to be an impostor.

"In offering to Mrs. Colston the means of carrying on the suit," said he to Sophia, after endeavouring to stimulate anew the courage of the family, "I am incurring no risk; so do not, I entreat, renew your praises of my generosity. On the contrary, I am merely securing a noble fortune to my wife. For my wife you are, and must be. With *your* equitable principles, you cannot act unfairly by me as withdraw your plighted word merely because your mother is forced for a time to reduce her establishment."

"You must make allowance for our being at present a little stunned by the blow that has befallen us," replied Sophia. "It requires something more than philosophy to enable one to meet with composure so sudden an overturn of all the projects of one's life. For years past, all our thought has been what we were to do for mamma on the death of Sir Clement, and how her comfort and happiness were to be best secured. Not one of the old servants but had a pension in prospect. And to see all this suddenly extinguished! I feel that, instead of being able to assist *her*, and reward the others, we are about to become a burthen to her!"

"*That*, at least, is your own fault," interrupted the Colonel. "You well know how eagerly both Cecilia and yourself are waited for in homes of your own!"

"And would my wounded pride be soothed, think you, by becoming a burthen on *you*?" cried Sophia, with a vivid blush; "on *you*, dear Charles, who have already three children to provide for."

"Ay, there it is!" cried the blunt soldier. "Half the misery of the business, if not the whole, is a case of wounded pride. Matters might have been a thousand times worse. Mrs. Colston, with nearly a thousand a-year, has surely enough for the common comforts of life. Yourself and your sister carry with you into the families into which you are about to marry, (yes, dearest, in spite of all your remonstrances and denials, I say again, *about* to marry,) the endowments of youth, beauty, virtue, talent, and family connexion. Nothing wanting, you see, *but* money; which, when you fancied it your own, you prized so lightly, that you have taught me to measure its value as you then did. If you continue to dwell thus bitterly on your loss, I shall, in fact, begin to fancy your former high-mindedness assumed."

These suggestions tended to brighten with a smile the dejected countenance of Sophia. But they did not blind her to the fact, that to bestow her hand on the noble-hearted soldier, would be a serious injury to his children; and she persisted so bravely in her refusal, that, unwilling to mistrust the steadfastness of her affection, Colonel Larpent began to attribute her resolution to a conviction that, at some future time, her fortune would be restored to her, and all her former projects realized. If such the cause of her hesitation, it was his own fault; for it was *he* who had inspired her with faith in the tenability of her claims.

In the vague hope of being able to destroy the work of his hands, he hurried to consult Mr.

Boscawen, the family lawyer, to whom the care of their interests was intrusted; and eagerly endeavoured to enlist his advice against the commencement of the amicable suit he had hitherto so warmly advocated.

The prim solicitor looked a little surprised at a change so sudden. But having seen Colonel Larpent in company with his fair clients throughout the interviews to which their extraordinary dilemma had given rise, and concluded him to be one of their nearest relations, he did not hesitate to confide to him the exact state of the case.

"Some weeks have occurred," said he, "since I had any communication on the subject from the Miss Colstons; and I am consequently in hopes that the propositions which I was then employed to transmit to them, were the means of altering their views concerning the lawsuit."

An exclamation of "*propositions*," was with some difficulty repressed on the lips of the blunt soldier; for nothing of the kind had been confided to him by Mrs. Colston or her daughters; and he was unwilling that Boscawen (whom he supposed to be apprized of the terms on which he stood in the family,) should suppose that reserves, in matters of pecuniary interest, existed between himself and Sophia.

"Little as I foresaw such a compromise at the commencement of this untoward affair," resumed the lawyer, "I cannot but admit that the marriage proposed by Sir Mark, affords the only probable chance of securing any share or portion of the Colston estates to the daughters of the late Colonel. Peace-making is not exactly the office of my profession," continued he with a grim smile; "nor am I inclined to lose the thousands which such proceedings as those suggested by yourself to the young ladies, would have put into my pocket. Still, sir, candour forces me to admit that nothing can be more liberal than the intentions entertained by Sir Mark. In the event of Miss Colston's acceptance of his hand, he bestows a marriage-portion of thirty thousand pounds on her sister; and on the old lady, an annuity of five hundred per annum. Admit that nothing can be handsomer. I doubt, indeed, whether the late Sir Clement would in his lifetime have done as much."

"Nothing, indeed, can be handsomer," mechanically repeated his astounded auditor. "And, as you observe, a lawsuit under such circumstances is out of the question."

He scarcely knew what he was saying. He scarcely knew in what manner he made his exit out of the chamber of Boscawen and Hatch, and with his hat over his eyes, stumbled down the worn and dirty stone staircase leading from their dreary den to Lincoln's Inn Fields. The amazement which had fallen on the mind of Sophia on Sir Mark Colston's sudden inbreak at Hartington Hall, was in fact scarcely more bewildering than that of poor Larpent, as he jumped into the first hackney coach that presented itself, conscious that his perturbation of mind rendered him no object for the streets.

To be forced to resign her, after three years of unqualified love and confidence,—resign her, at a moment when he had fancied her more than ever his own;—when he had fancied his affection a necessary and a sufficient consolation for her loss of fortune! And above all, to resign her with contempt and loathing in his heart!

His whole view of human nature was changed. If the noble-minded Sophia Colston had succumbed to pecuniary temptation, *who* was to stand upright? If the candid Sophia Colston had stooped to deceive by false pretences the man who so implicitly trusted to her, what woman was henceforward to be believed? So plausibly, too, as she had disguised her flagitious intentions, under a pretence of generous consideration for his interests! So speciously as the whole family had hurried their departure for the country, in order to be out of the way of remonstrance or reproach, on the public announcement of their wretched compromise with the man they had proclaimed an impostor and swindler!

No wonder the distracted man rushed home for the solitary indulgence of his indignation. At Colonel Larpent's age, for he was on the verge of forty, and more than one silvery thread was intermingled with his rich brown hair, the affections of the heart are neither lightly bestowed, nor easily resumed. His passion was not the impetuous but transitory passion of a boy. His love for Sophia was all the stronger for the reverence by which it was sobered; like a lamp that burns brightest and longest, when the flame is not allowed to rise too high. — And forced to abjure not only all hope of making her his wife, but all power of remembering her with affection, his future life became a blank. His children,—the children she had adopted as her own,—the children whom he had ceased to consider motherless since she had called them hers, came running to meet him; and as he looked at their bright eyes and thoughtless smiles, and reflected how grievous a change had been wrought in their destinies, he was forced to lift the youngest little girl in his arms, and conceal his face amid her flowing curls, that his gathering tears might fall unnoticed. What was to become of them? What was to become of *him*?

Winter having been absorbed by the negotiations between the two branches of the Colston family, the spring was already come, to afford a fair pretext, where pretext was wanting, for removal from town; and Colonel Larpent, who was leading a London life, only to favour his daily visits to Bruton Street, felt that it would be impossible to remain there after a shock which had rendered him a second time as much a widower as the loss of his amiable wife four years before. He must instantly leave town,—he must instantly leave England. There was not a spot in the kingdom sufficiently far from *her* to enable him to breathe in peace.

As to these three little helpless creatures, whose buoyant spirits would be insupportable, he would leave them at the rectory with their grandmother. From the moment of her daughter's death, indeed, Mrs. Wigswell would fain have adopted them;

and never were the old people so happy as when they could get their grandchildren into the country for a long visit.

The following morning, therefore, he escorted them under the care of their faithful old nurse, to Hartington. It was necessary he should explain to the fond grandmother, by whom his preference for Sophia had been first encouraged, that all engagement between them was at an end; and, a little to his indignation, the old lady, who had measured the merit of his future wife a little too much by the weight of her strong box, attributing his change of purpose to prudential motives, warmly seconded his project of going abroad.

"His being out of the way at such a time would get over a thousand little unpleasantnesses. Since he had been so wise as to consider his children's prospects before his own inclinations, Miss Colston would no doubt follow his example during his absence, and make a comfortable settlement for life."

Colonel Larpent turned away with a sickening heart. Old and young were against him. No one saw cause for regret or blame in a decision by which *his* happiness was marred for life.

He almost regretted that he had not sent down the children to Hartington with their nurse, unaccompanied. But he had wanted to see the place again, before he quitted England. It was *very* dear to him, *very* sacred. *There* were deposited the remains of that lost Eliza who, on her deathbed, had recommended him to renew at some future time, for the sake of his infants, the happy domestic life they had enjoyed together. And there had commenced his perception of the excellence of the high-minded girl, who had at length consented to become his wife.

Every thing had then favoured his courtship. The old lady at the rectory contrived to have him staying with her, whenever Mrs. Colston and her daughters were on a visit to Sir Clement; nor was there a spot in the fine old park, or a drive in the adjacent woods, but was hallowed by recollections of Sophia.

Often and often had they strolled together into the village, devising plans of future improvement; how the cheerful green was to be respected, the horse-pond embanked, the lane widened and drained; and school-houses and alms-houses erected on the site of the sawpit opposite the Black Lion. And while the Colonel examined with the eye of a practised engineer the capabilities of the lane and the Hams, more than once had they paused at old Downing's cottage, on pretence of begging one of his choice carnations; but in reality, to bestow a few kindly words on the poor old man, whose family misfortunes rendered him an object of compassion at the Hall.

Very grievous was it to revolve these recollections in his mind, now that he was visiting Hartington without one cheering hope. Spring was budding from every bough. The orchards were white with blossoms, the hedges fragrant with violets, the gaudy flowers of the crown imperial flaunting in the cottage gardens, the meadows clothed with the emerald green of their first verdure. Every thing was sweet, and gay, and vivid. The young leaves of the lime trees in the green already quivered in the breeze. The beauty of the year was expanding in every part of the landscape.

As soon as the good rector had sunk into his evening doze, and his lady retired to install her grandchildren in their nursery, Colonel Larpent accordingly sauntered out into the village, to pause at every well-remembered spot consecrated by memories of the past.

After pausing in the church-yard to peruse, as if for the first time, the marble tablet inserted in the old sandstone wall of the church, "Sacred to the memory of Eliza, the beloved wife of Lieut.-Colonel Larpent of the 5th Dragoon Guards," and containing a just tribute to her virtues,—he turned with a swelling heart into the narrow gravel path leading to the lane; secretly reproaching himself for having too well obeyed her injunctions; fancying, perhaps, his present misery the penalty of his faithlessness to the dead.

With his eyelids swollen with unshed tears, he did not care to retraverse the village. Turning, therefore, towards the Hams, between the high hawthorn hedges now almost in full leaf, he was passing without notice old Downing's garden, full of the last time he had visited the spot, on the plea of begging for Sophia a flower from a far-famed macrophylla rose-tree, (a present brought by Luke from the gardens at Ashburnham, for years the pride and glory of the poor old clerk,) when the sound of angry voices in the garden caused him to turn his eyes towards the cottage.

The persons disputing together, were strangers to him; nor, unless old Downing had died or been superseded in his office during the period he was so deeply engrossed by the affairs of the Colston family, could he account for their presence on the spot: the man being somewhat his own senior, and far too showily dressed either for that age or the place he was visiting; while the girl who was addressing him, was attired in humble mourning, but of striking grace and beauty. From the colour of her hair and character of her general appearance, Colonel Larpent inferred that she was habitually pale, and habitually reserved; and that the flush streaming on her cheek, and the vivacity apparent in her words, were produced by some unusual motive of excitement.

Impossible not to connect these demonstrations with the unsatisfactory looking individual who was hurrying with unmeasured steps down the pathway; while the poor young girl, with dilated eyes and heaving bosom, stood firm upon the threshold of the cottage, as if determined to guard it from intrusion.

Had Colonel Larpent been aware of the relation in which she stood to his father-in-law's faithful servant, John Downing, he would have instantly stopped, and offered his services as the redresser of her grievances, whatever they might be. But he believed these people to be new comers in the village; and with the instinctive reserve of a shy Englishman, averse to intruding into the affairs of strangers, hurried onwards to the Hams,—

leaving the lovers,—or husband and wife,—or whoever or whatever John Downing's successors might be, to resume their quarrel at leisure.

How little did he surmise, as he set foot on the velvet herbage of the Hams, and saw the water-weeds crested with their April bloom, waving with every ripple of the stream, how little did he surmise that the man whom he was secretly characterizing as a "vulgar fellow," was the one on whom, in the course of the last four-and-twenty hours, he had been lavishing such a variety of still bitterer epithets!

On his return home, to share the frugal parsonage supper, and express his final wishes concerning the children, (for he was to cross the country by Romney to Dover at an early hour the following morning,) Mrs. Wigswell, who had hailed him on his arrival that afternoon with an exclamation that never did she see a man so altered in appearance in so short a time, became of opinion that his evening walk must have done him worlds of harm,—so much paler was he than before.

He was beginning to feel seriously anxious concerning his health; and having furnished her with the address of the banker at Lausanne to whom she was to forward her letters, and of the man of business to whom she was to refer in greater emergencies, Colonel Larpent became so embarrassed by her questions, that he tried to divert her attention from himself by talking of the village and its changes.

"Yes! you must admit that Sir Mark is not behind hand with his improvements," rejoined the rector's lady. "As my husband truly says, there cannot be a stronger proof of his confidence in his right, than the readiness with which he is expending such sums of money on the estate."

"The roads are certainly in a very different state from what I left them," replied the Colonel listlessly; "and I understand that the dilapidated park palings are to be replaced by a substantial stone wall."

"Of four miles in extent. A fine time for the masons!" rejoined Mrs. Wigswell. "But there are workmen employed on the property in every direction."

"And do you find this man a personal acquisition?" demanded her son-in-law, with painful interest in the question.

"There is not, of course, the person in the three kingdoms who, to my husband, could replace poor old Sir Clement!" was Mrs. Wigswell's evasive reply.

"Still, you see nearly as much of this Sir Mark as of the late baronet?"

"He has not been wanting in attention to us," replied the old lady. "But perhaps I am difficult about manners and appearance; *you*, my dear Colonel, and the Colston family, having assisted to make me so. For I admit that—But it is foolish to find fault with such trifles, where the main point is as it should be. Sir Mark Colston is a pious, benevolent, and considerate man; and the cut of his coat and tones of his voice ought consequently to meet with indulgence."

"I am sorry that you cannot speak more flatteringly of him," persisted the Colonel; "I was in hopes you would have found him a pleasant neighbour."

"Nothing and no one could have made it pleasant to poor Wigswell to visit at the Hall," replied the old lady. "I don't say, however, but that it *might* have been pleasanter than it *is*. I am afraid that the circumstances of Sir Mark in early life, gave him a taste for low company. My husband complains that a strange set of people are always about him. But perhaps things may mend. He talks of marrying. He seems *anxious* to marry. Sir Mark himself told me that his only motive for hurrying his improvements at the old place, was his desire that Lady Colston might find all complete on her arrival."

"And did he state who Lady Colston was to be?" faltered the Colonel, still paler than before.

"I *asked* him; for he spoke so jocosely as to encourage the question; and he told me, laughing all the while, that it was a great secret; that I had *seen* the lady, that the match would probably startle me a little; but that he hoped I should prove a friend to his wife. I am to blame, however, for alluding to the subject," said the old lady, checking herself; "for I remember he made it his earnest request that I would mention it to no living soul."

The Colonel felt as if his very breath were failing. To divert Mrs. Wigswell's observation from his emotion, he tried to talk of old Downing. "Was the old clerk released from his unhappy life, or had he only retired from office?"

"If you were able to delay your departure for a day or two," replied the old lady, "you would hear him officiate on Sunday, as clearly and steadily as ever."

"And who, then, is the young woman that inhabits his cottage? He had no daughter, I think?" said the Colonel.

"A niece has been on a visit to him, the winter through, poor old man; for it was too trying, under all the circumstances, to spend the long evenings alone. Not, however, that John Downing seems much the better for Esther's visit; being more broken within the last three months, than by all his family misfortunes. One seldom sees him out of doors now. One seldom sees him but at church. He and my husband are both of them ten years older since the death of poor Sir Clement. One never knew, my dear Colonel, till the poor old gentleman was taken away, what consequence he was of to the happiness of all at Hartington."

Colonel Larpent, anxious to retire early to rest that he might be up in time to cross the marshes towards Dover before the sailing of the Calais packet, was content to let the subject drop; and when he bestowed his last kiss and blessing on his sleeping children, in the twilight of the following morning, the other inmates of the parsonage were also asleep. The post-chaise was brought to the stable gate. Not a creature was stirring in the village, except the cock that was strutting and crowing before the Black Lion, as if chaunting the praises of the man whose money had filled up the

ruts and removed the standing pools from its favourite beat, to create the capital road along which the traveller was bowling. It was not for some days afterwards,—it was not till the hurry, noise, and inconvenience of embarkation in a steam-packet, landing at the custom-house, passports, and commissionnaires had subsided, and he found himself a fugitive from the native country he was beginning to abhor, at the tearing rate of the *malle poste*, that the singular scene in Downing's garden occurred to the recollection of Colonel Larpent.

The presence of that pleasing-looking young woman had been explained. She was the niece and inmate of the old clerk. She was the Esther Harman of whom he had previously heard mention, as the sweetheart of one of Downing's unfortunate sons. But *who* was the *man*? *Who* was the coarse-looking, — harsh-spoken, — gaudily-dressed man? the man to whom the girl had exclaimed as he hurried half-sullenly, and half-defyingly down the footpath, "You have persecuted us enough! You have prevented our going to America! But if justice is to be had in this world, you shall not haunt us, in this way, like an evil spirit, to hunt the old man into his grave!"

What could this mean? Who was the fellow that had excited the poor girl to such an outbreak? Since they were not husband and wife, (a connexion which the instinct of his sex seemed to have suggested as an excuse for any amount of brutality,) the Colonel began to fear that all was not as it should be in Downing's cottage.

At length, the notion darted into his mind that the man he had seen under circumstances so disgraceful, might *perhaps* be Sir Mark Colston—the future husband of his Sophia!

Colonel Larpent had heard him described as coarse and vulgar; and though it was to be expected that the new proprietor of Hartingford would be attired in a suit of sables, Sir Mark was not the man, especially if a wooer, to concede more than the exact three months of mourning due to the memory of a kinsman.

He now began to blame himself for not having interfered between the angry girl and her crestfallen visiter; and above all, for not having more closely cross-questioned Mrs. Wigswell. There was unquestionably some mystery connected with the couple thus strangely brought together.

Nothing more favourable than travel to the development of reverie. Before Colonel Larpent reached Lausanne, he had framed so many hundred romances connecting together the various branches of the Colston family and John Downing's cottage, that it was not wonderful he should think it worth while to despatch a private and confidential letter to his old acquaintance, Aldridge the Lewes attorney, suggesting private inquiries concerning the parties.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

NAPOLEON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE BARBIER.

O Corsican! thou of the stern contour,
Thy France, how fair was she,
When the broad, ardent sun of Messidor
At length beheld her free!
Like a young mare, unbroke to servitude,
Bridle she scorn'd and rein;
Still on her hot flanks smoked the recent blood
Of kings on scaffolds slain.

Proudly her free hoof struck the ancient soil;
Harsh word or brutal deed
She knew not; never hand of outrage vile
Had pass'd on that wild steed.
Never had her deep flanks the saddle borne,
Or harness of the foe;
All virgin she; her heavy mane unshorn
Wanton'd in vagrant flow.

The eye of fire set in her slender head
Shot forth a tameless ray;
Rear'd up erect, the whole world she dismay'd
With her shrill savage neigh.
Napoleon came; he mark'd her noble strain,
Her blood, her mettle bold;
Grasping the thick locks of her gipsy mane,
The Centaur fix'd his hold.

Booted he mounted; since he knew full well
She loved the voice of war,
Clarion, and beating drum, and trumpet's swell,
And cannon's roar.

He gave the wide world for her hunting ground:
His sport was war and spoil:
Nor rest, nor night, nor sleep his charger found,
Ever unceasing toil.

O'er flesh, like clay, gallop'd the goaded horse,—
Breast-deep in blood and tears,
She trampled generations in her course
For fifteen hideous years.
For fifteen years of carnage, wo, and wrath,
O'er prostrate lands she rode;
And still she wore not out the endless path
Her hoof of iron trode.

Weary at last of ever onward hasting,
Finding no resting place;
Weary of grinding earth, of wildly wasting
Like dust the human race:
With limbs unnerved, staggering at every pace,
Weak as if death were near,
She pray'd the Corsican a moment's grace,
Tyrant! he would not hear.

Closer he press'd her with his vigorous thigh,
Furious her teeth he broke,
Hard drew the bit, stifled the piercing cry,
That quicken'd torture woke.
She stagger'd on: but one dread battle-day,
Prone on the field she fell;
Unhorsed, unhelm'd, her demon-rider lay,
Crush'd on a heap of shell.

C. R.

THE REV. DR. LINDSAY ALEXANDER'S SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS CHURCHES.*

For three centuries there has not been such a running to and fro among the Scottish clergy as during the last three years. They have been like bees swarming; such a restlessness and bumming, ay, and stinging too. Whether all this noise and turmoil shall tend to the increase of knowledge, piety, and charity, remains to be seen.

The author of the volume before us does not, however, belong to the modern itinerancy. He is the pastor of the largest of those Independent congregations of Edinburgh which arose, forty years since, from the movement of the Messrs. Haldane and Aikman; and his Swiss Tour was altogether a private undertaking; his object being to examine some old records and the religious state of Switzerland. By a happy after-thought of his publisher, he has written a narrative of his personal adventures, which gives interest and zest to the graver details of the book. When we have added, that Dr. Alexander belongs to that party, comprehending several sects, which, being strictly Calvinistic in regard to the distinctive dogmas of Calvin, assume the name of *Evangelical*, which they deny to every other Christian sect, we have sufficiently cleared the way, and prepared the reader for the bias with which Dr. Alexander views all religious bodies who differ from that termed, by itself, Evangelical. But "Time and the hour" are working remarkable changes, even among the disciples of unmitigated Calvinism, and especially among the younger brethren. Dr. Alexander, for example, eloquently denounces the people of Geneva for having raised no monument to the memory of Calvin, while they have thus honoured the infidel Rousseau; but yet, like others among the younger evangelicals, *par excellence*, such as the Rev. Mr. Trench, (whose tour in France we introduced to our readers last year,) he can quote such profane writers as this same Rousseau, and Byron, Moore, Walter Scott, and Burns, and shows himself intimately conversant with many "heathens and publicans," whose works his elder brethren would burn by the hands of the common hangman, and rigidly exclude from the reading clubs of their flocks;—of which, by the way, they claim, and would, if they could, hold the sole direction. We were, lately, greatly edified by reading one of the rules of a Parish Library established, some years since, in the Island of Arran, and we believe the instance is not solitary in Scotland. It ran, in substance, that no book whatever should be admitted that was not either selected or approved by the minister; and this fundamental rule was made as absolute and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was not altogether without some show of reason that the "Papist" O'Connell, described Presbyterian Scotland as the most priest-ridden country in Europe; not the less priest-ridden that it is not always aware of the incubus which presses it down. We lately witnessed a stout argument held with a worthy, if not very enlightened, minister of the Free Church of Scotland, who, without disguise, contended for the right of the Minister to choose books, ay, and newspapers, for his flock; and who frankly admitted that he would exclude "Burns' Poems," and "Scott's Novels" from their library; and doubtless many more obnoxious though very popular works, with which Dr. Lindsay Alexander and Mr. Trench are familiar, and quote freely. We trust that their evident familiar acquaintance with modern humanizing literature, is indicative of a more liberal spirit among the younger clergy. Our friend of the older school was nothing daunted by being told that his principle was no whit short of the most rigid censorship of the press, and virtually the same with the power exercised by the Pope and the Czar in their dominions, in excluding works obnoxious to them. A law, or rule, subversive of every lay Protestant's best rights, was perfectly sound if administered, not by the State, but by the Clergy of the Free Church, for the protection of the minds of the laity from the dangerous doctrines and writings of the poets, novelists, and journalists.

But, to our subject: With a mind liberalized by genial literature; by the careful study, it would appear, of the poets and dramatists of England and Germany; with a love of Art, unencumbered by the pedantry and technicalities of art, and a memory well stored with inspiring historical associations, Dr. Alexander, upon a fine day in August, found himself in the city of Strasburg, *en route* for that lovely and romantic land which, from boyhood, had haunted his imagination. The cathedral of Strasburg, he describes as "a true poem; a sparkling lyric in stone." Hence, we may conclude that he would not have lent a hand at the "Dingin' down of the cathedrals" of Scotland. And again he says:—

> The statue of old Gutenberg awakened more of my enthusiasm than that of Kleber, and I found no greater treat in Strasburg than that of strolling through the narrow streets and admiring the fantastic architecture which every where in the olden part of the city meets the eye, and gazing at the stiff and solemn forms of the storks perched upon the summits of the high roofs, and when seen against the sky at evening, looking like unearthly sentinels placed to give tidings of coming danger to the inmates. To me these seemed objects of deeper interest than all the curiosities which the scarps and counterscarps, the ravelines and fosses, of Vauban could unfold.

Dr. Alexander was in some danger of bringing himself into a *præmunire*, by witnessing the celebration of the mass in the cathedral; where the bishop appeared "gorgeously" dressed, and the attendance was good; but, alas! five-sixths of the worshippers were weaker vessels. On the same day, he attended

* Being Notes of a Short Tour, and Notices of the principal religious bodies of Switzerland. By William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. Small octavo. Glasgow: Maclehose.

the French Reformed church—where the men and women, for good reasons doubtless, sit apart, like Quakers with us—and occasioned some scandal by innocently planting himself among the ladies. After the service, by which he was edified, Dr. Alexander spent the evening with a person whose character and pursuits are significant of the changes of the times.

After sermon, I found my way to the house of M. Charles Cuvier, professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Strasburg. By him I was received with the greatest cordiality. He is a nephew, I believe, of the illustrious Cuvier, and enjoys a high reputation, not only as a scholar, but for the possession, in no mean degree, of that philosophic sagacity which so remarkably distinguished his great relative. Though occupying a literary chair in the University, he is a minister of the French church, and his heart is fully set in him to do good by the preaching of the gospel. For this purpose, he has opened a place behind his own house, which he has fitted up as an oratoire; and here he spends the greater part of the Sabbath in public religious exercises. In the morning he has a school for the spiritual instruction of the young; and at five o'clock in the afternoon he preaches. He has no church or regular charge, nor is he in any way recognised in his ministerial capacity by the State. "I cannot," said he to me, "baptize, or dispense the Lord's Supper, or marry, but I am free to preach, and am responsible to no earthly authority in this matter; so that you see," added he, smiling, "I am a minister of the Free Church in the best sense of the term." As he is a man of great eloquence, his congregation is usually large, and the influence he exerts, especially over a large body of the young, is very considerable. In conversation, I was struck with his resemblance to the great pulpit orator of our own country, Dr. Chalmers. In person, he is less than Dr. Chalmers, but the contour of his head, and the expression of his eye, forcibly reminded me of the Doctor; whilst, like him, Cuvier is full of earnestness, a man of lofty thought and vehement impulse, and combining great vigour and energy of mind with singular simplicity and the most perfect absence of all affectation.

M. Cuvier here claimed a freedom which, we imagine, the Free Church would not allow to him nor to any layman.

The next station was Basle, lately the scene of a religious *emeute*, much exaggerated at a distance; and here Dr. Alexander calls kindly to mind, among the other notables of the city, that Erasmus, whom he afterwards, somewhat inconsistently, denounces as a man who, in face resembling Voltaire, would in Voltaire's day and place, have been just such a man; thus degrading

> That great honoured name,
> The glory of the priesthood and the shame,

to the low moral level of the person whom he describes as "the poor, shrivelled, selfish, sneering, unhappy wit, who spent an undignified old age at Ferney."

At Boudry, the tourist met with a friend, Mr. Mackenzie, the author of a Concordance of the French scriptures, who accompanied him to Neufchatel, where he made the acquaintance of a very mercurial and amusing unnamed professor.

A person of prodigious vivacity, he yields easily to sudden impulses, especially in certain favourite directions. Now, two of his most cherished themes are etymology and the conversion of the Jews; and, curiously enough, no sooner was my name pronounced, than he manifested his idiosyncracy in both these lines with startling suddenness and rapidity. "What!" he exclaimed eagerly, "the same name as the bishop of Jerusalem! Any relation!" "No; only the name alike." "Ah! well, an excellent name! compounded of ἀνὴρ and λύτης, *auxiliator hominum!* a noble name;" and then the worthy professor plunged into a sea of etymology, in which I soon utterly lost him from the rapidity with which he spoke! When the œstrum had ceased, he shook me warmly by the hand, invited me to sit down, and entered into conversation with me with the kindness and courtesy of a perfect gentleman, and the intelligence of a profound scholar.

There is a very interesting description of the primitive little Independent Church at Boudry, its simple form of worship, and apostolical pastor. Here an Irish gentleman labours in the villages as a missionary.

Dr. Alexander was so fortunate as to reach Geneva just in time to witness the proceedings of a society closely analogous, in more respects than one, to our British Scientific Association. Agassiz, among others, was present; and M. de la Rive, the celebrated chemist, filled the chair. We have said, in more respects than one analogous to our learned, ambulatory, and gustatory society,—and here is our proof:—

At the close of the séance we adjourned to a hotel on the opposite bank of the lake, where the society dined together. To the honour of philosophy, I must say that it appeared to exercise any thing but a prejudicial effect upon the appetites of its cultivators. One of the speakers, after dinner, (not, I must add, however, the man in most repute for wisdom among the rest,) delivered an eulogium on the study of natural science, in which he dwelt upon its advantages as "a gymnastic for the *muscles*, in the bodily exercise required for the prosecution of it; as a gymnastic for the *brain*, in the mutual exertion to which it stimulates; and, finally, as a gymnastic for the *stomach*, in proof of which he confidently appealed to the performances that day of the assembled savans of Switzerland!"

After dinner we had abundance of speeches, toasts, and songs. The last were generally the composition of the party by whom they were sung, or rather, I should say, chanted in a sort of recitation, for singing it could hardly be called. I brought some of these away with me, which the authors had thought fit to print; but I shall not insert any of them here, as I cannot bring myself to believe that the perusal of them would inspire my readers with any very elevated conceptions of the festive poetry of Switzerland.

Upon this great occasion, Mrs. Marcet, the well known authoress of many excellent elementary or juvenile works on science, and once a resident in our own city, gave a fête, which took place on the same evening, and at which Mr. Alexander had the good fortune to be present. This lady's son is now a professor in the college of Geneva, in the environs of which is her beautiful chateau of Malagny. We must look in upon this Genevese reunion of Science and Philosophy, with the Beauty and Fashion of the Republican city,—which, by the way, an angry American vituperated as any thing but free, because a sight of his passport was demanded. "Well! I guess I'll take a note of that. Call this a Republic! where they set two fellows with swords, to demand passports from strangers!" But the Republic did all honour to Mrs. Marcet and her guests.

A steamer was placed at the disposal of those members of the society who had been invited to this enter-

tainment, by the municipality of Geneva; and to my surprise I found that after all that had passed, there was still to be more eating and drinking during our sail. For my own part, I preferred the fresh air and the exquisite scenery, and therefore remained upon deck. A more delicious evening I can hardly conceive. Not a cloud specked the sky, and though the sun had been powerful during the day, a gentle breeze just curling the surface of the lake sufficed agreeably to cool the atmosphere. . . . . The scene to me was surpassingly attractive, but I confess I was a little mortified to find that in the majority of the company it appeared to excite no notice. Perhaps this was partly the effect of familiarity, but I suspect that it was the result principally of deficiency of susceptibility. The French Swiss are very far from being an imaginative people; and of all classes of men, perhaps, the students of natural science are, generally speaking, the least given to admire the beauties of nature.

The Chateau of Malagny is about three-quarters of a mile from the margin of the lake. . . . . At the house we were received by Mrs. Marcet and her son. I was surprised and delighted to see the excellent lady whose ingenious and attractive "Conversations" I had conned as my first lesson in philosophy, so many years before, still retaining so much of almost youthful vigour. Far from being, as I had somehow unconsciously depicted her, a lady of severe and pedagogic aspect, I found in her that delightful combination of grace and dignity, vivacity and intelligence, which throws such an inexpressible charm over the manners and conversation of the softer sex, wherever it is possessed. Amid the large and intellectual company which she had that evening assembled around her, the lively-hearted and intelligent hostess moved as the presiding genius of the whole.

So long as the light continued, the chief part of the company enjoyed themselves in strolling through the beautiful grounds around the house, which were thrown open for this purpose. The scene here presented a gay and inspiring aspect. Here was a group of sage savans gathered under an umbrageous chestnut tree, discussing some weighty point which had been mooted, but not fully settled at their meeting; or suggesting to each other topics of inquiry and speculation to be pursued in their respective spheres when they had separated. Close by was a brilliant circle of ladies in elegant evening costumes, maintaining with some of the younger and more courtly of the philosophers the keen encounter of wit and badinage, and casting, ever and anon, curious and quizzical glances at the staid and somewhat uncouth figures which occasionally moved heavily past them with uneasy and half-averted look, as if men who dwelt amidst glaciers and listened to the roar of avalanches had entered on forbidden ground, when they presumed to tread the verge of the enchanted circle where so much beauty and gaiety reigned. Through openings in the trees and shrubbery, parties might be seen winding their way in every direction, and giving continual life and variety to the picture; while beyond lay the grand expanse of the lake, over which the setting sun was casting his parting rays from behind the Jura. Nearer the house an excellent band of performers filled the air with music; whilst a busy throng of servants was engaged in dispensing the plentiful refreshments which the hospitality of our entertainer had provided — not certainly the least animated part of the scene. At nine o'clock a gun, fired from the steamer, summoned us to re-embark.

Nine o'clock! How primitive an hour! Our parties would not have been assembled.

Dr. Alexander laments sadly over the fallen state of the city of Calvin. On the Sabbath morning, the pleasant visions called up by old association, were rudely dispelled by the actual. "Alas!" he exclaims, "the pleasant feeling was soon damped by the thought that I could not worship in the place where Calvin preached, without the risk of hearing from his pulpit the condemnation and denunciation of the most sacred and cherished doctrines of Calvin's creed!" But sound doctrine is still preached at the *Oratoire*; and so early as nine in the morning Mr. Alexander repaired to this purer sanctuary.

M. Pilet, the pastor, being from home, the service was conducted by a young minister, whose performance I cannot say afforded me much satisfaction. From what fancy I know not, he chose to preach in his shirt sleeves, which he very obtrusively displayed, in consequence of the vehement action of his arms, and which contrasted rather oddly with the sobriety of his plain and sleeveless gown. His attitudinizing, his gesticulation, his elocution, were all in excess, and bordered on caricature. At least one half of his service was addressed either to the Deity in the form of adjuration or appeal, or to inanimate objects, which he apostrophized in a voice and manner that to me incessantly verified the remark as to the proximity of the ridiculous to the sublime. I must, however, add, that the tone of the sermon was evangelical; and I believe the preacher meant well, notwithstanding his idle and offensive display.

A more novel, and much more interesting scene was witnessed in the interval of worship, during which Dr. Gaussen, the Professor of Theology in the Theological school of the Oratoire, teaches a Bible class.

Here I found the body of the chapel nearly filled with the boys and girls comprising the class, while a large number of adult auditors were in and under the galleries. It was a deeply interesting service. The learned Professor appeared not only quite at home amongst his juvenile students, but very highly to enjoy the exercise in which he was employed; and it was delightful to see how successfully he managed to infuse his own enthusiasm into the minds of his class. Nothing could be superior to his tact and skill in conducting his instructions so as to secure the attention, to excite the curiosity, and to meet the intelligence of his auditory. Now he would ply them with questions, then relate an anecdote, in a moment after describe to them some illustrative scene, then diverge into practical or doctrinal inquiries, and then appeal to their feelings in some touching and simple strains of exhortation. At no moment did he allow the interest to flag; and yet the whole was of so elevated and intellectual a cast, that it was impossible even for the most cultivated minds not to feel benefited as well as pleased. I do not know that I ever witnessed any thing which appeared to me to approach so near to the perfection of the art of teaching religious truth to the young.

But the Cantonal Church had not been satisfied either with Dr. Gaussen's doctrines or mode of tuition, and he had consequently been put out of the church; we cannot exactly tell why, hearing but one side of the case. In the afternoon Dr. Alexander attended Dr. Malan's small, primitive chapel. The prophet has sometimes, if not less honour, then less popularity in his own country. The audience was small, and mostly strangers, who were recognised as persons already seen on the journey. Dr. Malan's sermon was generally good, but there was one drawback. The Doctor has what Dr. Alexander considers his hobby or crotchet, namely, "Ultra notions of our Lord's personal substitution for the Elect;" which he dragged in per force, and probably often does so, as in expounding these notions he is only logically following the doctrines of Calvin to their legitimate consequences. The notions, according to Dr Alexander, are,—

That our Lord not only suffered an equivalent for his people, but that he suffered both in *kind* and in *degree* all that they would have suffered but for him; and, consequently, among the rest, the actual pains and agonies of hell. This point, Dr. Malan dwelt on in the sermon I heard, and it is, I believe, a favourite tenet of his.

The tourist made an excursion to Chamouni, and enjoyed the customary sights; watched for the unveiling of Mont Blanc; saw the sun rise; traversed and philosophized; and quoted poetry on the Glaciers, and was so fortunate as to witness a tremendous thunder storm among the Alps. All this may be left to the reader's imagination; yet the time of the storm, sublimity notwithstanding, proved a weary time, shut up in that Alpine hotel with curious specimens of "humans," gathered from all nations. "I know not," says the wearied traveller,—

I know not how I should have got through it but for two things; the one was watching how my companions in trouble got on, the other was putting together my notes upon the glaciers, and the remarks which had fallen from such intelligent travellers upon the same subject at the table d'hôte on the evening of the preceding day. It was not a little amusing to observe how national character developed itself under the circumstances in which we were placed. Among the visiters at the Hotel de la Couronne, there were Germans, French, English, and one American. The last was a very taciturn gentleman, and spent most of the day on the roof under cover of the Belvedere, with his knees propped up to his chin, a cigar in his mouth, and a huge blue cloth cloak wrapped round him, the collar of which stood up to his ears. The Germans drew round the fire at an early hour, and smoked their pipes with a steady continuity, which nothing seemed to interrupt. The British gathered together in groups at the windows, looked at their watches, repeated a thousand and one times the tale of their annoyance and vexation, speculated on the weather, suggested innumerable plans for getting away, and declared that if the thing could be done they *would* do it, cost what it might. The French ran about from place to place, shrugged their shoulders, talked to every body who could understand them, and to many who could not; and when all their resources were exhausted, clasped their hands and exclaimed, "Oh! quel place horrible! point de livres, point de journaux, point de spectacles! quelle vie miserable!" A few of all nations found refuge in books, or in the use of the pen. Among the latter was a German lady of rank, whose name I did not ascertain, but who informed me that she was engaged on the composition of a romance, and that she meant to introduce into it the storm of the preceding night.

At Berne Dr. Alexander introduces his readers to an interesting person, whose history he afterwards details, namely, M. Carl von Rodt, pastor of the Independent Church of the city. This gentleman has in his posession, portraits, (said to be original,) of Luther and his wife, painted by Cranach; the former, one is glad to learn, showing more intellect and dignity, and consequently less animalism and coarseness than the common pictures of the great Reformer.

As a specimen of Dr. Alexander's descriptive style, or genius for scenic painting with a pen and written characters, we select this brief passage, though we could find many more elaborate and highly finished.

Next morning we left Berne at an early hour by diligence for Thun, where we arrived in time for the steamer which leaves that place for Neuhaus, at the other end of the lake. The day was serene and sunny, so that we saw the scenery of the lake under the most favourable auspices; the only drawback to our enjoyment being the intense heat by which we were scorched, and which made it very furnace of the steamer. The scenery on the lake of Thun is of the highest order, and very diversified. Old baronial-looking castles, with their dependent villages — craggy rocks, fissured and time-worn, — verdant slopes, stretching away into huge mountain ranges,—deep-mouthed valleys, down which rivers pour their waters, and at the entrance of which some grim mountain stands as if to guard the passage, — and in the distance the snow-clad Alps, with which the traveller makes separate acquaintance, as the course of his passage brings one after another — the Eigher, the Mönch, the Jungfrau, and the Finster Aarhorn — in view; such are the general features of the scenery of this beautiful lake.

We arrived at Neuhaus a little after ten o'clock; and here all was bustle and noise. . . . . .

The steamer lay at anchor as if asleep on the bosom of the water, and with not so much as another put left in her. A few peasants lounged on the quay smoking their pipes, and watching a boatful of girls who were oaring themselves across the lake, looking in the snow-white chemisettes, like a bevy of swans. My friend, myself, and a young gentleman from Scotland who had travelled with us from Berne that morning, were the only parties left of the many who had so recently been bustling, and jostling, and shouting, and filling the air with tumult.

Unburdened with much luggage, we had at an early period made our escape into the cabaret at Neuhaus, where, selecting the coolest chamber we could find, we ordered breakfast. This was speedily supplied to us and in a style of plenty and comfort which we had hardly anticipated. Fresh fish from the lake, fresh eggs from the nest, fresh butter from the churn, bread, cream, &c. &c.,—every thing in the best state furnished to us a meal which even satiety might have relished, and which a sound appetite made perfectly luxurious. I must not omit to add, that the young woman who waited upon us, arrayed in the picturesque costume of her Canton, if she did not realize all that one had heard of the extraordinary beauty of the maidens on the banks of the lake of Thun, certainly greatly surpassed, in this respect, any of the Swiss peasantry I had yet seen.

Whilst we were enjoying our repast, a middle-aged man came into the room, clad in a short coat of home-spun "hodden-gray," and offered his services to us as a guide to the Oberland. There was something exceedingly pleasing about his appearance, and as his testimonials were good, we immediately engaged him. He turned out a most excellent guide; indeed, without exception, the best guide I ever had.

The guide, with his many good qualities and amusing touch of the Gascon, though a Protestant, a stout hater of the Jesuits, and prepared to fight for his religion if needful, did not by many degrees come up to Dr. Alexander's standard in spiritual matters. He was indeed neither chargeable with Infidelity, Romanism, nor Socinianism, the prevailing errors of Switzerland, but very liable we fear to the imputation of *indifferentism*. He was, as Charles Lamb says, not a Dissenter, but an Assenter, which, however, Lamb liked much better; disposed to forbear with every body, his own Catholic wife included, and to assent to every thing. No doubt he had last year fought at the "Revolution" of Lucerne, on the rising of the patriots against the Jesuits. Even now, as he shouldered the traveller's knapsack, he exclaimed, "A bas les Jesuites! Honneur aux patriotes Lucernois! Vengeance! vengeance!" But Michele, if zealous, was prudent, and before taking the field, would

have the crop secured; a Swiss Revolution, being a healthy and invigorating, but a winter pastime. Thus Dr. Alexander laments over the condition of this honest fellow:

Poor Michele! with all his good-heartedness and all his hatred of the Jesuits, we soon found that, in regard to any correct conceptions of spiritual religion, he was completely in the dark. He was a Protestant, and, in profession at least, a believer in revelation; but his real position was one of utter infidelity or indifferentism. His wife, he told us, was a Catholic; but he assured us they got on very well together, for she was a good woman, and he was no bigot; "Indeed," said he, "I often go to chapel with her; not that I care for it, but it pleases her."

"Well, and does she ever go to your church with you?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur: she is very good, but she would not do that."

"Then it appears that she is much more attached to her religion than you are to yours."

"Ah, sans doute, Monsieur; the poor woman is a *dévote*, but as for me, I thank God I am more free."

My friend here took him up, and endeavoured to impress upon him the necessity of sincerity and earnestness in religion; but he appeared to make little impression on the light heart of Michele.

"Look'ee, Monsieur," exclaimed the latter, after some abortive attempts to reason the matter with my friend, "I am a Protestant, my wife is a Catholic. It's all one; the great God does not trouble himself with our little differences, (le grand Dieu ne s'embarrasse pas de nos petites differences.)"

Alas! does not much of what passes for *liberalism* in religion, even in our own country, amount to really nothing more than just such a miserable and irrational indifference to all religious distinctions, as was exhibited by this ignorant Swiss peasant?"

And after this Dr. Alexander expatiates upon the scenery of the Jungfrau and her brother Alps, and aptly quotes Shelley. This is as it should be. It is at this stage that the tourist sets in earnest to the proper business of his book, the account of the Swiss churches. He broaches some singular *Montesquieuish* notions about the influence of climate and other physical causes in forming the religious character of a people; or, to make the thing plain, he illustrates the differences that from external causes must exist between the religion of a Sutherlandshire Highlander, who is a Celt, and that of a reading, lecture-hearing, talking, speculating Glasgow weaver, a Saxon. There may be some truth but there is more fancy in the theory which would make the devout but ignorant and superstitious mountaineer, a more truly religious man than the better-instructed citizen.

The "Religious phenomena of Switzerland," as Dr. Alexander phrases it, may, he says, be classed under three heads, Romanism, Infidelity, and Protestantism. There are nearly a million of Catholics, and of the various shades of Protestants no one can speak positively either as to numbers or dogmas; but there is this grand distinction between the Catholics of the Swiss cantons, that in the mountains "they believe and tremble," and in the plains "they believe and chicane." In brief, the mountaineers are honester men, and therefore we should say, with deference, better Christians. The Protestants are represented as being better instructed and more full of intelligence and enterprise than the Catholics, who have, however, one superiority, thus described:—after it has been stated, that nearly all the science, manufactures, and commerce of Switzerland are in the hands of the Protestants, while the Catholics content themselves with agriculture, warlike exercises, and rustic sports.

In one very important respect, however, the Catholics of Switzerland have the advantage over the Protestants; they are both better instructed in the principles of their religion, and have a sincerer faith in and reverence for that religion, than can be affirmed of the Protestants in regard to theirs. Exceptions there are, doubtless, on both sides; but the general fact is, I believe, as I have stated it. Whilst multitudes of the Protestants are ignorant of the first principles of Christian truth, whilst by many of them the peculiar doctrines of the gospel are repudiated, and whilst a spirit of indifference as to diversities of religious opinion widely prevails amongst them, the Catholics are, for the most part, sincerely attached to their faith, well acquainted with its principles and practices, proud of avowing their devotion to it, and apt to carry their preference for it the dangerous length of denouncing not only the sentiments, but even the persons of all who reject it. If this betrays them into intolerance, it is, nevertheless, surely a more wholesome state of things than that tendency to the opposite extreme which too much marks the Protestants of Switzerland at present.

Superior purity in morals, or "good conduct in the ordinary relations of life," is also allowed to the Swiss Catholics; an immense admission, but, as Catholics, yielded to them only. We would fain hope that the accounts which Dr. Alexander received on the spot may have led to unconscious exaggeration in his picture of the prevailing Infidelity of Switzerland, especially of the coarse, conceited folly of those who are called Socialists.

Infidelity, it is said, "exists in Switzerland under two forms, the one borrowed from the more polished scepticism of the French wits and savans, the other partaking of the absurdities and grossnesses of Socialism." But we must quote.

The former is found predominating in the French Cantons, the latter in the German; and in some, such as the Canton de Vaud, both forms prevail. The lengths to which the unhappy individuals who have embraced these pernicious doctrines go in asserting them, is painful and horrible. The hideous exclamation of Voltaire concerning the Saviour, "Ecrasez l'infame," has found its echo among the infatuated mobs of the land of Calvin and Farel. Amidst the grandest scenes of creation, where, on every hand, the finger of God has inscribed the memorials of his majesty, the fool has been heard proclaiming, "No God," and the air has been burdened with the frantic cry, "Down with the good God."

Short of professed infidelity, but tending strongly in the same direction, and doubtless preparing the way for its adoption, is the Neologianism which, born in Germany, has been extensively introduced among the clergy and more educated classes of Switzerland. In Zürich, in Basle, in Berne, and partly also in Neufchatel, this pernicious system has prevailed. The appointment of such men as De Wette and Strauss to professorial chairs in the faculty of theology, after even Germany had cast them out, shows how little regard the authorities in Basle and Zürich, by whom they were appointed, had for evangelical truth, or even for the permanency of Christianity under any shape as a religion of divine revelation.

The riots of the populace of Zürich, Dr. Alexander fears, originated rather in political partisanship than in any deep-rooted regard for Christianity. The opposition to Strauss, therefore,

goes for little. The Genevese Church is described as being too truly in the deplorable condition that previous evangelical reporters have represented it, if not worse. The doctrines of Calvin were first undermined by a heterodox professor of theology, Turretin, about the beginning of the last century, who was "an Arminian of the Grotian school;" and his successor, Jean Jacques Vernet, went beyond him, and taught Arian doctrines.

Since his time, the progress of doctrinal opinion among the clergy of Geneva, has been gradually downwards, in the direction of Socinianism and Deism. It is true, that the Genevese pastors have never openly admitted that this is the fact; but the evidence in support of the charge is too copious and too direct to allow room even for charity to suggest a doubt.

Let us compare their Liturgical and Symbolical books now in use, with those adopted at the Reformation: — We shall find the ancient Confession set aside, the ancient Catechism purged of all doctrine peculiarly evangelical, the authorized translation of the Bible altered, and the Liturgy modified so as to suit the worship of a Socinianized assembly.

Let us look at the regulations which the Company of Pastors have from time to time adopted for themselves, and those who would enter their body:— We shall find them calculated to repress zeal for Calvinistic and evangelical truth, and to open the door for the free proclamation of Rationalist or Unitarian heresies.

Farther, they promote those suspected, or known to entertain Socinian sentiments, and discountenance the Evangelicals. Something like reaction is now visible; yet Mr. Alexander has to say,—

The Church which dates its origin from the labours of Farel, and Calvin, and Beza, still retains its bad preeminence of being the only National Church in Christendom in which the denial of the doctrines of its founders is the almost necessary condition of promotion and influence.

The Church of the Canton of Vaud was even in a worse condition than that of Geneva; but about twenty years since there was a general revival throughout the Canton, and recently a *disruption* or secession from the Cantonal Church, in consequence of the interference of the State with what were considered the especial rights of the Church. The seceding clergy and laity of the Canton of Vaud show, according to Dr. Alexander, a much better case than is made out by the Free Church of Scotland. A season of spiritual revival and prosperity had, as we have said, been experienced, though, in the minds of the mass of the people,

The love of gaiety, indifference to spiritual things, and the poison of infidelity, still continued to exert a preponderating influence. Such was the state of things up to 1839, when the Established Church of Vaud was called to pass through an ordeal of which she has not yet exhausted all the consequences. In that year a new arrangement was entered into between the Church and the State, in pursuance of a plan suggested by certain commissioners, who, in 1831, had been appointed to consider the subject of ecclesiastical affairs in the Canton. This arrangement was based upon the principle, that the Church, as by law established, is purely an instrument of the State, and must consequently, in every thing, be under the control of the State. Proceeding upon this principle, the State assumed the right not only to control all the actions of the Church, but also to prescribe its doctrines, and, if need be, to supersede its ritual.

The struggle lasted for some years. Many of the laity seceded; but the disruption of the clergy only took place in 1845. We shall take one passage from the account of this secession, as it bears closely upon the late events in Scotland:—

The fourth party in the Vaudoise Church was composed of individuals who, whilst renouncing the Voluntary principle, nevertheless maintained, that the Church is not altogether the mere instrument of the State; that she has, and must continue to have, certain immunities and certain powers with which the State may not lawfully interfere; and that when these immunities are invaded, or these powers restrained, it becomes her to renounce whatever advantages her union with the State may have conferred on her, and, at all hazards, to pursue that freedom without which she cannot exist. In assuming this ground, these clergymen avowed principles which are not peculiar to them, but which lie in the original constitution of their Church, and which belong as well to nearly all the other churches of the Reformation. Circumstances have tended to foster in this country the impression, that the sentiments of these individuals are coincident with those avowed by the parties who recently seceded from the Established Church of Scotland; and it has even been supposed that the earlier secession has had a material effect in prompting the later. This I conceive to be founded on mistake; and the mistake is one which requires to be rectified, if a just view of the actual position of the seceding pastors in the Canton de Vaud is to be obtained. Of the party of which I am now speaking, the sentiments in church matters appears to me almost identical with those avowed by the Established Church of this country, with this exception, that they concede a larger amount of power in ecclesiastical matters to the civil magistrate than I think has ever been conceded by the Church of Scotland. They regard the magistrate as incompetent to interfere in matters of doctrine and worship; but every thing besides they seem freely to yield into his hands. If he allow the Church her creed and her rites, they would ask no more; all matters of order, arrangement, and organization, they would leave at his disposal. The authority of Christ as Head of the Church, they regard as in no degree involved in such matters; and therefore the best arrangement they can make with the civil power, they feel themselves at perfect liberty to adopt. Nay, so far do they carry these views, that some of them have not hesitated to condemn publicly the principle, that the honour of Christ as the Head of the Church is at all involved in any question pertaining to the subject of ecclesiastical polity.

The difference between the Dissenters from the National Church of Vaud, and the Free Church Dissenters, is farther elucidated by an extract from a publication issued by M. Baup of Vevay, and read at a general conference of pastors. It is entitled, "A View of the Condition of the National Church of the Canton of Vaud in 1845;" and shows that, on the Continent, the real merits of the Free Church question, as one of mere "ecclesiastical organization," of mint and cummin, begins to be understood. The publication is moreover important, since it may be regarded as an authorized declaration of the opinions of the dissenting clergymen of the Canton. It states,—

"When we maintain that the church ought to recognise no head but Jesus, we believe that this has respect only to doctrines and the moral precepts flowing from them; not at all to this or that question of ecclesiastical organization, on which, in the absence of positive orders, each church is at liberty to take the side which best suits its own necessities.

"Accordingly, whilst we render justice to the devotedness of the Free Church of Scotland, we may be permitted to utter a doubt as to the principle which guided its formation. For what has she contended? Not directly for a question of doctrine, but singly for the

right of flocks to interfere in the choice of their pastors. Now, this is not, at least as a general thesis, to contend for the rights of Jesus Christ; for, on the one hand, the course to be followed in the election of pastors is not *imperatively* prescribed in the New Testament; and on the other, it is well enough known that a flock, no less than a patron, may select for its spiritual guide a heretic, one who, according to the definition of St. John, is an Antichrist. We grant, that in the particular cases with which they were occupied, our brethren in Scotland really contended for the saving truth; but the principle which they have maintained is not in itself a guarantee against error. Let them not, then, exaggerate the tendency of their noble conduct; it is less for the supremacy of Christ, than for that of their flocks, that they have so valiantly struggled." P. 16.

When the dissenters of the Vaud have got a little more light, they may farther discern, that it is less for the rights of their flocks, to which extent popular sympathy went with them, than for the supremacy of their Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies — of their Order, in short — that the clergy of the Free Church so valiantly struggled. When the civil courts, in protecting individual rights, dared to interfere with the mandates of their Church courts, the *veto* on the appointment of a minister, all that after years of conflict had been gained for the People, was declared "a mere bagatelle," a worthless thing, not worth contending for, when the power of ecclesiastical courts was brought into question. And what, at this moment, is the constitution of the Free Church? In what Acts of its Assemblies are the new or revived rights that were to be conceded to "the Christian people," defined or embodied? In what consists their freedom, except in being made over from lay patrons — objectionable, we admit — to a metropolitan junta, or a body of clerical patrons, at least as likely to interfere, dictate, and domineer, where they have power, as any lay patrons whatever. Two evils existed; but it remains to be seen whether the lesser evil has been chosen.

Among the various sects in Switzerland, Dr. Alexander naturally paid much attention to the Independent Church. Its organization and discipline appear simple, reasonable, and scriptural; and if not showing many signs of outward prosperity, the Independent Congregations appear to be prospering in spirit and usefulness. Yet divisions have arisen even among these little scattered flocks; and in alluding to these Dr. Alexander is led to make the following judicious remarks:—

It seldom happens that any portion of a community breaks away from old and established forms of worship or belief, without this being followed by the formation of a number of different sects. The increased disposition to exercise the right of individual judgment; the importance which comes to be attached to every difference of judgment, even the most minute; and too often the idle love of change or the foolish vanity of differing from others, continually operate at such times in the way of multiplying the parties into which religious inquirers divide themselves. That this is an evil, it would be wrong to deny; but it is an evil which, in the present imperfect state of things, we must be content to bear as part of the price that must be paid for that great good of which it is the attendant. . . . . .

The first form in which diversity of sentiment invaded these communities, was a species of *mysticism*. Some persons arose who pretended that Christians are privileged to enjoy an inward light distinct from that of natural reason and the written word, and partaking of the nature of direct inspiration from heaven; and to the enjoyment of this they laid claim. Others again, without going so far as this, placed undue stress upon the internal life of the Christian, and treated as unnecessary or superstitious all outward profession and the use of means. To these enthusiastic notions, the piety of Southern France and Switzerland seems prone, both among Catholics and Protestants. They are generally, however, rather the peculiarities of individuals than the tenets of sects, and appear and disappear without making any permanent impression upon the general religious community. So it has been among the Swiss dissenting churches; a few individuals here and there have adopted these views, and have given some trouble to the churches with which they were connected; but beyond this, their influence has not reached.

The same may be said of *Lardonism*, a form of error which it is not very easy to describe, and which takes its name from its founder, the minister Lardon. It seems to be a species of Irvingism, in so far as its leaders lay claim to the apostleship, and maintain that each individual church should present a type or pattern of the whole body of Christ, with all the officers appointed by him. Hence they have apostles, prophets, evangelists, &c., according to the list furnished by St. Paul in Eph. iv. 11, and 1 Cor. xii. 28. This sect arose in 1830. It is now nearly extinct, the multiplicity of offices being such, that to fill them up required always more men than the flock could furnish. To such an extent did this sect carry their principle of reproducing apostolic usages, that they would assemble for worship only in an upper room; some of them refused to shave their beards; and some would have nothing to do with so un-apostolic a practice as sending letters by the post, but always transmitted them by the hands of messengers! It is to be hoped that, for consistency's sake, the letters themselves were written in Greek. One wonders also how such strict adherents to primitive usages could bring their minds to wear hats, and coats, and shoes.

In 1832, *Irvingism*, in its genuine form, was introduced among the Swiss Christians by Messrs. Drummond and Carey, from this country. This system found a considerable number of adherents, especially from among the Oratoire party at Geneva. Upon the Independent Churches it made but little impression.

About the year 1837, a vigorous attempt was made to introduce Wesleyan Methodism into Switzerland, which had the effect of considerably disturbing some of the dissenting churches there. The Independent Church at Lausanne was nearly entirely ruined in consequence of the discussions excited by the adoption, by the then pastor, of the Wesleyan doctrine of perfection, and by the lengths to which he and his adherents carried their views. At present, the Wesleyan party is almost extinct in Switzerland. They have, I believe, only one congregation, and that not a large one; it is at Lausanne, and is under the pastorate of Mr. Cook, a gentleman from this country.

Since 1839, by much the most formidable enemy with which the Independent Churches of Switzerland have had to contend, has appeared in the shape of *Plymouthism* or *Darbyism*. Mr. Darby, well known in this country as the founder of the sect known by the name of Plymouth brethren, visited Switzerland in 1838. His first residence was at Geneva, where he industriously propagated his peculiar views, and not without encouragement. Having succeeded in forming a party there, he, in March, 1840, passed over to the Canton de Vaud, and settled at Lausanne. At the time of his arrival in this town, he found the Independent Church rent in pieces by the Wesleyan controversy; he set himself immediately to oppose the Wesleyan party, which he did with great success; and having routed them, he bent all his efforts upon the propagation of his own views regarding the intention of prophecy, and the proper order of the church.

We cannot tell at length how Mr. Darby, in his turn, was, according to Dr. Alexander, "routed" by an Independent minister named Rochat. How the Catholics must exult in these things — exult without cause!

One important object of Dr. Alexander's tour was to trace the personal history and opinions of Jean Baptiste Morelli, whom Sir William Hamilton* has described as "the father of *Non-intrusion*, and, in general, of *Independent* principles; and whom Dr. Alexander recognises as the first great advocate of Congregational views of Church polity; and a man, consequently, whose history must be most interesting to those who have adopted similar views. Morelli was a native of Paris, and wrote, about the middle of the sixteenth century, on the Discipline and Polity of the Christian Church. His principles were truly Independent. He was a genuine advocate for the rights of the Christian People. One can understand what the man would be at, of whom Beza, reckoning his doctrines erroneous, and such as would unsettle the order established in the Reformed churches, thus writes:

"Among other things submitted to a synod, there was heard the summary of a book on ecclesiastical discipline, composed by a Parisian named Morelli, in which, among other things, it is pretended that ecclesiastical elections ought to be conducted by all the people assembled together, each giving his voice, in place of (as is the case where churches and consistories are already arranged,) the election being conducted apart, after an examination as to doctrine and manners, by the ministers and elders, or else at the colloquies; which election, after being notified to the people, the latter are free either to confirm it, or to debate it before the Consistory, or, if it need be, to carry it still further, viz. to the Provincial or National Synod, so as to avoid intrigue and all confusion."

Need we tell that Morelli's book was condemned by the Synod, and the author finally excommunicated?

After the passing of this sentence, Morelli went to Geneva. Here, finding himself excluded from Christian fellowship, in consequence of the censure pronounced upon him by the Synod of Orleans, he complained to the Genevese clergy, that he had been unjustly and harshly dealt with by the French church, and prayed them, notwithstanding the sentence under which he had been laid, to admit him to the privileges of the church. They, "to prevent the scandals" to which such an assertion might give rise, granted him a conference, at which they endeavoured to persuade him to retract the sentiments to which he had given utterance. In this they failed, for Morelli held to his opinions as scriptural, but at the same time pleaded that, even supposing them erroneous, the error was not such as to require that he should be cut off from Christian communion. Unable to turn him from his course, the ministers handed him over to the Consistory, under the charge of having affirmed, "that it is a pernicious thing, and contrary to the example of the apostles, that the ministers should have a council apart from the people;" but Morelli, instead of appearing at the summons of the Consistory, retired from Geneva, probably to Lyons.

This is a highly edifying narrative. The system of persecution was continued, until,—

Not satisfied with inflicting upon their erring brother the highest ecclesiastical punishment, Calvin and his associates deemed it necessary, also, to invoke against him the vengeance of the civil power. A report of their proceedings in his case was accordingly drawn up, and laid before the magistrates of Geneva, with a petition that they would deal with him "as reason required."

Morelli, aware of the temper of the men with whom he had now to do, and having the fate, doubtless, of Servetus, Alciatus, Tell, and others, before his eyes, did not deem it expedient to abide the summons of these stern guardians of orthodoxy. Betaking himself to Lyons, he addressed a letter to the Syndics of Geneva, in which he defended his own conduct, and complained of the harshness with which he had been treated by the Consistory. This he transmitted through his wife, who appears to have remained behind in Geneva.

Unable to deal with Morelli in person, the rulers of Geneva resolved that they would nevertheless proceed against him as far as they could, and, at any rate, do justice upon his book. For this purpose they convened on the 26th September, 1563, and proceeded to their self-appointed duty religiously: "having," as they are careful to record, "God and the holy scriptures before their eyes, and having invoked his holy name for the performing of right judgment, saying: In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." After due deliberation, they unanimously resolved, that Morelli should be regarded as guilty of contumacy, and proceeded against with the utmost rigour. He was accordingly outlawed, — a sentence which subjected him to the punishment of death if again found within the Canton of Geneva. His book was also denounced as heretical and dangerous. All booksellers were forbidden to retain it in their shops; all good citizens were enjoined not to buy it, nor to keep it; and those who happened to possess a copy were requested to deliver it up to the magistrates, that it might be destroyed. This silly edict fully accounts for the exceeding scarcity of the work at the present day.

The persecution did not cease here; but time and the strength of truth made it needful to temporize,—for Morelli would not give up his "errors." Of the close of his life there is no trace. Dr. Alexander throws out a conjecture that he may have perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Independency for the time seems to have either died with him, or to have been let quietly die out. Such was the severity shown to the "father of *Non-intrusion*," the first advocate of the rights of "the Christian People." If the people of Geneva have erected no monument to perpetuate the memory of the excommunicators and persecutors of Morelli and Servetus, neither modern Independents nor worse heretics need be very deeply grieved. If magistrates will no longer "deal as reason requires," with men denounced by very orthodox and zealous ministers, the cause of regret to private Christians is still less. But we have already dwelt too long on Dr. Alexander's book, as we wished to give those of our readers not likely early to fall in with it, a taste of its quality. It is directly an exceedingly agreeable and instructive work, and indirectly one much more instructive.

Dr. Alexander reached his residence in Edinburgh in thirty-seven hours after leaving Ostend, and spent an hour and a half at Dover, and two hours in London. "Such are the achievements of steam!"

* In a pamphlet addressed to the Non-intrusion party, entitled, "Be not Schismatics, be not Martyrs by Mistake."

LITERARY REGISTER.

Notes and Recollections of a Professional Life. By the late William Fergusson, Esq. M.D.; Inspector-General of Military Hospitals. Edited by his son, James Fergusson. Large 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

The composition of this volume of "Recollections," formed the interesting occupation of the close of a life spent in promoting the useful objects and benevolent designs which it elucidates. Dr. Fergusson, throughout his whole professional career, had been a frequent contributor to periodical works, both on subjects strictly professional, and on such as are connected with the moral and physical improvement of the army; but it was not until he was far advanced in life, and withdrawn from active pursuits, that he began to regret that his philanthropic hints and speculations, whether professional or general, had not been given to the world in a more consolidated and stable form. To effect this purpose the composition of the present volume was commenced. But illness suspended those labours which the death of the author brought to a conclusion before his design had been nearly completed. The work must therefore be accepted as a fragment; and yet it is not unsatisfactory, since, though in a disjointed form, it embodies nearly all Dr. Fergusson's opinions, experiences, and suggestions, on the military branch of his profession. And the military experiences, we are inclined to think, must be, to ordinary readers, the most important part of Dr. Fergusson's professional career, though he was for some years engaged as a civil practitioner in Edinburgh, and afterwards for a long period at Windsor.

Dr. Fergusson was a native of Ayr, and received his medical education in Edinburgh, though he also walked the London hospitals. At the age of twenty-one he was, in 1794, appointed an assistant-surgeon, and rising through the several grades of his profession, and serving in different quarters of the world, he remained attached to the army until the peace.

In their general character, Dr. Fergusson's Notes considerably resemble Mr. Marshall's work, which was fully described in our number for June. He discusses the distinguishing peculiarities of the three nations from which the British army is recruited; and the soldier of each nation receives high, but discriminating praise. Separately, the English, Scots, and Irish, are admirable, but in combination, and when properly amalgamated, irresistible; superior to any troops the world ever has seen, or ever will see. The character assigned to the soldier of each of the three nations, is felt to be true and accurate. As a specimen, we must be content with that of the Irish soldier, as it is the shortest.

The Irish soldier is of high renown, and foreign nations have sought his aid, and recorded his worth. In our own armies, his excellence is acknowledged, but he requires to be reclaimed before he can be trusted, for his habits are lawless, and his temper, till broken in, ungovernable. Allow due time for these, and there never existed a more daring intrepid soldier. Danger and death are to him as sport: he rejoices in the battle, and makes game of all the perils and accidents of war. His good humour seldom forsakes him even under the severest privations, and when the soldiers of the kindred nations would often give up in despair he will turn the whole into a jest. Full of hardihood, courage, and endurance, often with wit at will, (indeed, he is at all times noisier than the Englishman) he makes danger whimsical and ridiculous by the example of despising it. His first and greatest defect is the resistance to discipline, and the incorrigibility of his national habits: get over these, and within the three kingdoms there may not be found a better soldier; but he must have time, for the recruit is as frequently the worst as the veteran is found to be the best subject in the British army: The Irish officer of family and education has justly been esteemed the most chivalrous of modern Europe. When taken from the lower ranks, he, with all the high daring of the soldier, exhibits also some of his faults. Little addicted to the pursuits of industry, of which, from the political state of his country, he may be said to know nothing, he has been bred up in idleness, and his education is often defective. To such, the life of a soldier, with its alternations of stirring adventure, and the license of a garrison, or country quarters, has many charms. On this rock he is often wrecked, but once sobered down, he generally becomes a valuable soldier, with ready mind and steady heart to endure whatever may befall him.

Dr. Fergusson is the decided enemy of "the detestable lash." Indeed, upon this, and similar points, such as life in barracks, diet, rations, &c. there is so remarkable a coincidence between his opinions and those of Mr. Marshall, as to make it superfluous for us to recur so soon to the same subject.

The wretched condition of the military medical staff, and of the military hospitals, during the early period of the late war, is a more novel topic. The Physician-General had in his wisdom decided that no surgeon should be employed in the army, who was not a graduate of an English university. Behold the consequences! They were indeed only such as might have been foreseen.

An old broken-down court physician of London, upon a claim of having accompanied the expedition to Cuba, some forty years antecedently, was appointed Director-General. The old army medical officers were every where superseded by young medical men from the Universities, without the smallest advantage of clinical experience, or military medicine. Regimental hospitals were all but unknown, and in the general hospitals there was neither system, nor code, nor rule of management. As soon as circumstances pressed, every hospital consequently became a pest-house—a deadly drain upon the effective strength of the army. The evils of accumulation, that mighty fount of human disease, became aggravated from month to month, until at the last I verily believe no army ever exhibited in its hospitals a more lamentable spectacle of indiscipline and abuse.

The position of the young physicians, meanwhile, was both pitiable and ridiculous. Divested of the pride they had imbibed at the Universities, they might have made excellent hospital-assistants: and, from their high general education, would have been deserving of every promotion the rules of military service — which in due course of time they would have come to grace and elevate — could permit. Their station in society, too, proclaimed them to be a class far superior to what the army had commonly received; but as physicians, setting aside their utter ignorance of diseases at so early an age, more especially military ones, they were far too fine for common use. To one of them I was attached in the first campaign. He could read Hippocrates in the original Greek, but he did not know the grain scales and weights when he saw them; and to have touched a bleeding wound, even while the sound of the cannon was booming in our ears, would have been to lose caste. He was my superior by at least four degrees of military rank, but I had to teach him what I myself was taught in the early days of my apprenticeship. With an apothecary, an assistant, a nurse, and a clerk in his

train, he might have made a routine book prescription, in classical Latin (for what young inexperienced physician ever makes any other, unless by chance) out of the military medicine chest; but had the ingredients of his own prescription been put into his hands, he would have known as much about them as if they had been sent from Timbuctoo. He had worn a cap and gown at Cambridge, but it is not to be supposed that he had ever entered an apothecary's shop, or contaminated his hands with drugs either in bulk or detail. In fact, no medical officer should be tolerated in an army who cannot, like the man of Ross, "prescribe, attend, the physic make and give." He must be a man of all work to have any business there; but to have placed such a man over the heads of all who were experienced in military medicine and diseases, while he was not fit for any work, was as stupid and gross an abuse as could have been imposed upon an army.

With such surgeons, and other officers possessing nearly similar qualifications, and quite as unfit for their duties, is it wonderful that a gallant army, of at least 30,000 men, were, in one disastrous campaign in Holland, reduced at the end of their retreat, and mainly by famine, hardship, and disease, to scarcely 8000 men?

Much of the volume is filled with medical dissertations, principally upon those diseases which fell under the author's immediate observation in the West Indies, and in the military hospitals in the Peninsula. Even these, besides being professional, are of a desultory character, Dr. Fergusson not having been able to re-write them as he had intended. But laying such aside, many sections are adapted to readers of every class. As examples of these, we quote a few of the remarks upon the advantages which those soldiers must possess who are trained to march with ease and facility.

The disciplined army that can march the best must, *cæteris paribus*, according to the simplest mathematical principles, have the best of it in every movement of troops; but with *cæteris superioribus*, the result must be as certain and demonstrable as in any proposition of Euclid. How precious, then, to cultivate, how indispensable the possession of, this native faculty, without which all military instruction is vain, and with it, the palm is at once transferred from the stronger to the weaker side, which has thus been made the stronger. At the beginning of the great French Revolutionary war, the children of France — literally the children — sported round the heavy lumbering Austrians, and destroyed, or led captive, their giant troops as so many stall-fed cattle. Napoleon darted out and in of their formal lines like a Will-o'-the-wisp, till the end was the destruction or captivity of the soldiers, out-manœuvred and astonished at the newness of the lesson, and the boldness of their puny foes; but is it to be thus with the sons of Britain? Are we to wait till they choose to place themselves within our grasp, and let them sport in mischief round our chafed battalions, when we ought to have the power and the faculty to sport as they sport, and better, in making them feel the grasp their ingenuity would fain enable them to elude? Every British soldier ought to be made the best marcher in Europe, or persevere in the exercise till he becomes so. He must also keep it up, or resign the palm to better soldiers; but it is in the power of every one to preserve the advantage, for walking (in other words, marching) is the most native and easily called into play of all our faculties. All drilling should be made subservient to it, for when otherwise, it is futile; and slow movements of any kind, except at an execution or a funeral, should be held to be worse than ridiculous. The soldier who has remained for weeks or months in his barrack-room, without ever performing a march, has to a certain extent lost that faculty, and is so far unsoldiered. It should have been his daily practice, and then health and strength would have been the result.

It must be recollected that Dr. Fergusson had formed many of his opinions before "the Schoolmaster was abroad." He did not reckon on much good resulting to soldiers from reading and mental cultivation. He views them too exclusively as mere soldiers; but, as such, he would make them respectable and comfortable, and feed and lodge them well; and, in order to do so, teach them to cook, to wash and mend their clothes and shoes, and clean their apartments. They might also enjoy gymnastic amusements; and, instead of reading, solace themselves with music. But we have said enough of a volume which conveys a very pleasing idea of the virtues and acquirements of its excellent author; and will be found most interesting to the immediate circle of his friends, nor unacceptable in wider circles.

Hood's Own: or, Laughter from Year to Year; being Former Runnings of his Comic Vein, with an Infusion of New Blood for General Circulation. 8vo, with the Original Illustrations, and a Portrait of the Author, pp. 568. London: Moxon.

In what terms can we speak of the first sprightly runnings—the cream, the very quintessence—of Hood's genial comic humour and Will-o'-the-wisp fancy! It were presumption to attempt description of the indescribable. Is it not enough that the fragments and precious remains thus again set forth in seemly guise, must far surpass, both as to quantity and quality, any other literary banquet that the holidays of 1847 will produce. The volume consists of a copious selection of Hood's best sketches from his COMIC ANNUALS of a series of years, and his other writings; and of wood-cuts containing as much point and fantastic humour as the text they illustrate. Some touch of the serious, too, if not indeed the pathetic, of Mirth with a tear in her eye, is found in the "Literary Reminiscences," taken from *Hood's Magazine*. These Reminiscences, by the way, unravel what to us has ever been the mystery of Hood being the only literary Englishman who understood or could write pure Scotch. He was partly Scotch by blood, and spent some of his best juvenile years in Scotland, where, with the language, he caught the prevailing Scotch epidemic of scribbling verse. From the Reminiscences referring to a later period of the writer's life we shall borrow a few passages; and even this is scarcely needed, from a volume that will soon be in every one's hands. "It is pleasant," says our right pleasant companion, in making his public confession —

It is pleasant, after a match at Chess, particularly if we have won, to try back, and reconsider those important moves which have had a decisive influence on the result. It is still more interesting, in the game of Life, to recall the critical positions that have occurred during its progress, and review the false or judicious steps that have led to our subsequent good or ill fortune. There is, however, this difference, that chess is a matter of pure skill and calculation, whereas the chequered board of human life is subject to the caprice of Chance — the event being sometimes determined by combinations which never entered into the mind of the player. To such an accident it is perhaps attributable that the hand now tracing these reminiscences is holding a pen instead of an etching-point; jotting down these prose pleasures of memory, in lieu of furnishing articles "plated on steel," for the pictorial periodicals.

It will be remembered that my mental constitution, however weak my physical one, was proof against that type-us fever which parches most scribblers till they are set up, done up, and maybe cut up, in print and boards. Perhaps I had read, and trembled at the melancholy annals of those unfortunates who, rashly undertaking to write for bread, had poisoned themselves, like Chat-

terton, for want of it, or choked themselves, like Otway, on obtaining it. . . . . I had selected a branch of the Fine Arts for my serious pursuit. Prudence, the daughter of Wisdom, whispering, perhaps, that the engraver, Pye, had a better chance of a beefsteak inside, than Pye the laureate; not that the verse-spinning was quite given up. Though working in *aqua fortis*, I still played with Castaly, now writing — all monkeys are imitators, and all young authors are monkeys — now writing a Bandit, to match the Corsair, and anon, hatching a Lalla Crow, by way of companion to Lalla Rookh. Moreover, about this time, I became a member of a private select Literary Society, that "waited on Ladies and Gentlemen at their own houses." Our Minerva, allegorically speaking, was a motley personage, in blue stockings, a flounced gown, quaker cap and kerchief, French flowers, and a man's hat. She held a fan in one hand, and a blowpipe in the other. Her votaries were of both sexes, old and young, married and single, assenters, dissenters, High Church, Low Church, No Church; Doctors in Physics, and Apothecaries in Metaphysics; dabblers in Logic, Chemistry, Casuistry, Sophistry, natural and unnatural History, Phrenology, Geology, Conchology, Demonology; in short, all kinds of Colledgy-Knowledgy-Ology, including "Cakeology," and tea and coffee. Like other societies, we had our President — a sort of Speaker who never spoke; at least within my experience he never unbosomed himself of any thing but a portentous shirt frill. According to the usual order of the entertainment, there was — first, Tea and Small Talk; secondly, an Original Essay, which should have been followed, thirdly, by a Discussion, or Great Talk: but nine times in ten it chanced, or rather mumchanced, that, between those who did not know what to think, and others who did not know how to deliver what they thought, there ensued a dead silence, so "very dead indeed," as Apollo Belvi says, that it seemed buried into the bargain. . . . . As regards my own share in the Essays and Arguments, it misgives me that they no more satisfied our decidedly serious members, than they now propitiate Mr. Rae Wilson. At least, one society night, in escorting a female Fellow towards her home, she suddenly stopped me, taking advantage perhaps of the awful locality, and its associations, just in front of our chief criminal prison, and looking earnestly in my face, by the light of a Newgate lamp, inquired, somewhat abruptly, "Mr. Hood! are you not an Infidel!" . . . . . .

In the beginning of the year 1821, a memorable duel, originating in a pen-and-ink quarrel, took place at Chalk Farm, and terminated in the death of Mr John Scott, the able editor of the *London Magazine*. The melancholy result excited great interest, in which I fully participated, little dreaming that his catastrophe involved any consequences of importance to myself. But on the loss of its conductor, the periodical passed into other hands. The new proprietors were my friends; they sent for me, and, after some preliminaries, I was duly installed as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.

To judge by my zeal and delight in my new pursuit, the bowl had at last found its natural bias. Not content with taking articles, like candidates for holy orders — with rejecting articles, like the Belgians — I dreamt articles, thought articles, wrote articles, which were all inserted by the editor, of course with the concurrence of his deputy. The more irksome parts of authorship, such as the correction of the press, were to me labours of love. I received a revise from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker, as if it had been a proof of his regard; forgave him all his slips, and really thought that printers' devils were not so black as they are painted. But my top-gallant glory was in "our Contributors!" How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert, and how I used to *look up* to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the *London* had a goodly list of writers — a rare company. It is now defunct; and perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophized with the Irish funereal question — "Arrah, honey, why did you die?" Had you not an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists, — Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides. Hadn't you Lions' Heads with Traditional Tales? Hadn't you an Opium Eater, and a Dwarf, and a Giant, and a learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Had you not a regular Drama, and a Musical Report, and a Report of Agriculture, and an Obituary, and a Price Current, and a current price, of only half-a-crown? Arrah, why did you die? Why, somehow the contributors fell away — the concern went into other hands: — worst of all, a new editor tried to put the Belles Lettres in Utilitarian envelopes; whereupon, the circulation of the Miscellany, like that of poor Le Fevre, got slower, slower, slower, — and slower still, — and then stopped for ever! It was a sorry scattering of those old Londoners! Some went out of the country: one (Clare) went into it. Lamb retreated to Colebrooke. Mr. Cary presented himself to the British Museum. Reynolds and Barry took to engrossing when they should pen a stanza, and Thomas Benyon gave up literature.

This is worth reading. Of this illustrious band, the best beloved of our author's heart was that most loveable, and absolutely fascinating, Charles Lamb, who appears to have bewitched and cast *glamour* over all the young men of genius who were drawn within the circle of his spells. Lamb was far from wearing his "Heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at;" but it was enough that he had a heart, and that Hood wooed and won it. And now one more snatch of these golden Reminiscences.

Thus characteristically commenced my intimacy with C. Lamb. He had recently become my neighbour, and in a few days called again to ask me to tea, "to meet Wordsworth." In spite of any idle jests to the contrary, the name had a spell in it that drew me to Colebrooke Cottage with more alacrity than consisted with prudence, stiff joints, and a north wind. But I was willing to run, at least hobble, some risk, to be of a party in a parlour with the author of Laodamia and Hartleap Well. As for his Betty Foy-bles, he is not the first man by many who has met with a *simple* fracture through riding his theory-hack so far and so fast, that it broke down with him. If he has now and then put on a night-cap, so have his own next-door mountains. If he has babbled, sometimes, like an infant of *two* years old, he has also thought, and felt, and spoken, the beautiful fancies, and tender affections, and artless language, of the children who can say, "We are *seven*." Along with food for babes, he has furnished strong meat for men. So I put on my great-coat, and in a few minutes found myself, for the first time, at a door that opened to me as frankly as its master's heart; for, without any preliminaries of hall, passage, or parlour, one single step across the threshold brought me into the sitting-room, and in sight of the domestic hearth. The room looked brown with "old bokes," and beside the fire sate Wordsworth, and his sister, the hospitable Elia, and the excellent Bridget. As for the bard of Rydal, his outward man did not, perhaps, disappoint one; but the *palaver*, as the Indians say, fell short of my anticipations. Perhaps my memory is in fault; 'twas many years ago, and, unlike the biographer of Johnson, I have never made Bozziness my business. However, excepting a discussion on the value of the promissory notes issued by our younger poets, wherein Wordsworth named Shelley, and Lamb took John Keats for choice, there was nothing of literary interest brought upon the carpet. But a book-man cannot always be bookish. A poet, even a Rydal one, must be glad at times to descend from Saddleback, and feel his legs. He cannot, like the girl in the fairy tale, be always talking dia-

monds and pearls. It is a "Vulgar Errour" to suppose that an author must be always authoring, even with his feet on the fender. Nevertheless, it is not an uncommon impression that a writer sonnetizes his wife, sings odes to his children, talks essays and epigrams to his friends, and reviews his servants. It was in something of this spirit that an official gentleman, to whom I mentioned the pleasant literary meetings at Lamb's, associated them instantly with his parochial mutual instruction evening schools, and remarked, "Yes, yes, all very proper and praiseworthy; of course, you go there *to improve your minds.*"

And very pleasant and improving, though not of set purpose, to both mind and heart, were those extempore assemblies at Colebrooke Cottage. It was wholesome for the soul but to breathe its atmosphere. It was a House of Call for all Denominations. *Sides* were lost in that *circle:* men of all parties postponed their partisanship, and met as on a neutral ground. There were but two persons whom Lamb avowedly did not wish to encounter beneath his roof; and those two, merely on account of private and family differences. For the rest, they left all their hostilities at the door, with their sticks. This forbearance was due to the truly tolerant spirit of the host, which influenced all within its sphere. Lamb, whilst he willingly lent a crutch to halting Humility, took delight in tripping up the stilts of Pretension. Any body might trot out his Hobby; but he allowed nobody to ride the High Horse. If it was a High German one, like those ridden by the Devil and Doctor Faustus, he would chaunt

"Gëuty Gëuty
Is a great beauty,"

till the rider moderated his gallop. He hated any thing like Cock-of-the-Walk-ism; and set his face and his wit against all Ultraism, Transcendentalism, Sentimentalism, Conventional Mannerism, and, above all, Separatism. In opposition to the Exclusives, he was emphatically an Inclusive.

As he once owned to me, he was fond of antagonizing. Indeed, in the sketch of himself, prefacing the Last Essays of Elia — a sketch, for its truth, to have delighted Mason, the Self-Knowledge man — he says, "With the Religionist I pass for a Freethinker, while the other faction set me down for a Bigot." In fact, no politician ever laboured more to preserve the Balance of Power in Europe, than he did to correct any temporary preponderances. He was always *trimming* in the nautical, not in the political, sense. Thus in his "magnanimous letter," as Hazlitt called it, to High Church Southey, he professed himself a Unitarian. With a Catholic he would probably have called himself a Jew; as amongst Quakers, by way of a set-off against their own formality, he would indulge in a little extra levity. I well remember his chuckling at having spirited on his correspondent, Bernard Barton, to commit some little enormities, such as addressing him as C. Lamb, *Esquire.*

We must not go much farther in extract, though sorely tempted, as every good-natured person must be, on the instant, to share with others the good things he is heartily enjoying himself: so just one more snatch—

There was nothing of Sir Oracle about Lamb. On the contrary, at sight of a solemn visage that "creamed and mantled like the standing pool," he was the first to pitch a mischievous stone to disturb the duck-weed. "He was a boy-man," as he truly said of Elia; "and his manners lagged behind his years." He liked to herd with people younger than himself. Perhaps, in his fine generalizing way, he thought that, in relation to Eternity, we are all contemporaries. However, without reckoning birthdays, it was always "Hail fellow, well met!" and although he was my elder by a quarter of a century, he never made me feel, in our excursions, that I was "taking a walk with the schoolmaster." I remember, in one of our strolls, being called to account, very pompously, by the proprietor of an Enfield Villa, who asserted that my dog Dash, who never hunted any thing in his dog-days, had chased the sheep; whereupon, Elia taking the dog's part, said very emphatically, "Hunt *Lambs*, sir? Why, he has never hunted *me!*" But he was always ready for fun, intellectual or practical — now helping to pelt D*****, a modern Dennis, with puns; and then to persuade his sister, God bless her! by a *vox et preterea nihil*, that she was deaf as an adder. In the same spirit, being requested by a young schoolmaster to take charge of his flock for a day, "during the unavoidable absence of the Principal," he willingly undertook the charge, but made no other use of his "brief authority" than to give the boys a whole holiday. . . . . How many of such pleasant reminiscences revive in my memory, whilst thinking of him, like secret writing brought out by the kindly warmth of the fire. But they must be deferred to leave me time and space for other attributes — for example, his charity, in its widest sense, the moderation in judgment which, as Miller says, is "the Silken String running through the Pearl Chain of all Virtues." If he was intolerant of any thing it was of Intolerance. He would have been (if the foundation had existed, save in the fiction of Rabelais) of the Utopian order of Thelemites, where each man under scriptural warrant did what seemed good in his own eyes. He hated evil-speaking, carping, and petty scandal. On one occasion, having slipped out an anecdote, to the discredit of a literary man, during a very confidential conversation, the next moment, with an expression of remorse, for having impaired even my opinion of the party, he bound me solemnly to bury the story in my own bosom. In another case he characteristically rebuked the backbiting spirit of a censorious neighbour. Some Mrs. Candour telling him, in expectation of an ill-natured comment, that Miss ——, the teacher at the Ladies' School, had married a publican; "Has she so?" said Lamb, "then I'll have my beer there!"

As to his liberality, in a pecuniary sense, he passed (says Lamb of Elia) with some people, through having a settled but moderate income, for a great miser. And in truth he knew the value of money, its power, its usefulness. One January night he told me with great glee, that at the end of the late year he had been able to lay by — and thence proceeded to read me a serio-comic lecture on the text of, "Keep your hand out of your Pocket." The truth is, Lamb, like Shakspeare, in the universality of his sympathies, could feel, *pro tempore*, what belonged to the character of a Gripe-all. The reader will remember his capital note in the "Dramatic Specimens," on "the decline of Misers, in consequence of the *Platonic* nature of an affection for Money," since Money was represented by "*flimsies*" instead of substantial coin, the good old solid sonorous dollars and doubloons and pieces of eight, that might be handled, and hugged, and rattled, and perhaps kissed. But to this passion for hoarding he one day attributed a new origin. "A Miser," he said, "is sometimes a grand personification of Fear. He has a fine horror of Poverty. And he is not content to keep Want from the door, or at arm's length; but he places it, by heaping wealth upon wealth, *at a sublime distance!*" Such was his theory: now for his practice. Amongst his other guests you occasionally saw an elderly lady, formal, fair, and flaxen-wigged, looking remarkably like an animated wax doll, — and she *did* visit some friends, or relations, at a toyshop near St. Dunstan's. When she spoke, it was as if by an artificial apparatus, through some defect in her palate, and she had a slight limp and a twist in her figure, occasioned — what would Hannah More have said! — by running down Greenwich Hill! This antiquated personage had been Lamb's schoolmistress; and on this retrospective consideration, though she could hardly have taught him more than to read his native tongue, he allowed her, in her decline, a yearly sum, equal to — what shall I say! — to the stipend which some persons of fortune deem sufficient for the active services of an all-accomplished gentlewoman in the education of their children: — say, thirty pounds per annum!

Such was Charles Lamb. To sum up his character,

on his own principle of antagonizing, he was, in his views of human nature, the opposite of Crabbe; in Criticism, of Gifford; in Poetry, of Lord Byron; in Prose, of the last new Novelist; in Philosophy, of Kant; and in Religion, of Sir Andrew Agnew.

The Poems of Alfred B. Street; complete edition, with frontispiece and vignette. New York: Clark & Austin.

The name of Alfred Street as a poet, both of great promise and fair fulfilment, is known on both sides of the Atlantic; and here we have a complete edition of his poems, presented in a guise which is highly creditable to the typographic art in the United States, and which may fairly hold up its head with the most elegant of the contemporary productions of the British press. We like Mr. Street for his nationality; for it is not the soul-narrowing prejudice of vulgar Yankeeism, but a generous impulsive feeling, an expansive and enthusiastic patriotism, which leads him, instead of following in the track of the popular versifiers of England, to choose, or rather to be led away by, national themes, or such as are inspired by deep national sentiment. His muse expatiates over the magnificent lake and forest scenery of his native country, in its varied aspects, during the seasons' change. He finds poetic themes in Indian traditions, and the sylvan sports and rural pastimes and occupations of America; he exults in her early struggles for freedom, and in the glorious prospect opening to her of extended empire, founded in justice, and sustained by independence, loyalty, order, and industry. It is however chiefly as a descriptive poet that Mr. Street excels. He seldom affects passion, and rarely pathos. Healthful and gentle sentiments impart cheerfulness and glow to his rural pictures. Of these we should be happy to place a select few before our readers, though their abundance occasions some embarrassment. Shall it be some river cascade, or magnificent forest, with a fine sonorous old Indian name, and an appropriate legend? Or "Indian Corn," whose praises now dwell on the most prosaic lips? or "The Smithy," or "The Schoolhouse?" or, better still, "The Pioneer Settlement?" or "The Settler?" The last is comparatively short, and entirely American, recommendations both.

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the Settler swung
  Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
  The Titans of the wood:
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
  With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
  On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb and strong the frame
  Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb the wild-wood game
  Contributed their spoil:
The soul that warmed that frame disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare that reigned
  Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
  This forest-tamer decked.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
  The streams whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
The winds that swell'd their harmonies
  Through those sun-hiding bowers,—
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
  Dark cave, and swampy lair:
These scenes and sounds majestic made
  His world and pleasures there.

His roof adorn'd a lovely spot;
  'Mid the black logs green shone the grain;
And herbs and plants the woods knew not
  Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
  All made a landscape strange—
Which was the living chronicle
  Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
  The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its autumn fringe,
  Rude winter brought its snow:
And still the Settler labour'd there—
His shout and whistle woke the air,
  As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
  Along the hillock's side.

He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood
  Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood
  Beneath its greedy wrath:
He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
  And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and sever'd root
  Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
  The grim bear hush'd its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
  Its fangs with dying howl.

. . . . .

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
  When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who throng'd in Conflict's deadliest place
  To fight, to bleed, to die;
Who cumber'd Bunker's Height of red,
By Hope through weary years were led,
  And witness'd Yorkstown's sun
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
  A Nation's Freedom won!

The Druidical Temples of the County of Wilts. By the Rev. E. Duke, M.A., F.A.S., &c. &c. Small octavo. London: J. Russell Smith.

One is glad to find, were it but one clergyman, at leisure from sectarian controversy and polemic discussion, to follow the curious and hermit-like archæological and antiquarian inquiries which once innocently occupied the time of so many of the number. The learned work of Mr. Duke will tend to recall attention to a neglected study, in which there is much to interest every mind. He believes that Sabaism, or the worship of the planets, was almost universally the first stage in religious progress. The stone temples found in all places of the world, among Goths and Celts alike, he believes to be temples of the sun; for they are always without a roof, and correspond, in the outline, with the sun's disc. From them the ancient idolaters could view the open sky, the sun by day, and the planets by night, which they hailed with pæans of joy, and regarded as their tutelary deities. "How well," says Mr. Duke—

Can I image to myself the rude inhabitants of the surrounding villages at stated seasons issuing forth from their fragile huts, wending their way to the Temple of the Sun, and there lifting up their hands and eyes in useless supplication to him, whom they could see; by whose aid they supposed themselves to be openly assisted; there raising their voices with the ardent, but vain imagination, that he whom they saw through their roofless temple in the sky above, could hear, and would duly attend to their clamorous request! In concluding these brief and imperfect remarks on the origin and

progress of idolatry, I know not that I can take a fitter occasion for laying before my readers the full scope of the hypothesis which will be attempted to be developed in this work.

My hypothesis then is as follows: that our ingenious ancestors portrayed on the Wiltshire Downs, a Planetarium or stationary Orrery, if this anachronism may be allowed me, located on a meridianal line, extending north and south, the length of sixteen miles; that the planetary temples thus located, seven in number, will, if put into motion, be supposed to revolve around Silbury Hill as the centre of this grand astronomical scheme; that thus Saturn, the extreme planet to the south, would in his orbit describe a circle with a diameter of thirty-two miles; that four of these planetary temples were constructed of stone, those of Venus, the Sun, the Moon, and Saturn; and the remaining three of earth, those of Mercury, Mars, and Jupiter, resembling the "Hill Altars" of Holy Scripture; that the moon is represented as the satellite of the Sun, and, passing round him in an epicycle, is thus supposed to make her monthly revolution, while the Sun himself pursues his annual course in the first and nearest concentric obit, and is thus successively surrounded by those also of the planets Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn; that these planetary temples were all located at due distances from each other; that the relative proportions of those distances correspond with those of the present received system; and that, in three instances, the sites of these temples bear in their names at this day plain and indubitable record of their primitive dedication. Now, further, as to the four temples constructed of stone, I shall be able to show that they consisted of a certain definite number of stones, and by an analysis of their details I shall show, that these details are resolvable into every known astronomical cycle of antiquity; whilst the other appendages attached to, but not forming component parts of three of such temples, are resolvable only into numerical cycles; and that these planetary temples taken synthetically, and as a whole, were intended to represent the magnus annus, the great year of Plato, the cycle of cycles, (well known before the days of Plato, but he, being esteemed the Solomon of his age, this most celebrated of all cycles took its name from him,) when the planets, some revolving faster, some slower in their several courses, would all simultaneously arrive at the several points from whence they originally started, and that then the old world would end, and a new world spring into being.

Such was, in my humble opinion, the grand astronomical scheme that was originally portrayed on the face of this most interesting of all counties, the county of Wilts, to develop which at large is the task I have set myself, and now propose to enter on.

This may look fanciful, though it is, in reality, as probable an hypothesis as several that we have seen broached on the puzzling subject of ancient temples and Round Towers, by both English and Irish antiquaries. A sketch of the origin and extent of Druidism closes with the following remarks on a power which advancing civilization has curtailed if not annihilated—the power, the truly beneficial power of the priesthood in rude ages and among barbarous tribes.

The Druidical temples of Wilts, the Pyramids of Egypt, and the caves of Elora in Asia, were probably contemporary works, or nearly so. The temples were planned and constructed under the able superintendence of the British Druids, the mighty Pyramids owe their origin and scientific formation to the Egyptian priesthood, and the caves of Elora were fashioned, without a doubt, under the superintendence of the early Brachmans of India.

In these mighty works I do not imagine that recourse was had so much to the powers of machinery as, in these latter days, we may suppose.

In these several cases the philosophic priesthood found the master-mind to plan, to rear, and to construct; whilst the vast, the willing, and obedient multitude found the requisite powers to put duly those plans into execution, for UNION *is* POWER.

Now the printing-press, and the steam-engine have in this respect superseded the priesthood.

The Water Cure in Chronic Disease, and Exposition of the Causes, Progress, and Terminations of various Chronic Diseases of the Digestive Organs, Lungs, Nerves, Limbs, and Skin; and of their Treatment by Water, and other Hygienic means. By James Manby Gully, M.D., &c. &c. London: Churchill.

Dr. Gully, like ourselves, thinks there have been far too many treatises on the water cure; and, further, that they are all chargeable with exaggeration or overstatement, excepting, as he thinks, the work on Hydropathy of Dr. E. Johnson, which really explains how the water cure operates on the chemistry of the living body. Of course his own elaborate work is to supplement what was wanting in Dr. E. Johnson's; or rather, to form in itself a complete system. Dr. Gully does not, by any means, approve of all the doctrines and practices of Grafenberg and its disciples; and he seems to employ tepid or warm water as freely as the simple element. Hot fomentations are as often had recourse to as the wet sheet. And farther, Dr. Gully does not regard any mode of the water cure as infallible in itself. On this important head he says, "Let no one attempt the systematic water cure who is unwilling or unable to rid himself, for the time being, of business and its botherations. . . . . Neither, when *grief* is doing its sad work, is there any prospect of improvement in the water cure."

Love is also a great enemy to the patient's good progress; and so are large towns, with their smoke, bustle, and dissipation. Patients always fall off when they leave Malvern for London, even for a few days.

Practitioners of all schools, and invalids of every temperament, will, we presume, subscribe to the soundness of what we quote from Dr. Gully, on the *negative* means of the water cure; these *negative* means, as many will fancy, being in reality the *positive* means.

Nature, entirely freed from the unwholesome operation of diet, drugs, mental cares, &c. would certainly be left in the best possible position for re-assuming her healthy actions, and in very many slighter instances she would do so. I constantly have patients applying to me, to whom I say, "You would recover by retiring to a farm-house, having care of your diet, rising early, taking appropriate exercise, breathing abundant pure air, &c.; and this would require to be continued for eighteen or twenty-four months. What the water treatment can do for you is to curtail that period by one-half or two-thirds." And so it is in these slighter cases; withdraw irritations and bring neglected organs into more active play, and you lend a helping hand to those that are overworked and morbid. Good food applied to the stomach helps to make good blood; pure air abundantly applied to the lungs helps to perfect that blood; the same air applied to the skin draws that blood towards the outer surface, thereby relieving the inner visceral surface; exercise and early rising promote the circulation and waste of that blood, thereby ridding the frame of a diseased fluid, at the same time that better digestion is forming a better fluid, which at length brings about healthy nutrition: such is the process by which retirement and country life renew the jaded and chronically-diseased frame.

Now the appliances of the water cure operate in a precisely similar manner, but much more energetically, and therefore more speedily.

We should have liked to cite the very sensible remarks on the advantage of renouncing bad habits, which

is necessitated by submitting to the water cure. What follows may be practised without going so far as either to Grafenberg or Malvern, and is, we venture to think, half the battle.

Early rising should be practised: the sun, the air, the exercise, and the water-drinking are all more beneficial then, than at any other part of the day. No water patient should be in bed after 6 A.M.

The longer the patient is in bed before midnight the better, due time being allowed since the last previous meal. Physiological experiments countenance the old saying, that "an hour's sleep before twelve o'clock is worth two after it."

He should learn to sleep on a hard bed: for excessive heat excites the nerves of the skin, and these convey the excitement to the brain, which thus becomes dreamy or restless. Six hour's sleep is enough for excitable persons: phlegmatic and impassable persons require seven or eight hours. If you have had either of these quantities, resist further sleep: the second sleep is seldom refreshing, and rather disturbing to the brain.

Avoid hot rooms, easy chairs, and lolling on sofas: all these take from the energy and the volition of the nervous system. . . . .

Avoid extensive correspondence by letters, especially with commiserating friends. It so happens, that most friends express themselves more anxious about your health than about their own: *pour faire valoir* which anxiety, they usually give you dismal pictures of your condition, and add warnings about the "dreadful water cure." Attend to the water cure, since you have undertaken it, and not to your friends.

Besides alcoholic stimulants, give up the scarcely less deleterious stimulus of *tobacco*, in the shapes of *snuffing* and *smoking*. Both tell injuriously on the nerves of the stomach as well as on the brain. In the German water cure establishments the patients smoke: they also eat saurkrout and heavy pastry: and, it is said, they get well. Be it so: but, I repeat, business-worn Englishmen are not heavy Germans, and *could not safely bear the rough treatment* which the indulgence in these hurtful habits obliges in order to overcome the malady.

Invalids, those who like medical works, and medical men who like to read every thing connected with their comprehensive science, will all relish this well-stored volume.

The German Reformation of the Nineteenth Century; or, a Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Present Position of those who have recently separated themselves from the Church of Rome; with a short notice of the state of Protestantism in Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, and the Prussian Baltic Provinces. By the German Correspondent of "*The Continental Echo*." London: Snow.

This long bill of fare lets the reader know what he has to expect here. The history is much too diffuse for ordinary English readers; but those who are especially interested in the progress of the anomalous religious movement in Germany, will find a great deal of information drawn into one focus. The work is, in high-flown terms, dedicated to the "Free Church of Scotland."

British Consuls Abroad; their Origin, Rank, and Privileges, Duties, Jurisdiction, and Emoluments; including the Laws, Orders in Council, and Instructions by which they are governed, &c. &c. By Robert Fynn, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson.

This is a book for a class, now a large one; not a useless one, certainly, but at the same time not always efficient, and at all times expensive. The Consular Establishments of China alone, in the present year, are estimated at £27,912.

Discourses and Essays. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. &c. &c.; with an Introduction by Robert Baird, D.D. London and Glasgow: Collins.

Those who have been interested in the History of the Reformation, by Dr. d'Aubigné, will like to see his lectures and discourses, which are all on popular topics, and, in general, worthy of the author's reputation, though some are commonplace enough.

Progression by Antagonism; a Theory involving Considerations touching the present Position, Duties, and Destiny of Great Britain. By Lord Lindsay. London: Murray.

This is a very singular production, on which its author, an imaginative and solitary thinker, has bestowed so many years of rumination, that it is not surprising that he should at last have become a little bewildered in the mazes he has constructed. His Theory we could not undertake satisfactorily or clearly to describe in any terms except his own; and for long quotations we have no space; but we may say, that his benevolent spirit at least recommends his fanciful notions or Theory; for all in it tends to the "Progression," and the ultimate perfection of Man; to the triumph of Spirit, or the race of Shem, over Sensuality, or that of Ham.

The Ball I Live On. By Emily Taylor. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

This is a very nice and good little book, affording instructive entertainment to children, in a most attractive manner.

Bohn's Standard Library gives us the Second Volume of *Beckmann's History of Inventions*, with an admirable likeness of James Watt.

In noticing the First volume of this work, we pointed out the useful additions required by the progress of science and discovery, which it was receiving from William Francis, Esq. editor of the *Chemical Gazette*, and Dr. Griffiths.

Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life and Times of John Bunyan. By George B. Cheever, D.D. of New York. Glasgow and London: Collins.

This is a very neat, and a marvellously cheap edition of an American work, which is, we understand, very popular in its native country; and, as we think, deservedly so. In Dr. Cheever, Bunyan has found a penetrative and genial critic; one who, feeling with enthusiasm the rare genius of Bunyan, teaches his readers to enjoy what he enables them better to comprehend; while those who are already familiar with the works of Bunyan, will be delighted to find what they must often previously have felt, so well expressed.

Lectures on the History of Literature. From the German of Frederick Schlegel. New edition. Edinburgh and London, Blackwood & Sons.

A very neat low-priced reprint, of an excellent and now standard work.

Camp and Barrack Room; or the British Army as it is. By a late Staff-sergeant of 13th Light Infantry. London: Chapman & Hall's Monthly Series.

Public attention has of late been attracted to the condition of the army. The adventures of the Staff-serjeant throw light upon this subject. The title, however, assumes fully more than the book bears out.

Letters to my Unknown Friends. By a Lady. Small octavo. Pp. 294. Longman & Co.

These well-written and judicious letters, or lectures, are addressed to the elite of the "Women of England," on subjects most interesting to all of them, both as regards this world and the next. They are in number ten, treating respectively of contentment, temper, falsehood and truthfulness, envy, selfishness and unselfishness, economy, the cultivation of the mind, and amusements. All the writer's views are based on religion, but hers is not a narrow nor sectarian Christianity. Her efforts are directed rather to improve the character of women in their present sphere, than either to elevate or enlarge that sphere. All may be commonplace; but it is the sensible, safe commonplace which makes women happy and respectable, "in the state of life into which it has pleased God to call them." The book is therefore in every respect a safe guide of the kind that prudent husbands and fathers most approve.

Heidelberg; a Romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The Smuggler," "Arrah Niel," &c. &c. Three volumes. Smith, Elder, & Co.

This last production of the romance-spinning-jenny of Mr. James, will not perhaps add much to the literary reputation of the author of "Morley Ernstein," "Richelieu," "The Smuggler," and fifty more; but, like all the productions of his indefatigable mind, it will be welcomed as pleasant, *readable*—a negative term of compliment, of late invention—and, to a certain extent, instructive, because it is *demi*-historical. The scene opens at Heidelberg, where the Elector Palatine then held his court, with the Electress Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. of England, through whom the present dynasty succeeded to the throne of Britain. The private history and adventures of the hero and heroine, and other personages of the story, revolve round this illustrious pair, then the hope of the Protestant cause. The heroine, a charming creature, is attached to the court, and the hero follows the fortunes of the Elector and the Electress in the memorable war for Protestant supremacy and the crown of Bohemia. The first volume and part of the second sometimes lag; but once the war is fairly begun, there is no lack of interest, and the subsidiary history has abundance of mystery and romantic incident. Though the scene is Germany, Mr. James has judiciously made nearly all the characters in whom the reader feels interest, English, and the new land gives scope for beautiful description. In reading the romances of James, one has always the pleasant assurance of listening to a man who thoroughly knows what he is speaking about.

NEW POEMS.

Poems and Ballads. By John Parhas, B.A. of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: William Smith.

We must beg attention to this small collection. It possesses things worthy of special notice, though unfortunately we cannot just now tell of them.

The Naturalist's Poetical Companion, with Notes, selected by the Rev. Edward Wilson, M.A., F.L.S. Second edition, with fifty-seven illustrations. W. H. Prior. Leeds: James Y. Knight.

A very pretty collection of verses, referring to subjects of natural history; and, in general, taken from the best sources. The volume will be acceptable to the young.

Wayside Flowers: being Poems and Songs, by Alexander Laing, Brechin. Small octavo. Edinburgh: Menzies.

This is another of those hundred and one, or it may be thousand and one, little books of verse, which have sprung up from the soil of Scotland since the era of Fergusson and Burns, and which are a growth almost peculiar to it. This volume is a pleasing addition to their number, though in no ways distinguishable from its numerous kindred.

Ballads of the East, and other Poems. By H. P. London: Longman & Co.

The Two Hares, and other Pieces. By Patrick Knox. Dundee: Chalmers.

The principal poem is a piece of moralizing on the unmanliness and cruelty of coursing, and on the bad effects of the Game Laws.

Laurel and Flowers, Occasional Verses. By M. E. J. S. Brighton: Folthorp. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

We have here a collection of graceful and fluent verses, the occasional compositions of an accomplished woman, during many years. The poems are written upon an endless variety of subjects, and affectionately dedicated to a mother.

Caius Julius Cæsar. A Poem. Canto First. By K.

K. means to publish a whole epic, we presume, if this canto takes. We fear it won't do.

Poems partly of Rural Life. By William Barnes, author of Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset dialect. London: J. R. Smith.

The Year of the World. A philosophical poem on "Redemption from the Fall." By William B. Scott. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Edinburgh: Tait.

This is one of those Poems which must be left to the "fit audience though few," who can apprehend their spirit and follow their purpose. The author is a kind of Believing Shelley.

Prize and Competition. Edinburgh, published by the Total Abstinence Society.

That "the cups which cheer but not inebriate," may, like the more potent flowing cup, not lack the accompaniment of song, the Total Abstinence Society offered prizes for songs, and appointed judges, who have selected from the mass offered. But competition lays have found a place in their collection as well as Prize Songs. The watery Inspiration has however as yet fallen far short of that of wine; but it makes a fair beginning.

DRAMAS.

The Flower of Yarrow. A Tragedy, in five acts. By the Author of the "Kentish Legends."

Griselda; or, Love and Patience. A Play, in five acts. By John Watkins.

From the dedication we learn that Douglas Jerrold thinks favourably of this drama; and from another source that Ebenezer Elliott thinks well or highly of it. We therefore point it out to the attention of our readers. The scene is laid at the Court of Mercia, during the Heptarchy. The story, we need not say, is the ancient holy legend of the trial and triumph of woman's love and endurance.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

The lull in politics continued, or, more properly speaking, increased during October. The affairs of Ireland continue in a state to excite more and more anxiety, but the chaos there indicates no tendency to assume form. It is in vain to conjecture: what must be must. If, in the one brief conjecture we presume to offer, we appear to bear hard upon the Irish character, let it be kept in mind that we merely state facts as they appear to us, and do not impute blame. The misfortunes of Ireland have arisen from the conflict of two races, unequally advanced in civilisation: the more advanced of such was sufficiently ahead of the other to bear it down, but not to treat it with forbearance and kindness. There have been faults on both sides—chiefly the faults of circumstances. They ought to be remembered now as lessons of what to avoid, not as sources of irritation.

The most remarkable features of these frequently recurring periods of destitution in Ireland, are the slight transition by which the population passes from its ordinary condition ("its frail ordinar") to utter penury and starvation, and the entire helplessness evinced by almost the whole people under the visitation. The failure of the potato crop throughout Scotland is as total as throughout Ireland, yet, except in the Western Highlands and Islands, (similarly circumstanced with Ireland, except that they are uncursed with religious feud,) destitution is neither felt nor feared. More than sixty years ago, when Scotland, in point of industry and resources, was much less in advance of Ireland than now, there was a failure as complete as that under which the land is now groaning. But Scotsmen at home, and Scotsmen in England, quietly set their shoulders to the wheel; and it was only after a protracted struggle that Parliament was applied to, and then only for leave to tax themselves in a peculiar way, to meet the peculiar emergency. The papers moved for by Mr. Bannerman, and printed by order of the House of Commons last session, substantiate this statement. In Ireland, the whining clamorous tone of the professional mendicant was adopted from the first, and has been persevered in. There is no doubt great privation: but no attempt has been made in Ireland to calculate its exact amount, and the amount of their resources. No attempt has been made to indicate the extent of assistance indispensably required. Nothing but declamation and rhetorical periods have been furnished. The peasantry and their benevolent advocates aggravate each other's panics, by their impassioned pleadings. The peasantry feeling that they have a good claim to support, place no limits to that claim; they think they may embrace the opportunity to ask as much as possible. Wages higher in amount than have been earned by a vast majority of them during their lives, are rejected with scorn as insufficient; the public is a paymaster supposed to have an unbounded credit on all banks. The landlords, on their part, instead of scrutinizing the applications, assume at once that they are greater than they can meet, and in their turn besiege Government with petitions for advances or grants. The Government offer, to make advances for strictly public purposes — for works to be completed within a limited period, was scornfully rejected. The Irish landlords would be satisfied with nothing short of advances to improve their private estates, to commence draining, &c on a scale so large that it must last for years, and require fresh annual advances. In short, peasantry and landlords, (almost the only classes in Ireland,) have combined to browbeat John Bull into putting them all on parish allowance. All Ireland has by the weak yielding of ministers been placed in the condition to which England was rapidly verging before the passing of the new poor-law. Every Irishman is from this moment either a pauper or a semi-pauper, supported half by work, half by extras from the parish. We foresee the splutter of indignant eloquence with which this statement will be contradicted: but we never did Ireland better service than by thus frankly and unceremoniously telling Irishmen of the false position in which they have placed themselves.

The raving about the Spanish marriages is still kept up by the greater part of the press, but will end in nothing but mouthing articles. This said department of foreign politics is that in which the views of common sense, of practical statesmanship, of rational radicalism, have made least progress. In all matters of home concern, the old fallacies of Whig and Tory, of the Inns and Outs, are exploded. Even Young England feels the necessity of adapting its nostrums to the actual condition of the people. The practical questions, whether trade flourishes best under artificial regulations, or when left to follow its natural bias, — how the security of person and property can be best enforced, and at the least expense, — by what means sound practical education can be best disseminated among the people,—how far the Government can promote health by a judicious system of medical police,— these, and similar questions, now engross attention in home politics, to the entire exclusion of the old conventional phrases that wont to be bandied backwards and forwards between the ministerial and opposition benches, to the admiration of a gaping and pocket-picked public. But, in foreign politics, the old conventionalisms are still current.

The function of government, in regard to foreign affairs, is the same as its function in regard to domestic. Its sole office is to protect the citizen or subject in the free exercise of his lawful rights, and compel him to discharge his lawful duties. The merchant, or any other person who ventures abroad for profit or pleasure, retains his claim for protection upon his native government. The merchant, or other, who remains at home, but engages in negotiations with subjects of other governments, or with subjects of his own resident abroad, must, if they refuse to fulfil their engagements, endeavour to enforce them through the ministry of his own. The limited business of government, outside of its own dominions, is to take care that the persons and property of its subjects are safe. To this end fleets and military stations, on distant shores, are maintained, in order that the police of the high seas may be maintained, or aid kept at hand in the vicinity of barbarous tribes who respect not the laws of civilized nations. To this end consuls are maintained in great trading ports and inland *emporia*, and diplomatic envoys at seats of government. The business of our admirals and commandants at our military stations is to serve as a substitute for police in regions of the world's surface where there is no established government; to protect all Britons,

travelling on their lawful occasions by sea or by land, from assaults of pirates or robbers at all times; from assaults of national forces with whom we may be at war; from aggressions on the part of belligerents when we are neutrals. The business of our consuls is to see that justice be neither denied nor unduly withheld, nor sold at an extortionate price to British subjects, within limits to which they are appointed; and to promote the business of residents at home from whom their rights are withheld. The business of diplomatic agents, (by whatever name known,) at seats of Government, is to care for the personal immunities of their fellow subjects within the territories of the Government to which they are accredited; to negotiate for the reform of any laws or ordinances militating against the interests of their country; to watch any alliances or hostilities which the Government near which they are, may contract or engage in; and, under the direction of the Foreign Secretary, to endeavour to give affairs such a turn as to avert any partial restrictions upon our commerce that might be the result of the one, or any accidental dangers to the persons and property of British subjects that might proceed from the other.

The Foreign Secretary and all his array of diplomatic and consular agents, with the military servants he can call to his aid, are appointed by the public, (through the constitutional channels,) to protect the public. Their sole duty is to protect British interests. Their conduct ought to be guided by utilitarian principles, the same as that of the Home Department. But the principles which still regulate the Foreign Department have been inherited from a period when ministers were the servants of kings, not of the people, and when the great aim and object of kings was to increase their territories at the expense of their neighbours. While the mass of English society, contented with what belongs to them, seek only for protection, such as we have described, under the auspices of our foreign ministers, they and their dependents are projecting not exactly conquests, but the means of making other states subservient to our ends, by marshalling them as feudatories under our banner. The same vain dream occupies the fancy of the government of France; and the two great nations which ought to be at the head of civilization, and display most common sense in their conduct, are in momentary danger of being precipitated into war, because the dreamy ambitions of those who administer their governments clash. In France, which was thoroughly monarchized from the time of Henri IV. to the time of Louis XVI. the people imbibed the spirit of their government, and that government was completely organized upon principles of external aggression. Too large a portion of the community still sympathize with this vain imagination of external aggrandizement; and there is a hereditary diplomatic profession or college, skilled in the unholy wiles of the trade. But in England kingly government has been a shadow since the first great revolution of 1640. The mass of the people have never been transformed into asinine worshippers of external aggrandizement. No ministry has ever been able to retain power by its foreign policy. Our really great men have found more laurels to be gained in the Home Department. The Foreign has been left to the secondary characters, or to flashy statesmen. This has to a certain extent impressed a more practical and rational character upon our general government. But by removing the Foreign Department from the constant control of public opinion, a necessary consequence of the subordinate light in which it has been viewed, greater licence has been allowed to its occupants. They have contracted foreign tastes and habits; *invitâ Minervâ*, they have aped the diplomatists of Austria and France. Mere satellitical dependents of the premier for the time being, they have entered into an unequal contest with men who were supported by the whole energies of Government; usurping the authority due to the nation only. British diplomacy, regarded at best as a mere ornamental appendage of Government, has been imitative, — desultorily pursued, — the laughing-stock of Europe.

Yet the office and its dependants are strong enough, though useless and often mischievous themselves, to prevent the intrusion of practical men acting upon rational principles. It is in the Foreign Office as in all other departments of Government. Its nominal head is appointed because his showy style of speaking, or his influence with a number of constituencies or noble lords, makes him an important ally in parliament. He enters the office without previous training, without much acquaintance with the history of his department; he is at the mercy of the head clerks or permanent secretaries, whose comfort requires that the old beaten routine of duty should be adhered to. The vacancies in the office are filled up from time to time by young men fresh from college, who have no notion of the real business of life, who are easily led to believe that the trifles they see and hear gravely discussed are important affairs. Our diplomatic agents and consuls are appointed in consequence of bargains for parliamentary support. They are poor lords, or cadets of good families, or ex-officers of the Spanish legion, who made themselves serviceable at a Westminster election, or members of parliament who have run themselves out at elbows by keeping a French cook and frequenting hells. The minor appointments are bestowed upon disreputable protegées, to keep them out of sight; the more important upon men of plausible and pleasing manners, to keep them in sight. But whatever the character of the individual or the motive of his nomination, they are in nineteen cases out of twenty, men who are glad to cover over their want of knowledge and inability by adopting the conventional slang of the office, and representing its duties as recondite mysteries too subtle and profound for vulgar apprehension. The working men — the laboriously idle — the tiers of knots which never hold — the busy promoters of intrigues which are uniformly fruitless, —are upheld and panegyrized by speakers in parliament and writers in the newspapers and reviews, who, flattered by half communications and compliments to their abilities, parrot-like repeat the words and phrases whispered to them, and fancy they are enacting the parts of statesmen.

Thus has been created, and thus is upheld, that rankest of British humbugs, our Foreign Department. If a British subject is wronged or outraged in some Foreign State—if the property of British subjects is unjustly detained abroad—if pirates scour the seas, rendering our commercial voyages dangerous, it is only after long and expensive delays that redress is to be obtained, and in the majority of cases redress is sought in vain. No information is received by Government from our consuls respecting the statistics of foreign trade that can be relied upon: the board of trade dare not publish our consular reports for fear of exposing the system to ridicule. Mr. Macgregor must compile his bulky volumes about tariffs from printed books of travels, or any source but the archives of his own office. Our ambassadors, our *chargés d'affaires*, are far too great men to trouble themselves with commercial and such vulgar concerns. They are royal match-makers, (or match-marrers,) gossips at royal christenings, rivals with foreign potentates for the honour of holding the Egyptian or Constantinopolitan Courts in leading-strings. They are never to be had when their services could be of use; and they are ever ready to plunge their country into war, for some dozen acres of rocky or boggy land on the frontier of Maine, for the glory of protecting some robber horde in the mountains of Syria, or for the sake of marrying a Queen of Spain to a Coburg instead of an Orleans.

The false oracle must be broken up and exposed. The conjurors must be made to give place to honest common-sense men of business. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, the Franklins and Adamses were found more than matches in all real business for the most *rusé* and experienced diplomatists of Europe.

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TEMPTATION AND ATONEMENT.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Concluded from page 728 of our November number.*)

CHAPTER XII.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep:
Or wakeneth with a patient smile
And striveth *not* to weep. PROCTOR.

MEANWHILE the removal of Mrs. Colston and her daughters to their new residence, was attended with fewer vexations than had been anticipated by any member of the family. To quit a large London house for a small one, is a mortifying thing. But to remove from London to the country under any possible circumstances, creates so many novel interests and ensures so many refreshing enjoyments, as to afford little leisure for regret. The spring was opening so deliciously, and the small but well-planted gardens at Langley Bank were so bright with lilacs and so peopled with nightingales, that the two girls, who had been long weaned from country pleasures, could scarcely contain their delight. It was such a relief to escape from the cross-questioning of their fashionable circle — from the condolences of pretended friends, — from the impotent advice of busy-bodies!

But, above all, both of them were sustained, throughout the changes created by their change of fortunes, by the certainty of being unchangeably beloved. The reverse of fortune they had experienced, had stimulated rather than relaxed the courtship of those to whom, in their brighter days, they had been a little too apt to play the tyrant; and both Sir Henry Fletcher and Colonel Larpent were to come down and visit them, the moment they felt sufficiently settled in their new abode.

"Not that there is the least chance of Fletcher's waiting for *that*," whispered Cissy to her sister, as they were strolling together through the shrubberies, the evening after their arrival in Hertfordshire. "His impetuous temper will never submit to wait till he is summoned. We shall be sure to have him at Langley before any thing is in its place, or we have a room ready to receive him. And there is really some excuse for a person's hurrying out of town in such weather. Summer has come before its time."

Sophia replied by a sober discussion of the capabilities of the cottage, and the possibility of adapting the few favourite articles of furniture they had retained, to their present wants. But though not altogether prepared to enlarge upon the lover-like impetuosity of Colonel Larpent, (who was ten years older than the affianced husband of Cecilia,) she felt convinced that many days would not elapse before he also found his way into Hertfordshire. A little disappointed that he had not accompanied Sir Henry to Bruton Street, to see them off, she attributed his absence to his better knowledge of the world, than his wild Irish brother-in-law. Already a family man, he knew by experience the inconvenience of having strangers present in the hurry of leaving town for a journey; above all, of leaving, as they were doing, a house they were to see no more.

Still, as the days passed on, and every thing was arranged in their cheerful drawing-room, dining-room, and study, as though Langley Bank had known no other inmates than its present tenants, flowers disposed about the house, and Rover established on the hearth-rug with the most dogged sense of proprietorship, even Sophia began to think that Colonel Larpent, if he did not come, might at least write to explain the cause of his absence.

For Sir Henry Fletcher was there. The joyous warm-hearted Fletcher was nearly as much at home there as Rover. He had helped to move the furniture. He had helped to place the flowers. He had even helped to mow the lawn. It was even he who had found out a corner in the drawing-room for Mrs. Colston's arm-chair and work-table, secure from any influx of draughts, after all the rest of the party had given up the point. But for him, they should have disbelieved the possibility of their little meadow and orchard affording pasturage for a couple of cows, in addition to the pony which was to draw their mother's pony-chaise. But for him, they should never have devised the partnership-account with a neighbouring farmer, for facilitating the transit of their letters to and from the post.

Sir Henry had, in short, made himself not only useful but indispensable. An Irish education, he pretended, had accustomed him to make shifts; and he claimed to be the best person in the world for knowing how to do without any thing and every thing it contained, so long as those he loved shared his deprivations.

His cheerful spirits, in short, converted every inconvenience into an enjoyment; and before the expiration of a week he had so wrought upon the affections of the whole family, as to obtain the old lady's intervention with Cecilia to relent

in his favour. All was now settled. Before the close of the month, their wedding was to be quietly and privately solemnized in the parish church; and before the end of the summer, Mrs. Colston and Sophia, in spite of the delight they were already beginning to take in the cottage, were to join them at Newtown Fletcher, to spend the autumn months.

Still no Colonel Larpent! At first his absence and silence were freely discussed among them; Mrs. Colston fearing he might be ill,—Sophia, that some of the children were indisposed; and the happy lovers convinced that he was busied in preparation for the same felicity that awaited themselves. But as the weeks passed on, they ceased to talk of him, tried not to look anxious when the letter bag was placed upon the table, and endeavoured to appear full of faith, when Sophia, in adverting to her solitary evening walks with Rover, described them as in the opposite direction from the London road.

But when alone together, Sir Henry and Cecilia argued over the matter without reserve; the latter asserting her fears that her sister's dignified reserve had wounded the over-susceptible nature of the Colonel; the former, pshawing away all allusion to Larpent's sensibility, and declaring him to be a cold-blooded fellow.

"He may not have fancied himself formally invited by my mother. He may perhaps feel affronted," pleaded Cecilia, who was sincerely attached to her amiable and gentlemanly brother-in-law.

"Affronted! hang him. Is this a moment for forms and ceremonies?" cried the impetuous Sir Henry. "He ought either to have carried the walls by assault, as I did; or written to explain what kept him away."

"Depend on it he would have done so, but for some accident,—some unfortunate misunderstanding," urged Cecilia. "I know him. I feel sure of him. There does not exist a more honourable or high-principled man."

"Or a colder hearted."

"No, no! Will you never believe that people feel as they ought, because they are a little less wrong-headed than yourself? Believe me, Larpent is as truly attached to Sophia as a man can be; and you would do me a real kindness and favour by setting off to London, to ascertain what has befallen him."

"Set off to London! when here, by your side, my own dearest, I can just as readily supply the answer? The illness that has befallen him is simply the malady common to his years, an ague-fit of prudence."

"You mean, then, that I am to prepare myself for finding *you*, ten years hence, ungrateful and unprincipled? Quite right to shake your head! You would do better to hide your face. But if you expect me to forgive your illiberality, my dear Fletcher, off with you to London, and do my spiriting gently."

Sir Henry obeyed, though not very gently; for he grumbled sadly at going; and the day following his arrival in town, a hurried letter communicated the startling intelligence that Colonel Larpent had left town, that he was supposed to have even quitted England. His house was let for a year; his family removed into the country.

The blow was borne by Sophia Colston as she was in the habit of bearing every thing, with the best of sense and the best of feeling. But Cissy was less patient; and when Sir Henry, after two days' absence, which he bemoaned as though it were two months, returned to the cottage, she seemed disposed to resent upon *him* the scandalous conduct of Colonel Larpent. In the warmth of her indignation in behalf of her ill-used sister, she could not forgive poor Fletcher for belonging to the same sex as the fugitive.

"Don't be unjust!" cried he. "Don't quarrel with me for what is no fault of mine; or quarrel with Larpent for what is only *half* a fault of his. Your sister broke off the match. He obeyed her but too implicitly. What would you have said to *me*, pray, had I resisted your orders to hurry off to London, when I wanted so much to remain here?"

"It is cruel to laugh at me. The cases, Heaven knows, are not parallel; and you, who love Sophia as a sister, ought to feel as indignant as I do."

"And cannot you see, my darling, that I am trying to make the best of a bad business? Were I to meet Larpent again, it would cost me some forbearance to abstain from knocking him down. But nothing should induce me to exchange a word with him again. To tell you the truth, (for how can I keep back any thing from you, even though perhaps I ought to have my tongue burnt for blabbing,) to tell you the truth, dear Cissy, I am far more disgusted than yourself by the Colonel's conduct; for I find that, previous to making up his mind to sneak out of the business, he had an interview with Boscawen, in order to ascertain, definitively, whether the smallest chance existed of your recovery of the estate."

"Enough, enough!" cried Cecilia, stopping her ears. "For mercy's sake never let me hear his name again! That a woman so every way superior as Sophia should have squandered her affections on so pitiful a creature!"

"You would have stopped your ears in far greater indignation, my dear girl," rejoined Sir Henry, "had you been present while I was cross-questioning old Boscawen, and giving him his instructions about the settlements. Will you believe that he persists in regretting the hastiness with which Sophia declined the overtures of Sir Mark? Concerning her preference for Larpent, he seems to know nothing; and, under all the circumstances, it was not for *me* to enlighten his mind. But he protests that, throughout his negociations with the fellow at Hartington, nothing can have been more gentlemanly, liberal, or respectful than his conduct. All Sir Mark now seems to desire is, that you should regard him as a kinsman, who has done no more than maintain his just rights, as any other man would have done. And Boscawen declares that his proposals for the hand of Sophia, were actuated quite as

much by the desire of compensation to some part of your father's family, as by the ambition of a man who, by his peculiar circumstances, has been kept out of the sphere of society to which he is entitled, to replace himself in it by an union with a well-bred, well-connected, and well-conditioned wife."

"You really seem as if you were pleading his cause," murmured Cecilia.

"I am repeating only the words of old Boscawen, who appears to have a sort of fatherly interest in your affairs, and cannot bear that you should be wholly ousted out of the Hartington property. Moreover, dearest Cissy, I am just now so marvellously in conceit with matrimony, that I cannot help saying I think Sophy would be happier with the power of doing good on an extended scale, than as the repining single woman in narrow circumstances, into which she must subside, when, in the course of nature, her mother is removed."

"But since you have promised that she shall reside with *us!*"

"Quite a different thing from residing in a house of her own, with half-a-dozen thousands a year to expend in making people happy. Children of her own, tenants of her own, poor of her own, would serve to develop the prodigious bump of benevolence with which that excellent head of hers seems to be encumbered."

Cecilia heaved a heavy sigh. Now that her vulgar cousin was out of sight, she was almost afraid that Sir Harry's view of the case was just.

"I am not afraid you should attribute my change of opinion to covetousness of the dowery promised by the new baronet," added Sir Henry, laughing, "or I should think it right to apprize you that, if Sophy became his wife fifty times over, I would accept nothing at his hands. We have enough to live and be happy on, Cissy, without pledging our independence to any one."

This assurance was rewarded with one of Cecilia's sweetest smiles. But it was a smile that soon gave way to a careful expression, when she came to reflect on the saddened years in store for her dear sister. She, too, began *almost* to regret that the nature of Sophia's engagements to the time-serving Larpent, had been such as to prevent her giving even a moment's consideration to the proposals of Sir Mark Colston. Though his exterior was unpleasing, his conduct afforded evidence of the most amiable disposition: and it was thenceforward included in her secret list of grievances against the treacherous Colonel, that he had been the means of preventing Sophia from assuming at Hartington Hall the place to which she was so well entitled, and to which she would have rendered such ample justice.

Though the correspondence of the Colstons with Hartington Rectory was now modified by the awkwardness of any allusion to Colonel Larpent, Mrs. Wigswell, believing that the engagement of her widowed son-in-law had been broken off by mutual desire, felt no scruple in describing her joy at being in possession of her grandchildren for a twelvemonth to come; and believing also that nothing would afford greater consolation to the two kind-hearted girls than to hear of the prosperity of a spot they loved so well, the old lady's letters were filled with accounts of the improvements effected by Sir Mark, and the benefits he was conferring on the village.

"Forgotten and superseded every where!" faintly escaped the lips of poor Sophia. But a moment afterwards, the troubled element resumed its usual pure serenity; and she asked forgiveness of Heaven if, in a single bitter moment, she had overlooked the happiness of the greatest number, in her solitary cares.

Meanwhile the preparations for Cecilia's wedding were nearly completed. The simple *trousseau* preparing for her, was already sent home; and Sophia could not but feel that the greatest of her remaining comforts was about to be withdrawn. How should she exist during so many solitary hours at Langley, when her sister was gone? For Mrs. Colston who, thanks to the agitations of the last year, had progressed ten in age and infirmities, was now in the habit of dozing away her evenings; and her poor daughter felt that her frame of mind was no longer such as to render it either pleasant or profitable to fall back upon her own reflections. Miss Colston sometimes thought she should be happier if officiating as governess to the children of that beloved Charles to whom she had found the cruel courage to refuse her hand.

Of those children, so long adopted as her own, she was perpetually thinking; perpetually wondering what they were about, and dreading lest they should be worried by the over-solicitude of their grandmother. *They* had not proved ungrateful. *They* had not deserted her. There was no reason that she should withdraw her affections from *them*.

At Hartington Rectory, however, the little creatures were enjoying themselves with a zest for country pleasures, known only to children whose walks have been long restricted to the dreary, sooty, flowerless monotony of a London square, or the formal parade of the parks. Grandmamma's garden and grandpapa's village had always constituted their Eden; and now that there was no prudent father at hand to control the ramblings of the nurses, they were perpetually exploring the green lanes of the neighbourhood, or bringing home garlands of wild-flowers from Warling-wood. Nowhere were the honeysuckles in which they delighted, so abundant; and the silver bells of the lilies of the valley were succeeded by a profusion of wild strawberries, with which it was the delight of the little girls to fill their baskets for the breakfast-table of Mr. and Mrs. Wigswell.

It was in one of these expeditions they made acquaintance with John Downing's niece. With feelings very different from those which directed the steps of those happy and innocent creatures along the Hams, and into the entangled recesses of the wood, did Esther, day after day, and as if by mechanical impulse, wander towards that fatal haunt; fancying, perhaps, that her prayers would ascend more surely thence to Heaven, than from under the ill-fated roof of the cottage.

On the very spot from whence an evil eye had watched the fatal encounter between her cousins, did she love to sit,—wan, weary, heart-broken; the tears stealing down her face whenever the unusual sweetness of the atmosphere reminded her that summer was come again; that years of sorrow were waving their leaden wings triumphantly over her head; and that she was farther than ever from all hope of reunion with him for whose sake alone those years had been hitherto endured without a murmur. Sometimes her quiet sorrow burst forth into moans and ejaculations. The day for patience was past. The disappointments she had undergone, the persecutions by which they had been imbittered, had rendered her desperate. If her arch-enemy of the Hall had chanced to encounter her in that lonely spot, he had twice as much to fear from the meeting, as the half-distracted Esther.

For with *him* originated her present despair. True to his word, her uncle had prepared every thing for their departure for New York. With well-contrived precautions, all had been prearranged. A letter was prepared for the good pastor, acquainting him that his poor old clerk, desirous of having his eyes closed by his surviving son, and unwilling to discompose his fortitude by a solemn parting with his benefactor and friends of half a century, had preferred a furtive departure from the village. To his venerable comrade, Jukes the wheelwright, he bequeathed in this letter his household possessions; and having collected in a bundle the necessaries for their journey, and stowed away in the poor old man's pocket-book all that remained to him of worldly pelf, they were literally in the act of quitting the cottage, on their way to the London road where public conveyances were attainable, when a shadow darkened the threshold, and Sir Mark Colston stood before them.

"You surely do not suppose, good Master Downing," said he, "that I could think of allowing you to quit this place, to quit England, without taking leave of one so much interested in your fortunes as myself?"

"My uncle is about to accompany me home, to visit my brothers," interposed Esther Harman, perceiving that the old man was incapable of articulating a word.

"So young, so fair, so false," cried Sir Mark, still affecting a sportive vein. "Your uncle knows better, my pretty Esther, than to offer a visit to your brothers, who, I find, have long turned their backs on every thing bearing the name of Downing. You see I am well informed. From the moment I saw your face, my sweet Hetty, and determined that you and no other should be the Lady of Hartington Hall, I made it my business to inquire chapter and verse of the History of the Downing and Harman families. Not a syllable has escaped me. I know all. And knowing all, you will understand that, on the eve of the sailing of the New York packet, I take especial care to prevent your risking, without my knowledge, so long a voyage. Night and day, my eye is upon this house, and my hand extended over its inmates. Take off your bonnet, therefore, my good girl, and replace your uncle's Sunday coat in the chest. No travelling for either of you at present!"

Entreaties,—prayers,—tears,—all were unavailing.

"The hour you quit Hartington, and a day before you are able to reach your destination," said Sir Mark, "the secret of Luke Downing will be in government keeping. The same ship that takes you to America, shall convey also the denouncement of his guilt. I cannot afford to lose you as neighbours," continued he, with a grim smile, on hearing muttered curses escape the lips of the helpless old man. "The parish of Hartington must not be deprived of its active and excellent clerk; and still less can I bear to give up the hope of some day or other overcoming the repugnance of a girl, whom I can forgive for fancying herself too pretty for a hard-favoured, cross-grained fellow like myself. Don't turn away so pettishly, Esther! You shall be my wife yet; or Luke Donovan's neck will pay for your coy perversity."

Esther Harman, even amid her tears, felt almost thankful for the brutality of his courtship; since, without reference to her uncle or cousin, it justified the hatred with which she was beginning to regard him. But when, hour after hour, and day after day, these threats and these sarcasms were renewed, her spirits sank under the ordeal, she grew peevish, nervous, and hysterical. Her poor old uncle was too thoroughly miserable to admit of her leaving him alone to his misfortunes; or she would have quitted the village to seek service elsewhere. And Sir Mark, feeling his advantage, pursued it with unmanly cruelty.

It was the first object of his heart to obtain her for a wife. By a marriage with Miss Colston, he had hoped to possess himself legitimately of the family estate. But this being impossible, he trusted by allying himself with John Downing's niece to secure the old man's secrecy and connivance. In either case, his matrimonial views were instigated by interested motives. But he was far from insensible to the youth and personal attraction of Esther Harman, and moreover fancied that, by selecting a wife from her class of life, he was not only securing popularity in the village, but inflicting a deadly mortification on the proud cousin by whom his suit had been so insolently rejected.

Every day, therefore, increased his impetuosity as a suitor. Presents from the Hall were constantly despatched to the humble homestead of the clerk; and though flowers and fruit, and fish and fowl, were as constantly returned, there was no possibility of evading the visits of the lord of the manor, who came with the most honourable intentions, and liberal proposals.

His visits became longer and longer, and his wooing more and more fervent; not alone because every hour spent in her company served to demonstrate the excellent qualities and personal charms of the young girl who had made so deep an impression on his rugged heart; but because

he fancied, from the sullenness of resignation to which she was gradually giving way, that her mind was more disposed to compliance.

Impossible for him to surmise that, on the contrary, her altered manner arose from having unburdened her feelings to her cousin. She had written to Laurence Donovan. She had told him all;—all her struggles,—all her sufferings,—all her despair;—obscurely hinting at the precautions by which she had made all safe at Warling-wood; and dwelling impressively on her hopes that he would devise some means of rescuing them from the tyranny which was rendering his father's last years on earth, a state of penance and torment.

After her letter was despatched, she felt easier. With a woman's implicit confidence in the omnipotence of the object of her love, Esther fancied that it needed only to appeal to the judgment of Luke, to obtain redress. *He* would devise means of freeing them from these terrible thraldoms. She had not even hesitated to advert to the assiduities of which she was the object; convinced that, if he still loved her, jealousy would supply the expedients which even his sense of filial duty might perhaps fail to suggest.

Tormented, however, as she was, suffering as she was, hopeless as she was, nothing would have induced poor Esther to pour out her feelings upon paper, could she have conceived half the anguish that simple narrative was fated to excite in the soul of the banished man. Too well aware of the peril and helplessness of his own position, what was to become of those dear ones who were writhing in the grasp of his enemy; what—*what* was to become of them? In reply to the letter he had addressed to Sir Mark Colston, concerning the terms exacted from him, he had received an inexplicit intimation that his secret was safe, so long as he induced his father to exercise the same custody over some mystery equally momentous, which was deposited in his keeping. But how was poor Luke to exact this of the good old man; ignorant as he was to what extent the concession might compromise his character and safety? In his correspondence with the terrible man by whom he was menaced, the ill-fated exile felt as if fighting a deadly duel in the dark. A word more or less might peril his life,—a word more or less might be fatal to the happiness of those who were far dearer.

Amid the arduous duties of the post he was now filling, these anxieties incessantly recurred; imbittering the whole peace of his life, and invalidating all his efforts. A curse was upon him! It was in vain he strove to live, and labour, and prosper. The stigma once incurred was ineffaceable.

One day, after a sleepless night, one day when, in a state rather resembling clairvoyance than reverie, produced by the reperusal of his English letters, he had seemed to behold the fair form of Esther,—his kinswoman,—his cousin,—his childhood's companion,—struggling in the embraces of a ruffian against whom his poor old father had no longer strength to defend her,—he determined, at any risk, at any cost, to visit England and defy the worst. Had not Esther assured him that every trace of that dire event was, by her prudent care, completely removed? And was it likely that the county magistracy, in spite of the length of its ears, would listen to the unsupported testimony of one who had no motive to adduce for the silence by which he had hitherto defeated the ends of justice?

He would hazard the trial. It appeared dastardly to resign to their fate a feeble old man and timid young girl, while *he* was sunning him securely in the prosperities of life. Having obtained leave of absence from his duties, and publicly announced the necessity of visiting his friends in Europe, Laurence Donovan realized a sufficient sum for the furtherance of his projects, and embarked for his native country.

As he set foot upon the deck of the vessel that was destined to convey Cæsar and his fortunes, his heart almost failed him. While still surrounded by a host of leave-taking friends, who were loading him with commissions for England and offers of service during his absence, a still small voice appeared to whisper in his ear,—"An eye for an eye,—a tooth for a tooth! It is written, that 'mischief shall hunt the violent man.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swollen that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. It was chance
He came alive to land.
No, no!—He's gone!

SHAKSPERE.

WINTER was drawing on again. By degrees, the children at the rectory were forced to abandon their ramblings into Warling-wood. The Hams were too damp for their little feet. But there was little to regret in their favourite haunt. The last blackberry was gone. Nothing that took their fancy remained, save the redberries of the orchis, upstarting like polished coral from among the tawny fallen leaves; or the robins, with their breasts of rival redness and gem-like eyes, piping on the naked boughs. But these they heard better and saw as well among the hollies and Portugal laurels of their grandfather's overgrown shrubbery.

In time, even this home-circuit became impossible to the little creatures. The weather set in with boisterous violence. Considerable mischief was done to the new works of Sir Mark Colston, by a series of gales almost amounting to a hurricane; and though the situation of Hartington, twenty miles from the coast, afforded no personal interest in the shipping department, sad rumours crossed the country of numerous wrecks, attended with loss of life.

The state of the weather served to prolong, by a week or so, the hopes and fears of Esther Harman, when the period arrived for the return of the mail which she hoped would bring an answer from New York. But at length she was

forced to give up all expectation. The storms lulled again, the winds were favourable, and still no letter! Nothing left for it but to look forward with still more trembling anxiety to the packet of the ensuing month: for at that period, steam navigation had not rendered the vast Atlantic a mere channel. A great gulf still divided the two worlds, and long intervals interrupted the communication. At all events, the delay promised greater certainty that the important letter would have reached its destination and been duly answered.

Little enough was there at Hartington to distract poor Esther's attention from these solicitudes. Scarcely one of the old clerk's neighbours but had done their best to be hospitable and kind to his niece. But her troubles were too deep-seated to be accessible to such consolations; and though, in return for their cordialities, she endeavoured to give her attention when Jukes the wheelwright and his wife, and a few more, who, in spite of all Sir Mark Colston's activity and beneficence, had never ceased to regret the disappointment of the two mild, gracious young ladies, who, in the time of old Sir Clement, had come among them now and then like a sunshiny day in winter, to brighten the tenor of their dreariness, tried to entertain her with the news they had gathered at the parsonage; how their favourite, Miss Cecilia, was now Lady Fletcher, with a grand castle of her own, in which her mother and sister were staying with her in Ireland; and how the old nurse of Colonel Larpent's beautiful children, still hoped and prayed that, some day or other, the poor little things might be so fortunate as to obtain Miss Sophia for a mother-in-law. But it was difficult to bestow more than a vague smile upon their gossip. To *her* all this was a matter of no moment. *Her* heart was absorbed in a destiny thousands of miles distant from Hartington.

But that it *was* so absorbed, she could scarcely have failed to notice the change which her firmness, or some other motive, had wrought in the conduct of her persecutor at Hartington Hall. Instead of threatening and bullying, as during the early part of her visit to her uncle, Sir Mark Colston was becoming almost gentle, almost subdued. The influence of her serenity was working wonders on his coarse nature. Though seldom neglecting an opportunity of assuring her that his desire was unabated to raise her from her lowly estate to the highest grade in the country round, he no longer intruded into the cottage during the absence of the clerk; and by the deference with which he was beginning to treat that fair young girl, there was some reason to infer that his passion was sobering into affection, and that his protestations were sincere.

For, though he had ceased to importune her with visits, he was usually to be found wandering about the neighbourhood of the cottage. The little Larpents scarcely ever returned from their morning walk, without having to tell that they had met "the gentleman what belonged to the great house," in or near Church-lane. He appeared to have deserted his own fine domain, and taken up a post of observation near the Hams. Morning, mid-day, evening, he still haunted the spot. So is it ever with lovers; to whom even the atmosphere breathed by the object of their attachment has a charm of its own.

No one molested him in his beat. Few besides those prattling children ever approached the cottage to exchange words of greeting with "pretty Esther," or beg for branches of rosemary to burn in their nursery. The lad employed by the post-office to deliver the letters of the village, came not near it; those of John Downing being left till called for, (by way of precaution,) at the neighbouring market-town of F——. Even such a thing as a newspaper never crossed the threshold. At the time the papers were filled with accounts of the famous Hartington murder, John Downing had conceived a horror of these missives of intelligence. Since that day, indeed, he had scarcely cast his eyes on printed paper, save the one volume that gathers new grace from affliction.

One day, it was on the eve of the last Sabbath of the year, as the poor old clerk was conferring with his superior in the vestry, touching a dole of money and distribution of bread to the poor of the parish, which, by the beneficence of Sir Mark Calston had taken place in the church on Christmas day,—"By the bye, Downing, I have a letter for you in my pocket," said Mr. Wigswell, "which came by the post this morning, enclosed to 'the rector of Hartington,' with a request that I would inquire whether any person of your name resided in my parish; and if not, to return it to a magistrate of Cornwall, who forwards his address. But I fancy the letter has found its way to the right owner?" continued the rector, on seeing John Downing change colour when, after adjusting his spectacles, he proceeded to open it, and glance over its contents.

"It has, sir!" replied the old man, faintly. And, hastily refolding it, he dropped it into his pocket, as if for future perusal in private; the name of Laurence Donovan having met his eye in the first few lines of the letter.

In kindness to his emotion, the good rector instantly abbreviated his business of the day; and made some pretext to quit the church, in order that the clerk might proceed to his own home, for the perusal of his strange correspondence.

When he reached the cottage, Esther was fortunately from home. *He* thought it fortunate at least; well knowing how seldom she quitted the cottage, unless on some errand of benevolence, and little surmising that she had been intercepted in her melancholy ramble to Warling-wood, the first she had ventured for weeks, by the man she most detested upon earth; who, whenever he found his assiduities ill-received, never failed to inquire, by way of vengeance, whether "she were as fond as ever of *digging for lily roots at right angles with the great alder-tree of the Hams?*"

Relieved by her absence, the old man hastily bolted the door of the cottage, drew his arm-chair towards the casement, carefully wiped his spectacles in preparation; then, after once or twice

laying down the letter upon his knee, as if more afraid than eager to master its contents, he cast his eyes once more upon that unknown handwriting.

The signature was new to him. But the writer considerately commenced his communication with, "Though a personal stranger to you, I am under the necessity of addressing you, in discharge of a duty distressing to me, and likely to inflict far severer pain on yourself. As a minister of the gospel, sir, I pray that God's grace may be with you when you peruse these lines, which come to acquaint you that your son, Laurence Donovan, is no more."

It was enough. John Downing neither shed a tear nor moaned a moan. Laying down the letter upon his knee, he closed his old eyes for a few minutes, as in the act of mental devotion.

Strengthened by that secret communing with the dispenser of his destinies, he took courage to read on. It would be some solace to learn that the son in whom his soul delighted had died a death of peace,—*an honourable death*. Knowing nothing of the warning despatched to him by Esther, he believed him to have departed this life at New York.

"I can understand," resumed the writer of the letter, "that the blow will fall the heavier upon you at a moment when you were hourly expecting the arrival in England of your unfortunate son. But such was the decree of the Almighty, and His will be done!

"The details are as follows:—

"On the 17th of last month, during the hurricane which visited the whole of the Western coast, several vessels were lost off that portion belonging to my parish. No less than nine lives were sacrificed; among them, four persons belonging to the Kestrel mail-packet from New York, in which your son was a passenger. The wreck of this unfortunate vessel was attended with the most afflicting circumstances; for it occurred in open day, under a state of weather that rendered assistance impossible. An attempt was made to put out the life-boat, but without success. In such a sea as was running against one of the most dangerous points of our perilous coast, no boat could live; and at 3 P.M. the ship went to pieces. Two mariners saved themselves by floating upon spars. Another of the crew was seen making the most courageous endeavours to attain the shore by swimming. But, alas! within half a furlong of the beach, we lost sight of him in the surf; and a bruised and bleeding body was all that reached land.

"I was present, sir, at this heart-rending scene; and can attest that no means were left untried to restore animation, though without even a hope of success. I also officiated at the interment of your son, in my own churchyard, with all the decency becoming his situation in life; for the body was instantly recognised by one of the sailors whose life was spared on this sad occasion, as that of Mr. Laurence Donovan, a respectable merchant of New York, and passenger on board the Kestrel.

"Guided by this information, I despatched a letter to the United States by return of mail, to the address supplied me, to apprize the family or friends of the deceased of his unfortunate end. I also advertised in *The Times* newspaper that a trunk had been washed on shore, bearing his name engraved on a brass plate; and requested any friends Mr. Donovan might have in England to come forward and claim it.

"The customary time having expired without notice being taken of this advertisement, it appeared necessary to break open the trunk, for farther information concerning the owner; in order that, in the settlement of its annual accounts, the parish might be reimbursed for the cost of a funeral suitable with the fortune of a man in independent circumstances.

"The first thing, sir, that presented itself in a letter-case contained in the trunk, was a paper inscribed, 'My Will;' which, being broken open yesterday by myself, as a county magistrate, in presence of an attorney-at-law, proved to be signed 'Luke Downing, *alias* Laurence Donovan.' The instrument in question purports to bequeath the entire property of the testator in the United States, to his father, John Downing of Hartington, in the county of Sussex,' with other legacies and instructions on which I need not now insist. But I lose no time in profiting by the information thus afforded, to address you for the purpose of disclosing the severe family misfortune of which, by some unaccountable circumstance, you appear to be still ignorant.

"It only remains for me to add, that the personal property of your deceased son is now in my custody; and will be given up to you, after the usual forms for the establishment of your right and title to the same. On return of an answer to this letter, the Will shall be forwarded through the hands of the Rev. Edward Wigswell, by

"Your obedient servant,

"JOSEPH TREMOYLAN.

"Rector of St. Carron's."

The old man read through the letter a second time, from first to last, before it produced any clear impression on his mind. Comparatively illiterate, and having vegetated through life without stirring farther from Hartington than once in his days to the county town, he could not readily bring home to himself the possibility that the son he believed to be alive and well in America, should be lying in English earth. There must be some mistake. It could not be *his* Laurence Donovan. It could not be his idolized Luke. It could not be the child consigned to him by his poor wife upon her deathbed, who had died so terrible a death. A happy doubt, but for which, perhaps, the shock of that dire intelligence might have proved fatal; for when by degrees the reality and certitude of his son's identity with the shipwrecked stranger dawned upon his mind, his faculties seemed one by one to forsake him.

He sat, as if transfixed to stone; *trying* to think, *trying* to feel; but thought and sensibility escaping him as the waters of a stream through our vainly clasping hands. He could not bring the past

before him, he could not bring the present, he could not bring the future, so as to be cognizant, to its full extent, of the loss he had undergone. By degrees, the passion of his grief became as that of the distracted Lear. Terrible smiles convulsed his rough features, as, like the persecuted king, he exclaimed, "O fool! I shall go mad."

But though reason was tottering on her throne, there was sense enough remaining to instigate a fearful resolution. He felt conscious of his infirmity; conscious that the power to will and to do might soon be denied him. He had been tried to the uttermost. Nothing was left for him to suffer. He was entitled to his release. But, in order to die in peace, a heavy load must be removed from his mind.

With this impression strong upon him, he arose, (as David when he shook off the ashes of his affliction, after the death of his child,) and girded up his loins and stood erect upon the earth. Before the return of Esther, pale and dispirited, from her walk, he had laid by the fatal letter in fast keeping. He could not bear to disturb *her* tranquillity by knowledge of its contents. The sight of her sorrow would be harder to bear than his own; and were he now to unnerve himself, he might perhaps go down to the grave unrelieved of his burthen.

Had Esther returned from her walk in cheerful spirits, the shock of seeing her smile at a moment when the last prop had been removed from her feeble destinies, would probably have excited such a struggle in her uncle's mind as to elicit the truth. But the poor girl entered the cottage with her eyes seared and bloodshot with weeping; and when she flung aside her bonnet with a petulance how different from her usual placid deportment, the dishevelled hair fell in long tresses from beneath, as though disturbed by previous disarrangement. Her breathing was still impeded as by some ill-repressed emotion.

While the old man stood staring upon her in stupified silence, she snatched a cup of water to her lips, and drank as if to restore her courage, rather than allay her thirst.

"Uncle!" faltered she, before he could sufficiently recover himself to address her, "*dear* uncle, you must not take it unkindly of me if——" But, having reached thus far, she stopped short, and burst into tears.

"Would that I were dead," continued she, in a paroxysm of grief, in answer to the questions and caresses with which the heartbroken old man endeavoured to soothe her. "I have never done harm or harshness to living soul," faltered she, while her hand trembled in the rough clasp of his, "yet every one and every thing combine against me. I ought to have a home at Norcroft; but the cruelty of my brothers rendered it impossible to abide therein. I ought to have a refuge with one who is far away; but the persecutions of an enemy prevent my reaching his arms. Even here, uncle, where your affection affords me shelter, even here am I hunted even unto death by a wretch whom I abhor as befits the plighted wife of Luke and your adopted child. I hate him, uncle,—I hate him,—I hate him!" reiterated the poor girl, with almost maniacal violence; "and if you knew how he besets and follows me, and mixes up his loathsome courtship with dreadful threatenings concerning you and my poor cousin, *you* would hate and despise him as I do."

John Downing replied by pressing her hand caressingly to the burning lids that were closed over his throbbing eyeballs.

"And so, uncle, as I said before, you must not take it amiss if I quit Hartington, and try to get my living in some honest service, out of reach of Sir Mark Colston."

"What has he done to thee, child, to put thee so beside thyself?" demanded her uncle, in a voice so hoarse that, though she saw his lips move, she could scarcely believe it to be his own.

"For the last month," said Esther, "never have I stirred from the house, but he was on the watch to follow me; so that comfort myself by a walk on the Hams, I dared not. For *there*, we should have been alone, and without a check upon his presuming words or actions. Often, therefore, have I been forced into the village, when all I wanted was quiet and solitude. And still, even there, he followed me; and if I stopped to exchange a word with a neighbour in answer to inquiries after your health, *there* was he, to play the spy upon me; every one thinking me mightily honoured to be courted by one of his fortune, and I, all the while, shuddering to be even accosted by one of his nature!"

"They do not know him, Esther, as we do," pleaded the old man, in extenuation of his neighbours.

"But to-day, uncle, this afternoon,—I could not, somehow or other, resist my wish to visit Warling-wood. When I am walking *there*, it seems as if Luke were by my side."

Involuntarily poor Downing dropped her hand, and clasped his own over his aching temples.

"And so," she continued, "having looked about me to be secure that Sir Mark was not at hand, that no one was following me,—I stole along the Hams, as though for some blameful action. And the stream being swollen and rushing along over the gravel, I could not, for its noise, hear footsteps behind me, till I felt an arm round my waist, and turning short round, found myself face to face with that man,—that fiend."

"That ruffian!" muttered the indignant clerk.

"You may guess whether I told him what was passing in my mind! For my whole heart was on my lips. It seemed indeed, at that moment, as though he had suddenly lost all power of injuring Luke, or thwarting *us*; and as if by the will of God, my very tongue was loosed!"

Poor Downing shuddered as he listened. Was she already apprized of the loss that had befallen them?

"On which, uncle," continued Esther, "he too gave way to his passion; and while he insisted on knowing whether some letter or other had not reached the cottage, to encourage me to show myself such a termagant, he stamped on the ground for rage, and griped my arms till the blood started.

A hard matter had I to withdraw myself from him and flee hither out of his way; satisfied that he would not follow me across the threshold. But again I beseech you, uncle, do not reproach me if I hasten to take shelter where he can no longer molest me!"

"It shall not need, my poor child!" said poor Downing, gravely interrupting her. "It shall not need. He has done thee the last ill turn, Esther, he will do thee in this world."

Then, seeing that the solemnity of his manner overawed the poor girl, he kissed her affectionately on the forehead; and in a voice which he strove to render as his usual voice, bad her hasten to sup and retire to rest; for that he had much summing up of parish accounts for the close of the year, and wanted quietness for the task.

"I must set my house in order," said he, with a grim smile, after having barred the door and shutters, while Esther was trimming up the hearth as for a long watch. "But take no further thought for thine enemy, Esther. He hath bruised our head: we shall yet bruise his heel."

CHAPTER XIV.

All is gone,—save a Voice
That never did yet rejoice.
'Tis sweet and low,—'tis sad and lone—
And biddeth us love the thing that's flown.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE morning dawned chilly and stragglingly. Heavy mists came drifting across even the feeble light of that winter's day. The atmosphere was bitter. The same gusts that drove the clouds across the dreary sky, beat at intervals against the casements of John Downing's cottage, like volleys of rain. The very earth seemed colder than usual under foot. *He* felt it so at least. For it was the first day he had waked to the recollection that it covered the heads of all who had been dear to him in this world.

He arrayed himself, however, steadily in his Sunday suit, his appropriate suit of black; and by degrees, as the dimness dispersed from his mind occasioned by the few hours of unnatural sleep in which, after watching through the night for the arrangement of his worldly concerns, he had been so fortunate as to lose all recollection of his sufferings; instead of becoming more sensitive to the blow that had fallen on him and the trials that still awaited him, the old man grew more and more composed. He was nearer to God. Nothing now interposed between him and his salvation. Time was growing shorter and shorter: *so* short, that all the ills it could bring, all the humiliations it could inflict, were as a speck of sand compared with those boundless shores of eternity on which he was about to anchor.

By the time John Downing had placed his hand a moment in that of his niece, and thanked her for her care of his morning meal, he was nearly as well prepared to fulfil his duties of the day, as on any other Sabbath of the year.

The state of the weather forbad all loitering by the way. No person met him as he walked slowly up the lane, leaving Esther to close the house and follow him to morning service; so that there was nothing to disturb the pious penitence in which he mentally reproached himself with his former abject dread of the revilement of his neighbours. But if he had dared to put the love and approbation of this world in competition with the approval of his own conscience,—his conscience, the whispered voice of his Maker, heavy had been his punishment, even in this world.

It was remembered afterwards, by one of old Jukes's grandchildren, who was idling near the porch, that John Downing, instead of crossing the churchyard, angle-wise, as had been his wont ever since the head of his son Jack was laid with that of his faithful wife, as if expressly to avoid the spot,—went calmly towards it, and stood for a moment with uplifted eyes beside the green mound. Perhaps the old man conceived that in his prayer to Heaven to "forgive him his trespasses," he could not be near enough to those through whose sufferings it had been appointed him to suffer; or perhaps he might be thinking how soon the feet of the living would tread over his weary frame, under that withered sod.

When he crossed the porch, the sexton was tolling in, and the church three parts full. All the usual congregation of Hartington was assembled; save a few of the very old, and very suffering, unable to confront the boisterous inclemency of the weather. But the rough breezes caused the warm blood of the young only to circulate the more freely.

Christmas is a cheering time in country life: a time when the bounties of the rich are dispensed to the poor in compensation of the niggardliness of nature; a time when the joyous are more glad, and even the sorrowful attempt to be joyous; and the country folks came plodding in to their devotions, by two and three, with faces brightened by exercise, and spirits lightened by the prospect of communion with that great Being in whose sight all men are brethren.

The elder of the little Larpents was sitting with a demure face beside the knee of its proud grandmother, waiting for the shuffling of feet and clapping to of doors to subside, ere the service began. In the old chancel-pew facing the pulpit, stood Sir Mark Colston, resting with one hand on the carved oaken knob which terminated its antique cornice, (the curtains of green serge behind which poor old Sir Clement used to screen his humble devotions, having been removed as unsightly;) the other being fast clenched by his side, as he watched the quiet entrance of Esther Harman, taking her slow and downcast way to a bench under the reading desk, her customary seat.

Since their interview of the preceding evening, he had scarcely ceased from secret execrations against that unhappy girl. For, half-maddened by his insolent brutality, she had spoken out;—all her loathing,—all her contempt,—all her desire that his persecution of the unfortunate Luke and his family, might be repaid fourfold on his own head. The desire of vengeance against her was rankling in the dark depths of his heart; and but

that they were assembled together in the house of God, his wrath had not even then been suspended.

The service began. The venerable rector, whose bleared eyes and tremulous voice might perhaps have been objects of sarcasm or pity in a strange place, possessed the ear, heart, and confidence of a parish to which he was endeared by a ministry of half a century; during which not an unjust action or grasping proceeding, could be laid to his charge. He had preached the doctrines of Christ in integrity, simplicity, and peace; and stranger still, had practised what he preached. They listened therefore to his words with twice the deference they would have shown to a younger, more eloquent, but perhaps less well-affectioned man.

Touched as the aged are apt to be by associations connected with the closing of another year, his voice was more tremulous than usual. That of his poor clerk, on the contrary, was firm in giving out the responses; and if the face of John Downing was deathly white, so white that it was difficult to discern where the hoary hair was scattered on his wan temples, such of his neighbours as noticed the change in his appearance, attributed it to the nipping influence of the weather. For at threescore years and ten, the first frosts of the year search out the very marrow of the bones.

It was afterwards recalled to mind by the good pastor, that, on retiring into the vestry at the close of morning prayer, he found the decanter of spring-water provided for him there summer and winter, in service time, drained nearly dry; and as not a drop of it had moistened his own lips, he knew that, after assisting him with his gown previous to the communion service, the poor clerk must have had recourse to it, to refresh his parched lips for the terrible act of expiation he was about to perform. For, lo! when every eye was bent upon the venerable clerk, to hear him give out from the reading desk the second psalm; to the stupefaction of all present, John Downing uplifted his voice, beseeching pardon and indulgence for the scandal he was about to occasion; and entreating them "to look upon him as a sinner about to render an account to God of the wickedness he had committed, who was desirous first to clear his conscience by making atonement in this world; humbling himself in the sight of those by whom he was unduly respected, and redressing a great wrong, in which he had connived."

But that he spoke so calmly as well as so fervently, many of the congregation would have apprehended that a sudden fit of insanity had attacked the poor old clerk. But the affecting mildness of his voice and sadness of his aspect, pleaded in his favour. No one whispered that his reason was troubled. No one ventured to interrupt him. All sat aghast; the sympathy of the many being with one so long known, so severely tried, so generally regarded.

"May it please the Almighty, by whom I have been so sorely visited," continued the old man, "so to prosper my confession that it may prove a warning to others when, tempted like *me*, like *me* they are about to fall!"

At that moment, Sir Mark Colston, who had glided from his pew during the murmur that succeeded the opening of Downing's address, perceived on reaching the church doors that, previous to the communion service, they had been carefully closed and locked. Nothing remained for him therefore but to slink back to his place; or conceal himself in the shadow of the porch, like an infected sheep of the flock. But attention had been already drawn towards him by his movement; and putting his usual bold face upon the matter, he stalked back into his pew.

"By *my* connivance," continued the clerk, before he had reached his place, "the registers of this parish were mutilated to favour the claims of an impostor. Nay, unbeknown to me, though by reason of my carelessness, a forged key was provided by the man calling himself Sir Mark Colston, in order that the coffins of the Colston family might be attainable, and by reason of a false plate affixed to one of them, an unjust claim be established. In proof of the truth of my words, let the vault be opened. When the coffins are verified by the burial certificates, that of Sir Robert Colston, who died in 1714, will be found wanting: and the coffin bearing the name of Elinor, the wife of Mark Colston, will be found to contain the body of a man."

At this assertion, an irrepressible outcry and confusion arose in the church, under cover of which, the so-called Sir Mark Colston made his way into the vestry, from whence the infirm old pastor was preparing to emerge, supposing that the psalm was concluding, and wholly unconscious of what was passing.

But to render Mr. Wigswell cognizant of what was going on, was no such easy matter. Exceeding deafness rendered the murmurs and ejaculations of the congregation inaudible to *him*; and on being hurried forward into the church by the irate object of Downing's denunciations, to oppose his authority against further violation of the sanctity of the place, the first word that reached him was the stern and firm asseveration of the clerk that the man beside him was a rogue and impostor, and the daughters of the late Colonel Colston, the rightful heirs of the late baronet, his friend!

"My brethren,—restrain your feelings! There must be an end of this. The house of God is no place for so indecent a discussion," faltered Mr. Wigswell from the pulpit, into which he had hastily ascended for the resumption of his authority, if not for the discharge of his functions. But the clamour of the congregation prevented his faint voice from being audible. Even that of the infuriated impostor was heard with difficulty when, raging like a tiger at bay, he proclaimed that the man to whose slanders they were giving ear was unworthy of credit, having himself connived with his younger son in the murder of his elder brother.

By a strange revulsion of feeling, the horror produced by this accusation, reduced to silence the frantic outcries provoked by Downing's confessions. On a sudden, the tempest was still. A

pin might have been heard to drop in the church. But in the midst arose once more the old man's voice, calm, sad, but unsubdued.

"I was prepared for this act of vengeance;" said he, "and am content, my brethren, to appeal to your own hearts whether so foul a crime be *possible* even among the worst of human beings. My poor Luke is before the judgment-seat of God; who knows that the stain of blood might be on his hand, but never that of blood-guiltiness on his soul. I, too, am going to my account; and with the grave opening before me, am resolved to stand no longer before my neighbours in the light of an honest and upright man, when the confession of my fault may prove the means of restoring the injured to their rights."

Farther recrimination would probably have been elicited from Mark Colston, and farther remonstrances from the rector, but that the greater part of the congregation were now crowding round the insensible form of poor Esther; who, on hearing the sudden and terrible announcement of her bereavement, had fallen prostrate on the pavement. When raised from the ground, her deathlike paleness and total insensibility created a belief among the persons nearest to her that she had been killed by the fall.

Happy had it been so! for what was to be her portion *now?* When conveyed back with difficulty to the cottage, and medical aid at length procured and a vein opened, better for her peace of mind that she had remained unconscious of what was passing around her. For the rigour of the law had seized upon her poor old uncle. For public example's sake, he had been given into custody by the rector; perhaps, to afford grounds for the detention of Sir Mark Colston, till the arrival of Colonel Garrett, for whom an express was hastily despatched.

"Tell him that he must hasten, or it will be too late!" said Downing, on learning that his deposition must be taken down before a magistrate. "The bowl is broken at the cistern,—the cords are loosed. My life is as a tale that is told."

Though shocked and grieved that on the Sabbath day there should be an uproar among the people, Mr. Wigswell, aware that from the absence of the Colstons in Ireland, the care of their interests was in his hands, hastened also to obtain the intervention of their country solicitor; and before night, after due examination of the parties, Colonel Garrett, by the advice of Mr. Aldridge, had signed a warrant by which Mark Essenden Colston, commonly called Sir Mark Colston, stood committed to the county gaol for sacrilege. The more urgent point of his misdemeanours was such it was difficult to place within the reach of criminal law.

Against John Downing, the accusation was of a nature to entitle the magistrate to accept bail; which was instantly offered by Jukes the wheelwright and one of the substantial farmers of Hartington.

"Thanks, my old friends and neighbours!" faltered the old man, who needed no learned leech to tell him that the shock he had received was beginning to suspend the vital current in his frame. "My torment is not for long. But I would fain give up the ghost under my own roof, with my head upon my own pillow. When I am gone, be kind to the poor girl."

With the aid of Aldridge, he lost no time in bequeathing to his unfortunate niece, the handsome independence to which he had become entitled as heir-at-law to his son. But when, three days afterwards, his prediction was verified by a peaceful departure from this life, a deathbed cheered by the act of atonement, which by the grace of God he had been enabled to fulfil, and the certainty that he was about to be reunited to all he had loved on earth in that better land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,"—Esther who, even in her brokenheartedness, found strength to minister to his last moments and close his careworn eyes, heard, without so much as surprise, that she was now as rich as she was lovely. For her, joy, grief, or wonder, were at an end. All—all was a blank. She had loved and lived in vain.

When, in process of time, the hiatus in the parish register was admitted to proof, and the necessity of violating the sacred abode of the dead (by opening the Colston coffins) forestalled by an ample confession on the part of the daring impostor, who trusted to purchase, by these means, the mercy of the family concerning the restitution of the sums appropriated to his use; the first act of Sophia Colston and her sister, after the legal recognition of their rights as co-heiresses at law to the late Sir Clement, was to offer an asylum at the Hall to the poor bereaved girl, the history of whose troubles was so singularly intermingled with their own.

It was an act of womanly mercy on the part of those, the native goodness of whose hearts was still further improved by a short but painful probation. But that probation was already at an end. Scarcely was the venerable head of the old clerk laid in the grave beside his ill-fated wife and son, when, summoned by her solicitors from Ireland to Hartington hall, Miss Colston's first interview with Aldridge placed in her possession the letter forwarded by Colonel Larpent from Lausanne; in which he implored him to sift to the utmost the character and conduct of the pretended Sir Mark Colston,—"since he was likely to have in his keeping the happiness of the most beloved of women, yes,—still the *most* beloved,—though the persuasions of her friends had induced her to dismiss him from her regard, in order to reconsolidate the worldly interests of the family."

Miss Colston was consequently now as happy as Cecilia. Sir Henry Fletcher, indeed, persisted in protesting the contrary;—"being," (as he said,) "bound to believe all that was asserted by his darling little wife, who declared *herself* to be the happiest woman in the world."

In how short a time afterwards Colonel Larpent arrived in England, on the summons of a generous letter from Sophia, explaining away the miserable misunderstanding that had arisen between them, it is unnecessary to inquire. But

from the day of his appearance at Hartington, even Sir Henry was forced to admit that "honours were divided." And he was content to give up his share, as he never failed to add, "since Larpent, to whom he had always been sincerely attached, had, after all, turned up a trump."

The wedding was solemnized with a degree of joy, which unlike the joy usually attendant on weddings, had not a drawback. The worthless man in whose veins some drops of Colston blood was flowing, was luckily expiating by a few months' imprisonment in the county goal, the act of sacrilege committed in Hartington church; and by a generous provision made for him by the heiresses, on condition of his settling for life in the colonies and following up his profession under the name of his mother, all future difficulties were removed, and the necessity for legal proceedings superseded.

Well was it for Colonel Larpent and his children that the untimely fate of the unfortunate Luke Donovan brought their perplexities to so early a crisis. For the good old rector was not long in following to the grave the faithful old friend with whom he had crept through life, and the faithful servant by whose diligent ministry his own had been lightened. The shock of so many startling events probably accelerated his end; for within six months of the decease of John Downing, a new rector ascended the pulpit in Hartington church.

It was no small comfort to the widow, on her final removal from the rectory, to know that her grandchildren were safe in their happy home at the Hall; a home where she was at all times welcome, and cheered by the congenial society of the worthy mother of the new Mrs. Larpent.

Of the present flourishing state of Hartington, let the reader, if possible, go and judge for himself. He will find it one of the most thriving and beautiful of those charming villages, of which Sussex is so justly proud; and the improvements effected under the new dynasty are not, like those commenced by the villanous Sir Mark, intended to propitiate the ill opinion of the world and disfavour of the parish, but matters of conscientious discretion.

Among the changes, however, which attract the eye of the traveller, is *one* for which Hartington is *not* indebted to the generosity of the lady of the manor. On the church lands, sloping towards the stream, stand a row of neat almshouses, endowed for the use of twelve aged persons of the parish; each having its little garden, and wearing the air of neatness and cheerfulness, peculiar to the charitable institutions of modern times. The foundation bears the name of Downing. But it was executed by a pious and humble individual, interred in Hartington churchyard, fast by the graves of the Downing family; but, by her own desire, without so much as a headstone to mark the spot.

The two Harmans, who are still alive, (and still brutal,) did their utmost to invalidate the will by which their poor sister created this endowment, on pretence that, since her misfortunes, she had become infirm of intellect. But Aldridge, by whom the document was drawn out, had made all fast; and the whole village united in hailing the day when, with the consent of the ecclesiastical courts, the ill-fated cottage of the Downings was thrown down, that the foundations of the new Charity might be laid on the spot.

On the day of the inauguration of poor Esther's pensioners, Hartington green was deserted. The whole population thronged to the Hams; admitting that the blot upon their village archives was thoroughly effaced; old and young uniting in a prayer that the Almighty would pity the Temptation of the old man whose gray hairs were in the grave, and accept the proferred ATONEMENT.

EVENING LANDSCAPE.

From the German of Matthisson.

THE grove is bright
With golden light;
The ruins of Waldburg amid the wood
Are lighted up by the magic flood.

Glistens the ocean
Without a motion;
The fisherman's boat, like a gentle swan,
To his home in the distant isle glides on.

Silvery sand
Sparkling on strand;
Clouds over the ocean's surface go,
These of bright rose—those of paler glow.

In gold enthroned,
Yet rudely crown'd,
Tottering reed of the foreland so steep,
The wings of the sea wildly over thee sweep.

In leafy glade
Of forest shade
Is the anchorite's moss-grown humble cell,
With his garden, and bower, and fountain's swell.

The ocean's glow
Is paler now,
And dimmer becomes the magic flood
O'er the ruins of Waldburg amid the wood.

The grove is bright
With full moon's light;
Spirit voices the valley are hovering o'er,
Around the heroes of times of yore. M. T.

DINGELSTEDT'S POEMS.

FRANZ DINGELSTEDT is an author whose works have only appeared within the last year, and whose name is therefore but little known in Germany; although those acquainted with his writings, to whom we have spoken on the subject, have always mentioned them in terms of high eulogium. We have chosen his works as the subject of these observations, both as affording matter for fair comparison with our own less illustrious authors of the day, and also as embodying the peculiarities of thought and feeling common to a large school in Germany. It must not be supposed, however, that we desire to rank him with those unfortunate aspirants to literary honours, who are weekly born to certain oblivion; on the contrary, we believe that he is entitled to take a very much higher stand, and that but for some defects, which are not so much personal, as attendant on his country and his party, he might rival some of the best of our modern poets. Another circumstance which recommends him to our notice, is the fact, that he has resided in, or at least visited England, and that several of his poems, both political and descriptive, refer to England.

Dingelstedt belongs to the Young Germany, or liberal movement party, and has suffered for his political creed, having been obliged, as he himself informs us, to leave his native country of Hesse Cassel, on account of his opinions. This is a party which every one must regard with respect, as containing much talent and genuine high feeling; as being the real movement party, and that to which we are, perhaps, to look for the eventual regeneration of Germany. Nevertheless, it has its faults, which spring rather from ignorance and a want of due consideration, than from radical ill-feeling; and from these faults Dingelstedt is not free. But we shall allude to this point subsequently. Another, and to an Englishman a serious blemish in some of his poems, but for which it is perhaps hardly fair to blame a German, is that excess of romantic sentimentalism, that making of great things out of small, and that mixing up of incidents utterly immaterial, and sentiments perfectly unintelligible, which, combined with impassioned fervour, and inextricable mystery of expression, produce a something fearfully wanting in common sense, which our continental friends, both French and German, consider beautiful, but which we, with a growl, rank under the convenient category of humbug. In his love poems,—for our author being a poet, is of course a lover,—this peculiarity is developed to an alarming extent; and the greater number of these amatory effusions are both maudlin and unintelligible. His principal specimen, in this way, is a long poem, or rather a series of short poems, containing the history of a most un-Platonic love affair with a Creole lady, whom he met in London, and whom he subsequently left, and then was miserable that he had left; but why he left her, and why he was miserable, does not appear. The poem, we have no doubt, is a very beautiful one, and well adapted to win the admiration of the Germans: feeling this, we read the whole with an earnest desire to comprehend it; and we confess we did not succeed. It wants, as Dr. Folliott says, the two great requisites of head and tail. The same may be said of a shorter series of poems, addressed to a *cantatrice* at one of the London theatres, for whom the bard appears to have felt what we should consider a most hopeless passion; for he acknowledges that, whilst princes and nobles were showering gold and jewels on her, he had nothing but his poems to offer. Really we should have thought that even a poet, and a German, would have seen the unhappy parallel between sending coals to Newcastle, and giving songs to a singer.

It must not be supposed, however, that many of Dingelstedt's poems are obnoxious to these censures. Of the volume before us they form but a small part, and that the least interesting; the rest consists of ballads, songs, and didactic stanzas, all containing passages of great beauty.

The most pleasing quality of these poems is that genial simplicity of thought and expression, that openness and want of affectation, which at once endears the author to the reader. There is no false straining after effect, no meretricious artificiality of costume. The writer is evidently a man of high-minded, and generous, and, at the same time, kindly imagination. He has thought much, if not always correctly, and has felt more; and he gives us his thoughts and sentiments in a plain, unvarnished manner. Oh, if some of our own writers would but remember, that the duty of writing intelligible English is even paramount to that of writing poetry! This principle Dingelstedt adheres to. He is not afraid of calling things by their right names, for fear they should sound prosaic: he is not always striving to give a poetical turn to his simplest thoughts, and he appears to think it better to be precise than mystified; and the consequence is, that combined with lightness and brilliancy of execution, a clear epigrammatic strength runs through all his argumentative and didactic poems. The images are distinct and forcible; the language is such as men and women, not mere poetasters, use; while it is completely free from tameness and vulgarity. You perceive all along that the man really feels, and feels deeply all that he says, and does not merely put on his poetical sentiments when accoutering himself for compiling verses. This peculiarity in Dingelstedt's poetry gives him a great advantage in description; and he has, besides, the faculty of seizing on, and forcibly depicting the leading features of his scene, throwing in, at the same time, with an artist's touch, those minor attributes which complete, without overloading the picture. On the whole, we should say that his forte lies in description of scenery, whether it

be that his verse wanders sweetly and tranquilly amidst trees and meadows, forests and vineyards, or attempts the harsher and more stubborn studies of the city. As a specimen of his descriptive poetry, diverging into strains of a more ambitious order, we may take the

TRAVELLING ON THE RHINE.

As thou, proud and all resistless, rushest on thy watery way,
Wherefore thunder not thy cannon, wave thy banners not to-day?
Wherefore flies no flag upon thy mast, no garland on thy prow,
Queen Victoria, though thou bearest a monarch with thee now!

If they knew, the unperceiving, who now wander o'er thy planks,
Who it is that sits concealed and still, amongst the vulgar ranks,
They would press around to hail him, they would press round to behold
As, with shame and awe, the sailors hail'd Arion once of old.

I, the herald of this monarch, will to yonder cliff proclaim,—
May the Lurlei's faithful echo answer back again that name!
May it echo o'er the mountain, and the waving woods around,—
Ludwig Uhland! there is magic, mighty magic in the sound.

See, a blush as if of sunset on yon ruined knightly pile,
See, already with a fresher spring, the woodlands sweetly smile;
And the vine breathes down its fragrance, and with brotherly esteem
Greets the darling German poet, on the darling German stream.

All this world of bloom and ruin, new created by his song,
Hails him, as from sleep awaking, with a greeting kind and strong;
Cattle herders in the mountains, maidens in the vineyards fair,
Gallants on the lofty balcon—Uhland's songs are every where!

Make ye room for him, ye gentles,—doff thy hat, thou Briton proud,—
Clasp him proudly, youth of Germany, your minstrel in yon crowd;
And let songs of triumph mingle, and the deepest-toned huzzas
With the clashing of the goblets, as ye drain them to his praise.

Joy to me that I have known him, that the spirit's flaming sign
Flashed to me from out his forehead, as the glory from the shrine;
That upon his lips so silent, I yet recognised the trace,
All so soft and lovely, left there by the Muses' fond embrace!

Master, musing with enfolded arms, oh! let me gaze on thee,
Let the youth into a poet's eyes awhile inspiréd see!
Be not proud, nor harsh, nor haughty; for, alas! I cannot know
If a day like this shall e'er again be granted me below.

Freely, broadly hast thou given thy song for all the German lands:
'Tis but weakness would contract itself in sects and narrow bands;
Whether Suabia glories in thee, or the north may claim thy lyre,
Youthful Germany or ancient, let the scribbler school inquire.

He is kin, who feels him poet, to each brother poet true;
Humbly bows him to each master, never to the canting crew;
Says, to thee his homage paying now, thy royalty confest,
Our vocation's holy crosslet, sire, oh! press upon my breast.

This same hand, the hand hath stricken the golden strings so strong,
Which wielded all invincibly the weapons keen of song;
Lay thy hand upon my heart, master, feel the fire that's glowing there:
Are they true poetic sparkles, or but *ignes fatui* fair?

Yes, and if the near futurity its darksome warnings solve,
And from East to West arising, tempests must our land involve;
If dark perils from without, and within distress and strife,
Fresh storms shall threat the evening, as the morning of thy life;

Then the hero's crown upon thy head, the sword in thy right hand,
Ludwig Uhland, let thy hoary hairs lead on our patriot band!
German right, and German freedom, see we know the titles still,
And where lances should be brandished, we draw forth a goose's quill.

Or, when seeking the repose, which thy labours pure award thee,
Rest in peace within our tent here, thy pupils armed guard thee;
Crown'd with vict'ry, lay thy head down, without fear, to slumbers light:
'Neath thy laurels sleep; thy pupils watch—great master, so good-night.

Dingelstedt, it will be seen, professes himself an admirer and disciple of Uhland, and he could not have a better master. Uhland is the last of the second class of the great German poets, the link which connects those mighty, heroic names with the ardent, though less gifted bards of the present day. He is the poet of liberty, of freedom of thought, and of action, of the regeneration of Germany; and his pupil, Dingelstedt, has followed closely in the footsteps of his teacher. Throughout the poems of the former we find the same purity of thought and benevolence of feeling, the same

anxious desire for advancement, the same airy brilliancy of imagination, and delicate aptness of expression which, in a higher degree, distinguish Uhland. There is, too, a peculiarity of Uhland's poetry pointed out, if we remember aright, in Longfellow's "Hyperion," which is also to be found very strongly developed in Dingelstedt's works, though the coincidence arises, less we believe from intentional imitation, than from the similarity of the minds of the two authors. We allude to that sketchiness of outline, by which so much is left to the reader's own imagination. The poet gives us three or four bold strokes, depicting the leading idea; whilst the rest, the connecting links, remain to be filled up by others. This, with Uhland, is frequently his greatest beauty; because his own part is so skilfully done, the prominent figure is so strongly drawn, that the reader has no difficulty in completing the picture. But, admirable as is the effect when this attempt is successful, a failure is utterly disastrous. Dingelstedt has, however, essayed, and we think not unhappily, the same course with Uhland. As a specimen, take the following little ballad :—

The guests are revelling one and all,
The trumpets ring far and wide,
There is mirth in bower and mirth in hall,
The bridegroom kisses the bride.

The minstrel sits mid the glitt'ring swarm,
As pale as the dead may be;
His faithful lute he holds on his arm,
And a lay of love sings he.

But see, as the festival's lovely queen
For him fills the wine so clear,
There falls in the goblet's golden sheen
A single poisonous tear.

And ere he with gluttonous, greedy haste
Can the golden beaker drain,
For him is no longer repose nor rest;
In his heart is a burning pain.

Like the tempest blast, he rusheth past
From that hall of love and light,
Out, out to the forest drear and dark,
To the black and frosty night.

The north wind whistles amid his hair,
And the trees stand stiff and cold,
And the moon above shines sweet and clear
As once did her eyes of old.

Far thunders the foaming water's swell,
And the ocean's distant song;
And the waves, and the clouds, and winds as well,
Hunt him and goad him along.

And through the storm there follows him aye
A sneering voice, which says ever,—
"Escape from me, thou fool, if thou may:
Thyself thou escapest never."

Again, as a parallel to some of Uhland's pretty little poems, in which a single pathetic thought is embodied in a few touching lines, we give the following verses, not so much for the intrinsic depth or novelty of the idea itself, as for the artless and simple manner in which it is expressed—

I kissed thy picture ever dear,
For a last, a last good-night;
Methought thy lips then smiled on me,
Thine eye beamed loving light.

The features lived, they glowed with warmth
As if life's breath they drew;
It was thyself, a miracle
Methought had met my view.

Then for once more, the last good-night,
I kissed the lifeless clay,
Methought, as thou hadst smiled on me,
But I must weep for aye.

Dingelstedt is well acquainted with our own standard poets; and he is right to study them. To a German, we should imagine the reading of the best English authors must be even more improving than to an Englishman; because, whatever be their faults, those faults are, in the general case, exactly the obverse of the sins which do most easily beset the German. It may be fancy, but we cannot help thinking that the writer had been perusing Tennyson's "Talking Oak," and some others of his slighter pieces, when he composed these stanzas to a flower.

"What was it that she said to thee,
The maiden sweet and fair:
She gazed so long upon thy face
And whispered something there;

"And then your blushing cup she kissed,
Before she turned to go—
Ah, many a secret of delight
You cunning flowerets know!

"And was it then a lightsome kiss,
Such ones as sisters pay?
Or was it not a warmer one
For him that's far away?"

The little floweret looked at me,
And slyly smiling said—
"Art sure thou art the proper one,
To whom it should be paid?

"Ah, lovely love 'twixt girls and flowers
Oh, message sweetly sent!
She whispered, 'Now the time has come'—
And blushed, and then she went."

"And were I not the rightful one,
And should the message miss,
Yet would I gladly take the same,
The greeting and the kiss."

I stooped adown with drunken joy,
Down to the floweret fair,
And snatched away the sugared kiss
The maid had dropt in there."

Although Dingelstedt is undoubtedly a political poet, he has no poems so directly political as some of his brother bards. He has travelled much in England, France, and his own Germany; and his sentiments are chiefly to be gathered from his verses descriptive of the scenes visited by him. There is in these poems much good sense and sound thought, mingled with no inconsiderable power of sarcasm. He has many a good hit at, and indignant remonstrance against, the abuses and the absurdities of the best constitutions in the world; and his arguments are urged with a terseness and vigour which give point and earnestness to the reasoning. It is a pity that these poems are disfigured by that foolish jealousy of England to which all unreflecting foreigners are so prone. Nothing is more painful to an Englishman of sense, when travelling on the Continent, than to find how many of those very persons whom he would naturally expect to be free from any such inconsistency are, in effect, the most tainted by it.

What can be more absurd than to hear Germans, who boast of their patriotism and love of Germany, in speaking of the late war, actually glorify the French, who plundered and enslaved, and abuse the English, who ran into incalculable debt to deliver that country? And yet such are the opinions frequently expressed by Germans, especially of the liberal party. They defend this inconsistency by saying that the French, notwithstanding all the injuries which they inflicted, more than compensated for them to Germany, by sweeping away all the old tyrannies; whereas the English, at the peace, imposed again the same yoke under a modernized form. But this is all nonsense. The French, no doubt, overthrew the ancient barriers; but did this render Germany more free? On the contrary, the object of all their efforts was to reduce Germany to the condition of a mere fief and province of the great Gallic Empire. On the other hand, the Germans owe a deep debt of gratitude to England, for that assistance without which they would never have freed their land from the invading legions of Napoleon. But when England had done this, she had done all she was called on to do: she had assisted Germany in her defence against foreign enemies; it was not her business to interfere in an intestine struggle. The people of Germany had to fight their own battle with their own rulers: if they made no resistance, if they succumbed ingloriously, they must blame themselves, and not England, for their present want of freedom.

But the fact is, that this ill-feeling arises from a jealousy which is only excusable on the ground of its youth, and the other generous feelings, which this party exhibits, — the jealousy of England as a pre-eminent commercial and political power. The jealousy is as baseless as it is narrow-minded: for we believe there is no country in the world which can boast so much good feeling towards all other nations in general, and Germany in particular, as England; no other country the motto of which is so especially, Live and let live; and that for this very good reason, that the prosperity of other nations must most certainly be the surest cause of England's prosperity. Let Young Germany rush on, then, in the march of improvement. She may be sure that by no one will her progress be hailed with such satisfaction, as England, — to none will her advancement give more unalloyed satisfaction. And yet Dingelstedt, a man whose genius we cannot doubt, and of whom we should have expected better and higher sentiments, comes over here, and, instead of rejoicing at the sight of such unparalleled commercial greatness, such an advance in political freedom, carps at the whole in a spirit which might be natural to a French legitimist, but is altogether unworthy of a German liberal. Hear him in his

WALK BY THE THAMES.

Arouse thee now, my German heart!
Now is the world of wonders thine;
Pass o'er each bridge, of metal part,
And part again of freestone fine.

Now proudly rise aloft, as loom
The masts and turrets every where,
And revel, as in spring's perfume,
In fog, and smoke, and sooty air.

Here rides a ship along the stream,
Down yonder pants and pulls a horse;
Up there the horseless engines scream,
As rushing o'er their iron course.

And, midmost in the giant town,
A sudden Idyl greets me now;
A verdant tree, a verdant down,
A little lamb, a real cow.

Yes, wonders far, and wonders near,
Where'er thou turn'st are wonders seen;
Left lies the ancient Tower, and here
St. Paul's, of every church the queen.

Down yonder flaming fire-blasts fly,
Like comets through a murky cloud;
Here, in the dock, the masts tower high,
A mighty wood, a countless crowd.

My German heart, so dull and dark,
Why, 'stead of opening, close thee now;
Where iron is each bridge and bark,
And iron men, be iron thou.

Here, 'stead the God whom we adore,
The gold thou hatest holds its sway;
Hadst thou the richest pedlar's store,
Thou wert the hero here to-day.

Here no one steals, but they allow,
By law, to rob each land and sea;
A cord he gets who steals a cow,
Who robs a land a gartered knee.

And every thing, of every clime,
Thou gazest on of pomp and pride,
Is gather'd store of distant time,
Of distant regions far and wide.

And all these things, wherefore, whereto,
How long to last? Heart, leave these themes;
Thy God but rests the noonday through,
Disturb him not with idle dreams.

Cassandra weeps for Priam's fall,
Nor Troy believes the coming wo;
Carthage, where is thy Hannibal?
And, ah! where Rome, where Scipio?

Now, Mr. Franz Dingelstedt, this is all sheer nonsense; and you know that as well as we do. We can picture you perfectly, walking over London Bridge in a pair of plaited trowsers, with your hands stuck in the pockets, a cigar, and a not very clean shirt; and can very well believe that you were not a little astonished by the magnificent spectacle which was there presented to you. But why, instead of admiration, did this scene fill you with narrow-minded jealousy? For you yourself must acknowledge in your inmost heart that all your magniloquent strictures are the offspring of sheer envy. You know, as well as we do, that whilst you pretend to sneer at pedlars, their labours, and their riches, the cherished object, and a very proper ambition too, of your own country, and of your own party, is to become wholesale pedlars also. You know, too, that all you say about the riches of London being no better than stolen goods, is a vile calumny, and, what is worse, a very foolish calumny. Is commerce robbery? Is extensive trade an injury to mankind, or is it an honourable and most beneficial employment of man's energies? Because the commerce of your Zollverein is not yet so large as that of the port of London, is that a reason

why you should abuse us? We do not attack you because you like small bear and *saur krout* better than beef and port wine; why then, whilst we allow you to excel us in writing art-novels and reading Sanskrit, will you not let us buy and sell in peace, instead of abusing us as pick-pockets, because we do not earn our bread in the same way as you? Believe us, our pursuits are as honest and as beneficial as yours; why, then, do you not heartily wish us prosperity, as we do you, instead of carping, like a spoiled child, at that in which we happen to have surpassed you? And if all these strictures on our commerce are correct, what becomes of your poem on free trade in corn, which we shall give here, not only because it is a good thing of the kind, and shows that all your notions on these subjects are not so absurd as those expressed above, but because, though it comes at the present day rather late for Sir Robert Peel, to whom you addressed it, it may still do for Lord George Bentinck, should that stable statesman and racy orator ever gain the premier's seat, which he declares himself so competent to fill. The reader will see that the poem is founded on the well-known tradition of Bishop Hatto, who, having refused his corn to the starving population, was devoured by the rats, which swarmed in miraculous multitudes from his granaries.

Sir Minister, if you're in humour
And are idle for the nonce,
I would beg a hearing from you,
Hearing only, no response.

To listen cannot trouble you,
For you've listened in your time
Plenty—though you've answered seldom;
Hearken then this simple rhyme.

Have you ever—for you've travell'd
Long and largely, I divine,
Ever in your travels floated
On our freeborn, German Rhine?

English was the boat, I warrant,
And the captain English too,
And the Germans, as was proper,
Chattered English all to you.

Well, you'll know then, close by Bingen,
Where within yon rocky straits,
Fierce the waters struggle—somewhat
Like your Commons house debates.

Well-nigh midmost in the Rhine,
Hardly pressed by storm and shower,
Stands an ancient, ruined pile,
Famous as the Rat's grey Tower.

Hatto, by God's anger bishop,
Built this island castle here,
Who, mark this, while all were starving,
Made the scanty corn more dear.

And he thrust into his warehouse,
All as suppliants who came,
Scoffing, bid them warm and fill them
In the empty granary's flame.

But from out the blaze and burning,
See, what wondrous creatures swarm;
Rats in hundreds, rats in thousands,
And the bishop's palace storm.

And they gnawed his costly viands,
Drank the bishop's goodly wine,
Drove him from his princely palace
To his castle on the Rhine.

Without boat, and without vessels,
They the fugitive pursue,
And with many a shrilly screeching,
Swim his island castle to.

Through the ramparts and the bulwarks,
Through the servants' awed array,
Through his chamber, to the bishop
Now the rats have made their way.

Horror! how their eyes are glancing
Fixed on his of wild despair,
As the mass of maddened vermin
Close around him every where.

How their hungry bellies swelled then
With their fat and luscious meat!
And the Rhine's green ripple murmurs
Pleasant music as they eat.

This, Sir Premier Minister,
And much more if you would hear,
Says the tower, which stands so hoary
On the Rhine, to Bingen near.

This indeed is but a legend,
And a learned man like you,
Should laugh at such, in present days,
As you now most likely do.

Many a year since then has faded;
'Tis a tale of ancient date;
You may sail up there and farther
Without fear of Hatto's fate.

This is a much more creditable specimen of Young Germany's political economy; and we should not have quoted the former poem, but that the sentiments expressed in it are unfortunately but too prevalent amongst a certain class in that country. Let us hope that as time runs on, and their acquaintance with practical life enlarges, they may see their error, and relinquish all animosity towards a nation which has always entertained a kindly feeling towards Germany, and must always admire the great and good men of the sister race.

As another example of our author's English experiences, we may give a poem, which presents a very true picture, in some respects unhappily too true, though the style of it sounds rather oddly, as coming from one of Dingelstedt's countrymen. The Germans generally visit Scotland with their heads stuffed full of "Ossian" and the "Lady of the Lake," and their imaginations teeming with visions of kilted caterans, Celtic chiefs, and Fingal's heroes. Whatever Dingelstedt's expectations may have been before he arrived, he seems to have had all his dreams dispelled, and to have managed to get a pretty clear, though somewhat prosaic insight into the state of things as they now are, when pleasure parties lunch in Roderick Dhu's hold, and a Highland chief wears trowsers like a Christian. This clear perception of the change, and resignation to a change so unpoetical, (what a contrast to the inane ravings of the Viscount D'Arlincourt in his "Three Kingdoms!") may say little for our author's romantic feelings as a German bard: but it shows that he can on occasion exhibit some sparkles of sound common sense, and give a fair hit with considerable power of satire.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Really, a real Highlander,
It glads me to see you so,
The same as I've gazed on, when a boy,
In my horn-book long ago.

The folded plaid, too, how gay, how neat,
How romantically wound!
On your head how smart the bonnet blue,
With the Gaelic thistle crowned!

And the naked leg, too, how firm and free!
There is still strength and spirit there;
"A pair of breeches, dear sir, if you'll give,
With the greatest pleasure I'd wear."

Whence com'st thou here—from Edinburgh town,
From Tyne, from your mountains high?
"Dear Sir, my six weeks was out to-day,
In the Bridewell here hard by."

And from sea to sea you carry on still
Your spreaghs, by force and fear?
"No, d—— the sea—the fishing, I swear,
Becomes scarcer every year."

And sing you still Burns, and read you Scott,
And your old Father Ossian, pray?
"Reading and singing—heaven bless the mark,
Eating and drinking 's more in our way."

And your mighty clans, say, flourish they bright,
Those names of fame and of deathless glory?
Do the maids of the lake still glide by night
O'er the classic loch, as described in story?

"On our mighty clans, a landlord small
Bears heavy enough in our day;
The maids of the lake knit worsted hose
And shear, for very small pay."

I fled enraged: but the Highlander chased
Me up to my very door;
"Dear Sir, I have answered all that you asked,
Now tip us something therefor."

There are many more poems by this author, descriptive of scenes in England, which are interesting as being from the pen of a foreigner, and one who is free from many of those misconceptions, with regard to our habits and sentiments, which foreigners in general find it so difficult to get rid of; but it would encroach too much on our space were we to transcribe more, and we have therefore given those which are most characteristic. Dingelstedt has travelled much, and some of his sketches of Paris are full of vigour; he has, too, some beautiful verses on the Körner Oak, which marks the spot where was terminated the bright and brilliant romance of Körner's brief life, the warrior poet, the last of the Troubadours. But, though it is somewhat long, we prefer presenting to the reader a poem descriptive of Dingelstedt's own feelings, of his longings after his native city; both as a specimen of his powers of painting scenery, and as full of a deep, yet not unmanly pathos, which is very characteristic of the author. He styles it

THE APRIL DAY.

Northwards draws the wandering swallow, now that spring has broken forth,
And with each returning spring-time, draws my song towards the north,
Fleeing from the south so balmy,—oh, it first was dear to me,
In the cold and earnest Norland, which must dear for ever be.

Sweet it is to stray by Neckar, 'midst the circling vine and rose:
With a warmer life in Swabia, than with us the heaven glows:
And this paradise received me, when a fugitive I came:
Wherefore that which cold expelled me, love I with a warmer flame!

Of return my dream is ever, but to see it once again,
As the roots of trees transplanted still their ancient hold retain;
As the ship's own heart, the compass, ever more to northward shows,
Tho' the breezes blow to southward; as the stream for ever flows.

Oftentimes at latest evening, when my lonely footsteps stray,
While my eyes are fixed in musing upon Stuttgardt's vapours gray,
Lo, before me does the picture of my distant home unroll,
A reflection of the longings in the mirror of my soul.

There my darling Weser wanders, with its windings manifold,
By the old Westphalian portal, as it did in days of old:
But where erst the heavy barges o'er its waters slow would ply,
See, with hoarse and hissing quiver, now the modern steam-boats fly.

And my father's house I hail thee, in the corner there behind,
And the well-known window gleaming, through the creepers intertwined,
Shining from the self-same chamber, where at night's forbidden time,
Fearing, startled, and yet drunk with joy, I strung my first young rhyme.

And my father hoary-headed, see I through the window slit,
And two dear loved stranger brethren, by their brother's lamp who sit;
Only on the wretched wanderer smiles the mother's eye no more,
Already many an autumn wind her grave hath whistled o'er.

Round the corner there.—Pass by now, for this time again pass by,
Though the bosom waxes sorer, and the glazed eyes more dry;
Peace, then, peace unto this roof-tree, and to all beneath its sway!
Unremarked, an evil shadow, glides the wanderer now away.

Farther know'st thou not the way then? Hark, thy steps how they resound
In the empty squares, and streetways, 'midst the silent houses round;
Lightly veiled in smoky vapour, and embathed in moonshine bright,
See, the palaces of Cassel soar up ghost-like in their height.

Yes, 'twas here,—around these pillars hover still in twilight gleams,
Every night, like wandering spirits, all my poems and my dreams;
O'er yon bridge, my carriage homewards, once right joyous with me sped;
Ah, and over yonder bridge, too, all alone in tears I fled.

Scene of all my early sorrows, theatre of early strife,
Cradle of the sweetest joys, and of the bitter fame of life;
Ha, I know not if thy prophet now should bless thee or should ban,
That he stands here as thy exile, a disowned and broken man.

Fatherland, upon thy altar has been offered up by me,
All the noblest of my being, as a sacrifice to thee;
And what was it, as reward then, on thy priest thou did'st bestow?
Was't a laurel? Was't a palm branch? No, a wandering staff of wo.

When thou strovest, did I not, too, faithful strive along with thee?
What thou suff'red'st, was it not, too, suffered deeper far by me?
In thy wo my song consoled thee, in thy shame my bosom smarted,
From the morning I approached thee, to the night that I departed.

Foolish dream, with pipes and whistles, and the drum's profaner rattle,
With the age's deadened voices, and with empty rhymes, to battle!
Foolish dream, from arid clay-clods, that have sterile lain so long,
To draw forth a poet's harvest, and a poet's life of song!

Oh, the miserable envy, which my youthful work defouled!
Oh, the dark and base suspicion, which on every footstep scowled!
Oh, the scorn which thousand-voiced, pierced my every bleeding sore,
When an exile crushed and vanquished, then I fled my native shore!

Never more will pass the mem'ry of that bitter banishment,
When a fugitive reposeless over Germany I went;
A Mazeppa, fettered ever to the Muse's rushing horse,
Whilst a crowd of biting sorrows howled, like wolves, upon my course.

Ah, how oft in storm and passion for that haven do I weep,
For that hearth, and for that bosom, where in peace my soul could sleep,
For the star, which at the proper hour should pierce the cloudy night,
Just as yonder, at the present hour, breaks through the gloom yon light.

Yes, that light.—As in an evil dream, so wrapt in thoughts of old,
I have wandered 'midst the nightly gloom, through desert streets and cold,
Until worn and weary stand I, at my own home here at last,
And my wife, upon the threshold, clasps me to her bosom fast.

We now close our extracts from Dingelstedt's poems; and if in the specimens we have given, the force of the original has not been altogether lost in the translation, we think the reader will agree with us, that he is not altogether an author to be damned with faint praise. Faults he has, and the blemishes produced by them are serious: but they are chiefly those of the young poet. In the main, he has caught the right spirit; he has much of the true poet in him; and what is more, he is a poet of the day. There is no one cant, the hollowness of which is every day becoming more and more apparent, than that ours is not a poetic age; the very appearance amongst us of innumerable multitudes of abortive attempts at poetry, which we notice every day, is a proof of the fallaciousness of this theory. We believe, on the contrary, that ours is a highly poetical age, even more so, than the period of the last generation; for we enjoy the great works which astonished and delighted our fathers, and have besides gained the power of discriminating between what is really excellent, and what is otherwise, in the writings of the bards who flourished in the beginning of this century. The latter part of the last century was an era essentially unpoetic; and it was so, because the writers of those days drew not from the proper sources of their art, but resorted to old and worn-out fictions for that which they should have sought in the realities of life. We have begun to gain a clearer insight into the truth in this matter, as in many others. Because we no longer ride cap-a-pee to tilts and tournaments, because we no longer invoke heathen gods and goddesses, we are not the less poetical. There is as much true poetry in the manufactory and the school-room, rightly understood, as in all the tinselled arcadias which a dapper imagination ever produced. Life and action, joy and suffering, must contain material for poetry, be it amongst princes on the battle-field or peasants in the workshop. This truth our poets have at length understood: they have looked to every-day life for inspiration, and they have found it; and the result and reward of their labours has not been merely the sickly praises of the *boudoir coterie*, but has been spoken out in the unanimous voice of a whole people affected by their strains. Witness the effect on the popular mind of such poems as "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs." What would the critics of the last century have thought of either as affording materials for a poem? and yet these verses produced far deeper and more practical effect than their most laboured productions. For poetry, when it addresses itself to life as it is, is a positive engine of living power; and the spirit and comparative merit of our poetry has therefore become of far greater importance now than in former times. In Germany, the influence of verse is even more strongly felt than with us; and we are glad to hail Dingelstedt as one of those who are able and willing to direct that influence aright. His works are of the present day, and directed to the doings of the present day: his tone is pure, and his sentiment lofty. As a poet, he has learned the fundamental maxim, that simplicity is power; and if he swerve not from the right path, he will rank high amongst that band of brethren, who are now arousing the German mind to progress and enlightenment.

A PICTURE OF RETREAT.

"Hoc erat in votis."

The wanderer far from home, in search of rest,
In each new spot by some distaste estranged,
Still feeding, hidden in the yearning breast,
The same disease, howe'er the scene be changed,
What vision haunts? what wish imploring steals
Through every dream, or every joy he feels?

All spells and passions, that awhile o'ercome
That inward voice, subside; on every shore
The self-same image of an English home
Ascends, to vex the Fancy evermore;
And, at the pause of each alluring strain,
One constant whisper thrills the nerve of pain.

The absent eye through Alpine vistas sees
Far other fields, and gleams of native vales;
The distant murmur of remembered trees
Haunts the sick ear on bland Sorrento's gales:
On Nature's softest bed the heart will pine,
While sadness inly mutters, "'Tis not mine."

Thus, when the hectic fancy homeward flies,—
Like the scared swallow to its cottage eaves—
Longing to lay a bosom full of sighs
On the cool grass, beneath domestic leaves,—
How would it shape the wish, and where engage
A fairy's power to build the hermitage?

For one, perchance, whom throngs and pageants stun,
Though moved by all that charms or sways mankind;
Whose timid feet the busy path would shun,
Yet dare not tread a desert; one inclined
To live apart, not buried, from the shore
Gaze on the deep, untroubled by its roar.

O there alone, if ever, may the lot
Be drawn, where Right and Freedom, hand in hand,
With gracious care protect some happy spot,
Midst the full life and progress of a land,
Whose toils and feats the gentlest may be proud
To share in feeling, though they fear the crowd.

These mingled gifts when busy Hope pursues,
And tells what spirits in an English home
May breathe contentment on a mind recluse
From Life's emotions, softened, not struck dumb;
Say how shall Fancy, rapt with such a bliss,
Construct her dwelling, in a dream like this?

Pause on the sloping way that downward goes
To yon quaint village, gray, but undecayed;
The hollow bank, with hazels crowned, bestows
Space for the rustic building; and the shade
Of that impending rock, and wood behind,
Shields the small plot from every nipping wind.

Beneath, a bow-shot from the ivied wall,
That shuts a tiny garden-world of flowers
From envious eyes, an old manorial hall
Half shows its gables steep, and chapel towers,
O'er the tall beeches, flinging shadows cool
On mossy terraced walks and sleepy pool.

Beyond them, far, the southern view commands
A wide rich valley, swelling here and there
With grassy-bosomed knolls, and wooded lands
Twinkling with spires, and frequent dwellings fair;
Till the blue distance to the eye is lost,
Where ocean rolls upon a storied coast.

Within the close, encircling bushes' edge,
A plot, the bloomy pleasance of the home;
A cottage, hid behind the laurel hedge,
Keeps watch without; and thence the carols come
Of children at their summer's play, unseen,
Beneath the branches of the glossy screen.

Plain is the house, though trim, nor wanting aught
That use or pastime from a dwelling claims:
Sweet linnet-haunted shrubs a fringe have wrought,
Of green and purple, round the casement frames;
Blush-roses cluster o'er the porch, and twine
With wavering passion-flower and rath woodbine.

O'er the warm hollow, red in summer's light,
Scooped from the slope of sward, where orchard trees
Bend strangely-twisted limbs with mosses white,
The bank is musical with merry bees,
That search the garden flowers with ceaseless hum,
Or store the spoil of heath or clover bloom.

Far in the copse, all spring, and o'er the hill,
The sweet deep whistle of the speckled thrush,
Or blackbird's fluty note, is seldom still;
And, through the nights of June, each alder bush
And lime-tree quivers with melodious wails,
And warblings quick of passionate nightingales.

A cheerful spot! retired from vulgar sound;
Yet not of life forsaken, nor debarred
From social kindness; all the region round
Is gay with household roofs; nor leagues retard
The step of coming friends, the mission dear
Of written words, that bring the absent near.

And there, though heard as winds that boom along
By some low cell vale-hidden, may you feel—
So near is England's heart—the pulses strong
Throb in the city of her pride;—and steal
More gladly back to quiet, from an hour
Of that stupendous play of life and power.

There, blest in Nature's smile, the daily care,
Enlivened oft by many a graceful task,
And smooth alternate duties, that prepare
Hours of sweet leisure;—say, could fancy ask
A light more genial, or a warmer shade,
To soothe a flower of frost and storms afraid?

There, too, be thoughts of many lands and days,
Best of their best, the poet and the wise,
At hand in peaceful moments, apt to raise
From earth to heaven the wonder-loving eyes,
Entranced with visions bright, or views serene,
Or tales of mighty deeds and noble men.

And ever there, a gracious household sprite,
Let music hover round the curtained walls,
When the close shutters hide the waning light,
Or the dank rain-drop from the cypress falls:
Pensive in sunshine, but with cheerful tones
Beguiling sadness when the wild wind moans.

And eyes that love to see the calm and blest
At times be near, to welcome, and to share
The happy boon of competence and rest,
The progress note, and count the pleasures there;
While faithful lips in sacred hours impart
The nameless joy whose magic is the heart.

Were this a dream too sweet for one afar
From England, pining for her kindly breast,
Then say, dear ——, if its pictures are
But feverish visions of a fancied nest;
And what the gladness of a friend may be
To think a home like this encircles thee!

V.

DIFFICULTIES OF A THEORY OF HUSBAND-CATCHING.

Sappium de' matrimoni
Destin, pianeti, influssi, avvenimenti.—Gozzi.

As uncaught bachelors, — and in these islands, we need hardly observe that such only will often be found writing on the captivating subjects with which love-making, whether in play or in earnest, is concerned; — as belonging to the quarry which the fair huntresses of mankind naturally pursue, we could not but look with interest for the appearance of a manual, with which Mr. Newby promised to enrich the unmarried world, under the inviting title of "Hints on Husband-catching." The theme, if kindly treated, was sure to be a pleasant one, even did the treatise afford nothing positively new on this inexhaustible subject. Any "hints," of the process by which the fate of our solitary freedom may be determined, must, if genuine, be precious things to treasure up in the undisturbed state of mind that precedes the actual trial. To seek for instruction and counsel after it has begun, is known to be in vain. It is much if any thing that may have been gathered in calmer moments, is sufficiently well secured to escape the dissolving influence of smiling lips and mischievous eyes. Some fragments of useful knowledge, however, if garnered in time, may perhaps remain in corners of the mind, even after the motions of the heart have begun to beat all reflection into foam and vapour. These, in pauses of absence, during the chill of apparent slights, or at other times, when accident suspends the play of the artillery planted against masculine resolutions, will sometimes, we have heard, give a fillip to the confused senses, and enable them to catch a glimpse of many realities, desirable enough to be sought or avoided, which have been lost sight of during the heat of the engagement; as a flaw of wind springing up in a naval action, sometimes shows the pilot a rock on which his ship was unconsciously drifting in the smoke, or the signals that will guide him forward to safety and victory.

In this light we hoped to find a treasure in the promised "Hints;" and while expecting it, could expatiate in fancy on the manifold uses it might promote, on the tidings it was to bring us of the present constitution and array of the feminine forces, of the new implements of destruction, and the modern tactics discovered by those sweet belligerents of whose warfare it professed to treat. The subject, we said to ourselves, is indeed for ever essentially the same. We are destined, by inheritance, from Paradise downwards, to exclaim, "The woman beguiled me." The risk to be encountered,— of all dangers, dear to noble minds, the dearest,— has the same general hazards which imbittered the gall of Euripides, and fired the sweet chivalry of our Sidney. But the devices, the stratagems of the warfare, in which, as truly now as in Ovid's day, *militat omnis amans*, are subject to constant change, and undergo daily improvements. The fair enemy is for ever varying the mode of attack, taking advantage of every fresh appearance in the ground, lies in ambush behind each new custom that shoots up on the surface of society, or takes the field openly under the banner of its latest inventions. Thus, in modern times, have we seen beauty dangerously raying forth the whole quiver of earthly snares behind the pomps of religious display, or taking helpless youth captive with the sudden brilliancy of quick-footed *polkas*. Golden precepts, therefore, we said, may be culled from the events of the day. What we have to meet and to desire, at a given moment — the language, disposition, and probable mercy or rigour of any present generation of our conquerors, will require a new code of instruction every ten years, at least. And what thanks can be too warm for the bestower of this pleasant knowledge; one who has obtained the secrets of the sweet and mysterious beings, on whose ways and wiles depend so much of the happiness or vexation of all true men for the best twenty years of life; one, who, without transforming them into angels or deforming them into monsters, can really tell us something of the complexion, purposes, and feelings of those beautiful counterparts of ourselves, who are to lie in our bosoms, and make the sunshine or darkness of a thousand homes?

While musing on the depth of such a debt, we could not indeed avoid asking where the person is to be found, truly able to deserve this gratitude? How many irreconcileable qualities are required for a real portraiture of that sensitive and mutable thing, the *woman* of a given nation or period! To caricature her may be easy enough; to mark some of the peculiarities of the time, is not more difficult than to draw the fashionable costume of the day; nor is it impossible to portray here and there a single specimen of some exceptional or prominent class, with tolerable life-likeness. But to give the faintest living idea of the character and being, not of one of the sex here and there, but of the women of our day, of any day, of woman as the ruling power that animates society; to interpret the language and count the pulsations of her nature, not only in its visible displays, but in those unseen motions, in which lie the true springs of all her influence, the law that guides all her actions, and directs two-thirds of ours; to give the slightest glimpse of the mysterious, half unconscious, often capricious, and yet determined being, of the tender but impulsive fancies of a character, now the slave of opinion, now its absolute mistress, the most artificial, yet the most sincere of living creatures; to show the true reading of this wonderful and delicious enigma to us whose fate it is to puzzle out its meaning for weal or for wo; this would seem to require something of the magical power of an Asmodeus. A woman might in some respects fill up the outline, where a masculine pencil must fail from very ignorance. But not only are female accounts of their own sex always insincere, (they will not tell half they know, and what they tell is ever coloured with the foreign hue of some desire or fancy of their own;) not only are their pictures to be distrusted on this account, but they are also for other reasons quite incapable of describing themselves truly.

The emotions which make up the capital features of their existence, can no more be justly perceived by them, than can the flow of the tide be measured by one who is floating on the current. You must stand apart from an object, to see it as a whole. For this reason, in spite of the inferior quickness of observation in the male sex, and of the jealousy with which the most communicative of the other conceal from our eyes, perhaps even from their own, some of the most characteristic features of their being, the nearest approach possible to the true delineation of woman, can only, we believe, be made by a masculine hand. We men are, besides, more apt, from the warmer interest we take in the subject, to dwell upon it with that affectionate closeness of observation, which alone can give a pervading insight into any thing whatever. Some of the most subtle and exquisite properties, too, of the female mind and heart, as well as the slighter differences which habit and position may produce in it, are best perceived in their reflection upon a different nature; just as delicate shades of colour can only be well observed by laying them upon a darker ground. On the particular chapter of the natural warfare between the sexes, which leads to the cardinal event of marriage, through successive stages of flirtation, love-making, and desperate courtship; on this debateable ground, especially, it would not be fair to expect candid admissions from our pretty assailants. Until some Genius shall appear, endowed with a supernatural key to their secrets, yet warm enough with human affections not to disfigure and scoff at them, we must be content to look for such lore as anxious bachelors may hope to profit by, from the kindly and experienced observation of some one of our own sex, who has bestowed much of his time, and employed the whole faculties of a lively mind, on the study of the sweeter half of creation; has been led by them through all the degrees of amorous trial, and, fortunately for himself and for us, retired from it without the sadness or the cynicism which renders nine-tenths of the male painters of woman-kind mere caricaturists.

Nothing of the kind we have been describing, nor indeed any performance of the least part of this office of "useful instructor," could be found, we regret to say, in the "Hints on Husband-catching." Sad would be the condition of an ingenuous youth, who should take his notions of the marriageable women of this country, in default of personal experience, from the picture intended to be drawn of them by Mr. Newby's anonymous author. Taking his departure at the preface, he would proceed from distrust to fear, from fear to disgust, and plunging at length into utter despair, forswear balls, tea parties and country visits, shun all approach to the dangerous "angels in book-muslin," whose tricks are revealed in such dark colours, condemn himself for ever to chambers and solitary chops, (if not bold enough to seek compensation for his loneliness in some of the devious ways of which the "Hints" afford rather questionable glimpses,) and, in short, bid a long adieu to all ideas of female society and a happy marriage. We need not detail at full length the distressing particulars which the author of this book would have us accept as forming the character of British maids and matrons. They depict a state of things, quite new to our small experience in any class; although not restricted by the writer to a particular set or rank; but, as far as we can gather from him, belong to the whole of the fair sex of our time, with hardly an exception. Were the report true, the virgins that to common eyes look so engaging abroad, and so graceful at home, must be in fact more deceitful and hungry than the fabulous sirens, "who from Pelorus lured the wanderer's bark;" and their mothers, Heaven help us!—creatures only to be compared with the Beast in the Apocalypse! The real burden, in short, that runs throughout the lively air which the performer makes a show of playing, may be best described, in the phrase of an eminent living humorist, as a continued "shriek" against the wickedness and worldliness, not of a few, but of the whole female generation. "The spinsters of England in general," are the objects of his address; those to whom his precepts do not apply, are declared to be "isolated, particular, and exceptional specimens." As exceptions merely prove the general rule, the reader is warned not to suffer his attention to be disturbed by these stray differences; and the following may be taken as a brief summary of what is presented to him as a description of the sex at large.

The "Spinsters of England in general," we regret to find, "marry for the sake of marriage, and not for that of the man:"—and in order to accomplish this end, "study coquetry, which is *admirably* called by George Sand, *the puerile and immodest amusement of exciting desires*," (!)—"have uncovered their necks," and "display as much of their beautiful busts, as they dare to show with a due regard to the society for the suppression of vice;" "their blushes are as superficial," we are sorry to hear, "as the modesty they are intended to denote;" "creatures of interest," "showy speculators," &c.: 'these are thy gods, O Israel!' Of course, in such a state of morals, "the heart has nothing to do with matrimony in the present day," but all that is done in that way proceeds from "the clear *head*, the beguiling lip." Still it is something to learn, that by the unhappiness of marriages thus produced, there is less mischief done, on one side at least, than might be feared: "the hearts so callous and so ossified by education and example are not likely to break," which will perhaps be satisfactory to those who have no relish for domestic tragedies.

Is it not, we may modestly inquire, a somewhat needless piece of advice to the owners of those "ossified" bosoms, to bid them avoid *loving*? As our young ladies "marry for self," they are not likely to "care for another;" especially as to them "Christianity," "tenderness," cultivated pursuits, and other 'ingenuous arts that soften manners,' are, as well as all natural affections of the female heart, "profitless vagaries." They "care for none of these things," and are hardly in danger, therefore, one might think, of falling into the sweet intoxication of love.

A few of the additional touches scattered here and there will sufficiently complete this inviting picture of the female world. "Handsome women," it appears, need not talk much; "the conversation they do indulge in should be the petty small talk of what is called *the world*." "The study of those who have not pretty faces must be (we are given to understand indeed that it is) to display whatever redeeming advantage they may possess in any other part of their persons:" from the "beautiful arm," for the exhibition of which harps and short sleeves are provided by nature, to an "exquisite ancle and leg," which "short petticoats," and the choice of "a muddy day" for walks "with the intended prey," may reveal in the most liberal unreserve. The only reading congenial to the female mind ranges from "the vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope, the *fashionable and senseless slipslop of Mrs. Gore!*" &c. to those French fictions, "where the most immoral doctrines, the warmest scenes, and the most monstrous principles, are disguised by brilliancy and pathos." These are the cares and pursuits of the rising female generation, on whose smiles our happiness is thought to depend! Another trait only may be noticed for the sake of the information it gives us of their behaviour and true feelings at the interesting moment of "popping the question." "The young lady," we learn, "who is blushing so beautifully, and displaying such a fascinating tremor, (while you stand before her all doubts, hopes, and fears, and half shuddering at your own audacity in daring to woo so ethereal a being,) is probably laughing in her sleeve at your perplexed look, and congratulating herself, equally in her sleeve, upon having at last attained the end in view." After this trustworthy revelation, can any one be nervous hereafter when he offers his hand, or be moved by that sweet confusion with which women are wont to receive the first whisper that sues for their love?

So much for "spinsters in general." There is, however, one distinct class of these fair delinquents guilty of special offences, and particularly dangerous, — the *coquettes:* — a race, we are sorry to hear, very numerous; as the writer instructs us to believe them to be "repulsive," "unprincipled," "debased beings," whose "heartlessness and treachery" are the springs by which "petty tricks, fascinating lies, and calculating *minauderies*," are set to work on the victim's peace of mind. The terms in which the coquette is sketched are, in truth, almost too repulsive to be read in the temper which has so far attended our survey; and our first impulse was to repel, with something like indignation, the hateful charges which are here imputed to a disposition that, with all its evils, has rarely a deeper source than the natural feminine wish to please and be admired, in a degree somewhat excessive. But this protest may be spared; the portrait is too dark to be recognised as a likeness, and the author of "The Hints" may be safely allowed to tell his own story to the end of the chapter.

According to him, therefore, "There is scarcely a being more *depraved* than the thorough-bred coquette;" whose delight is "to charm the fancy, — nay *excite the senses*" (!) "wishing for no better sport than the broken heart and maddened brain of her admirers." The recreation, however, in this unromantic nineteenth century, is rarely carried to such a height of perfection, — thanks to the *robur et æs triplex* of the modern male heart. "The languishing glances of her eyes are a mockery,—she *plays with the senses* like a salamander with the flames," herself proof against their delirium; "gazing down into the dizzy depths of passion with the eye of a philosopher, and the callousness of an anchorite. Chastity is not her safeguard," &c. &c. Surely this is enough; there is no need to study the whole odious catalogue of crimes imputed to the poor coquette; — offences which, to our simple eyes, seem rather like the imaginations of some worn out sinner, conversant solely with the worst of either sex; who has stained, with his own evil thoughts and pruriencies, the follies and vanities of those pretty, volatile, seductive creatures, known to men by the questionable title of 'flirts.'

Passing, therefore, from the subject, with a casual note of the "wo" which is denounced "to the man who would be fool enough to take one of those *serpents* to his bosom;" we shall pause before another figure, which will complete our view of this inviting description of the women of Great Britain. Behind the blooming array of virgin deceivers, lurks a terrible creature, in cap and shawl, of a more mature and forbidding aspect; the "worldly mother!"—a merciless ogress, by whose deep counsels the 'playful tribe of marriageable maids' are guided in their heartless treacheries against innocent, generous, affectionate, unthinking man! "The worldly mother is one of the most detestable fungi that spring up from the corruption of society;"—"sacrifices her offspring to the Moloch of worldly dross;"—"cultivates the weeds, (in her daughters' hearts,) and carefully eradicates every valuable and salutary herb," her whole energies being "devoted to the attainment of a good match for her daughters." Wo to the "single young, middle-aged, or decrepid man who is introduced to, or meets her daughters in society." The victim is pursued, the company he keeps, "*even the vices to which he is addicted*," are hunted out by secret inquiries: — if he be found to have enough of the "worldly dross," whatever else be his character, he is doomed to be married; —his fortitude is assailed by invitations to dinner; — daughters are set upon him from every kind of ambush, drilled in the special allurements most apt to ensnare his unsuspecting heart,—until the appalling sequel is complete;—"the question is proposed — papa approves, the worldly mother kisses her son-in-law elect; and, with an admirable attempt at tears, hopes he will make her Lucy happy." "How that good match may turn out is, of course, no business of the worldly mother's." Nor have we here a specimen of the devices of a few only. "Such is the Mrs. Thomson of the middle ranks, — the Countess Cairngorum of fashionable life;" — they differ only in the accidents of situation. Such in general, the author of "The Hints" instructs us to

believe, are the mothers of the nineteenth century; and these are the devices which unmarried man has to dread, from the first moment of his listening to a pleasant voice, or looking upon a pair of rosy lips. The author dolefully cries, "beware!" *latet anguis in herbâ!* A serpentine race, truly! were the story true.

After this summary of the main personages in the drama of courtship, we need not call up the humbler actors in the scene, the victimized males in their several parts of the "spooney," the "good young man," the "shy youth," the "genius," the "old bachelor," the "rake." Alas! what can the wisest do, when surrounded by such a labyrinth of snares? All, gentle or simple, must partake of the common doom; and be cajoled, tempted, tickled, or thrust into matrimony, according to the special weakness of each individual. We close the book with a feeling like that of starting awake from the oppression of some feverish dream, beset with inextricable troubles, and hag-ridden by all manner of mopping and mewing phantoms. Are these abominable figures, the ingenuous reader sighs, really the maidens and matrons of our England?

Gentle bachelor! the case is by no means so desperate. There is no reason, for all you have read, to take the broad hints of this manual, and fly from thoughts of marriage and the company of virtuous women, to more questionable indulgences. There are still flowers growing, without number, throughout this world of ours; (even in the few exceptional circles of the very fine and ambitious, which it is your own fault, by the bye, if you desire to frequent,) there are still to be found, in all classes, simple affections and pure characters —for those who deserve them. Far more, indeed, we fear, than are ever destined to blossom into full life at the call of a suitor worthy to claim such inestimable gifts in the woman of his choice. In the middle classes especially, within which all the features of national character are moulded, in which our sweetest female flowers are reared, how many are left to wane, the unconscious possessors of all that nature has designed to impart and receive happiness! Be not deceived by cynical satires, which are hardly true of the most frivolous class, which are mere libels on the myriads of healthy, affectionate dispositions, that only wait the impulse of a kindred nature to "discourse eloquent music." Go and study for yourself in this school; not, indeed, unprovided with some previous lessons, — but these very different from the instruction we have just been listening to.

Is your own heart pure? are your own views disinterested? Do you seek, in the company of women, a social enjoyment, refined from all that is unworthy of her purity? Do you desire in a wife — not wealth, or distinction, in the first, or even in the second place — but the harmonious complement of your own imperfect being; an object of unfeigned love and entire confidence; — a companion chosen for her own sake, and prized for her proper worth? Are you able to love such a creature as well as you love your own dear self? What equivalent do you bring to offer in exchange for the treasures you seek? Are you ready to sacrifice, for them, the vanity of showy living, the luxuries of selfish independence? Have you energy to labour for her sake; good temper to enliven the home she is to inhabit; steadfast unperverted affection, to offer in return for the heart whose virgin love you expect shall be unchangeably yours? With these aims and possessions, you may fairly demand from Fortune a prosperous voyage; and, in pursuing it, need not greatly fear shipwreck from the dangers which beset the sensual, the frivolous, or the ambitious. There is a secret talisman, by which true feeling at once awakens its counterpart in other natures, and detects the approach of what is false. There are, no doubt, scheming mothers and managed misses to be found hovering about in most circles, although the list of these is scarcely long enough to terrify any but fools or cowards; — they are not formidable to those who really deserve to fall into better hands. The manly, generous "Cœlebs," whose own heart conceals nothing unworthy, will not be left unprotected from deceit by its instinctive warnings; guided by it, he will find, let him take our word for it, natures deserving of all his love, blooming in genial abundance on the solid ground of English society. Whatever his merits may be, he need not fear to meet with many a female heart, not inexorable to a well-urged suit, whose virtues and loveable qualities will thrice outweigh all the worth of his own.

And what right has any less deserving wooer to complain, if his chance with the fair sex is less happy, if one whose objects are selfish is made the victim of interested schemes? He is, perhaps, tempted with connubial thoughts, after the dissipation of years has perverted his feelings, and deadened his emotions. Or he seeks a wife as he would any other article of domestic furniture, to make his home more pleasant to *himself*. Or he is ambitious of a fashionable connexion, or desires, by marriage, to increase his pecuniary means. Or possibly he is apt to be caught by a pretty face or a beautiful person, having no deeper sense in his own heart of what real love can give or require, to temper this excitement by suggesting what else may be wanting in the object of a momentary warmth. He has no profound idea of what it is to offer or possess *a whole heart;* he has, himself, nothing of the kind to bestow; his emotion is, at best, superficial, his purpose is entirely selfish. Thus poorly furnished on his voyage of discovery, our wooer sails into the matrimonial sea; and calls on heaven and earth for vengeance on a deceitful sex, if he brings home any thing less than a faultless paragon! Having nothing but rubbish to bargain with, he expects to be repaid with pearls and diamonds. His own expedition is in open contempt of all just relations between the sexes, of the natural laws of love and marriage; and yet he exclaims at the unparalleled wickedness of the pretty pirates that surround and capture him. *Corrigez vous*, is all that need be said in reply to *his* Jeremiade against the worldliness of women. It is our selfishness, quite as much as their vanity, that spoils the sex, and sows

tares in the sweetest garden of life. It is we who too frequently teach them to overvalue external circumstances; it is our example that makes them feel how the vulgarest interests determine a marriage far oftener than the true choice of mutual attachment. We fret at privation, and are ashamed of poverty; we, on whom the burden falls not with half the weight that it flings on the shoulders of the wife; and yet we denounce in women the hope of an establishment, and the preference of wealth to worth!

We have fallen, without intending it, into a graver tone than we began with. The subject, in truth, if viewed on this side, is serious enough to those who perceive the real tendency, on morals and manners, of any influence that is apt to promote celibacy. That the ambition for display, and the desire of luxury, are now exerting this influence in the middle classes, can hardly be denied. The expense thought indispensable in living, makes thousands unable or afraid to marry, who would not have lived single in more modest times. To keep up a certain state is the first condition of keeping a house; with a companion, if you can, if not, without one. To begin life early, on a moderate scale, with a beloved partner, not ashamed of frugal habits and humble means, nor despised for them by others who have more; this healthy custom of our middle classes, in former times, is now all but banished from them. The few who venture to marry before they are rich, and who do not imitate the extravagance of the wealthy, are regarded as lost to society; pitied by their friends, looked down upon by acquaintances. All young couples are expected to start in their domestic career on the footing of the first of their class, at the cost of being forsaken by the class they belong to. The effect of this is obvious enough. It makes bachelors rakes, and tempts damsels to rate their admirers by their income. But it lies with the *men* to be the first in reforming this grievous abuse. Let us dare to be honestly poor, and we shall find women willing enough to share our narrow means, and brighten quiet homes with disinterested love.

In the note-book of a friend, to whose experiences we have been indebted before now for various sketches, we fell upon the following anecdotes, gathered in the commonest walks of modern society, which may serve to relieve the austerity of our closing remarks, with an instance or two drawn from the life, and rather germane to the subject in hand.

"I had turned from the door of M——'s cottage, at Mortlake, and was walking my horse, in a mood of agreeable reflection on what I had just seen there, when Best overtook me, riding the same way, and pulled up. Best is a 'man about town,' whom you see every where; one worth listening to at times, as his constant circulation in society, and the want of any character of his own, make him as fit a reporter as I know, of the opinions current there. I told him where I had been calling; he had been, like myself, pretty intimate at the house of Sir Charles, both before and since M—— married his daughter.

"'Ay, poor thing,' said Best, in a tone of commiseration, 'you found her, of course, sadly altered?'

"'She is changed, indeed,' I said, 'from the elegant girl into the beautiful woman; a change that I find very charming.'

"'You surprise me! and how does she seem to keep up her spirits?' I could hardly help laughing at the pathetic tone of Best's inquiry.

"'I have rarely seen any one look brighter or happier, I can assure you; indeed, I seem to have brought an air of cheerfulness out of M——'s pretty little *ménage*, that will keep me in good humour for a week to come.'

"'God bless me!' said Best, 'why, she can see nobody there. They tell me M—— cannot afford her a carriage, and keeps but one man servant! To think of such a creature as she was,—you know how we all admired her,—throwing herself away in this manner; exposed to such privations; estranged from all her proper connexions, and living in a suburb, the Mrs. M—— of a plain clerk in the Admiralty, whom nobody knows! It is a sad *mésalliance*. Indeed, as a friend of her father's, I have always felt a kind of delicacy in intruding upon her;—it must be so distressing to her to be reminded of the sad descent she has made.'

"'Perhaps you are right,' I said; for I knew it useless to present my own different view of the subject. 'You will, however, be glad to hear that she bears the loss of her dashing acquaintances pretty well on the whole, and seems to live in great content with her husband and children; and that the house is not at all without society that seems very much to her liking.'

"While Best remained silent, in a kind of well-bred surprise, I took advantage of the cross road from the bridge, and, turning my horse's head that way, wished him good morning.

"What had this young creature done, to excite such unaffected compassion, to lose herself so sadly in the eyes of men of the world?

"She was an only daughter; and Sir Charles, although his inherited estate had been rather lessened than increased by foreign employments, kept a very fine house, frequented by the best company. Being himself, however, a man of intellect and cultivation, he understood this word in a more liberal sense than it commonly bears in his class; and counted, amongst its most welcome ingredients, those who were rich in genius, or otherwise remarkable for personal desert, as well as persons of birth and fashion. His manner of thinking was not without effect on the mind of his motherless daughter, whom he had educated with peculiar care. In the circle which surrounded her at home, on her first entrance into the world, glowing with beauty, wit, and high spirits, she found other distinctions admitted besides those of rank or *ton*, and had the advantage of drawing some comparisons, which are not always within the reach of handsome girls 'on their preferment.' She might have been married in her first season, had she chosen to listen to any one of some half-dozen of the most 'unexceptionable' admirers, who were struck by her graces of person and mind.

Until her twentieth year, however, no one appeared to make the slightest impression on her heart; and then, singularly enough, she was assailed by two very different persons almost at the same moment. One, the Hon. Captain F——, heir to the Barony of F——, a handsome, gallant, fashionable young fellow, with a commission in the Household Troops, and a present income of five thousand a-year, declared himself a lover by the most marked addresses, and at first seemed to make better progress than any preceding suitor. The other person on whom her notice fell soon after the commencement of the Captain's advances, was a young man of humble birth, quiet manners, and the possessor of a modest clerkship in a public office. But Miss R——'s eye was not long in discovering in him endowments which she rated higher than the world, it seems, can approve of. M—— had a mind of peculiar refinement, well stored, and of no common power. The few who still read poetry in our day, knew him as the author of a work deservedly praised for its rich imagination and masculine energy. In familiar intercourse his reserve wore away; and what he then said had the vivacity and freshness that bespeak the presence of a living mind, and have power to animate even the dullest hearer. In short, he was, in character and endowments one of Nature's noblemen: and Louisa had an eye to see, and a heart to prize this nobility above all things. She took delight in hearing him talk, long before she was aware of any other emotion in his favour; even while listening, not without a certain feminine delight, to the flatteries of her handsome martial suitor. How the lips of a genuine man, and the heart of a poet, are moved by the influence of such a listener as Miss R——, needs not be told. In her presence, M—— was always more than himself; and at times seemed like one inspired. Louisa fell deeply in love with him; while he, earlier enamoured, never ventured a word, hardly a glance, of peculiar admiration. He was too sensible of the worldly disadvantages of his position, to flatter himself with a hope of gratifying his wishes. Although in the prime of life, he was no longer a boy to be ignorant of its relations, or run headlong into a desperate pursuit. He was too deeply in love, indeed, to tear himself from the danger, but had self-command enough to conceal his affections for a long time. Thus matters went on throughout an entire winter. As Louisa's indulgence of the Captain's suit grew less, so her demeanour towards M—— became daily more gracious. Any one in different circumstances would have read the kindest encouragement in her manner and looks; but M—— felt his distance, and still kept silence. To the surprise of every one, it became known about Easter, that she had civilly refused the formal offer of Captain F——'s hand. At the end of the season,—to close the story,—in a passionate moment, when about to take leave for some months, M——, overcome by the irresistible softness of the woman he loved, threw himself at her feet, and declared his love. She accepted him; to the consternation of her acquaintance, her rich worshippers especially. To their still greater surprise, Sir Charles gave his consent too, with the highest expressions of esteem for his son-in-law: and his fashionable daughter retired from the grand world into suburban life at Mortlake, M—— having meanwhile obtained a higher station in his office. In every society you heard the same kind of comments on the match: pity, mixed with something very like contempt both for Sir Charles and Miss R——; wonder at the father's 'eccentric' indulgence, at the young lady's 'singular prepossession,' at the 'modest assurance' of the bridegroom; and, at the end of all, long prophecies of the misery in store for one who had thus 'lost herself,' and whom 'nobody could visit.'

"They had been married five years at the time of my last call. I had been enjoying the sight of quiet domestic happiness, in a way of life modest but not mean; sufficiently provided with merely temporal necessaries; more than ordinarily rich in intellectual resources, and in the pleasures of elegant pursuits; enlivened also by the society of not a few, whose education and talents gave a real worth to their company; blessed with the warmest mutual attachment; happy in beautiful, healthy children. This I had seen: and a moment afterwards chance, as I have already detailed, gave me the world's commentary upon it.

"Here, I thought, are all the essential gifts of life in abundant measure; and my sweet friend is surely one of the happiest women in existence. In the world she has left, the opinion of both sexes is that she must be one of the most unfortunate. Why?—Does she prize what she has forsaken, and despise what she has chosen? Perhaps not; but 'they can keep no company,' she is 'quite lost to the world,' and 'fallen into a lower rank.' She might have been Lady F—— now:—she can never rise beyond the wife of plain M——, the government clerk, and the author of ——.

"When such is the tragical view, taken by society, of a match in which sympathy and love have united two beings, thoroughly on a *par* in natural rank, and only separated by accidents of social condition,—a marriage in all essentials becoming, dignified, and happy,—who is to blame, if other motives too often prevail in courtship? why need we wonder that there are few girls venturesome enough to follow the dictates of their better affections,—even if parents did not stand in the way?"

The other anecdote offers a rude contrast to the rather idyllic character of the Mortlake drama.

"Mr. Burton Pickering, whose acquaintance I had made when abroad, had for some years given up wandering, and lived in bachelor independence in a northern city I need not name. In my frequent visits to the neighbourhood, we grew rather intimate, having musical tastes, as well as recollections of foreign adventure, in common. He was a cultivated person, and a professed connoisseur in female beauty and manners; so fastidious, indeed, that few ladies in the circles he now frequented could obtain his critical approval; piqued himself greatly on his *savoir vivre*, and experience of man and womankind; and was altogether far more indul-

gent to himself than to others; in other respects, a well-mannered, agreeable person enough. When I saw in the county newspaper the announcement of his marriage with the daughter of a Major P——, I expected to behold, on my next country visit, a paragon of womanly attractions. On the day of my arrival, I met Pickering in the street, and offered my congratulations. He did not receive them as warmly as might have been expected from a bridegroom of three months only; but fell into a kind of monologue, the meaning of which I could not comprehend, until he came towards the close. 'In marriage,' he said, at last, 'a sensible man looks for something very different from what pleases in company, or is sought in more fugitive connexions. Beauty and gracefulness are charming gifts, but soon become insipid to a husband: it is as the mistress of his family, the mother of his children, that he must choose a companion for life,' &c. From this I collected, what was soon confirmed by the report of others, and shortly afterwards by my own observation, when I called,—a civility which Pickering seemed far from eager to invite. Miss P——, at the time of her marriage, was no longer young, had never been tolerably comely, was uneducated, awkward, and empty, beyond expression: Mrs. Pickering was a woman, in short, that men of far less exquisite pretensions than her husband must have pronounced all but intolerable, and quite 'unpresentable.' The attraction that had outweighed her defects, was the reputed wealth of the Major, now an infirm old man, whose fortune, it seems, was coveted by Pickering, his own income being far from handsome. In expectation of the death which was to enrich him, the ill-married husband lived on as he could; and, being heartily ashamed of his wife, withdrew altogether from society. A wretched scene it was within doors,—so little inviting to a by-stander, that I never repeated my first visit. The aversion with which Pickering regarded his wife's *gaucheries* and silly talk, his positive dislike of her unattractive person, were scarcely covered by an attempt at decent civility. I left the house pitying her much, and contemning him more. A few months after this time, Major P—— actually died. What fell out subsequently I learned two years later.

"The fortune to which Pickering succeeded was less in nominal amount than he had counted upon, and most of it was invested in the shares of certain joint-stock undertakings, the prosperity of which was questionable. Of these, the company in which the largest amount was sunk came to a stand-still in the following year: the dividends of the other were promised only for the year ensuing. Of ready money there was none. The mortification of the man who had sold himself for such a deceitful prize, was bitter and indignant. He visited on the poor wife the effects of this disappointment, in a way that must have broken the heart of any delicate woman. Luckily for her, Mrs. Pickering was of an obtuse nature, that seemed indifferent to any thing short of personal ill-usage. The measure of the husband's vexations, however, was not yet full. He had found two-thirds of his wife's inheritance worth nothing. It now exposed him to serious pecuniary demands. One company, whose shares he inherited, was broken up; and the proprietors were called upon to contribute heavily to the liquidation of its debts. Pickering fell into despair. Abroad, he was tormented by the claims that beset him, threatening to absorb all his remaining substance. At home, he shuddered at the presence of the woman whose person he abhorred, whose connexion had brought him ruin in place of the wealth he expected. The scenes at home were terrible. A week before the term of payment, Pickering destroyed himself: and the miserable widow now lives, on the wreck of the property saved from his creditors, in a lodging in a Welsh cottage. Of her I learned one trait, that ought not to be forgotten. Poor as she is, she has undertaken the support of an orphan, the natural child of her late husband, born, too, during the period of her marriage. The mother, a young actress, did not long survive her seducer. The story of Pickering's infidelities had not been concealed from his wife; and the widow, informed of the death, sought out and adopted the infant!"

It would be absurd to take such incidents for instances of what commonly occurs in the history of marriage. But every authentic case that the libeller of woman can adduce of scheming virginity and ensnared manhood, it would be easy to answer with a parallel of selfishness in the stronger sex, or with an instance of devotion and generosity in the gentler. By this process, indeed, nothing more is gained than the silencing of partial complaints and condemnations, and restoring something like an equilibrium between the opposite parties in the game of wooing. The true theory of its moves has still to be attempted; but where — to repeat our former inquiry — where is the Philidor really able to teach the combinations of this curious play? The science, we lament to say, has yet to be discovered: let us be thankful to Nature and Destiny that kindly provides, meanwhile, for a passable continuance of the practice.

V.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

O Solitude and Silence! who love best
To make far seas your rest,
But led by Evening venture oft to shore
When earth, of daytime wearying more and more,
Waits your approach that ye may call her daughter,
The moon, from bathing in some eastern water,
To come and with her kisses meek
Seal slumber on that restless cheek
Which turns on its lone pillow, the wide air:—
Ye awful Twain! how blest a gift ye were
If ye were as ye seem, an outstretched shore
To which our hearts' vexed waves might crowd and die.
False! false! your seeming love is cruelty,
And emptiness your store.
How oft from the world's chase have wounded hearts
Fled fond to you, to lie and bleed alone
Upon the lap of some green loneliness,—
When there arise and round the spirit press
A host of ambush'd thoughts, that with their darts
Make many wounds of one.

R. A. V.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Farewell, farewell, my fathers' land! stern fate has done its worst:
The eyes that tearless look their last, wept sore to see thee first!*
A prophet voice it was that spake so coldly then to me,
Of all the gloom, and all the wo, and strife I've found in thee!

Ah, since I left thy shores, dear France, what rugged lore I've won!
How much a human heart may learn, and bear, and yet live on!
I would, I would that I had died ere such dread things had been,
Or ere such storm could burst to part a people and a queen!

I tax mine heart for all the past, I tax it with good will,
And here rejoice to know that God is in its secrets still;
It sank not, Knox, beneath thy rude reproof, because it knew,
That if the monarch's course had fail'd, the woman's had been true.†

Ah, sorely hath that woman's heart been tried amongst ye all,
Where iron hands and iron wills had kept it still in thrall!
A prison'd bird it was, whose notes, though sad, were counted sin;
And little knew they that condemn'd what passed its depths within;

What lonely thought, what dull despair, through weary nights and days;
What vain resolve, to light with smiles, the darkness of life's ways;
To hide that weakness from my foes, they coarsely pray'd to see,
And live a queen, at least, in mind's unconquer'd majesty.

It was not well thy cruel men should teach me to regret
The frail strength of the womanhood themselves could so forget;
Its gentle graces elsewhere prized, they bade me cast aside;
And sternly tried me to the quick, as few have e'er been tried.

Roused they not all the royal blood of Bruce within my frame,
Holding me at unworthy bay, while no true lip cried "shame!"
Stood I not lone amidst them all, such gross rude wrong to bear,
As those hard men might well have rued had nobler ones been there!‡

O in that hour I had one dream,—soon broken, wo for me!
I saw from Floddenfield§ rise up old Scotland's chivalry;
I knew my grandsire's nodding plume, I caught his kindling glance,
And to my rescue mark'd him with his noblest ones advance.

On, on they came! False Murray fell, 'whelm'd by his own disgrace,
And savage Lindesey quail'd before that princely leader's face;
Ten thousand hearts, ten thousand spears, were gather'd at my side,
And I, once more a queen indeed, look'd up with queenly pride.

Wild dream and brief!—ah, they were right who call'd thy fancies vain,
Poor, pining, fluttering, wearied heart!—trust not to such again.
Waste not in phantom hopes the strength that thou may'st need full long,
Amid life's stern realities, its care, and strife, and wrong.

Yet happier days may rise. I go, a *woman's* grace to prove;
With her some gentler thoughts may dwell, some mercy, truth, and love;
Or if, wild dreamer to the last, *this* trust should broken be,
I still, O God, am thine,—to stand, or fall, as pleaseth Thee.

THE LOST EAGLE.

[Founded on an incident which occurred on the north-eastern coast of Scotland, in the autumn of 1839.]

A story goes, which may be sung or said,
And now I freely mean in verse to handle,—
How once a Lighthouse and an Eagle play'd
The common tragedy of Moth and Candle
On a large scale: the public prints averr'd
The accurate dimensions of the bird—
His length from beak to tail, and breadth of wing—
But many a thing is *said* which Poets cannot *sing*.

There was an Eagle soaring to the sun
From Dofrafial's Scandinavian brow,
Above the broad autumnal forests dun,
Above the cheerless caverns of the snow:
The pride of youth was in his eye's expanse,
The scorn of earth was in its rolling glance;
Their force upheld his rapid wings, and bore
The heavenly bird along, to Norway's western shore.

On high he pass'd, in glory of his strength,
The mountain-land—the land was not for him!—
Pass'd where the falling billows' foamy length
Ran flashing on the rocks, unheard and dim;
And where the restless sea-mews white would go,
Rising in clouds, soon broken, far below,
A moment wheel'd his pinions in disdain—
The shore was not for him! He launch'd above the main.

His spread wings slept upon the whistling air,
As o'er the darkness of the deep, unweary,
Still on his westward flight he held, and there
The ruthless tempest found him from his eyrie:

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* Mary Stuart left her native country at so early an age, that her *first impression* of it was received on her return from France. Her own sweet lines on quitting the latter country are familiar to most readers.

† John Knox singled out the poor queen immediately on her arrival in Scotland, as a desirable object of attack. Distinguishing her by the undeserved name of "Jezebel," he denounced her conduct from the pulpit, in all public assemblies, in her absence, and before her face, with a coarse violence that was strongly contrasted by her own gentle endurance of what was alike an insult and a wrong; for this was at a time when none of her enemies could bring worse charge against Mary than that natural cheerfulness of disposition,—in her denominated "levity,"—which, in other circumstances, and by different judges, has, I believe, always been characterized as one of the most estimable qualities of woman.

‡ In her interview with the delegates of the associated lords, Lindesey rudely grasped the queen's arm with his mailed hand; and the savage touch, and the equally savage speech that accompanied it, both left their impression.

§ Long after this ill advised battle, the Scots entertained a fond belief that the gallant James IV. was living, and would re-appear amongst them: an exhausted hope this, of course, in Mary's day. He, the Haroun Alraschid of Scotland, the most chivalrous of her monarchs, threw a far-stretching shadow over the spirit of the land when, with the flower of his nobility, he fell on the disastrous field of Flodden.

The land he scorn'd had faded from his ken,
And waters fathomless were round him then;
Yet sped he fearless on, though with the frown
Of vex'd and clouding skies the shades of night came down.
The Ocean Spirit of the storm awoke,
Summoning perils from the deadly pool
Of noisy Maelstrom, and the thunder spoke
From the descending blackness near and full.
The winds above, the winds beneath him wrought,
And all their hurricanes against him brought,
Yet careless what the winds might work or bring,
Still mightily he struck the tempest with his wing.
But, fleeter than the winds, the lightning came,
Red-rushing and invincible, and he,
Lost and bewilder'd in the darkening flame,
Fell struggling downward to the boiling sea:
He heard it nigh, and on the wing anew,
With drunken course uncertainly he flew,
Wandering a region starless and unknown:
Thus for a while he moved, then sped him on alone.
Yet not alone,—for in the gloom there went,
Dark-rolling through the strife of waves below,
And labouring like Leviathan o'erspent,
A ship, with danger on her stern and prow.
The one hoarse voice above the tempest calling—
The hurried treading of the crew—the falling
Of crashing beams, and roar of sails wide-riven,
Were sounding from the ship to wreck unsuccour'd driven.
Her mariners, amid their toiling care,
A flapping of loud wings above them heard,
And fear unwonted fill'd each bosom there
With dreary awe, the thunder had not stirr'd:
And when, as oft the flaring lightning pass'd,
They saw them moving, nigh the bending mast,
How sank and died their hopes and hearts away,—
Hearts that had scorn'd to quail in all the lightning's play!
Their strength grew slacken'd as their courage fell,
And many dropp'd their hands, and toil gave o'er;
Not that they hated life—they loved it well,
Yet listless stood, and strove for life no more.
The stormy Spirit's wings were o'er them brooding;
Could doomed men be saved by Hope's deluding!
The Spirit's eyes were on them, mocking sorrow,
Outwatching hope, and they must perish ere the morrow!
And he, the storm-struck Eagle, still would keep
Winging beside their mast, as if he took
Companionship upon the sunless deep,
And skies unstarr'd had changed his heavenward look;
But where is now that tempest-driven bark,
And where her wo-worn crew? Hath night more dark
In shroud of thicker gloom conceal'd her motion?
All, all are hurrying down through whirling depths of ocean!
Now the lost Eagle was alone again,
Long striving in the storm with wearied might,
When rose a beam upon the dismal main
That drew his faded eye and wandering flight.
No other ray amid the darkness shone,
And, broader growing, seemed that lonely one
A star descending nearer earth, to shed
A brighter, fuller gleam in night so dark and dread.
The Lighthouse wooed him with its beauteous eye;
But must I bless, or soothly blame, the wooing
That guided him beneath a howling sky,
Yet lured him to his freedom's dire undoing?
Cheer'd on his way by that increasing flame,
He strain'd his flight the more, as near he came,
Till down amid the burning lights at last,
And shrieking in his joy, the weary bird was cast.
Upstarted then the watcher as he sat,
Much wondering in his loneliness to hear
The pinions beat without, and forth he gat;
Where roar'd the tempest terrible and drear.
Dark wings arose against him in the light,
And glared upon him eyes that look'd for fight:
Quickly they struggle and they strike amain,
But wields the Eagle there his failing strength in vain.
There comes no blast in his unaided hour,
To whelm the foeman in the viewless deep,
Nor have his pinions now the dreaded power
That hurled the daring hunter from the steep;
But seized by grasping arms, and circled sore,
His eyelids fall, and strike his wings no more.
Alas! that he who dared the noonday sun,
And fought the storm so long, by man should be undone!

CELTIC TENURES AND HIGHLAND CLEARINGS.

The stability of property is, next to the safety of life, the most important object of every government; and no country can be called highly civilized where it is not firmly and distinctly secured, and where it is liable to any derangements, at the will either of multitudes or individuals. It is part of a firm and well established rule of property, that it should be able to stand criticism and inquiry down to its very roots. Wherever people evade inspection and examination, whispering that it is dangerous, that it may be a precedent for questioning the stability of property at large, that it will give a feeling of insecurity,—there we may expect to find something wrong that should be altered to give symmetry and strength to the whole. There indeed we may expect to find property having a feeble and uncertain hold of the social system, which it is likely some time or other to lose; and it will not be the inspection of the whole edifice, and the repairing and readjusting of the part that is wrong,—it will not be this, we say, that is dangerous to the stability of the whole framework of property, though some interested persons may tell us so; but it is the overlooking the disorganized part, and allowing it to remain unremedied, that constitutes the danger. In this country there is a most unworthy diffidence on the point. People are afraid to look into the foundations of proprietary rights, lest they should find the whole rotten, and upset the social fabric in their operations. Yet there can be nothing in the shape of social institution more deeply and firmly planted, and more consistent with the sound philosophy of individual rights, than the tenure of property in general in this country—nothing that has stronger support in the general principles and opinions of the people — nothing that has fewer opponents. Surely this, instead of making us diffident of such inquiries, should induce us to approach them with boldness and freedom, and to ask whether the broad and just principles that characterize the system in general may not have been overlooked in some of its details.

We shall ever find, in countries even less civilized than our own, and where the bonds of social rights and duties are less firmly knit together, that the

charges against the people at large of having designs against the rights of property, are false, and are raised by those whose proprietary rights are questionable, to save them from inquiry. The old scandal attached to the Roman agrarian law has now been long confuted. After it had served its turn, in vilifying the people as a body and all popular movements; after it had been the chosen weapon of destruction to be cast in the face of all democratic projects, and was held to embody in two words a practical argument, sufficient to frighten the boldest advocates of representative reform, it was at last discovered, that it did truly refer to dishonesty and pillage, but not on the part of the people. Indeed, if we reflect calmly on the matter, it will at once appear that a deliberate purpose to appropriate the property of individuals is not a mob vice. Violent, outrageous, and unreasonable, assemblages of the people too often are. Too often have they seized on the wealth, physical and moral, built up by ages of enlightened laborious civilization, and, tearing it to pieces, scattered it to the winds: too often have they wetted their hands in blood, and that the blood of their best friends; but a design to transfer houses, commodities, land and stock, from A or B to the alphabet at large, does not enter the frenzied brains which do such acts. Schemes of spoliation and appropriation are not naturally gregarious, but are the creatures of long solitary nourishment in individual bosoms. They have no heat in them to foster the passions of the fierce democracy; they are not the electric fluid that makes thousands of hearts beat at once with the same emotion. In the fiercest outburst of popular rage, the promulgation of such a doctrine of pillage, would throw dust upon the fire and put it out. We admit freely that spoliation and the unjust transference of property have frequently been caused by popular outbreaks, and that the disturbance had been created or fed to promote views of cupidity and aggrandisement: but these were the hidden plots of cunning and powerful individuals, generally of the aristocratic orders. The zealots of the Reformation, who tore down the nests that the rooks might flee away, intoxicated as they were with furious zeal, and full enough, no doubt, of evil passions, were pure from the taint of selfish motives; though there were those standing by, or occasionally cheering them on, who very quietly took possession of the church lands, held them with a firm gripe, and talked of their application to ecclesiastical purposes as a "devout imagination." At the end of a riot, pocket-books and watches have changed pockets: but it was not among the motives of the mob to bring about such a change. Enthusiasts sometimes faintly clamour about a partition of property, or a spunge on the national debt; but no considerable popular party ever advocated such doctrines, and none we prophesy will ever do so. The second step in the reasoning of those who in their dreams have taken the first, makes them immediately retrace it. They find that, with the stability of property, the fruits of industrial wealth must disappear, and industrial subsistence must be dried up and withered.

No! It is from the cupidity, the silent, watchful, aggrandising spirit of individuals, taking advantage here and there of defects in the law, that the rights of property are in danger; not from the organized plans of any large portion of the public. Silently day by day, and inch by inch, individuals are making their secret encroachments; the progress is scarcely more perceptible than the growing of the grain; but, when the proper time has elapsed, we see the granary filled. The public is a bad conservator of its rights, and too often is awakened to their existence when they are just about to vanish for ever. A public writer cannot do better service than in commenting on the reference of the proper principles of exclusive ownership to the rights of masses of the community; and we propose devoting these few pages to some remarks on the relation of the proprietors of land in our mountain districts, to their tenantry, and to the public at large.

If a victorious state were anxious to preserve the rights of property in a conquered province, they would not do so by immediately abolishing the old laws and customs regulating tenure and succession, and substituting those of the victor. The Romans did thus, it is true; but the Romans held that the lives and the property of all conquered people were forfeited, and that whatever was spared for them of either, was a free gift. The justice and humanity of modern times lead us to a different conclusion, and we admit to the conquered Sikh or Hindu the exercise of some proprietary rights. It may happen that the conqueror's laws of property are far more scientifically and philosophically digested than those of the conquered; it will almost invariably happen that they are more suitable to the people by and for whom they have been made; but it will also very often happen, that rude as they may be, the institutions of the conquered are better suited to their own state of society than those of their victors would be. It is generally difficult to persuade the victor that his institutions are not better than those of the vanquished: yet the uncertainty, anarchy, and misery, that follow the sudden substitution of new laws in place of old established customs, have made modern colonists and conquerors either spare the old institutions of the vanquished, or substitute their own by very slow degrees. It is difficult, indeed, to get individuals to comprehend and carry out this general policy. The English official, especially if he be a lawyer, cannot well conceive that there is any part of the world where the forms in which he has been trained, and which he reveres, are not, or should not be as powerful as in Middlesex. A pugnacious raja is indicted as if he were a poacher. A New Zealand chief is served with a *duces tecum*, or subjected to a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, and must stand the consequences if he do not treat it as respectfully as if he were a draper in Cheapside. The absence of English law is held to be equivalent to no law. We remember well the air of blank amazement with which a young articled clerk looked round him in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, when he was told that there was neither a King's Bench nor Common Pleas there; no Chan-

cery—not even a Master of the Rolls—but only a First and Second Division, an Outer and Inner-House, a Lord President and a Justice-Clerk; and, oddest of all oddities, a Lord Ordinary on the Bills! Then, worse and worse, there was no nisi prius, no oyer and terminer, no certiorari or writ of error, no traversing, no emparlance; nothing but advocations, suspensions, reclaiming notes, interdicts, summonses, and condescendences. What a chaos!

Greater people are too much like our friend the articled clerk. Their ears are deaf as stone to the justice or propriety of any other code, any other system of rights between man and man, than that to which they have been bred, being tolerated, in peculiar circumstances, as better adapted to peculiar classes of society. We have observed, that the just and now avowed policy towards any conquered people, is to continue to administer among them their own laws, or, at least, to change the system gradually, in a manner not likely to be offensive to the public, or to press heavily on individuals. Much more, then, when there is an incorporation together of provinces not conquered, but united by consent or incidental circumstances, should this rule be pursued. Has it, then, been pursued in dealing with all the provinces of the United Kingdom? We shall see.

The Highlanders of Scotland are well known to be as distinct a race from the Lowlanders, as the Japanese from the Dutch, or the American Indians from the Portuguese. What is still certainly remarkable, after all the changes which this country has undergone,—after the spread of knowledge, the rapid progress of commerce, and the abundant facilities of locomotion,—the traveller who crosses the Highland line finds himself as completely among a different people, as he who passes from the Bernese to the Italian side of the Alps. In some places the traveller can stand and behold, on one side of him, activity, industry, and comfort; clean fields, a well-clothed peasantry, and comfortable houses; while on the other, even before there is any great change in the nature of the scenery, the manifestations of human life show neglect and poverty; and an oriental indolence seems to spread its sleepy wing over a people whose thin muscular forms, swarthy complexions, and free wild motions, bespeak an eastern origin, and make us feel as if we had crossed seas and deserts, instead of an imaginary line, to behold them. All this is, perhaps, pretty well known already; but did it ever occur to any one to inquire whether this peculiar people might not have social institutions and notions of property and justice, as different from those of their Saxon neighbours as the two people were unlike in structure, aspect, and manners, in language and ideas, in opinions and superstitions? Might it not have naturally been inferred, that the same rules for fixing the relative position of landlord and tenant, which, growing up in practice among the pastures and corn fields of the south-eastern counties, became at last the law throughout Lowland Scotland, would scarcely be the same that bound together the Highland warrior and his chief, when they regulated the possession of their hunting-grounds, or divided the spoil seized in a creach? And so, indeed, on inspection, it has been found to be. The connexion of the Highland chief and his followers was utterly distinct from that of the Lowland baron and his feudatories and tenants; and it has been by repeated processes of thoughtless cruelty,—causing intense suffering and heartburning among those who have had to yield to the strong hand, that, to some extent, the Lowland laws were given effect to in the Highlands, when they were found to minister to the cupidity of individuals. The main peculiarity of the system of Highland tenure was, that the chief was not the proprietor of the land, but the leader of the people. He might be very arbitrary and very despotic to individuals, but he could not treat the general body of his followers as a people who had no right to the soil on which they lived, save through his consent. In these circumstances, the law of succession was liable to those breaks and exceptions to which monarchies are liable, but proprietary rights, settled by law, are not. It was not held, down even to comparatively recent times, to be a general rule that the eldest son succeeded the father. The hereditary principle was tolerated, not enforced; and, when the clan, for the sake of having an able leader, deemed it expedient to do so, they altered the succession as unhesitatingly as the crew of a pirate would displace an imbecile commander. We shall give the system they pursued in the words of a very profound, though not always readable antiquary, George Chalmers, the author of *Caledonia*.

"In the succession, both of the kings and of the chieftains, the dlighe-tanaiste, or Law of Tanistry, appears to have been generally followed. The person in the family, whether a son or a brother, who seemed best qualified, either from abilities or experience, to exercise authority, was fixed upon by the tribe, for the succession to the sovereign or the chief. It is apparent, however, from the history both of Ireland and Argyle, that, during the life of the reigning king, an heir-presumptive was chosen, under the name of *Tanist*, who commanded the army during the monarch's life, and succeeded him after his demise, according to the established law. Much of the dignity of the monarch was supported by the voluntary contributions of the princes and chiefs, which were to be paid in cattle, in clothes, and utensils; the monarch was obliged to purchase the support and services of the princes or chiefs by similar presents. . . . . A similar polity appears to have pervaded all ranks among the Irish people, from the king to the prince, and from the prince to the chieftain, both in Ireland and in Scotland. The toparch governed his district as the monarch governed his kingdom; and the chieftains ruled their territories, and their raths or fortified villages, upon the same principle of mutual dependence of the higher on the lower ranks, and of the subordinate on the superior." *

When one remembers that the principal assertor of absolute right of property in the Highlands was

* Vol. I. p. 306-7.

an heiress, the following statement from the same source is very significant.

"The Irish women, of whatever rank, seem not to have been entitled even to the slightest possession of land under the Brehon law. They were assigned a certain number of their father's cattle as their marriage portion, which, in the Irish speech, is called Spre'—that literally means *cattle*. Crodh also signifies both *cattle* and *dowery*, which in those times and in those countries were synonymous. We shall see in our progress a very notable instance of this Brehon doctrine, as to women, among the Scoto-Irish. The Galloway men universally rose in support of the pretensions of a bastard son, in opposition to the claims of three legitimate daughters of their late lord: and it required all the power, and all the valour of Alexander II. to enforce his opinion of law and right, against the custom, and perhaps the privilege, of the men of Galloway."

Again,—

"In all those districts and subdivisions the chief gave protection; and in return the inferiors yielded subordination and contributions during peace; and in war, support and obedience. Yet during uncivilized times the possessions of all were precarious; and cultivation, owing to this circumstance, was not carried much beyond the wants of nature and the dues of chieftanry. The custom of Tanistry was the common law of North Britain throughout the Scottish period, as it had been originally in Ireland, till the invasion of Henry II. The Brehons equally continued during the Scottish period, as they had done during the Pictish in Argyle, to be judges through every district of proper Scotland. The common customs of the country, and the usual manners of the times, were the accustomed rules of their judicial proceedings. During the Scottish period there were customary payments of Celtic origin, which were long known by the Celtic names of *Cain* an *Cunevethe*." *

Mr. Gregory, who was a lawyer, seems, in his History of the Western Highlands, to have been somewhat surprised, if not scandalized, by finding these principles practically followed out in comparatively late ages. At the period of 1545, he tells us, "The family of Sleat, in which the male representation of the Lords of the Isles now centered, was at this time almost deprived of power. Its chief was a minor, the son of that Donald Gorme, killed before the Castle of Elandonan in 1539: and in addition to this source of weakness, the title of the family to their estates was disputed by the Macleods of Harris, who found this a good opportunity for reviving their former claims. At length the islanders chose for their leader, James Macdonald of Isla, whose patriotism seems to have evaporated, on his perceiving the possibility of obtaining the pension of two thousand crowns promised to his predecessor. His pretensions to the Lordship of the Isles, were certainly inferior to those of the chief of Sleat; but his power as an individual was greater." †

Again, in 1567,—

"The Siol Tormod was now placed in a position, which, though quite intelligible on the principle of feudal law, was totally opposed to the Celtic customs that still prevailed to a great extent throughout the Highlands and Isles. A female and a minor was the legal proprietor of the ancient possessions of the tribe, which, by her marriage, might be conveyed to another, and a hostile family; whilst her uncle, the natural leader of the clan according to ancient custom, was left without any means to keep up the dignity of a chief, or to support the clan against its enemies. His claims on the estates possessed by Clan Donald were worse than nugatory, as they threatened to involve him in a feud with that powerful and warlike tribe in case he should take any steps to advance them. In these circumstances Donald Macdonald seized, apparently with the consent of his clan, the estates which legally belonged to his niece the heiress; and thus, in practice, the feudal law was made to yield to ancient and inveterate custom." ‡

Nor was this, at the time when the system of Highland clearings commenced, an ancient obsolete law, which only existed in tradition. Many men were then alive who had seen it in full operation. When the eleventh Lord Lovat died, he left a daughter who was his heiress by the Lowland law, but who was so far from being admitted to be so by the clan, that, though she was married to the son of one of the judges of the Court of Session, as a person who would be powerful in the enforcement of an obnoxious law, the estates were really possessed, and the rents were levied, by the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat, the chief of the clan according to the clan's own views. That this was the state of Highland society and Highland property down to the rebellion of 1745, we have many testimonies. In "Letters from a gentleman in the North of Scotland to his friend in London," written about the year 1730, the writer says, "The chief exercises an arbitrary authority over his vassals, determines all differences and disputes that happen among them, and levies taxes upon extraordinary occasions, such as the marriage of a daughter, building a house, or some pretence for his support or the honour of the name; and if any one should refuse to contribute to the best of his ability, he is sure of severe treatment, and if he persists in his obstinacy, he would be cast out of his tribe by general consent. This power of the chief is not supported by interest as they are landlords, but as lineally descended from

* "Cain-fowls," like duty-fowls in Ireland, are still in use as a sort of acknowledgment of tenure or rent in kind, and may be accompanied with the impost of "carriages," or the obligation to afford the landlord the use of vehicles and beasts of burden on certain occasions. The occurrence of these exactions will depend much on a landlord's convenience. A non-resident landlord will not in general exact them, or take his rent in that form; and so, on the occasion of a question as to whether a deceased nobleman's domicile was in Scotland at his death, his giving them up was pleaded as evidence that he had abandoned the country. The English judge, before whom this was maintained, thought it a not irrational conclusion that he had abandoned the country where he had given up his *cain* [*cane*] *and carriages*.

† Gregory's Highlands and Islands, p. 177.

‡ Ibid. p. 204.

the old patriarchs or fathers of the families; for they hold the same authority when they have lost their estates." Meaning, that though the Lowland law has declared the chief's territory, viewing it as property, to be forfeited, the Highlanders, adopting their own indigenous laws, did not admit that there was any change. In many instances, indeed, after the rebellion of 1745, the estates were worth nothing to those who held them according to law. They could levy nothing in the shape of rent; but the original owner, though a wandering exile, received his customary tribute. It was not by the laws enacted in the parliament of Edinburgh that he levied this tribute; it was by the sanction of the local customs and institutions of the Celtic races; and his rights were acknowledged by them, though the hand of a foreigner had driven him forth from his people. It was as natural that it should be so, as that the notions of the obligations between man and man, resting on the old customs of the New Zealanders, should not be immediately obliterated because a British colony had quarrelled with the chief.

Now, in a state of society like this, where the rights of the chief and of the follower had grown up together, and were part of the same system, the one having no better right to his castle than the other had to his hovel, was it reasonable, was it humane, was it just, that the chief should suddenly make up his mind to clear his territory of its inhabitants and convert masses of their small holdings into large farms, as coolly as the proprietor of a row of houses in Westminster might eject his tenants and convert the building into warehouses? Without an inconsiderate application of the laws made for a totally different people in a different state of society and with different mutual rights and obligations—without the blind application of the laws and institutions of the strong and civilized part of the island, to the illiterate and helpless children of the mountain, could such a thing have been done? And what was the result but such as might have been expected? Resistance—hopeless and feeble in effect, but strongly justified by internal feelings of right and injured justice—loud execrations, the wail of the feeble yielding to the relentless despotism of the strong; and the law, clear in the execution of its duty, sweeping away resistance, discontents, and tears, and clearing off the whole heap of misery from the presence of those who caused it.

The answer to this will be the answer given at the time. The law was on the side of the proprietors. These chiefs were in possession of many pieces of parchment locked up in charter chests, the talismanic effect of which was to make them not chiefs but proprietors, holding the estate occupied by their vassals by as clear and full a right of property as the Glasgow merchant who purchases an estate up the Clyde, for which he has paid down twenty-five years' purchase, can have. Of these charters the clansmen knew and understood no more than the New-Zealanders know of the correspondence of our colonial office—they neither saw them nor felt their influence; yet, by the law of the land, these documents were to be held indicators of absolute property whenever occasion should call them forth. The system of clanship in the Highlands is often spoken of with extreme inaccuracy as if it were identical with the feudal system. That system of Norman growth prevailed in England, and penetrated through the Lowlands of Scotland; but it never lived in the Highlands. The nature of a fief was, that the holder who obtained it from the sovereign, had thereby, as owner of the soil, authority over all those who resided on it. The principle of clanship was, that because he was their leader and judge, the chief had authority over the people of the clan; and his rights, in connexion with the land, were a mere accessory of his authority over the people who lived on it. Mr. Skene, a cool and accurate antiquary, says with much justice: "The feudal system, so far as the tenure of lands and the heritable jurisdictions were concerned, was easily introduced *to appearance*, in the Highlands; but, although the principal Highland chiefs readily agreed, or were induced by circumstances to hold their lands of the crown, or of the Lowland barons, yet in reality the Celtic system of clanship remained in full force among the native Highlanders and the chieftains of the smaller branches, who were not brought into direct contact with the government, until a very late period."* It was the interest of these chiefs to encourage the increase of population rather than the improvement of agriculture in their territories. Every man who could wield a broadsword was an addition to the power and influence of his chief; and as to the subsistence of each additional man, were not the Lowlands all before him, with freedom to choose his beef and mutton? "The value of landed property," says Lord Selkirk, "was in these times to be reckoned, not by the rent it produced, but by the men whom it could send into the field. It is mentioned, indeed, of one of the chieftains, that, being questioned by a stranger as to the rent of his estate, he answered that it could raise five hundred men." † Does it not, independently of stronger claims on the chief, seem somewhat unreasonable that, when it suited his purpose, he might encourage the increase of the people on his territory, and then, when views of a different kind opened up to him, might sweep away the whole mass of population which his ancestors had planted? But to be just to all, these sweeping ejectments were the doing of strangers, not brought up with Highland notions, and never in their careless selfishness dreaming of any thing but absolute property and their own arbitrary use of it. The author we have just quoted, describes very clearly and naturally the reluctance with which self-interest forced its way between the Highland landowners and their humanity. "For a few years after the power of the chieftains was broken, the influence of old habits seems to have prevailed, and it was some time before any change took place; but by degrees

* "The Highlanders of Scotland, their origin, history, and antiquities." By William F. Skene, F.S.A., i. 155-6.

† "Observations on the Present State of the Highlands of Scotland," p. 13-14.

the proprietors began to exact a rise of rent. Though the first demands of the kind were extremely moderate, the rents being still below the real value of the land, yet the circumstance was so unprecedented that great dissatisfaction ensued, and the removal of some of the tenants who refused to comply, excited still more indignation. Accustomed to transmit their possessions from father to son, as if they had been their property, the people seem to have thought that, as long as they paid the old and accustomed rent, and performed their usual services, their possessions were their own by legal right. The discontents that arose from these causes were for a time but partial; for the progress of raising rents was slow. The gentlemen who had been educated amidst the habits of the feudal times, could not at once relinquish all the sentiments of their youth. The attachment of their people was of so flattering a nature, that it was often preferred to pecuniary advantages; and little alteration seems to have been made till the generation of old proprietors was extinct. Gradually, however, men educated under different circumstances came forward, and feeling more remotely the influence of ancient connexions with their dependants, were not inclined to sacrifice for a shadow the substantial advantage of a productive property. The more necessitous, or the less generous, set the example; and one gradually followed another, till at length all scruple seems to be removed, and the proprietors in the Highlands have no more hesitation than in any other part of the kingdom, in turning their estates to the best advantage."

At length came the great Sutherland clearings, when people, as many as might make the population of a secondary German state — people who believed that they had as good a right to their cottages and paddocks as their chief had to his castle and forests — were driven from their homes by an armed force. It is a deep scandal to our legal institutions that such a thing should have been. So long as history is written minutely enough to chronicle such transactions, this one will ever be marked as a barbarous adaptation of the law of one people to do injustice to another. The cry of tyranny raised by the ignorant sufferers has received an echo in the far south; and one of the first historians and philosophers of his day, has dedicated a great portion of a work likely to live for ages, to an exposure of the injustice of the Sutherland clearings. M. Simonde de Sismondi, in his "Etudes sur l'Economie Politique," having entered, on politico-economical grounds, on the question of the proper adjustment of the rights of customary holders and tenants, has paid this country the compliment of devoting a whole essay to our Highland clearings as a signal instance of outrage on all the principles that ought to rule in the adjustment of such mutual rights. It is shown that throughout all Europe there are rights of occupancy founded on immemorial custom, like those of the Highland tenants, but which, unlike the treatment which they have received from the free government and the "equal laws" of this happy country, have been respected by the despotic governments of Germany and Italy. Indeed, as it has been very justly observed by *The Westminster Review*, the rights of the Ross-shire tenants were of the same character with those of the English copy-holders; but, alas! the difference between the position of the poor Celt and that of the English yeoman was great indeed! For the latter the laws were created, — they were framed out of the ancient customs on which his tenure was founded. The Celt, overlooked as a member of the body politic, too insignificant in his rights to be regarded since he had ceased to be unpleasantly conspicuous as a fighter, had to submit to the arbitrary operation of laws made for other races of men and different social habits.

It has always been maintained by the defenders of these clearings, that they were conducted with signal humanity. The proprietor, being entitled to do what he liked with his own, said he liked to treat his own well, and wondered how his own were not thankful for so much kindness. On this the adopted commodity was so ungrateful as to repudiate the claim of ownership. The vassals denied that their leader was absolute owner of their holdings, and could not see any thing to praise in those relaxations which were to them, at best, only not carrying out injustice and cruelty to the full extent to which the tyrant possessed the power of persecuting them. And M. Sismondi shows that, had they been in almost any other part of Europe, the law would have been in favour of these poor people.

There is a vindication of these Highland clearings which demands our attention before we have done with them. It has been said, that they are very profitable to the community, and that the pecuniary advantage which the landlords have reaped has been occasioned by a change, by which enlightened and industrious capitalists have displaced hordes of semi-barbarians, serviceable only for war and depredation—a burden on a well-ordered community. We admit that the sheep-farming system has been advantageous to the community at large, as well as a great gain to the Highland landlords; and that Europe cannot produce a more admirable illustration of the beneficial effect of an enlightened system of agriculture than the farm-steadings of Sutherland afford, when compared with such Highland huts as are to be seen in other places, models no doubt of those which the Sutherland estates would have exhibited if the clearings had not been made. A system of husbandry which produces much, in place of one which produces little, is the same kind of gain to the community that a railway is when it displaces a line of rickety coaches on a turnpike road. The simile has a farther and deeper application. When the directors of a railway make up their minds that their line shall pass through certain proprietors' grounds, the law does not allow them to go to a proprietor and tell him that as their project is very much for the benefit of the community, they intend to cut away a portion of his lands for the use of the railway, without giving him any compensation. On the same principle,

the Highland proprietors ought not to have been allowed to clear their estates without giving compensation to those whose interest in the land was by the custom of the country as well established as their own. In what manner it may be just to deal with rights which probably are of a somewhat similar character in Ireland, we cannot pretend to say. We have not sufficiently studied that great subject. On the Highland tenures, however, we are bound to say, that though we think a system of adjustment of rights ought to have been adopted before the clearings commenced, we think it would now be too late. *Fieri non debuit—Factum valeat.* Those who had the principal interest at stake have suffered the injustice, and are under the sod, or are passing the latter years of their age, whether in prosperity or adversity, in distant lands. A race has grown up who are to a certain extent aware of the precarious character of their tenures, though they may not be brought up with the best notions of the means of making a livelihood in places distant from their original homes. We fear that the only remedy for the remaining evil—the inflammation remaining after the amputation — is a stringent application of the poor law ; compelling Highland proprietors to provide for the surplus population reared by them, when they endeavour to get large rents by increasing the number of small holdings, and for the people who are rendered homeless by their clearings. We fear that that blundering and purposely-incomplete measure, the Scottish Poor Law Act, has not strength for carrying out this principle.

It has been well observed by *The Westminster Review*, that the powers which have been exercised in the Highland clearings are powers which a despotic monarch is never known to possess. This is one of the evils arising out of the indiscriminate application of the laws of property. When the laws made for a populous and highly-cultivated district, where land and its occupancy are matters of regular traffic, are transferred and made applicable to wide, thinly-peopled tracts, occupied by poor, half-civilized people ; instead of conveying to them the benefits of equal laws and protection to their rights, these laws inflict upon them the scourge of an arbitrary government, fortified in its operations by all the array of power that has been established for the purpose of enforcing, in the place from which the system has been taken, just proprietary rights. We shall give some illustrations of this.

A monarch, however despotic, must still be, to a certain extent, the representative of the will of his people. It is as the embodiment of the accumulated strength of the community that he acts on individuals. He may be able to hang, imprison, or expel from his territory, any small number of persons who have displeased him : but he cannot put to death the whole or nine-tenths of his people ; nor can he expel them from the country, as the Highland landlords did. Whatever acts he performs against one portion of his people, must be through the instrumentality of the other. And herein consists the difference between sovereignty and proprietary right, that the latter is not left to the enforcement of those that are subject to it, but, in such a country as ours, demands the whole concentrated power of the incorporated states of which the British Empire consists. A monarch cannot set his face against the prevalent religion of his people. Indeed, he must generally be a votary of it, and must confine his intolerance, if he be intolerant, to some small minority, whom the majority helps him to persecute. What monarch of a small kingdom was ever able to prohibit the whole of his people from having a place of worship within his territory? Yet this is what the great Highland proprietors are able to do, through the misapplication, to their case, of that right of property, which declares that a man is not bound to allow his land to be used for purposes he dislikes. The rule is perhaps a sound one in Middlesex and Midlothian. There, in the multiplication of proprietary rights, the abundance of wealth, and the diversity of religious opinions, it will be strange indeed if any sect cannot get itself acccommodated. It may be driven from one place, because the neighbours do not like an organ ; from another, because the plan of the church is not in conformity with the architecture of neighbouring houses ; or from another, because the spot is part of a pleasure ground : but somewhere or other, in return for their money, the congregation will be allowed to worship God according to their conscience ; and the worst that befals them is, that some neighbour in his spite builds a wall as near as he can to the spot to shut out the light, or the pious children of the neighbourhood, hearing how the sect are spoken of by their parents, break the windows. The owner of Highland estates, issuing his mandates from Piccadilly or Grosvenor Square, about a people of whose habits and opinions he knows no more than he does of the Caffres, finds that the Free Church is a church he does not like, and refuses a site as unhesitatingly as if he had been asked to give a piece of his pretty lawn at Kingston for a synagogue—the Jews being also a people whom he does not like. When proprietors are compelled to give the lands which they cultivate, and the pleasure grounds which are the object of their enjoyment, because the public demands them for railways, it were surely not a very tyrannical law which should compel the proprietor to give up a few roods of ground on some desolate wild which he does not cultivate, and never sees, in order that a whole territory, as large as those German states from which we take our royal consorts, may not be able to lift their voice and say that they are denied the use of the barren surface of the earth for the celebration of the rites of that religion to which they all belong.

The rules of absolute proprietorship, now so much indulged in, being quite inimical to the old territorial notions in the Highlands, their full effect has only developed itself gradually. The idea, for instance, of treating his waste districts of country as an English proprietor would his lawn and gravel walks, and attempting to preclude access to them, never would have occurred to a Highland chief in his most despotic moments. An English duke, however, having become the

tenant of the wild mountain district at the head of the Dee, deeming that he can conduct his field sports with more success and more satisfaction to himself if the wild waste which calls him occupant be surrounded by a legal cordon excluding it from intrusive footsteps as securely as if it were a walled garden, has made a new law for himself, and instructed his keepers to stop people who are found crossing this wilderness. The glen principally watched is the Glen Lui Beg, the natural passage towards Ben Muich Dhui, the centre of the Cairngorm range, the highest mountain in Britain, and for abundance of summer snow, precipices, and cataracts, the most worthy of a visit. As the interruption of the passenger over uncultivated and unfenced wilds, is a new thing in Scotland, it has not yet received the sanction of any law, and till it has done so, must be held illegal. If any bill, perhaps in the form of an act, "to interpret" some game act, should be brought in to extend the law of trespass to such new exigencies, we hope the public will be on their guard to defeat it.

A neighbouring Scottish proprietor, the Duke of Athole, following so comfortable an example, has lately attempted to prohibit, in the same manner, the passage through Glen Tilt, the ancient thoroughfare between the basin of the Tay and that of the Dee. The English duke's hint must be very valuable to the Athole family, who previously had followed the understood rule in Scotland, that to keep a place sacred from intrusion, it must, if not cultivated, be at least fenced in. The visiter of the falls of the Bruar is preceded by the keeper thereof with a key, who having first received the proper fee, or satisfied himself that the visiter is good for the amount, opens and admits. We quarrel not with his grace for the price he charges for a walk in his pleasure grounds, or for the vigilance with which his agrarian police take care that those who attend the church within the old cathedral on Sundays, shall not filch a gratuitous glance of the exhibition. His grace has as good a right to be a showman as the lessee of Vauxhall; but, giving him full license to do what he likes with his own, it does not follow that he is to do what he likes with that which belongs to the public; and the right of passage through Glen Tilt belongs to the public, if the free use for centuries, of the only road which leads from one district to another without going thirty miles round, can be secured to the public in Scotland by being used for centuries.

We do not believe that the Highland landlords in general will be inclined to adopt measures so utterly irreconcilable with the old habits of the people; but there is much fear that English gold may buy up this tempting privilege of exclusion, if it can be legally exercised, and that the proprietors may say, "Thou canst not say I did it." Some remarks on the closing of Glen Lui Beg having appeared in *The Examiner*, were answered by the Don Quixote of the game laws, Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He, being an honest enthusiast, disdains to adopt any sophism, but exhibits the project in its most offensive shape. He says, "The writer in *The Examiner* perhaps is not aware that the breath of a single sight-seeing individual up-wind of the deer, is enough to drive the whole forest side, and to render impossible any sport to the proprietor and his friends, for that or for days to come, so wary and peculiar is the nature of the animal *for which we pay*." The philosophy of this is, that the absolute solitude of the district being necessary for the sport in which a rich man delights, he must be entitled to it by paying for it. This sentiment was echoed by a letter signed "Leather Stocking," in *The Aberdeen Herald*, evidently written by no mere impartial spectator. He tells us that "one man on a sky line, or before the wind, on a mountain or in a glen, will put every deer away for miles; a single herd moving will alarm others, so that a small district may be swept clean by one reckless or incautious traveller." We beg attention to the wide terms of measurement applied here to the tracts of country that on this system must be kept clear of even *one man*. This writer gives a case of hardship, which we shall do him the service of repeating. "I remember last year a gentleman coolly walking down Glen Tilt, and driving every deer out of it, when Lord Glenlyon was endeavouring to show sport to his friends. The traveller intended no harm, yet he did irreparable mischief; and this, had he given notice, or applied beforehand, might have been avoided," *i. e.* of course, had he applied, to be refused. In one of Hood's tales some one speaks of 'a impudent fellow, a standing up for his rights.' The person who exercised his right of walking along this public thoroughfare contrary to the will of Lord Glenlyon, must have been of the class so described. The writer we have just quoted tells us that the Duke of Leeds pays £1400 a-year for his glens. This is the formidable feature of the affair. It shows what sums the Highland lairds may obtain for their wastes, provided they can give them the character of unapproachableness. A few rich English lessees may, by judiciously blocking up the passes as the Highlanders did of old, shut up the whole of our mountain ranges from intrusion. It is true they must have a new law to put this new restriction on the liberty of the people. But such restrictions have occasionally been created when they were required to serve very worthy and beneficial purposes. The law of copyright is a restriction for the benefit of literature; the law of patents is a restriction for the encouragement of invention. It remains to be seen whether deer-stalking be considered a pursuit so ennobling, and so valuable to the community, that a new restriction on personal freedom, not needed by graziers and others who rear the ordinary food of man, shall be made for its special encouragement and protection.

LORD NELSON'S LETTERS AND DISPATCHES.*

This voluminous work—nationally important as an historical record, and yet more interesting as the autobiography, the "Confessions" of an illustrious man, remarkable as much from individual character as for heroic achievements—is brought to a close by the publication of a seventh volume; and very little more, we apprehend, remains to be added to the most enduring of all monuments—the literary monument of a great man. And in spite of his many weaknesses,—"amiable weaknesses" all,—and of his vanity, vain-glory, credulity, and susceptibility of flattery, and the errors which arose from worse frailties, "England's Nelson" was not only her greatest sea-captain, but a man to be beloved; a type of her cherished, if *beau-ideal*, sailor; the very sublime of her Jack Tar; as brave and enterprising; as devoted to her glory, and his own fame; and without much more thought or comprehension of any thing beyond his own ship's deck. As free, too, and liberal-hearted; and quite as much the dupe of his own narrow prejudices and self-conceit, and of the arts of profligate women. The main difference, if not the only one, was, that the officer, the commander, the admiral, had a wider sphere of duty and enterprise; and that the Queen of Naples and Lady Hamilton were his inspirers, instead of Doll of Plymouth, or Sue of Wapping, who dupe Tom or Joe, the equally brave hero of the deck, the gun, the cutlass, or boarding-pike. Generically, the characters are one; but Nelson was the sublime of that character; and in addition, a thoroughly trained, as well as a most zealous, naval officer; quite as capable of discharging the minutest duty of his rank, from that of midshipman to Admiral of the fleet, as the most obscure seaman under his command could be to perform his well-learned routine task in skilfully working the ship, or bravely fighting the enemy when before him. The secret of Nelson's great popularity lay partly in his sailor-like qualities; and we imagine that although St. Vincent or Collingwood—to take opposite instances—had been the victors of the Nile and Trafalgar, they never could have become equal favourites, either with the nation or the navy. We took leave of Nelson in 1804, watching the Toulon fleet as a cat does a mouse; ardently impatient for action, and, as at all times, confident of success, yet omitting no duty, however minute or trivial its details, that could maintain discipline, promote the comfort, or keep alive the spirit of the crews of the ships under his command. The commander of the Toulon squadron at this time was Vice-Admiral La Touche Tréville, whose premature death, according to M. Thiers, was the reason that England, so often menaced, was not then invaded and annihilated. But when M. Thiers writes upon certain delicate subjects, his assertions are to be received with considerable allowance. At all events, Nelson impatiently longed to measure strength and skill with this formidable La Touche Tréville, and did what he could to tempt him to leave port; but the Frenchman, after sundry feints, and coquettings with his watcher, always prudently returned to shelter. One day Nelson writes:—

"Do not think I am tired of watching Mr. La Touche Tréville. I have now taken up a method of making him angry. I have left Sir Richard Bickerton, with part of the Fleet, twenty leagues from hence, and, with five of the line, am preventing his cutting capers, which he had done for some time past, off Cape Sicie. Mr. La Touche has several times hoisted his top-sail yards up; and on the 4th of June, we having hoisted the Standard and saluted, he sent outside Sepet, about one mile, five Sail of the Line and two Frigates, and kept three Sail and three Frigates with their yards aloft, himself one of them, and the Rear-Admiral another, therefore I did not believe him in earnest; however, we run as near as was proper, and brought to. They formed a pretty line at sunset, and then stood into the Harbour. A Ship of the Line and Frigate every morning weigh, and stand between Sepet and La Malgue. Some happy day I expect to see his eight sail, which are in the Outer Road, come out; and if he will get abreast of Porquerolle, I will try what stuff he is made of."

Tréville, to please Napoleon and the nation, at this time officially reported that Nelson feared to encounter him. The Frenchman's misrepresentation—if falsehood be not rather the proper word—fired him with indignation, and, giving the statement a flat contradiction in his letter to the Admiralty, he more characteristically wrote to his brother:—

"You will have seen Monsieur La Touche's letter, of how he chased me, and how I *ran*. I keep it; and, by God, if I take him, he shall *Eat* it."

Nelson wanted that rare element of greatness, that self-relying power which prevents distinguished and high-minded men from grumbling even when their merits are overlooked. He loved to serve his country, but he equally desired to have his services duly appreciated, highly applauded, and—though far from sordid—well paid for in honours and in cash. There was, in particular, no end to his grumbling discontent with the Admiralty, however it happened to be composed. It had become a habit, a chronic complaint; and at this period he had an access.

The Toulon fleet, after all his care and vigilance, escaped him, and he was fit to shoot himself. One cannot help sympathizing in his mortal chagrin, when it was too certain that he had been baffled. "I have nothing to wish for but to meet them; and am in truth half dead; but what man can do to find them out shall be done. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. It cannot last long what I feel." The wind was against him. His "good fortune" seemed flown away. "I cannot," he writes, "get a fair wind, nor even a side-wind. Dead foul! dead foul!" Nelson was not distinguished by the heroic virtue of magnanimity. He never felt

* Volumes VI. and VII. London: Colburn.

himself in the wrong, and never scrupled to throw blame upon any one who he imagined had impeded his fortunes. He had at this time been misled by information sent to him about the French Fleet, in all good faith, by General Brereton. To one friend he writes in his despair:—"I am as completely miserable as my greatest enemy could wish me; but I neither blame fortune nor my own judgment. Oh, General Brereton! General Brereton!" To Mr. Davison his agent, his warm admirer, and the very indulgent censor of his frailties, he unfolds his whole mind, and makes one almost fear that the glory of Nelson was at least as powerful a motive as high-souled, disinterested patriotism. He thus writes:—"I am as miserable as you can conceive. But for General Brereton's d—d information, Nelson would have been, living or dead, the greatest man in his profession that England ever saw. . . . When I follow my own head, I am in general much more correct than in following the opinions of others." And this professionally was quite true. Every able man best understands his own business, and what in any emergency is required of him. While thus watching, pursuing, and being baffled—we must not say, being outmanœuvred—by the French commanders, two years of irksome duty revolved, during which Nelson had not once left the Victory. In the meantime, M. La Touche Tréville had died; and been succeeded by Admiral Villeneuve, and it was now July 1805. From his private correspondence at this time, we shall select a few characteristic paragraphs. The first is from a letter to Lady Hamilton,—a lady who places Sir Nicholas Harris in a somewhat awkward dilemma. From either not having quite made up his mind about the character of the lady, or the nature of her connexion with Nelson, he seems to feel as if on slippery ground. At first he had resolved to print none of the letters addressed to her; and he plainly intimates that he places no faith in their authenticity, unless where it is established by existing autographs. But again, the complete suppression of these letters would have been a great blank in the life and correspondence of Nelson, as Lady Hamilton now held the place of his deserted wife, and into her bosom he for many years poured his most secret feelings. It would, however, have been desirable that the editor should have made up his mind about this lady, which, up to the death of Nelson and the close of the correspondence, he does not appear to have done. But whatever doubts still remain in his mind, there can be none, we think, in the mind of any unbiassed reader. There can be no question that the sailor Nelson was throughout the dupe of an artful woman, possessed of many of the fascinations or meretricious arts which captivate men of his character. Nor is it wonderful that the incense she continually burned before him should have intoxicated his brain. But again, Lady Hamilton was "good-hearted." She used her influence with the hero of the Nile to obtain the pardon of offending sailors, though, for aught that is seen, this may either have been properly or improperly; and one would like to see English seamen protected by the laws of their country, without the intercession of either wives or mistresses. The aged Neapolitan Admiral experienced none of her ladyship's tender mercies.

A most romantic episode in Nelson's life, which is recorded in the last volume of his correspondence, is the mysterious story of his putative daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson. No one, we think, who soberly reads even the statements of Sir Nicholas Harris, can hesitate to come to the conclusion, that this child was neither the daughter of Nelson, which is half affirmed, nor of Lady Hamilton, which we presume no one ever imagined except Nelson himself. That he, however, believed himself the father of Horatia is not more certain than that he believed his "dearest Emma," otherwise his equally beloved "Mrs. Thompson,"—evidently the same individual,—the mother of the mysterious foundling. But it is not quite certain that the editor does not come to our own conclusion; namely, that Lady Hamilton was *not* the mother, and that Nelson erroneously believed himself the father. Mr. Haslewood, the professional adviser of Lord Nelson, is said to know the name of the mother, "but a sense of honour prevents him from disclosing it." And it is likely enough that he knows who Lady Hamilton, after Nelson's death, said was the mother. Lady Hamilton, after Nelson's death, always affirmed that her *protegée*, and his daughter, was the child of a lady of rank "too great to be mentioned." This much alone is certain, that Lady Hamilton, by some unknown means, came into the possession of a female infant, which she placed with a nurse named Gibson, with whom the child remained for several years, and whose birth was registered in the baptismal records of the parish of Marylebone, by the name of Horatia Nelson Thompson, born in October 1800, and baptised in May 1803. The child was occasionally visited by Lady Hamilton and Nelson, and when he was at home it was sent for with its nurse. For some good reason, doubtless, the date of its birth was mis-stated. It was placed, by Lady Hamilton, with Mrs. Gibson the nurse, an infant of a week old, in January or February 1801, and its birth is recorded as in October 1800. The only theory upon which the affair can be explained is a double mystification, of which Nelson was as much the dupe as Sir William Hamilton, and that when Mrs. Thomson or Thompson is addressed by Nelson under cover to Lady Hamilton, her ladyship is herself the person really meant. This may seem an uncharitable construction, but it is the only rational one the mysterious affair will bear. We shall now quote Sir Nicholas, who at times seems to entertain our opinion, though he is chary of pronouncing it:—

> Of the authenticity of the autograph letters no doubt can possibly be entertained; but it is very difficult to decide how far the printed letters [of Nelson to Lady Hamilton] are genuine, and it is certain that some important passages in them have been suppressed.
>
> The child always bore the names of Horatia Nelson Thompson, and, in the printed letters, Lord Nelson not only often speaks of a "Mrs. Thompson, and her child," in terms of the greatest affection, as well as of its father "Thompson;" but he is said to have addressed two remarkable letters to Mrs. Thompson herself, under cover to Lady Hamilton. That by "Thompson," Lord

Nelson meant *himself;* and that by "Thompson's child," he referred to the infant called "Horatia Nelson Thompson," whom he afterwards styled his "adopted daughter," seems evident; but the question is, *who* was "Mrs. Thompson," the child's mother!

It must be observed, that Lord Nelson was constantly at Palermo from the end of October 1799, until the 16th of January 1800, when he went to Leghorn, but he returned to Palermo on the 3d of February. On the 12th of February he proceeded off Malta and returned to Palermo on the 16th of March, and he continued there until the 24th of April, on which day, having Sir William and Lady Hamilton on board, he sailed for Malta. They returned to Palermo on the 1st of June, and left on the 10th for Leghorn, with the Queen of Naples and Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Lord Nelson remained at Leghorn until the 17th of July, when he travelled from thence with Sir William and Lady Hamilton to England, arriving in London on the 8th of November 1800. Hence, if Lord Nelson was the father of a child born either in October 1800, or between that time and February, 1801, the mother of such child must have been at Palermo when it was begotten.

On the 28th of January 1801 the name of "Mrs. Thompson" first occurs in Lord Nelson's letters. Writing to Lady Hamilton from Plymouth, on that day, he says,—

"I have this moment seen Mrs. Thomson's friend. Poor fellow, he seems very uneasy and melancholy. He begs you to be kind to her, and I have assured him of your readiness to relieve the dear good woman."

Of a particular letter, which must be genuine, he says,—

If this letter be genuine, Lady Hamilton is assured, in the strongest terms, that she is Nelson's "own;" that Nelson's "Alpha and Omega is Emma;" that he "cannot alter;" that "his affection and love for her is beyond even this world;" that she is the "friend of his bosom, and dearer to him than life," on the very day (if the year assigned to it be correct) on which he is said to have written a letter, in equally strong terms, to "Mrs. Thompson," and wherein he evidently alludes (though the words are suppressed) to her having had a child, and to the possibility of her having another, calling her his "wife in the eye of God," and he is said to have made Lady Hamilton the transmitter of those assurances, in whose possession the letter was found!

A letter to Lady Hamilton, written soon after the child was put to nurse, runs thus:—

"My dearest friend,—Your letters have made me happy to-day, and never again will I scold, unless you begin: therefore, pray never do. My confidence in you is firm as a rock. [*Here some words are omitted.*]..... Yours all came safe, but the numbering of them will point out directly, if one is missing. I do not think that any thing very particular was in that letter which is lost.....I thank you for your kindness to poor dear Mrs. Thomson. I send her a Note, as desired by her dear good friend, who doats on her. I send you a few lines wrote in the late gale, which I think you will not disapprove. How interesting your letters are! You cannot write too much, or be too particular."

Of the Note enclosed in that letter the following is said to be a copy:—

"I sit down, my dear Mrs. T., by desire of poor Thomson, to write you a line: not to assure you of his eternal love and affection for you and his dear child; but only to say that he is well, and as happy as can be, separated from all which he holds dear in this world. He has no thoughts separated from your dear love, and your interest. They are united with his: one fate, one destiny, he assures me awaits you both. What can I say more? Only, to kiss his child for him: and love him as truly, sincerely, and faithfully as he does you; which is, from the bottom of his soul. He desires that you will more and more attach yourself to dear lady Hamilton."

In March, and apparently on the 10th, Lord Nelson again writes to Lady Hamilton:—

"Having, my truly dearest friend, got through a great deal of business, I am enabled to do justice to my private feelings; which are fixed ever on you and about you, whenever the public service does not arrest my attention. I have read all, all your kind and affectionate letters; and have read them frequently over; and committed them to the flames, much against my inclination. There was one I rejoiced not to have read at the time. It was where you consented to dine and sing with [*a word is here omitted*]. Thank God it was not so! I could not have borne it, and now less than ever. But I now know, he never can dine with you; for, you would go out of the house sooner than suffer it: and, as to letting him hear you sing, I only hope he will be struck deaf, and you dumb, sooner than such a thing should happen! But I know, it never now can. You cannot think how my feelings are alive towards you: probably more than ever; and they never can be diminished. My hearty endeavours shall not be wanting, to improve and to give us NEW ties of regard and affection. I have seen and talked much with Mrs. Thomson's friend. The fellow seems to eat all my words, when I talk of her and his child! He says he never can forget your goodness and kind affection to her and his dear, dear child. I have had, you know, the felicity of seeing it, and a finer child never was produced by any two persons. It was in truth a love-begotten child! I am determined to keep him on board; for I know, if they got together they would soon have another. But after our two months' trip, I hope they will never be separated; and then let them do as they please. We are all bustle and activity. I shall sail on Monday, after your letter arrives. Troubridge will send it as an Admiralty letter.

"I charge my only friend to keep well, and think of her Nelson's glory. I have written to Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, as my brother desired. Pray, as you are going to buy a ticket for the Pigot diamond—buy the right number, or it will be money thrown away. For ever, ever yours, only yours. Kindest regards to my dear Mrs. Thomson and my godchild."

A conjecture is thrown out that the child's mother had died at its birth; but years after that date we find Nelson writing "extraordinary letters" to his "beloved Mrs. Thompson," under cover to his "dearest Emma," Lady Hamilton. About a week after, the mysterious child, now three years old, was christened; and after Nelson had seen, and imbibed the warmest affection for her, we find him writing thus:—

"I look at your, and my god-child's picture, but till I am sure of remaining here, I cannot bring myself to hang them up. Be assured that my attachment and affectionate regard is unalterable: nothing can shake it. And pray say so to my dear Mrs. T., when you see her. Tell her, that my love is unbounded to her, and her dear sweet child; and if she should have more, it will extend to all of them. In short, my dear Emma, say every thing to her, which your dear, affectionate heart and head can think of"..... "Tell Mrs. T. that I will write to her the first safe opportunity. I am not sure of this."

On the 1st of August he wrote to Lady Hamilton:—

"Hardy is now busy, hanging up your and Horatia's picture; and I trust soon to see the other two safe arrived from the exhibition. I want no others to ornament my cabin. I can contemplate them, and find new beauties every day; and I do not want any body else."

Lady Hamilton was now a widow; and of the authenticity of the following letter to her in her double character of Mrs. Thompson and her own,

the editor has doubts. A morsel of it is perhaps more than enough :—

"My dearest beloved [*name omitted*]—To say that I think of you by day, night, and all day and all night, but too faintly express my feelings of love and affection towards you [*words omitted*] unbounded affection. Our dear, excellent, good [*name omitted*] is the only one who knows any thing of the matter, and she has promised me when you, [*words omitted*] again, to take every possible care of you, as a proof of her never-failing regard for your own dear Nelson. Believe me, that I am incapable of wronging you in thought, word, or deed. No, not all the wealth of Peru could buy me for one moment: it is all yours, and reserved wholly for you: and [*words omitted*] certainly [*words omitted*] from the first moment of our happy, dear, enchanting, blessed meeting. The thoughts of such happiness, my dearest, only beloved, makes the blood fly into my head. The call of our country is a duty which you would deservedly, in the cool moments of reflection, reprobate, was I to abandon: and I should feel so disgraced, by seeing you ashamed of me! No longer saying—'This is the man who has saved his country! This is he who is the first to go forth to fight our battles, and the last to return!' And, then, all these honours reflect on you. . . . . As you love, how must you feel. My heart is with you, cherish it. I shall, my best beloved, return—if it pleases God—a victor; and it shall be my study to transmit an unsullied name. There is no desire of wealth, no ambition, that could keep me from all my soul holds dear. No it is to save my country, my wife in the eye of God, and [*words omitted*] will tell you that it is all right: and then, only think of our happy meeting. Ever, for ever, I am yours, only yours even beyond this world, NELSON & BRONTE.

"For ever, for ever, your own NELSON.

"August 26th, 1803."

"If Mr. Addington gives you the pension, it is well; but do not let it fret you. Have you not Merton? It is clear—the first purchase;—and my dear Horatia is provided for; and I hope, one of these days, that you will be my own Duchess of Bronté, and then a fig for them all." He added,—"I am glad to find, my dear Emma, that you mean to take Horatia home. *Ay!* She is like her mother; will have her own way, or kick up a devil of a dust. But you will cure her. I am afraid I should spoil her, for I am sure I would shoot any one who would hurt her. She was always fond of my watch; and very probably I might have promised her one: indeed, I gave her one, which cost sixpence! But I go no where to get any thing pretty; therefore do not think me neglectful."

It appears from this letter, that Lady Hamilton had actually proposed that she, Horatia, and Lord Nelson's niece, Miss Charlotte Nelson, should go out and live on board the Victory, or, at all events, stay at Malta, during his command in the Mediterranean; for, after pointing out the impossibility of complying with such a request, he said :—

"I know, my own dear Emma, if she will let her reason have fair play, will say I am right; but she is, like Horatia, very angry, if she cannot have her own way. Her Nelson is called upon, in the most honourable manner, to defend his country. Absence to us is equally painful; but if I had either stayed at home, or neglected my duty abroad, would not my Emma have blushed for me? She could never have heard my praises, and how the Country looks up. I am writing, my dear Emma, to reason the point with you; and I am sure you will see it in its true light. . . . Kiss dear Horatia for me, and tell her to be a dutiful and good child, and if she is, that we shall always love her. You may, if you like, tell Mrs. G. [Gibson, the nurse,] that I shall certainly settle a small pension on her. It shall not be large, as we may have the pleasure of making her little presents: and, my dearest Emma, I shall not be wanting to every body who has been kind to you, be they servants or gentlefolks. Admiral Lutwidge is a good man, and I like Mrs. Lutwidge, and shall always more, because she is fond of you. Never mind the great Bashaw at the Priory. He be damned! If he was single, and had a mind to marry you, he could only make you a Marchioness; but as he is situated, and I situated, I can make you a Duchess, and if it pleases God, that time may arrive. Amen! Amen!"

The "Great Bashaw" must have been the Marquis of Abercorn.

But this letter was enclosed, in another of the same date, openly addressed to Lady Hamilton, of the authenticity of which there can be no doubt :

"My dearest Emma,—By the Canopus, Admiral Campbell, I have received all your truly kind and affectionate letters, from May 20th to July 3d; with the exception of one, dated May 31st, sent to Naples. This is the first communication I have had with England since we sailed. All your letters, my dear letters, are so entertaining! and which paint so clearly what you are after, that they give me either the greatest pleasure or pain. It is the next best thing to being with you. I only desire, my dearest Emma, that you will always believe, that Nelson's your own, Nelson's Alpha and Omega is Emma! I cannot alter; my affection and love is beyond even this world! nothing can shake it but yourself; and that, I will not allow myself to think, for a moment, is possible. I feel that you are the real friend of my bosom, and dearer to me than life; and, that I am the same to you. But, I will never have P.'s nor Q.'s come near you! No; not the alice of Single Gloster! But, if I was to go on, it would argue that want of confidence which would be injurious to your honour. I rejoice that you have had so pleasant a trip into Norfolk; and I hope, one day, to carry you there by a nearer tie in law, but not in love and affection, than at present. I wish you would never mention that person's name! It works up your anger for no useful purpose. Her good or bad character, of me or thee, no one cares about. This letter will find you at dear Merton; where we shall one day meet, and be truly happy."

"That person" was Lady Nelson: she was the "impediment" that he hoped "God Almighty might remove," that he might make either Mrs. Thompson, or Lady Hamilton, both or either, his "own Duchess of Bronte." The documents given are certainly all very curious as private history; yet it may be doubted if so much of them ought to have appeared in "The Letters and Dispatches of Nelson." Sir Nicholas recapitulates the story from the beginning, and palliates Nelson's infatuated attachment as far as is possible. Up to the battle of the Nile there was nothing decisive to object to; but after that the hero returned to Naples, and

Enthusiastic as was the reception of Nelson at Naples by all classes, the rapture of his friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, exceeded even the general joy; and their interview on board the Vanguard can only be understood by reading his own description of it to Lady Nelson. The wounded Hero became the object of their tenderest solicitude, and the gratitude which their kindness excited in his heart was as permanent as it was sincere. At this time a correspondence commenced between Lady Hamilton and Lady Nelson; and though rumours of the improper nature of his intimacy had appeared in the newspapers and reached England, and though Mr. Davison had written to Lord Nelson in December 1798, expressing his regret that he did not return to England, and said that Lady Nelson was "uneasy and anxious, which was not to be wondered at;" that she had declared that, unless he soon came home, she would go to Naples, and that he should "excuse a woman's tender feelings—they are too acute to be expressed," she wrote in her usual calm and affectionate style to her husband so late as February and March 1800 (the latest letters the Editor has seen), and on the 14th of October 1799, she expressed her surprise

to Lord Nelson that Lady Hamilton had not acknowledged the receipt of some prints which she had packed up for her with her own hands.

To Nelson's personal gratitude for Lady Hamilton's kindness, was added a strong sense of the services which her influence at the Court of Naples, and especially with the Queen, had, as he supposed, enabled her to render to the Public, and to which he often adverted, especially in the Codicil to his Will. . . . . During this period, it was natural that a fascinating woman should, in the absence of his own wife, have obtained great influence over a guest whose fame she pretended to adore, and to whom she daily administered the dangerous but grateful homage of flattery and praise. Nor is it surprising that her early history, the example of a corrupt Court, and the disparity of years between herself and her husband, should have exposed their intimacy to suspicion, or that to her suggestions the admirers of Nelson should have imputed what they saw reason to condemn in his public conduct. With all her faults, however, her goodness of heart is undeniable. She was the frequent intercessor with Nelson for offending sailors; and, in every vicissitude of her fortune, she manifested the warmest affection for her mother, and showed the greatest kindness to a host of discreditable relations. . . . . Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton arrived in London on the 6th of November 1800, and, as has been already stated, instead of Lady Nelson meeting her husband at Yarmouth on his landing, after an absence of two years and seven months, during which time he had immortalized himself, and made her a Peeress, her reception of him is said, on good authority, to have been cold and chilling. They continued to live together, however, for two months, though, according to Lord Nelson's own statement, not happily, but no separation was contemplated; and it appears, from the following important letter, with which the Editor has been favoured by Mr. Haslewood, that when it did take place, it was entirely her own act, and that it was wholly unexpected:—

"Kemp Town, Brighton, 13th April, 1846.

"Dear Sir,—I was no less surprised than grieved when you told me of a prevailing opinion, that Lord Nelson of his own motion withdrew from the society of his wife, and took up his residence altogether with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that you have never received from any member of his family an intimation to the contrary. His father, his brother, Dr. Nelson (afterwards Earl Nelson), his sisters, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham, and their husbands, well knew that the separation was unavoidable on Lord Nelson's part; and, as I happened to be present when the unhappy rupture took place, I have often talked over with all of them, but more especially with Mr. and Mrs. Matcham, the particulars which I proceed to relate, in justice to the memory of my illustrious friend, and in the hope of removing an erroneous impression from your mind.

"In the winter of 1800, 1801, I was breakfasting with Lord and Lady Nelson, at their lodgings in Arlington-street, and a cheerful conversation was passing on indifferent subjects, when Lord Nelson spoke of something which had been done or said, by 'dear Lady Hamilton;' upon which Lady Nelson rose from her chair, and exclaimed, with much vehemence, 'I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me.' Lord Nelson, with perfect calmness, said—'Take care, Fanny, what you say. I love you sincerely; but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton, or speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration.' Without one soothing word or gesture, but muttering something about her mind being made up, Lady Nelson left the room, and shortly after drove from the house. They never lived together afterwards. I believe that Lord Nelson took a formal leave of her Ladyship before joining the Fleet under Sir Hyde Parker; but that, to the day of her husband's glorious death, she never made any apology for her abrupt and ungentle conduct above related, or any overture towards a reconciliation. I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

"W. Haslewood."

A separation unfortunately ensued, and Sir William Hamilton invited Lord Nelson to become a guest in his house during the remainder of his stay in London. He took his leave of Lady Nelson on the 13th of January 1801, the day he left London to join the Channel Fleet; and though his assurance at parting, "I call God to witness there is nothing in you or your conduct I wish otherwise," and his kind note to her from Southampton on the same day, left the means of reconciliation open, if, indeed, the note was not written with that object, Lady Nelson never made the slightest effort to recover his affections; nor was it until the 23d of April that he signified his determination to be "left to himself." He settled £1200 upon her, which was then half his income; and took care to provide for her by his Will in case of his decease. His conduct, however, seems to have been censured by his female friends, for in a letter to Mr. Davison of the 28th of January, he alluded to the coolness of Lady Spencer, adding this simple defence of himself, "Either as a public or a private man, I wish nothing undone that I have done."

From this moment the affection shown him by Sir William and Lady Hamilton knew no bounds, and he seems to have entirely surrendered himself to their friendship and society. Except while he was in the North Sea, they lived constantly together, either at Sir William's house in Piccadilly, or at Merton, or when making tours, or short excursions into the country. Early in March 1801, he invited them to visit him on board the St. George in Torbay; but Sir William said he was too much occupied in preparing for the sale of his pictures; and as there was a valuable portrait of Lady Hamilton among them, Lord Nelson desired Mr. Davison to buy it, "for," he says, "I could not bear the idea of Sir William's selling his wife's picture." About September 1801, he purchased a small house at Merton in Surrey; and it is very remarkable that he should say to Mr. Davison, in October 1803, that Lady Hamilton "bought" it, unless he meant (and with which the context seems to agree) that the place was selected for him by her taste.

Sir William Hamilton died on the 6th of April, 1803, at the age of seventy-two, and Lord Nelson immediately removed to lodgings at No. 19 Piccadilly. Finding that Lady Hamilton was not sufficiently provided for, he settled £1200 upon her; and though she had a house in Clarges-street, she made Merton her principal residence. These acts would seem to remove all probable doubt as to the character of their intimacy, were it not for the following considerations.

Sir Nicholas does not, we fear, make out a good case. The latter years of Lady Hamilton may serve for warning, if not for example:—

Very little remains to be said of Lady Hamilton's history after Lord Nelson's death. Her grief for the event, if not sincere, was loud and ostentatious; and it is due to her to give the annexed letter to Dr. Scott, dated on 7th of September, 1806, as it shows that her intimacy with Lord Nelson's sisters and with the other members of his family still subsisted, and because she speaks of the "innocency" of her intimacy with Nelson, of his "virtuous affection" for her, and of "the love he bore her husband:"—

"My dear friend,—I did not get your letter till the other day; for I have been with Mrs. Bolton to visit an old respectable aunt of my dear Nelson's. I shall be in town, that is, at Merton, the end of the week, and I hope you will come there on Saturday, and pass Sunday with me. I want much to see you; consult with you about my affairs. How hard it is, how cruel their treatment to me and Horatia. That angel's last wishes all neglected, not to speak of the fraud that was acted to keep back the Codicil; but enough! when we meet we will speak about it. God bless you for all your attentions and love you showed to our virtuous Nelson, and his dear remains; but it seems those that truly loved him are to be victims to hatred, jealousy, and spite. However, we have innocency on our sides, and we have, and had, what they that persecute us never had, that was his

unbounded love and esteem, his confidence and affection. I know well how he valued you, and what he would have done for you had he lived. You know the great and virtuous affection he had for me, the love he bore my husband; and, if I had any influence over him, I used it for the good of my country. Did I ever keep him at home? Did I not share in his glory? Even this last fatal victory, it was I bid him go forth. Did he not pat me on the back, call me brave Emma, and said, 'If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons.' Does he not in his last moments do me justice, and request at the moment of his glorious death, that the King and Nation will do me justice? And I have got all his letters, and near eight hundred of the Queen of Naples' letters to show what I did for my King and Country; and prettily I am rewarded. *Pshaw*—I am above them, I despise them—for, thank God, I feel that having lived with honour and glory, glory they cannot take from me. I despise them—my soul is above them, and I can yet make some of them tremble, by showing them how he despised them; for in his letters to me he thought aloud. Look at ——, courting the man he despised, and neglecting now those whose feet he used to lick. Dirty, vile groveller! But enough till we meet."

This letter was addressed to Dr. Scott, Nelson's chaplain; and until Nelson's death it is either very remarkable or very easily explained, that all his relations and his professional friends, Mr. Davison and Mr. Haslewood, were devoted to his "dear Lady Hamilton." That event produced great change. By his will he had left her and his adopted daughter handsomely provided for; but in a very short time, about 1807, we are informed by Sir Nicholas that,

Lady Hamilton's extravagance plunged her into such difficulties, that she was obliged to sell Merton, and, after residing for two years at Richmond, she removed to lodgings in Bond Street. There, however, she soon became so much involved as to be compelled to secrete herself from her creditors, with Mrs. Billington, at Fulham; and from thence she placed herself within the Rules of the King's Bench in Temple Place. She remained there about a year, and then went to Calais, where she died in great distress, of water on the chest, partly induced by intemperate habits, on the 6th of January 1814. During her embarrassments her effects, and particularly her papers, became scattered; and great part of the letters were purchased by Mr. Croker in 1817: but the Coat in which Lord Nelson fell, some pictures and other valuable articles were assigned to her principal creditor, the late Mr. Alderman Smith.

Miss Horatia Nelson lived with Lady Hamilton until her decease, and she bears this satisfactory testimony to Lady Hamilton's conduct towards her: "With all Lady Hamilton's faults—and she had *many*—she had many fine qualities, which, had she been placed early in better hands, and in different circumstances, would have made her a very superior woman. It is but justice on my part to say that through *all her* difficulties, she *invariably* till the last few months, expended on my education, &c., the whole of the interest of the sum left me by Lord Nelson, and which was left entirely at her control."

Nelson's adopted daughter, whom, whether she had any natural claim upon his affection or not, he believed his child, and to whom he was ardently and fondly attached, afterwards lived with different members of his family, and is long since respectably married. Nor will any one think the worse of her heart or understanding for doing the unhappy guardian of her childhood and youth all the justice in her power. To the last hour of his life, Nelson was the dupe of the *hocus-pocus*. There seems to have been another child, an infant "Emma;" but it conveniently died at nurse when only a few weeks old, and is lamented by Nelson without having been seen. Immediately before the battle of Trafalgar, he addressed a letter to Miss Horatia Thompson, as to his own and fondly-beloved child, solemnly leaving her an acknowledgment of their relationship, and consigning her to the guardianship of Lady Hamilton; and in the memorable codicil to his will, both are bequeathed to the nation. On the child he had settled £4000, and he gave, or meant to give, her nurse an annuity of twenty pounds a-year. Very shortly before his death we find Nelson writing in the usual strain:

"Your resemblance is so deeply engraved in my heart, that there it can never be effaced; and, who knows? some day, I may have the happiness of having a living picture of you!" he added, "Every thing you tell me about my dear Horatia charms me. I think I see her, hear her, and admire her; but, she is like her dear, dear mother." . . . . "I wish I could but be at dear *Merton*, to assist in making the alterations. I think I should have persuaded you to have kept the pike, and a clear stream; and to have put all the carp, tench, and fish who muddy the water, into the pond. But, as you like: I am content. Only take care, that my darling does not fall in, and get drowned."

On the 17th of September 1805, he says:—

"I entreat, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up; and we will look forward to many, many happy years, and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when he pleases, remove the impediment. My heart and soul is with you and Horatia."

"Victory, October 11th, 1805.

"Ah, my beloved Emma, how I envy Sutton going home; his going to Merton and seeing you and Horatia. I do really feel that the twenty-five days I was at Merton, was the very happiest of my life. Would to God they were to be passed over again! But that time will, I trust, soon come, and many, many more days added to them. . . . Kiss dear Horatia a thousand times for your faithful NELSON AND BRONTE."

The next time the child is mentioned is in that pathetic letter addressed to her on the 19th of October 1805, when the Combined Fleets were coming out of Port, and which should not be separated from the other evidence:—

"Victory, October 19th, 1805.

"My dearest Angel,—I was made happy by the pleasure of receiving your letter of September 19th, and I rejoice to hear that you are so very good a girl, and love my dear Lady Hamilton, who most dearly loves you. Give her a kiss for me. The Combined Fleets of the Enemy are now reported to be coming out of Cadiz; and therefore I answer your letter, my dearest Horatia, to mark to you that you are ever uppermost in my thoughts. I shall be sure of your prayers for my safety, conquest, and speedy return to dear Merton, and our dearest good Lady Hamilton. Be a good girl, mind what Miss Connor says to you. Receive, my dearest Horatia, the affectionate Paternal Blessing of your Father,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

In the memorable Codicil to his Will, written with his own hand a few hours before he fell, he thus mentioned her:—

"I also leave to the beneficence of my Country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only."

Sir Nicholas makes out quite satisfactorily that Miss Horatia Thompson was not the child of the sail-maker of the Elephant, as was imagined by Sir Thomas Hardy; and with us Lady Hamilton's "express and repeated declarations" go for very little. Having so long said that the child was Nelson's, how was she to unsay it? And an orphan child of Nelson's was something—a foundling, a mysterious or an adopted babe, nothing. The mystery is so very palpable that it

is hardly worth dispelling. Nelson, with the fond credulity of a kind and trusting heart, believed the story which Lady Hamilton told him; but how or where she obtained the infant is the only thing requiring explanation. It was placed at nurse, as we have seen, an infant about a week old, in the early part of 1801; and Nelson must have been made to believe that it was born in October 1800. We wished, at once, to dismiss this perplexing and discreditable story, that nothing might mar the satisfaction with which every patriotic mind must contemplate the final scenes of a life heroic in its progress, and triumphant in its close.

The escape of the French fleet, through the erroneous information of General Brereton, long rankled in Nelson's mind. He had been baffled, and had watched and followed, and still been unable to encounter the enemy he was confident of beating; while Sir Robert Calder had been more fortunate. In August 1805, he joined Admiral Cornwallis, off Ushant, and immediately returned to England in the Victory; and, on the 18th, was able to write to Spithead, to Mr. Davison.

"You will have felt, I am sure, for all my ill-luck, or rather d—n General Brereton. As I shall see you very soon, I will only say that I am as ever, my dear Davison."

He went immediately to Merton, where he had not long been when information that the combined fleets of France and Spain had put into Cadiz, made him post off to the Admiralty, when it was determined that he should resume the command of the Mediterranean fleet. While arrangements were making, in all haste, for his departure, the natural kindness of his disposition was displayed in applications to persons in power for his relatives and *protegés;* and for the comfortable maintenance of his blind sister-in-law, the widow of his brother, Maurice. He was ever kind-hearted, and he knew nothing of the stern justice of the puritans' self-denying ordinance. On the 13th of September he quitted Merton, Lady Hamilton, and Horatia, and, as it proved, for ever. This extract from his private diary unfolds his feelings:

"At half-past ten, drove from dear, dear, Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my King and Country. May the Great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my Country; and if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the Throne of his Mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that he will protect those so dear to me, that I may leave behind. His will be done: Amen, Amen, Amen."

Nelson was accompanied to Portsmouth by Mr. Canning and Mr. Rose. His reception from the people was enthusiastic.

"A crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face: many were in tears and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed:" touched with their enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "I had their huzzas before—I have their hearts now."

Another farewell was taken of Lady Hamilton.

"I sent, my own dearest Emma, a letter for you, last night, in a Torbay Boat, and gave the man a guinea to put it in the Post-Office. We have had a nasty blowing night, and it looks very dirty. I am now signalizing the Ships at Plymouth to join me; but I rather doubt their ability to get to sea. However, I have got clear of Portland, and have Cawsand Bay and Torbay under the lee. I entreat, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up; and we will look forward to many, many happy years, and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when he pleases, remove the impediment. My heart and soul is with you and Horatia." . . . . "God bless you, my own Emma! I am giving my letters to Blackwood, to put on board the first vessel he meets going to England or Ireland. Once more, heavens bless you! Ever, for ever, your

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

The officers of his squadron were as enthusiastic as the crowd at Portsmouth, and he proudly tells,

"I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the Commander of the Fleet, but also to every individual in it; and, when I came to explain to them the '*Nelson touch*,' it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears; all approved—'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!'; and, from Admirals downwards, it was repeated—'It must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them! You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence.' Some may be Judases; but the majority are certainly much pleased with my commanding them." . . . . . Writing to Mr. Davison, he said, "Day by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the Fleet to put to sea—every day, hour, and moment; and you may rely that if it is within the power of man to get at them, that it shall be done; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our laborious cruise. The event no man can say exactly; but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that, let the Battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and his will be done! I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave to those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it."

Though Lord Nelson, from temperament, was a man of fancies and presentiments, ever complaining of his feeble health, and anticipating early death, his "shattered frame," all that remained of it, was, by the testimony of his physician, after the hour of his death, found remarkably sound and healthy. His life had been regular and temperate. He took a great deal of exercise, rose very early, and lived for six or seven hours of the twenty-four in the open air.

Nelson had not joined the fleet and watched above a month when the hour came. On the 19th October, it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the Enemy's fleet had put to sea; and, having made the proper arrangements for the expected battle, and for his own anticipated death, he wrote his last two letters, one to the object of his infatuated passion, and another to his supposed child, which were found in his desk after his death, and brought to England. It must be with a mixture of tenderest pity and burning indignation that the first of these letters will be perused, when it is remembered that very few years had elapsed before the person to whom it was addressed sold it, with many other effusions of the same fond, credulous, warm, and confiding heart, to a London publisher. It had been less treacherous and base to have sold the remains of the writer to the surgeons for dissection. Nor can the Nelson family be cleared of all blame; for, worthless and heartless as Lady Hamilton was, she must, in all probability, have tried to make terms with them,

"her dear friends," correspondents, and intimates as long as Nelson lived,—before going to the booksellers. The letter runs thus:—

"My dearest beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom. The signal has been made that the Enemy's Combined Fleet are coming out of Port. We have very little wind, so that I have no hopes of seeing them before to-morrow. May the God of Battles crown my endeavours with success; at all events, I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life. And as my last writing before the Battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the Battle. May Heaven bless you prays your

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

We must give Lady Hamilton the benefit of Sir Nicholas's pleading in her behalf; and truly it does not amount to much. He remarks,—"The intimacy between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton was perfectly well known to, and entirely approved of by, her husband, who was a man of considerable talent and high character, and very unlikely to connive at his own dishonour. The friendship between Lord Nelson and Sir William Hamilton was as strong as that between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. He was constantly mentioned in their letters, and always with respect and kindness. In a letter from Lady Hamilton to Mrs. Nelson, Dr. Nelson's wife, after speaking in the most exaggerated terms of her grief for Nelson's departure, she says,—'God only knows what it is to part with such a friend, such a one! We were truly called the *Tria juncta in uno*,—for Sir William, he, and I, have but one heart in three bodies.'" Sir Nicholas draws other inferences favourable to Lady Hamilton, from Nelson's relations, brothers, sisters-in-law, and nieces, corresponding with her, and visiting and residing in her house, and from Nelson describing her as "a virtuous and religious character," holding her up as an example to his family, intending to make her his wife, and so forth. But it is idle to go farther with what only establishes the fact, that Nelson's Editor does not perfectly comprehend Nelson's character.

On the 20th October, 1805, the signal for bearing down upon the enemy had been made. Nelson and the British fleet were in full sail. He had ascended, in full uniform, and wearing all his orders, to the poop, to have a view of the two lines formed by the British fleet, and

While there, gave particular directions for taking down from his cabin the different fixtures, and for being very careful in removing the portrait of Lady Hamilton. "Take care of my guardian angel," said he, addressing himself to the persons to be employed in this business. Immediately after this, he quitted the poop, and retired to his cabin for a few minutes.

Here he wrote the memorable prayer, which is more in accordance with the spirit of the Hebrew warriors and conquerors, than with the gospel of Jesus Christ; and added the codicil to his will, which has been mentioned above.

It would be idle to detail the complicated events of the last and greatest of England's naval victories. It is enough to state, that the editor has amply fulfilled his duty by selecting, from an endless variety of sources, the details of the battle and of Nelson's dying hours. He has given, in full, Dr. Beatty's most interesting narrative; the letters of the admirals and captains of the fleet, the logs of the several ships, and the different accounts of the battle written by subsequent naval historians; with the official accounts and newspaper statements, published in France and Spain. It is not surprising that, in the bustle and excitement of the day of Trafalgar, the narratives of eye-witnesses the most trustworthy should vary, or even contradict each other in important particulars. Among the most interesting of the private letters is that of Captain Blackwood, to whom Nelson had been a warm friend, addressed to his wife on the second day after the battle. It is, however, from Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Beatty's narrative that we now glean our account of the bitter "fruits of a victory." It was from the enemy's ship the Redoubtable that Lord Nelson received his death wound.

About fifteen minutes past one o'clock, which was in the heat of the engagement, he was walking the middle of the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy, and in the act of turning near the hatchway with his face towards the stern of the Victory, when the fatal ball was fired from the Enemy's mizen-top; which, from the situation of the two ships (lying on board of each other), was brought just abaft, and rather below, the Victory's main-yard, and of course not more than fifteen yards distant from that part of the deck where his Lordship stood. The ball struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck. Captain Hardy, who was on his right (the side farthest from the Enemy) and advanced some steps before his Lordship, on turning round, saw the Serjeant-Major (Secker) of Marines with two seamen raising him from the deck; where he had fallen on the same spot on which, a little before, his Secretary had breathed his last, with whose blood his Lordship's clothes were much soiled. Captain Hardy expressed a hope that he was not severely wounded; to which the gallant Chief replied: "They have done for me at last, Hardy."—"I hope not," answered Captain Hardy. "Yes," replied his Lordship, "my backbone is shot through."

Captain Hardy ordered the Seamen to carry the Admiral to the cockpit. . . . .

Several wounded Officers, and about forty men, were likewise carried to the Surgeon for assistance just at this time; and some others had breathed their last during their conveyance below. Among the latter were Lieutenant William Andrew Ram, and Mr. Whipple, Captain's Clerk. The surgeon had just examined these two officers, and found that they were dead, when his attention was arrested by several of the wounded calling to him, "Mr. Beatty, Lord Nelson is here: Mr. Beatty, the Admiral is wounded." The surgeon now, on looking round, saw the handkerchief fall from his Lordship's face; when the stars on his coat, which also had been covered by it, appeared. Mr. Burke, the Purser, and the Surgeon, ran immediately to the assistance of his Lordship, and took him from the arms of the Seamen who had carried him below. In conveying him to one of the Midshipmen's berths, they stumbled, but recovered themselves without falling. Lord Nelson then inquired who were supporting him; and when the Surgeon informed him, his Lordship replied, "Ah, Mr. Beatty! you can do nothing for me. I have but a short time to live: my back is shot through." The Surgeon said, "he hoped the wound was not so dangerous as his Lordship imagined, and that he might still survive long to enjoy his glorious victory." The Rev. Dr. Scott, who had been absent in another part of the cockpit administering lemonade to the wounded, now came instantly to his Lordship; and in his anguish of grief wrung his hands, and said: "Alas, Beatty, how prophetic you were!" alluding to the apprehensions expressed by the Surgeon for his Lordship's safety previous to the battle.

His Lordship was laid upon a bed, stripped of his clothes, and covered with a sheet. While this was effecting, he said to Dr. Scott, "Doctor, I told you so. Doctor, I am gone;" and after a short pause he added in a low voice, "I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." The Surgeon then examined the wound, assuring his Lordship that he would not put him to much pain in endeavouring to discover the course of the ball; which he soon found had penetrated deep into the chest, and had probably lodged in the spine. This being explained to his Lordship, he replied, "he was confident his back was shot through." The back was then examined externally, but without any injury being perceived; on which his Lordship was requested by the Surgeon to make him acquainted with all his sensations. He replied, that "he felt a gush of blood every minute within his breast: that he had no feeling in the lower part of his body: and that his breathing was difficult, and attended with very severe pain about that part of the spine where he was confident that the ball had struck; for," said he, "I felt it break my back." These symptoms, but more particularly the gush of blood which his Lordship complained of, together with the state of his pulse, indicated to the Surgeon the hopeless situation of the case; but till after the victory was ascertained and announced to his Lordship, the true nature of his wound was concealed by the Surgeon from all on board except only Captain Hardy, Doctor Scott, Mr. Burke, and Messrs. Smith and Westemburg, the Assistant Surgeons.

"The Victory's crew cheered whenever they observed an Enemy's Ship surrender. On one of these occasions, Lord Nelson anxiously inquired what was the cause of it; when Lieutenant Pasco, who lay wounded at some distance from his Lordship, raised himself up, and told him that another ship had struck; which appeared to give him much satisfaction. He now felt an ardent thirst; and frequently called for drink, and to be fanned with paper, making use of these words: 'Fan, fan,' and 'drink, drink.' This he continued to repeat, when he wished for drink or the refreshment of cool air, till a very few minutes before he expired. Lemonade, and wine and water, were given to him occasionally. He evinced great solicitude for the event of the battle, and fears for the safety of his friend, Captain Hardy. . . . . .

"An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time of his Lordship's being wounded, before Captain Hardy's first subsequent interview with him; the particulars of which are nearly as follow. They shook hands affectionately, and Lord Nelson said: 'Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?'—'Very well, my Lord,' replied Captain Hardy: 'we have got twelve or fourteen of the Enemy's Ships in our possession; but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh Ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.'—'I hope,' said his Lordship, 'none of *our* Ships have struck, Hardy.'—'No, my Lord,' replied Captain Hardy; 'there is no fear of that.' Lord Nelson then said: 'I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Mr. Burke was about to withdraw at the commencement of this conversation; but his Lordship, perceiving his intention, desired he would remain. Captain Hardy observed, that 'he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life.'—'Oh! no,' answered his Lordship; 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Captain Hardy then returned on deck, and at parting shook hands again with his revered friend and commander.

"His Lordship now requested the Surgeon, who had been previously absent a short time attending Mr. Rivers, to return to the wounded, and give his assistance to such of them as he could be useful to; for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' The Surgeon assured him that the Assistant Surgeons were doing every thing that could be effected for those unfortunate men; but on his Lordship's several times repeating his injunctions to that purpose, he left him, surrounded by Doctor Scott, Mr. Burke, and two of his Lordship's domestics."

Clarke and M'Arthur state, in addition to these particulars of Lord Nelson's death, that "A wounded seaman was lying near him on a pallet waiting for amputation, and, in the bustle that prevailed, was hurt by some person passing by: Nelson, weak as he was, indignantly turned his head, and, with his usual authority, reprimanded the man for not having more humanity." And James says, that "when the Victory opened her larboard guns on Dumanoir's Squadron, the concussion of the firing so affected Lord Nelson, that apostrophizing his Ship he called out, 'Oh! Victory, Victory, how you distract my poor brain!' Then adding, after a short pause, 'How dear is life to all men!'"

Shortly afterward, he said to the surgeon, "*you know* I am gone."

"Drink was recommended liberally, and Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke fanned him with paper. He often exclaimed, 'God be praised, I have done my duty;' and upon the Surgeon's inquiring whether his pain was still very great, he declared, 'it continued so very severe, that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer, too;' and after a pause of a few minutes, he added in the same tone, 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' . . . . Captain Hardy now came to the cockpit to see his Lordship a second time, which was after an interval of about fifty minutes from the conclusion of his first visit. Before he quitted the deck, he sent Lieutenant Hills to acquaint Admiral Collingwood with the lamentable circumstance of Lord Nelson's being wounded.—Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy shook hands again: and while the Captain retained his Lordship's hand, he congratulated him, even in the arms of death, on his brilliant victory; 'which,' said he, 'was complete; though he did not know how many of the Enemy were captured, as it was impossible to perceive every Ship distinctly. He was certain however of fourteen or fifteen having surrendered.' His Lordship answered, 'That is well, but I bargained for twenty;' and then emphatically exclaimed, '*Anchor*, Hardy, *anchor!*' To this the Captain replied: 'I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs.'—'Not while I live, I hope, Hardy!' cried the dying Chief; and at that moment endeavoured ineffectually to raise himself from the bed. 'No,' added he; 'do *you* anchor, Hardy.' Captain Hardy then said: 'Shall we make the signal, Sir?'—'Yes,' answered his Lordship, 'for if I live, I'll anchor.' The energetic manner in which he uttered these his last orders to Captain Hardy, accompanied with his efforts to raise himself, evinced his determination never to resign the Command while he retained the exercise of his transcendent faculties, and that he expected Captain Hardy still to carry into effect the suggestions of his exalted mind; a sense of his duty overcoming the pains of death. He then told Captain Hardy, 'he felt that in a few minutes he should be no more;' adding in a low tone, 'Don't throw me overboard, Hardy.' The Captain answered: 'Oh! no, certainly not.'—'Then,' replied his Lordship, 'you know what to do: and,' continued he, 'take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. . . . . .

"Lord Nelson desired his Steward to turn him upon his right side; which being effected, his Lordship said: 'I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone.' He afterwards became very low; his breathing was oppressed, and his voice faint. He said to Doctor Scott, 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;' and after a short pause, '*Remember*, that I leave Lady Hamilton and my Daughter Horatia as a legacy to my Country: and,' added he, 'never forget Horatia.' His thirst now increased; and he called for 'drink, drink,' 'fan, fan,' and 'rub, rub,' addressing himself in the last case to Doctor Scott, who had been rubbing his Lordship's breast with his hand, from which he found some relief. . . . .

"His Lordship became speechless in about fifteen minutes after Captain Hardy left him. Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke, who had all along sustained the bed under his shoulders (which raised him in nearly a semi-recumbent posture, the only one that was supportable to him), forbore to disturb him by speaking to him; and when he had remained speechless about five minutes, his Lordship's Steward went to the Surgeon, who had been a short time occupied with the wounded in another part of the cockpit, and stated his apprehensions that his Lordship was dying. The Surgeon immediately repaired to him, and found him on the verge of dissolution. He knelt down by his side, and took up his hand; which was cold, and the pulse gone from the wrist. On the Surgeon's feeling his forehead, which was likewise cold, his Lordship opened his eyes, looked up, and shut them again. The Surgeon again left him, and returned to the wounded who required his assistance; but was not absent five minutes before the Steward announced to him that 'he believed his Lordship had expired.' The Surgeon returned, and found that the report was but too well founded: his Lordship had breathed his last, at thirty minutes past four o'clock; at which period Doctor Scott was in the act of rubbing his Lordship's breast, and Mr. Burke supporting the bed under his shoulders."

England had lost the greatest of her naval commanders, and the only one of the number in whom were united the bold, chivalrous spirit of the northern sea-king, with the consummate skill of the modern tactician.

The work concludes with copious Addenda, consisting of original letters of Nelson, received from many quarters during its progress through the press; so that, in all, about three thousand five hundred of the letters of Nelson, which, with the exception of comparatively a few, had not before seen the light, have been given to the public. Sir Nicholas congratulates himself on his plan of making Nelson himself tell his own history in his daily correspondence; and asks "if this does not redound more to the honour of Nelson's heart, and show the beautiful simplicity and integrity of his private character, in a far higher degree than all the eulogies ever composed on his merits; reflecting lustre even upon his matchless virtues." Whatever the true response may strictly be, it may safely be affirmed that few characters, very few human hearts so nakedly exposed, would, we fear, better endure rigid scrutiny. Even for what must be reckoned the worst of Nelson's errors, the most pitiable of his weaknesses, the apology beautifully urged by Fox for Charles II.,—who, in his dying hours, redeemed some of his worst vices by the tender anxiety which he showed for the welfare of his profligate mistress,—may be pleaded for Nelson.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Oughterard, Sept. 3, 1846.

The ancient western gate of Galway, with its quailing superscription, "God preserve us from the ferocious O'Flahertie!" has been long razed to the ground. Not even a "counterfeit presentment" of it has been retained, as at Somnauth, to inspire modern heroism with a love of spoils. Its place knows it no more, and, along with its ruins, the terror of that once formidable house has passed away. It is no longer death, without benefit of clergy, for an O'Flaherty to pass the night, even in times of peace, within the walls of the old city. Not many of them, indeed, are to be caught napping any where in these degenerate days, for they have sadly declined in number; and we know of only one outbreak, in the present century, of that warlike spirit which made them such a bugbear to the Spanish usurpers of their metropolis.

Some nine years ago, the *Battle of the Bog* was fought with clods and loud vernacular swearing, by the O'Flaherties and the Martins, near Oughterard. A patch of peat moss, no bigger than a cabbage garden, was the subject of contention. The Martins were the invaders; the O'Flaherties only defended their firesides; and the final issue was, that, after the lawyers had shared amongst themselves more than the value of twenty times the property in dispute, the going judge of assize took possession of the two commanders-in-chief, and laid them by the heels in Galway gaol, as hostages for their own future good behaviour.

That "little war" was the last visible spark of the now happily unwonted fires of the O'Flaherties. They are a civilized race, and their chieftains men of respectable and orderly habits of life, who attend to the cultivation of their estates and the comforts of their tenantry, whereof very pleasing indications appear on each side of the road, as we pass into Iar-Connaught. Instead of drilling their dependants for the wars, we see them laudably occupied in drilling Swedish turnips for the stalls; and a very neat and well-kept National School-house, erected by the road-side, near the residence of one of them, and maintained principally at his cost, declares what sort of shooting they are now disposed to encourage in the young idea of Young Ireland.

The road, for some miles, passes over a succession of small, but steep hills, which travellers have in vain exclaimed against as both inconvenient and dangerous. It was a way good enough for our forefathers, whose old-fashioned, lumbering equipages were dragged over these steeps for many generations; what right, then, had the light carriages and nimble cattle of this day to complain? Thus, small hope had we of ever seeing a smoother passage to the confines of Conemara. But that which a regard for public convenience and improvement could not obtain, the distresses of the country are effecting. Hunger is proverbially a *leveller*; and to the necessity of providing for the wants of our peasantry, deprived of their customary food through the failure of last year's potato crop, are we indebted for the levelling of these hills. Numbers are still employed in cutting through the hard granite of which they are composed; and the traveller yet unborn will have as much reason to rejoice in the calamity which now

presses so heavily upon his ancestors, as modern Cockneys have to look back with complacency upon the great fire of London. More has been done towards improving the leading thoroughfares of Ireland, within the last six months, than for any ten years within the memory of man; and as the present miserable state of our staple crop renders it imperiously necessary to find employment for the whole population during the ensuing year, memorials of this affliction will doubtless be transmitted to posterity in various additional works of lasting utility.

An outcry has been raised amongst the gentry of the south against throwing away money upon what they are pleased to call useless roads, and in cutting down hills over which they and their tenants have been accustomed to scramble from the days of their childhood. But although some few of those new roads might be dispensed with, in the present limited traffic of the country, and it were perhaps imprudent, in ordinary circumstances, to expend large sums of money in smoothing the inequalities of our established highways, it surely is not an useless outlay which, together with supplying food to a destitute people, speeds the internal intercourse of the country, and makes its most backward districts accessible to civilisation.

In the transition which we appear destined to undergo from one kind of food to another, great suffering, perhaps mighty convulsions, must be endured. But whoever lives to see the great fact accomplished, and the nation raised to a higher degree in the scale of human existence, will not regret the means that are now employed to render the change supportable to those who must pass through all its painful and trying stages. The relief which the legislature has provided for this fearful crisis, should be applied as exclusively as it may be found practicable to apply it, to works of permanent and general usefulness. And what public benefit can be more permanent, what more useful or civilizing to all classes and conditions, than that which opens up the country from one end to the other, and makes a ready communication for every one with the church, the school, the post-office, the police court, the shop, the market, and the sea.

In the admirable report of the late Mr. Drummond on railways in Ireland, the most striking effects are described as having resulted from "the opening of roads through districts which had been previously shut up from intercourse with other parts of the country. The traffic which immediately ensued, in almost every instance, surpassed the most favourable calculations that had been formed of it. Frequently roads, first made with gravel, which were expected to last for years, were so worn before the expiration of the second year, that it became necessary to apply substantial coverings of broken stone; and even small portions of those roads were scarcely out of the engineer's hands, before they were covered with the carts of the farmers, eager to take advantage of the improvement." Scarcely, indeed, can any road in a very populous country be with propriety called useless, if it establishes a communication between places which had not been connected by a direct road before. Trifling as the actual relations subsisting between them may be, and little as they may be deemed to depend on each other, the means to communicate will produce intercourse and the mutual benefits which invariably attend upon it. This remark is peculiarly applicable to the remote and, up to a recent date, impervious district whither our present researches tend.

The great Lake Corrib, "spreading like a sea," seems to have attracted the denizens of Galway to this side of the town, in preference to all others; for here they have built and planted their villas and suburban retreats, not quite as close together, indeed, as "detached cottages" stand in the neighbourhood of Highgate; for your Galway men of business and their spouses are in general no lovers of retirement. Their favourite rural enjoyment consists for the most part in a turn upon the sea road, which skirts the bay, and extends beyond it some miles along the coast. Such, however, as affect the cool and silent shade of a *rus in urbe*, find it mostly alongside of the highway to Conemara. All the other thoroughfares are bare and treeless; the loose and ragged stone fences of the potato gardens, coming up to the rows of unsightly hovels which introduce a stranger, from whatever quarter he may approach, into the ancient pride and stronghold of the *twelve tribes*.

It is not easy for the traveller to catch a glimpse of the lake, although it lies for a great part of the way within a mile of him. But the walls, with which the proprietors of the several parks, and halls, and castles, have screened themselves from the intrusive gaze of the multitude, are too high for mortals who do not overtop the regulation height, to see across them; and as the eye is daunted at every turn of the road with a frowning board which, in various styles of orthography, warns the whole world to beware of trespassing, unless they should desire to feel the displeasure of "the law," he must be a very ardent lover of the picturesque, who would think of climbing over one of those rugged fences to take a furtive peep.

Some of these minatory inscriptions are ludicrously verbose; others concise and pithy almost to an epigram. One gentleman, who must be an orator in his way, requires "All whom it may concern to take notice, that any person found crossing the fences, or trespassing in any manner within these premises, shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." Happily, I believe, the "utmost rigour of the law," in these degenerate days, cannot be pushed in a matter of simple trespass beyond a fine of sixpence. "God be with the time," said a magisterial remnant of ancestral wisdom the other day, in allusion to the milder spirit of the law on this point, "God be with the time, when we could send a rascal to gaol for three months, if he only plucked a switch out of your hedge! But now no man's property is his own." He did not say, however, that

hedges were more inviolate in that golden era than they are at present, when the poor man's liberty is no longer the rich man's property.

Another rubric, avoiding the prolixity of the former, says briefly—"Trespassers will be prosecuted." One of our party in his haste read "persecuted," which he contended meant the same thing. The matter, after some pleasant logic, was referred to Crabbe.

Farther on, as we approach the sporting grounds, the canine reader is fairly admonished that he will be shot, should he transgress his neighbour's landmark. "Dogs will be shot," was the laconic *bulletin* which formerly conveyed this serious order of the day; but the family painter has lately presented it in a form more drawn out and qualified, viz., "Dogs found trespassing will be shot."*

Directly over the gate of entrance into that particular demesne, which dogs of all kinds, (if they are wise) will avoid, we read this inscription—"Trespassers, beware!" There it stares you in the face, as you turn your horse's head towards the neatly gravelled avenue, like the grim Lion over the portal at Northumberland House: "Trespassers, beware!"

Stranger, you have unquestionably met more inviting signs of welcome, in the course of your Irish rambles. Over the hall door of Eyre Court Castle for instance, in this same county, the visiter may read as he enters—"Welcome to the House of Liberty;" and other old mansions, in various parts of the land, hang out similar friendly greetings. But "Trespassers, beware!" is unique in its way. It beats the famous legend on the Gates of Bandon,

"Turk, Jew, or Atheist
May enter here; but not a Papist."

Reading it with the context, which blinks at you out of the shrubbery a few yards off, can you fail to remember Sydney Smith's profane "iteration," when Landseer invited him to sit for his picture. "Is thy servant *a dog*, that you should do this thing?"

Happily however in this case, "*fronti nulla fides.*" The inscription is more Hibernian than you might at the first blush imagine, being any thing but an indication of the owner's mind. It appears to have been stuck up there, as a convenient place, without suspecting the construction which a timid gentleman, in search of a dinner, might give it. It is very well known indeed "by all the country round," that the proprietor of this estate, who is resident at home, keeps up his good old Irish house in a good old Irish way; and the stranger, who beats up his quarters, soon learns by the cordiality of his reception, to regard himself in a very different light from that of a trespasser.

There are, besides, indications more satisfactory to the passing traveller than any report of personal hospitality, which show that Mr. Martin—for why should he not be named?—is an Irishman "of the sort much wanted" in all parts of his country, and most of all in Connaught. His tenants are well housed and clad. Their notions of comfort betoken that they are not unacquainted with the thing itself. For example, a peasant's family preparing to sit down to dinner round a table covered with a cloth of white diaper, is a rare sight any where, but here quite "pro-di-gi-ous." Yet I saw it; and felt, that so cheering an ensign could scarcely be exhibited, had there not been something more substantial than blighted potatoes in the chimney corner. Their farms, too, appear to be fenced and cultivated with care—a sure proof that they are not rack-rented; and their children, instead of loitering by the wayside, and exchanging habits of vice and sloth with those of their neighbours in the next *bawn*, are trained in useful knowledge, at a school maintained by the landlord and directed by members of his family. It was easy then to give credence to the representations of a candid rustic, that "if the ould masther is hard upon the dogs at-self, he is very good to the Christians;" a character of which, by the bye, the exact opposite is too often met in this world,—dogs pampered and cherished, where all claims of Christian fellowship and kindness are slighted off.

The benefits derived by the peasantry from the residence of the head landlord are strikingly exemplified, on this and some other small properties, about the same neighbourhood. The merits, the capabilities, the faults, the necessities, and the wrongs of every family come under the constant observation of him who, if he be a sensible man, must find it his own interest as well as his duty to reward, assist, control, relieve, or redress, as occasion may severally require. But upon an estate of moderate extent, such offices are more easily performed, and with a greater disposition perhaps to perform them well. It is accordingly found, that where the lands are divided among a number of proprietors, being resident, a much higher degree of civilization prevails, and the lower classes are generally in a better condition, than upon the wide domains of the greatest and best of our resident nobles.

In speaking of the greatest and the best, I cannot better illustrate the subject than by a special reference to the Duke of Leinster. There cannot be a more considerate, a more just, or a more benevolent landlord. His estates cover the greater part of the county of Kildare; and whosoever is old enough to remember the condition his lands were in towards the close of the war, when they first came under his immediate controul, the barren pastures, the worn-out fallows, the crumbling habitations, the air of arid desolation that pervaded thousands and thousands of acres, can scarcely survey without amazement the improved aspect of every farm and farm-house, from one end to the other of his vast property.

* We can match this Irish placard with a Scottish one. In our boyish days, there were large boards exhibited in several parts of the Marquis of Lothian's property at Newbattle, near Edinburgh, containing the following terrific warning:—"All persons found trespassing within these Enclosures will be shot *and* prosecuted.—N.B. Take care of your dogs." A friend has supplied us with an English placard, which may even now, we believe, be seen at Windsor:—"Gentlemen are *requested*, and servants are *ordered*, not to walk on the grass." All three are curious specimens of aristocratic warnings to trespassers. But our native placard beats the English and Irish ones hollow.—*E. T. M.*

All this is the result of kind and judicious treatment, persevered in under circumstances of great difficulty and discouragement. The Duke has succeeded in emerging from the embarrassed condition in which he received the inheritance of his fathers, and in raising his tenants to a state of comfort and independence. The progress is still going on amongst them; yet, with all their superiority of position, theirs being the next county to Dublin, it is far, far behind that of Carlow, which has the advantages of being smaller in extent, and of being partitioned amongst a greater number of resident and unencumbered proprietors, than any other county in Ireland. With two or three exceptions, there is scarcely a gentleman in Carlow possessed of four thousand a-year; but a right independent gentry they are; and their tenants, as a body, might speak unbonneted to any class of yeomanry in the kingdom.

A small "gentility" then for Ireland; small, *but not poor;* for of this latter sort there is no lack, men owing more than they are worth, and living as lodgers in houses which they call their own. In all parts of the country, but most of all in the west, we have an abundance of resident gentry, whose connexion with the land is its greatest misfortune. They seem to be the owners; but are precluded from exercising any act or privilege of ownership such as might be honourable to themselves or beneficial to the community. Their rents are mortgaged or absorbed by annuities and insurances, and the entire control of their estates is placed by their creditors in the hands of "agents," who neither represent the master of the property, nor care for the tenants, but stand in the relation of tax-gatherers, their sole duty and business being to collect rents and pay them over to the money-lenders.

Lands thus encumbered may have the name of a resident proprietary, but they are subject to the worst evils of absenteeism. The nominal landlord may indeed live in the house of his ancestors, and struggle to maintain a family in mimic splendour, upon the allowance doled out to him. But he has no more power to serve and assist the occupiers of the soil, or to guard them from oppression, than the poorest and most distant relation of his house. He cannot abate a farthing of the rent in a season of scarcity, nor give time for the payment of it. Nay, his hands are tied, so that he cannot direct the smallest portion of the proceeds of the estate to be applied to the relief of those who may, as at this time, be actually famishing.

The real landlord is the mortgagee or the annuitant, living perhaps in London or abroad, and who feels as little obligation to return any thing to the land that nourishes him, as the holder of Spanish bonds does to remit a part of his yearly interest for the benefit of the peasantry at the foot of the Pyrenees. These are the most baneful class of absentees with which Ireland is afflicted; and they are now the greatest obstacle to measures which ought to be taken without delay, and which are absolutely necessary to save our population from misery, and to secure the future payment of those rents on which they, as much as their debtors, depend.

The "rights of property" in Ireland have not been in greater jeopardy than they seem to be at this moment, since the great Cromwell confiscation. Is it necessary then to assure the mortgagee, who plumes himself on his five per cent, (hitherto remarkably well paid,) that he has an interest in sustaining the landlord at so critical a juncture, in the performance of its "duties?" Let him foreclose at once, if he will, and become the proprietor himself; or else let him instruct his receivers to relax their hold and suffer the people to live. For, of this he may rest satisfied, that they are not just in a humour to see all the corn and the cattle taken out of the country, and starve.

It seems only reasonable that the burden should be borne by the land, and that no contracts or family settlements should bar as prompt a recourse to it as this crying emergency demands. An act of the last session gives some facilities towards making the land tributary. Public works, to be defrayed by county assessments, are authorized to be undertaken for the employment of the very destitute. But both the extent and the measure of relief from this source must fall far short indeed of the necessity of the case. The destitution is universal. Before two months elapse, tens of thousands in every barony will be without their customary food. And what public works could supply such multitudes for the length of time that it will be absolutely necessary to sustain them? Sustained they must be. This is inevitable; unless the country is to be abandoned to universal rapine.

A "Treasury minute," lately issued upon the subject, restricts the relief to be derived under the recent act of parliament, to a *minimum* of wages; and that is only to be granted to a *maximum* of distress. Lists are to be prepared, in which "persons requiring relief" are to be ranged in an "order of priority," regulated according to the number in family, or other peculiar circumstances, of each several applicant. These lists must be submitted to the Board of Works, whose officers will select out of them the names of persons who are to receive employment "for certain limited periods;" and, *in every case*, the wages given "to persons so employed shall be *at least twopence a-day less* than the average rate of wages in the district."

This means, in plain terms, that *sixpence* is the largest amount that can be given, in any case, for a day's work west of the Shannon; and a good deal of interest must be used and much preliminary inquiry made before a poor wretch, with a large family looking up to him for food, can expect to obtain employment even at that rate; whilst numbers who, though starving, yet stand not in the foremost rank of destitution, must be left to shift for themselves.

It follows, therefore, if that Treasury minute is to be acted upon, that extensive aid must come from other than public sources; and from whom can it, or ought it to come, unless from the receivers of rent? It matters not in what name they receive it: whether as landlords, as middlemen, as mortgagees, as rent-chargers, as annui-

tants, or as simple judgment creditors; every person who derives an income from the land, is bound to see that the Irish peasant be supported through this impending calamity. A proper sense of justice or of charity would make this plain enough; a sense of personal interest should proclaim it, "trumpet-tongued," to the most obdurate and unfeeling.*

Oughterard, from which this letter is dated, is prettily situated upon a clear and shallow stream, which comes tumbling amongst a pile of granite rocks, over a fall of some twenty feet at the head of the village, and pursues its irregular course, now spreading out at large, and now confined within a narrow channel by an over-arching ledge of black limestone, until it finally discharges itself, close by the ruins of the fine old castle of Aghnenure, into Lough Corrib.

Those ruins are worthy of a visit, having been once, as the historian O'Halloran testifies, "the regal residence of the O'Flaherties, kings of Gar-Connaught, the extensive remains of which at this day proclaim its ancient state and magnificence." A convenient chamber is pointed out, under the floor of which the river makes its noiseless way towards the lake. By this passage, as tradition relates, the hospitable chieftains of this illustrious house were used to dismiss such guests as, for private reasons of their own, they did not deem it prudent to show out by the hall door.

The name of the village will remind the Scottish reader of Auchterarder, the theme of the most remarkable and important religious dispute of modern times. But, for the redundant syllable on your side, they would sound the same in the mouths of the Celtic natives of the two countries; but whether they agree as well in signification, it is for a better informed linguist to determine. In the Irish tongue, Oughterard is said to mean *the Cream of the Hills;* a poetical designation, to which its position, in a fertile plain surmounted by sunny heights, which boast, however, of no very extraordinary degree of cultivation, may be supposed to have entitled it.

The Roman Catholic chapel stands near the river; and close behind it, on that marble shelf through which the water has cut out its own way under a luxuriant canopy of ivy, and yew, and oaks, the natural growth of the soil, the priest has erected a very handsome cottage for himself and his successors. They plant themselves well, these ecclesiastics;

Vivo ponunt sedilia saxo.

This priest is a person of considerable note; being no other than Doctor Kirwan, whom Sir Robert Peel has selected to be the Principal of the Queen's College in Galway. He is an accomplished gentleman and a scholar, esteemed by persons of all creeds and classes; but since he accepted an appointment in what Sir Robert Inglis calls a "godless college," and what Archbishop MacHale anathematizes as the undoubted cause of the potato disease, some unco zealous folk have begun to discover that he is not the man they took him for.

"He is an incomparable preacher, no doubt," says one, "but he sings. Who ever heard of a priest that could sing?"

"He is an able controversialist," says another, "but look at the cut of his coat. Nobody but Stultz can fit him; and just mark the courtly air of his salutation. Nature intended him for a Gentleman Usher."

Well, but, good people, he has the love of his flock, who extol him, not only for the grace and urbanity of his manner, but for the warm and generous affections of his heart.

"Oh, to be sure. He has all that," says a third, "he has a hand open as day to melting charity. But he keeps in that beautiful sequestered cottage of his—now, what do you think he keeps there?"

"Nay, that you must inform me."

"*A pianoforte!*"

"What! a pianoforte? a cottage one I presume?"

"No, a grand, as I am an articulate sinner."

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* Since this was written, the Government plan of Relief has been so modified, that an able-bodied labourer, employed in public works, may earn a good day's wages, if he be disposed to give a good day's work; for work is to be done by contract, in every case where it is practicable, and the rates of remuneration allow of a good workman earning from a shilling to eighteenpence a-day.

It is, however, becoming daily more and more apparent, that public aid alone will not be sufficient to meet the exigencies of the crisis. Yet "the landed gentry," as Mr. "*Patrician*" Burke calls them, (*stranded* gentry would be more *pat* to some of the "order,") sensible as they must be that the weight of the responsibility rests upon them, and even vaunting their readiness to bear it, seem disposed rather to find fault and wrangle with others, than to lay their shoulders to the wheel as they ought. "Give us," they said at first to the Government,—"Give us 'reproductive works,' works which will hereafter benefit ourselves, and we will cheerfully endure the whole of the burden." Their demand was complied with. The Lord Lieutenant strained the Act of Parliament to meet what seemed a reasonable request; but now they demur again. "Exempt *us* specially," they say, "from any share of the expense of those public works which must be provided for, over and above our private drainings and improvements, or you will lay a double imposition on the landlord who is willing to *do his duty.*"

This logic, plausible as it may sound, is in fact a backing out of their first offer. They insist on terms which they know cannot be granted. And mark the modesty of the request. It is, that an individual shall walk off free from contributing to a common tax for the relief of distress in the district where his property lies, on the plea that he is giving employment to a number of persons in works intended for his own advantage, and of which works he will reap the advantage long before the money advanced to carry them out shall have been repaid by him into the public treasury. To be sure he may sulk, and by refusing to undertake improvements on his own property, add something to the burdens of his neighbours, and increase the difficulty of providing suitable or convenient employment for the people. But to yield to such a demand, for the sake of coaxing gentlemen to assist in lightening the dangers and sufferings of this awful time, at the least possible expense to themselves, would be a shameful concession. In many cases the effect would be to exempt parties from a most just liability, at whose doors thousands of "houseless heads and unfed sides" might now claim food and shelter almost of divine right. For it would be a premium to such as had already depopulated their estates and driven the inhabitants out to prey upon the lands of their neighbours. Such men will doubtless open their hearts now very liberally to the drainage of their pasture lands, provided the adjoining district shall be taxed exclusively to feed the wretches whom their cruelty reduced to helpless indigence.

"And plays upon it now and then; *n'est ce pas?*"
"Not a doubt of it."

Such objections have been gravely urged in gossiping circles against the qualifications of the President of Queen's College. He dresses well and is musical. If worse could be said of him, doubtless it would out: but since they can lay nothing else to his charge, long may he give them cause to ring the changes upon these!

Among the attractions of this place, is a chalybeate spring, which was at one time much resorted to by invalids from Galway; but the days of spa-water-drinking are gone. The woman who has the care of the well could only reckon two regular customers this season. It used to be "as good as a milch cow" to her: but now it scarcely pays for the jugs and glasses she must keep for her visiters. It is covered by a thatched shed, and secured from pollution by a door, of which she keeps the key. The water was clear and pure; for which this naiad thought it necessary to offer a sort of an apology, alleging that one of her patients being a bilious man, preferred "his spa-water waik;" for which reason, she had been obliged to clean out the well twice in the course of this season; "but, if it had not been for that," she added, "you'd see what a beautiful scum it has."

The traveller who is disposed to stop at Oughterard, will find good accommodation, on very moderate terms, at the post office, with the additional gratification of a clear space before the windows, affording a view of the river, and of Dr. Kirwan's villa on its opposite bank. Mine host is an O'Flaherty. According to the wont of Irish "*Landlords*," he is not often visible himself: but those members of his family who appear to strangers, exhibit no traces of the *ferocity* which once characterized the name. It is not quite clear, however, but there may lie more peril in the eyes of two of them, than in twenty of the old Milesian swords.

THE LAW OF PRIMOGENITURE.

The first glance at the composition of society in England discovers a fearful inequality of conditions. The most sumptuous luxury and the most squalid misery meet the eye at every step in our great cities. In no European country, excepting Russia, is there to be seen so much wealth in the vicinity of such wretched poverty. It was this alarming aspect of our society that led Arnold to despair of the future destinies of England. It is an evil that is increasing day by day, as manufactures are developed and small farms amalgamated together. Capitalists are numerous, and money is often a drug in the market: yet pauperism abounds, and the labourer can barely obtain the necessaries of life. In every profession, trade, or occupation, there is an overwhelming pressure of competition. The supply of labour, whether mental or physical, manifestly is greater than the demand.

Political economists profess to point out the sources of national wealth, the accumulation of which is their test of the prosperity of a nation. The happiness of a people, arising from their social well-being, enters not into their contemplation. Tried by the former standard, England stands pre-eminent; but if by the latter, she ranks below many of the continental states. If happiness is the aim and object of nations, as it is of individuals, then our systems are not the best adapted to obtain that result. The want of free trade could not account for this; for trade on the Continent is more restricted than it has ever been with us.

Free trade alone, although it will greatly, will not *permanently* benefit the mass of the labouring population; because the supply of labour will speedily exceed the increased demand, whatever that may be assumed to be, and reduce wages in proportion to the reduction of the various articles of subsistence. We, however, conceive it to be a great boon to the wealthy classes, and capable of becoming one to the whole nation, if connected with a distribution of landed property, which would inevitably follow from a repeal of the laws relating to entail. Population, under the most favourable circumstances, will doubtless press upon the means of subsistence: but the operation of this law of nature may be ameliorated by provident arrangements. To induce habits of forethought and a high standard of living among the people, is, we maintain, the only mode of permanently securing their temporal happiness and well-being, as it is the only practical method of checking their too rapid increase.

It is a great and vulgar error to confound national prosperity and national happiness. The *distribution* rather than the *amount* of wealth among a people, contributes principally to general happiness. There can be no doubt that our country has added to its riches during the present century; but it is very clear that the well-being of the bulk of the community has not increased in a corresponding ratio. The returns of the Income Tax prove an immense advance in the national wealth since the conclusion of the war. Nevertheless the condition of the labourer has deteriorated, while that of the capitalist has improved. Between capital and labour there is a great gulf fixed, and while the one ascends in the social scale, the course of the other is one continued descent. To obtain the greatest happiness for the greatest number ought to be the object of political economy: but while the interests of the many are thus sacrificed to the few, we can hardly expect that the arrangements of society and the distribution of property should be in unison with the spirit of the age, and the march of intellect.

In producing this state of things, we, without hesitation, declare the Law of Primogeniture to be the principal agent. Its evil influence is most conspicuous among the higher ranks; but it pervades all, even the lowest classes of society. For its indirect effects are as injurious as its direct operation. To illustrate this view we shall presently advert to the benefits arising from its abolition in other countries; but in the first instance, we denounce the principle of the law as feudal and oligarchical. It originated in a barbarous age, that consulted the dignity and power of the few at the

expense of the many. The theory of the law is manifestly unjust, for every child has an equal claim on the author of his existence. Nor does its working justify the enormous wrong that it thus involves. It begets animosities in the family circle, creates the drones of society, and adds greatly to the aggregate amount of unhappiness and misery. It checks the exertions of industry, inasmuch as nearly all professions and trades require some capital to ensure success. It deadens the springs of hope, and tends to generate a bitter hatred against that form of society which sanctions and supports such a cruel law.

To place the property of a nation in the hands of a few, is neither humane nor politic; for then the bulk of the people become indifferent to the conservation of order, and desirous of changes that may benefit, and can hardly injure them. Such a state of society is charged with the elements of revolution. Every friend of national liberty should denounce a system that promotes the national tendency of wealth to aggregate itself. We may check, if we cannot altogether control, that dangerous tendency. At all events, it is unwise to give an artificial aid to such a formation of the classes of the community as that which ranges labour in opposition to wealth, the few against the many, and physical strength against the power of moral control.

Such a state of society is now in formation throughout this country. The disturbances in the manufacturing districts in 1842 may be traced, in a great degree, to the general sentiment then prevalent,—that the labour of the working man is not sufficiently remunerated, in a system which looks principally for support to the influence of that wealth which labour has accumulated for the benefit of capitalists. Chartism is but the expression of the growing discontent among the masses, at the indifference entertained by the higher classes for the welfare of the lower. The law of primogeniture fosters that apathy and indifference; because it has the effect of creating a few wealthy individuals, and a multitude of paupers. The very rich, from the accident of their social position, can rarely sympathize with the very poor, with those privations they never shared, and those struggles against poverty which they never knew. History teaches us that such is the inevitable tendency of the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. The Roman patricians, and, in modern times, the grandees of Spain, the aristocrats of Poland, and the old noblesse of France and Italy, all serve to illustrate the general justice of this observation. The British aristocracy form, as a body, no exception to this universal tendency; although, from the comparative freedom of our institutions, the result is not so decided. It should be the endeavour of an enlightened legislature to remedy such a defect in the construction of civilized society; and there is no more effective means of controlling it than by introducing the practice of equally distributing property, of all kinds whatsoever, on the decease of the proprietors, among their children. The abolition of the law of primogeniture would necessarily produce great and almost immediate effects in overcoming the feelings of animosity that are now arising between the poor and the rich; as it would tend to equalize wealth, to remove the distinctions that its possession entails, and to cement the alliance of all classes by giving a community of interests to a greater number.

And let it not be said that the experiment is novel or doubtful. Look at France, at the period of the Revolution, and at the present day. In 1789 France was rotten to the core. Governed by the creatures of an imbecile monarch, the nation groaned under the despotism, without the glory, of former reigns. The aristocratical principle of primogeniture was in full force, and the land was consequently in the possession of a small section of the people. Large farms were the result; and under that boasted system, the soil of France barely maintained her population, amounting at that time to twenty-five millions. By the last returns the French people exceed thirty-three millions, and, nevertheless, the supply of food is fully equal to the demand. France is, beyond all question, more prosperous at this moment than at any former period of her history. The imports published by official authority show how superior is the present to the former state of her people, two-thirds of whom are now employed in the cultivation of the land. This happy result has been chiefly obtained by the subdivision of the large estates, and the greater attention shown to the culture of the small farms into which they are now divided. The serf has become in many instances the owner of the soil, for tilling which he formerly was hired. His own personal interests are now affected by the produce of the land. He no longer toils for wages and the profit of another man, but for his own direct and immediate advantage. He is no longer a malecontent, for his fortunes are staked on the preservation of property and order. The problem respecting the comparative merits of large and small farms, viewed in a social and political point of view, may now be considered as solved. It remains for us to apply this proved theory to practice as speedily as possible. On this point the philanthropist is not opposed to the political economist; for, by raising the labourer to a higher social condition, you elevate the standard of humanity, substitute free men for serfs, and a love of rational liberty in place of a desire for anarchy and licentiousness.

Competence is produced by and reproduces industry; but great wealth too frequently engenders indolence and apathy with regard to the progress of mankind in the arts and sciences, in the social scale, and in all that ennobles a nation. Our present agricultural and manufacturing systems are rapidly driving all competence, or, in other words, all small capitals out of the field; and, in the process of time, we shall have no middle class, properly so called—nothing but lords and serfs, great capitalists and paupers. This is an evil that seems to belong to the manufacturing system, and for that reason we should guard against becoming mere manufacturers—the journeymen of Europe. With all our love of free trade, we cannot disguise from ourselves the conviction, that society, in an exclusively manufacturing people, is liable to subdivision into masters and workmen, cotton lords and operatives. We cannot easily reach the seat of this social evil; because the rich man, who can afford to wait for his profits, must always overcome the competition of the comparatively small capitalists, whose wants are urgent, and admit of no delay. But, in agriculture, the case is widely different. The small landed proprietor can successfully compete with the capitalist, because his returns are immediate. Neither in France nor in Tuscany, Switzerland, or Belgium, do we find large farmers driving small ones out of the market. By a system of co-operation, the humble proprietors of land can purchase or hire any expensive machinery for the proper culture and draining of their farms. In Tuscany one half of the population

consists of the families of landed proprietors, living on their own agricultural produce. In France two-thirds of the nation are employed on the soil; and the owners and cultivators of land being nearly equal in social position, and frequently identical, the necessary result is, that society presents no immense chasms, as in England. You rarely see there, or in any country where the land is subdivided by the equal succession of children to the property of their parents, one man rolling in luxury and surrounded by a swarm of labourers, who have nothing but their daily bread, and little of that. An estated gentleman is a rarity in France or Switzerland, but, on the other hand, deep, degrading poverty is still more rare.

The positions of the small tenant, and small proprietor, are totally different; and yet it has been too much the custom to confound these two classes. The unhappy condition of the Irish peasantry is often referred to the subdivision of farms, which, for political and other purposes, has taken place there. Now the truth is, that in Ireland there are only nine thousand landed proprietors in a population exceeding eight millions. Protestant ascendency has there co-operated with the law of primogeniture, in throwing the land into the hands of, comparatively speaking, a few individuals. And the result is, that, in no country pretending to civilization, are the masses of the people in so wretched a social condition. Official reports attest, that 70 per cent of the Irish are in a state hardly removed from pauperism. Mr. Kohl says, that he had seen in no part of Europe such degrading poverty, and so low a standard of comfort among the people. Yet, in the face of this evidence, some affect to believe that between a small proprietary and a small tenantry, there is a distinction rather than any essential difference.

A certainty of subsistence is the first desire of an individual; and the state of society which guarantees this great good to a large proportion of its members, is a better social fabric than another which does so in a less degree, or to a smaller proportion. A community of small proprietors is nearer this state, than one of which great land-owners and labourers are the component parts; because the demand for labour is not a steady and well defined quantity, as the produce of the soil is. A certainty of subsistence may reasonably be calculated upon by an owner of landed property, as he does not depend upon chance, but upon the average amount of grain that the land will yield. But in the calculations of the labourer, much is necessarily left to *chance;* and this it is that leads to improvidence and recklessness.

The most superficial observer of the condition of the people in France and Belgium, is struck with the general aspect of comfort and prosperity. Switzerland is a still more remarkable instance of the national happiness, arising from the subdivision of property. It takes the first rank among the European nations in this respect, and also in its freedom from crime, and in general moral habits. The possession of property, creating forethought and an obedience to law, has sufficient influence to produce temperance, honesty, and tranquillity, in the absence of religious principles. In France, the same results will be effected by the abolition of the law of primogeniture. Already the labouring classes are far superior to our own, in their command over all the necessaries and comforts of life. Some comparison may be instituted by taking the military in each country as a standard. In England we maintain an army of one hundred thousand men by a system of volunteering. The men are enlisted for life, and a large proportion are always stationed in the colonies. Their prospects of rising to the rank of commissioned officers are so faint as not to enter at all into their calculations. They fight, in the eloquent language of Napier, "beneath the cold shade of Aristocracy." The bounty, in time of peace, is merely nominal, inasmuch as it is expended in the purchase of articles of clothing. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there is not the slightest difficulty in obtaining the required number of recruits of the requisite age and height. The inference obviously is, that the condition of our soldiers is either better, or, at least, on a par with that of the labouring population. The French army is recruited by means of the conscription, and the period of service is limited to seven years. With the exception of Algeria, the French colonies require no considerable force; and two-thirds of the army is always on home service. One-third of the commissioned officers rise from the ranks; so that this contingency may reasonably present itself to the anticipations of the private soldier. These advantages, however, are not sufficient to induce the peasantry to enlist without a bounty or premium of £70 or £80. Those drawn for service by the conscription cannot provide a substitute at a lower price. It is evident that the condition of the French labouring population must be much superior to that of the soldier; and if it be granted that the situation of the soldier in the two countries is equally good, it follows that the lower classes in France are in a far more desirable condition than the corresponding classes in England.

The moral as well as the physical state of nations depends much, if not entirely, upon their social circumstances. You will vainly preach the doctrine of peace and good-will to men, exasperated by the bitterness of hunger. It is adding insult to injury to tell such men that patience is a Christian virtue, and that constant poverty is their necessary lot. They feel, though they may not reason accurately, that there must be something rotten in a state of society in which their labour, which is their only wealth, cannot obtain for them the necessaries of life. This conviction of wrong excites their passions, and leads to violence against persons and properties. They see that every man, who is in a higher position than themselves, raises his hand to crush them; and, consequently, their hands are against every man. It is not in human nature to witness unmoved the contempt for poverty in this country, and the reverence for wealth. The new Poor-Law regarding pauperism as criminal, and the Game Laws protecting the amusements of the rich man, present a gloomy and dangerous contrast. Statistical returns prove that crime and poverty are inseparable companions.

We are gravely told, that one source of our distress arises from over-population. No doubt the people are too numerous under the present feudal system: but how would the case stand, if, by the abolition of the law of primogeniture, the land of the country was gradually subdivided into small properties? Have we not a right to conclude that here, as in France, the soil, by more careful husbandry, and more general culture, would produce sufficient to maintain a population far more numerous than ours is at present? If France now supports in comfort and plenty, a population exceeding by one-third the number of her people in 1789, by means

of the equal division of the land, why should not our country be rendered capable of maintaining a similar ratio of numerical increase? Until we have imitated the French in this respect, it is somewhat premature to talk of emigration on a large scale, of sending our people by thousands to Canada or New Zealand. Let them go when there is a real necessity, not a factitious one, as at the present time. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

We hear much of the rapid increase of our numbers, and we have facts and figures to verify the assertion. Every year we add to our numerical strength three hundred thousand persons. This increase is alarming to those who wish things to remain as they are and were in the feudal ages. But let us look at this bugbear, and examine its real character. The increase of population, like every other operation in nature with which we are acquainted, is subject to certain laws, which may vary in detail, but not in general application. A nation of paupers multiplies more rapidly than one among whom competence is generally diffused, but whose prolific tendencies are held in check by prudential considerations. Switzerland affords an instance of the former, and Ireland of the latter case. In Switzerland competence is general, but marriage is usually postponed until there is a fair prospect of a sufficient maintenance for the offspring as yet unborn. The sense of responsibility and foresight develop themselves among a people bred among the comforts, if not the luxuries of life. With the pauper it is otherwise. Acquainted with misery and privation from early infancy, he despairs of improving his position, and marries because that position can hardly become worse. He obeys the instincts of our common nature, as he has no strong motives to induce him to postpone their gratification. But in every depth there is a lower depth; and the poor, by perpetrating matrimony, only produce other beings, the companions of their misery.

In France, the proportion of births to population is steadily decreasing, as the economical restraints imposed by superior habits of living come more fully into operation. Fifty years ago it was 1 to 28; but now it is 1 to 33—a difference which may be clearly traced to the abolition of the law of primogeniture. In England, the greatest proportional increase takes place in the lowest classes; in those which, by their social circumstances, are rendered the most hopeless of improvement, and, consequently, the most improvident. The experience of every man will tell him, that, in the higher and middle classes, persons rarely marry without some rational prospect of rearing a family in comfort and respectability. By diffusing property, that great agent of civilization, among the lower orders, we shall, if there be any truth in analogy, check our present rapid ratio of increase.

A dead level of wealth is not to be desired, any more than a common standard of intellect and physical strength. But there is more reason to fear the too great concentration than the too great diffusion of riches. The masses of mankind have always toiled, and will always continue to toil, for their daily bread; and those who denounce the law of primogeniture, only seek to promote the happiness of the greatest number by directing capital into its natural instead of those artificial channels through which our old feudal system has hitherto conducted it. They merely desire to overcome the unnatural prejudice now existing in favour of the first-born to the injury of the younger children. Property has its duties as well as its rights; and there is no duty more incumbent on a parent than the fitting establishment of his children in life. This duty is of a moral as well as a pecuniary nature. Children should be regarded as the creditors of their parents, and, as such, they should claim the liquidation of the debt which the parents have voluntarily incurred, and which is due in justice and morality, although as yet unsupported by the power of the law.

We have endeavoured briefly to point out the glaring injustice and the diminution of the national happiness which is effected by the operation of the present law relating to succession. We have compared its social effects among the people of Great Britain, and among those of the Continental States where a different system obtains. But its political tendencies are not less injurious, inasmuch as it tends to throw power into the hands of a few, and is essentially aristocratic.

We are fortunate in having the authority of a Secretary of State for asserting that the result of a county election is to be ascertained by learning the opinions of the great landowners, by whose influence the electors are guided, or, in other words, coerced. A system of representative government, so far as it is thus influenced, is a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Better, far better would it be to abolish the semblance of free election than to continue a fraud like this! As long as the feudal law fosters the concentration of wealth, and checks the diffusion of competence, so long will the aristocracy of the land control the votes of their tenantry by means of intimidation, either directly or indirectly. Independence of position is the first step to independence of thought. On every ground, whether moral or physical, this law is to be execrated. It may have been suited to the feudal ages, but it is wholly unfitted for the unprecedented times in which we live. Compared with its blighting influence, all other evils in our social system appear insignificant. It lies at the root of, and corrupts, the entire fabric of society. Reforms that do not reach and remove this cancer in the body politic, can never place the national happiness on a true and secure basis. Let us, then, strive to abolish now and for ever this odious law, which regards the masses of men as machines, and the favoured few as their natural lords and masters. Let it no longer be said that British freemen prefer the pomp and pride of a haughty aristocracy to the humble happiness and higher moral dignity of a noble peasantry, independent of the smiles and frowns of courtly sycophants. Let us glory in our country, not because some of us have acquired enormous fortunes and vast estates, but because we have a people proud of their industry, their intelligence, and their liberty.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Chemistry and Physics in relation to Physiology and Pathology. By Baron Justus Liebig, M.D. F.R.S. London: Bailliere.

In this essay or investigation and exposition of principles, much thought is put into small space:—scientific inquiry, facts and deductions, proceed link by link in a compact and clear unbroken chain. We could not find a better specimen than the paragraphs showing the importance of chemical science to the advance of physiology. Schleiden had said, that all the advances made in physiology, from the age of Aristotle downwards, had been facilitated by the progress made in the study of anatomy. But, says Liebig, the champion of chemistry,—

We must not, however, forget that anatomy alone, from the days of Aristotle to Leuwenhoek's time, has thrown but a partial light upon the laws of the phenomena of life. As the knowledge of the apparatus of distillation does not instruct us alone concerning its uses; so in many processes, as in distillation, he who understands the nature of fire, the laws of the diffusion of heat, and of evaporation, the construction of the still, and the products of distillation, knows infinitely more of the process of distillation, than the smith himself who made the apparatus. Each new discovery in anatomy has added acuteness, exactitude, and extent to its descriptions; unwearied investigation has almost penetrated to the inmost cell, from whence a new road of inquiry must be opened.

ANATOMY NOT ALONE SUFFICIENT.

If, however, as many think, the further advance of physiology is alone dependant upon the perfecting of our knowledge of the anatomical structure of organisms, chemistry can then in no way assist physiology; since its department is not to consider the form, but to establish the condition and relations of forms to their elements, and their methods of arrangement.

By a knowledge of the anatomical structure and relations of the body, anatomy alone is aided; and even by the most accurate investigation into the phenomena of motion in bodies, we shall never learn any thing concerning the reasons and laws which govern them. An acquaintance with the mode and direction of motion can alone contribute to our knowledge.

WHAT MUST BE SUPERADDED.

If anatomical knowledge is to serve for the solution of a physiological question, something else must necessarily be added; and the first thing, surely, is to investigate the matter from which this form was made, the forces and properties co-operating with those of life, and the knowledge of the origin of matter and of the changes which are experienced, before those relations can be learnt, in which all constituents of the organism, the fluid as well as the solid, stand to each other. Many physiologists deem that the important questions which chemistry has solved upon this subject, only enrich herself, although all these results take as low and subordinate a place in chemistry as those that have been acquired by the analysis of minerals and mineral waters.

CHEMISTRY ALONE IS NOT SUFFICIENT.

Another fundamental error entertained by others is, that one may attain to an explanation of vital phenomena by chemical and physical forces alone, or in combination with anatomy; it is, indeed, scarcely to be supposed that the chemist should be able, merely by the knowledge of chemical forces, to explain the existence, in the living body, of new laws and new causes, or that the physiologist, setting aside the action of chemical, or purely physical forces, should endeavour to account for every process by the aid of the laws of inorganic nature.

The latter view is the ultimate consequence of a reaction from the previously entertained views. In a period of philosophical physiology not very remote from the present day, every thing was explained by vital force. This theory was next wholly rejected, and the possibility assumed of our being able to trace all vital processes back to physical and chemical causes. "In the living body," thus wrote physiologists forty years since, "there are different laws at work from those which govern inorganic nature. All the processes of the living organism are of a peculiar character."

In the present day many physiologists, on the contrary, regard these various processes as similar in character. The evil of both these theories is, that neither then, or now, has any attempt been made to establish, or even to investigate the deviations occurring in the effects of vital force, and in the action of inorganic force, or to determine their similarity and differences.

The deductions drawn were not based upon a knowledge of the difference, or similarity, of their mutual relations, but upon ignorance of these characteristics.

We cannot show how this is established, but shall open up something as interesting, leaving our scientific readers to follow it out for themselves.

POWER OF INFECTION—IN WHAT IT CONSISTS.

The requirement for the capacity of infecting a second individual, is the presence in the body of the latter of a substance which can oppose no resistance either in itself, or through the vital energy in the organism, to the causes affecting a change of form and property. If this substance were a necessary constituent of the body, disease must be transferable to all individuals; if only an accidental constituent, those persons alone would be infected in whom this substance was present in sufficient quantity, and of the characteristic nature. The termination of disease is only a destruction and removal of this matter; it is a re-establishment of the condition of equilibrium of those causes in the organism which regulate its normal functions, and which had been temporarily suspended.

A CHALLENGE TO INVESTIGATION.

Practical medicine will soon decide whether this view be correct or not; and it will then be shown whether there is any actual connexion between the relation of arsenious acid to animal membranes out of the body, and their action in certain fevers; and between the relation of mercurial compounds to animal substances, and their action in contagious diseases.

If this so-called chemical view do not serve as a guide and director to the physician, after a careful study of the processes of putrefaction of simple and compound bodies, and of the materials or causes by which these processes are altered, hindered, or accelerated; and if a comparison of this with other analogous processes in the human organism, be not the means of enlarging his views upon disease, and raising to a more scientific basis his knowledge of the remedial agents to be employed; then, indeed, it were of no avail to endeavour to support this theory. Its simplicity has stood much in the way of its being generally received; for at the very time that every physician or physiologist does not hesitate to ascribe the most striking changes in vital processes to bad nutriment, want of fresh air, or the continuous use of salted food, &c.—whilst no one feels any scruple in assigning a scarcely appreciable difference of temperature as the cause of inflammation, fever, and death—one of the most important causes of a change of form and properties is disregarded, as exercising no influence upon the organic vital process.

Here is a theory strengthened by a firmly linked chain of numerous and most evident facts, to which a critical investigation is denied, although there is nothing that can be advanced against it save its comprehensi-

bility. But it is precisely on this latter character that the difference rests, which is observed in the result of various methods of physical investigation. Although every pathologist and physiologist is fully convinced that no organic process can be explained without the co-operation of chemical and physical forces, every theory which has hitherto been based upon such causes has been invariably doubted and rejected.

If we compare the so-called chemical theory with the principles of the parasite theory, we cannot comprehend how intellectual men, and the most practised observers, can defend and lend their sanction to views which the experience of each succeeding day must refute.

The parasite theory is examined and overthrown before it is said :—

FALSE VIEWS OF THE CAUSES OF PUTREFACTION ARE THE FOUNDATION OF THE PARASITE THEORY.

A view of the cause of fermentation and putrefaction, which is thoroughly false in its principles, has hitherto served as the main support of the parasite theory. Its adherents regard putrefaction as a decomposition of organic beings, by infusoria and fungi, and every putrefying body as a sort of rampart of infusoria, or a plantation of fungi; and thus, according to this view, wherever organic bodies pass into putrefaction to any extent, the whole atmosphere must be filled with the germs of the contagion, and become the cause of disease.

FUNGI AND INFUSORIA DO NOT OCCASION PUTREFACTION.

It has not escaped the advocates of the parasite theory, that a close connexion exists between putrefaction, contagion, and miasma; although they avoid entering upon an explanation of the mode of comprehending the connexion of these phenomena, and their mutual dependence upon each other. This connexion would be established, if it were proved that infusoria or fungi induced putrefaction or fermentation; that by them and their process of digestion and respiration, sugar is resolved into equal volumes of carbonic acid gas and vapour of alcohol; and that the following conversions are brought about, viz., urea into carbonate of ammonia; salicin into sugar and saligenin; sulphate of protoxide of iron into sulphuret of iron; sulphate of lime into sulphuret of calcium; sulphate of soda into sulphuret of sodium; blue indigo into white indigo; starch into sugar; sugar into lactic acid; amygdalin into prussic acid, bitter oil of almonds, and sugar.

The following remarks will show how thoroughly untenable are these views.

OPPOSITION BETWEEN PUTREFACTION AND THE PROCESS OF LIFE.

The constituents of vegetable and animal structures have arisen under the dominion of an active cause of change in the form and properties of organisms; and this is vital force, which decides the direction of attraction, and opposes the force of cohesion, heat, and electricity, destroying the influence of every cause that hinders the association of atoms in combinations of a higher order without the organism. In compositions of such various nature as the organic atoms, these other forces occasion a change of form and condition, when the vital force after death no longer opposes their action. The same leaf, or the same grape, which possessed the capacity of giving off pure oxygen to the atmosphere, submits to the chemical action of the oxygen from the moment of its separation from the organism, and its being brought in contact with the air.

No organism—no portion of an animal or plant, is capable, after the extinction of vital energy, of resisting the chemical action which air and humidity exercise upon it, and its elements fall back under the unlimited dominion of chemical force. Fermentation and putrefaction are the stages of its retrograde development, presenting less perfect combinations, until at length the organic atoms, in consequence of continuously acting inorganic forces, return to their simple original forms, in which they may serve for the development and nutriment of new generations.

This inquiry should be most useful to English writers on scientific subjects, were it only as an example of precision, clearness, and conciseness.

Liebig's Question to Mulder tested by Morality and Science. By Dr. G. T. Mulder, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Utrecht. Translated by Dr. P. F. H. Fromberg. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

"Doctors," it is proverbial, "differ"; and where they do differ, they come next, though still at an immense distance, to ecclesiastics in the acrimony and virulence of their quarrels, and in downright indecent scurrility. We are not certain that the controversy between Liebig and Mulder on a question of pure science,—which should therefore be discussed in a candid, if free spirit,—has been conducted with more calmness and dignity than the usual squabbles of smaller *savans*. Into the merits of the question, as one of scientific discovery, we do not pretend to enter. Indeed, the whole number of persons in this country who are entitled to do so must be very limited, and as yet no British Chemist has taken upon himself to pronounce a decided opinion; but Professor Johnston of this city, who had induced his assistant, Mr. Fromberg, to translate a part of Mulder's work on *Vegetable and Animal Physiology*, considers himself bound to bring before the public Mulder's defence of himself, from the accusations which Liebig has made regarding the accuracy of some of the most important statements in Mulder's work. This was but fair, both to Mulder and himself.

Wit and Humour; with an Illustrative Essay and Critical Comments. By Leigh Hunt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

This ought to be classed among the handsome gift-books of 1847, though it is one to keep its place till 1947, and much longer. The Introductory Essay is a piece of lively, delicate, and subtle criticism, on the most distinguished of the purely witty English poets and prose writers, and the richest and rarest of the literary humorists of every country. The disquisitions of the author are enlivened and his points made out by felicitous and profuse, though brief, quotation from the author he analyzes. The various species of wit are nicely discriminated; the *epigrammatic*, the *burlesque*, the *exaggerated*, the *extravagant*, and, what is much more common, the Mixed style of Wit and Humour, are defined and illustrated. Some of the best modern specimens are drawn from Sydney Smith, who combined wit and humour, or leavened his wit with humour, in a very extraordinary degree. Even Mr. Hunt admits that Smith should rather have been a statesman than a clergyman. Yet a clergyman like Smith now and then is not so far amiss, whether as a zest or alterative to the body. For one of the number of clerical wits—Sterne—Mr. Hunt has great, if not excessive admiration. A panegyric on Steele, Addison, Fielding, and others, closes with the inventor of Uncle Toby. If the design of this work were already completed, which we rejoice to think will take several more volumes, we should complain that Scotland had been entirely overlooked; for Mr. Hunt, who can read Chaucer, can also read Dunbar and Lindsay, and must well know that our national poetry contains the richest specimens of humour and of all the sorts of wit which he has described and illustrated by quotation. But for this, "there is a braw time coming." With ever-

admiration of Sterne, Mr. Hunt somewhat depreciates Goldsmith, when he speaks of him as "conscious and uneasy." In society, the awkward man of the peach-coloured coat, ambitious of making a figure, and jeered at by those infinitely his inferiors, may have been "uneasy and conscious;" but surely not so the creator of the Vicar of Wakefield, Moses, and the rest of the Primrose and Flamborough families, he whose genial humour welled up freely and brightly from that copious fountain, not the less sweet and pure from its close proximity to those deeper springs of humanity,—pathos, and tenderness. However, if Mr. Hunt's panegyric turn people back to their half-obsolete *Tristram Shandy*, there will be no harm done to any one, and to some much good. The first author selected from is Father Chaucer, and the commentary on him is quite as delectable as the text. Shakspere, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, follow in sequence. And one has only to regret that they are dismissed so summarily, and that at this sitting no more is to be heard of Marvel and Swift, and many more half-forgotten or wholly unknown authors, which it is not the least of the merits of this book to revive.

Mr. Hunt announces another of these welcome volumes for next year; and why not "another and another!" We can imagine no better living gleaner in the rich fields of English poetry and dramatic literature. He is very complimentary to his contemporaries. More Wit and Humour are now, he alleges, poured forth copiously every day through the newspaper press, than the boasted wits of Queen Anne's time could have compassed in a month. We are not quite sure about this, but entirely agree with what follows, nor forget that for much of the good spirit, in the evidences of which he rejoices, we are indebted to himself and his early contemporaries—the pioneers, the champions of what he now hails with exultation, when, after alluding to modern Wit and Humour, he remarks:—"And the best of it is—nay, one of the great reasons of it is—that all this surprising capacity is on the side of the great new good cause of the world—that of the rights of the poor; for it is only from the height of sympathy that we can perceive the universal and the just."

And Mr. Hunt is preparing another *unique* volume, which we may best let him describe in his own apt words:—

It is a volume apart from the series, and on quite another plan; its object being to produce such a selection from favourite authors, both in prose and verse, as a lover of books, young or old, might like to find lying in the parlour of some old country-house, or in the quietest room of any other house, and tending to an impartial, an unlimited, and yet entertaining and tranquillizing review of human existence. It is a book, he hopes, such as Mrs. Radcliffe would have liked in her childhood; Sir Roger de Coverley in his old age; or Gray and Thomson at any time. And all those interesting persons will have their part in it.

We are somewhat at a loss whence to draw a specimen of the present volume while waiting the appearance of that promised. The Introductory Essay will not bear dismemberment; and Andrew Marvel is better known as a patriot and a beautiful versifier, if not rather a fine lyrist, than as a wit or humorist, though he was richly both. We take him as such—

Andrew Marvel, a thoughtful and graceful poet, a masterly prose-writer and controversialist, a wit of the first water, and, above all, an incorruptible patriot, is thought to have had no mean hand in putting an end to the dynasty of the Stuarts. His wit helped to render them ridiculous, and his integrity added weight to the sting. The enmity, indeed, of such a man was in itself a reproach to them; for Marvel, though bred on the Puritan side, was no Puritan himself, nor a foe to any kind of reasonable and respectable government. He had served Cromwell with his friend Milton, as Latin Secretary; but would have aided Charles the Second as willingly, in his place in Parliament, had the king been an honest man instead of a pensioner of France. The story of his refusing a *carte blanche* from the king's treasurer, and then sending out to borrow a guinea, would be too well known to need allusion to it in a book like the present, if it did not contain a specimen of a sort of practical wit.

Marvel being pressed by the royal emissary to state what would satisfy his expectations, and finding that there was no other mode of persuading him that he had none, called in his servant to testify to his dining three days in succession upon one piece of mutton.

Even the wise and refined Marvel, however, was not free from the coarseness of his age; and hence I find the same provoking difficulty as in the case of his predecessors, with regard to extracts from the poetical portion of his satire. With the prose I should not have been at a loss. But the moment these wits of old time began rhyming, they seem to have thought themselves bound to give the same after-dinner license to their fancy, as when they were called upon for a song. To read the noble ode on *Cromwell*, in which such a generous compliment is paid to Charles the First,—the devout and beautiful one entitled *Bermuda*, and the sweet overflowing fancies put into the mouth of the *Nymph lamenting the loss of her Faun*,—and then to follow up their perusal with some, nay, most of the lampoons that were so formidable to Charles and his brother, you would hardly think it possible for the same man to have written both, if examples were not too numerous to the contrary. Fortunately for the reputation of Marvel's wit, with those who chose to become acquainted with it, he wrote a great deal better in prose than verse, and the prose does not take the license of the verse. Hence, as Swift for another reason observes, we can still read with pleasure his answer to his now forgotten antagonist Parker. Of his witty poems, I can only give a single one entire, which is the following. The reader knows the impudent Colonel Blood, who, in the disguise of a clergyman, attempted to steal the crown, in payment (as he said) of dues withheld from him in Ireland. Marvel had not forgotten the days of Laud, and he saw people still on the bench of bishops who were for renewing the old persecutions. Hence the bitterness of the implication made against prelates.

ON BLOOD STEALING THE CROWN.

When daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd,
Upon the British diadem *distrain'd*,
He chose the cassock, circingle,* and gown,
The fittest mask for one that robs the crown;
But his *lay-pity* underneath prevail'd,
And whilst he saved the keeper's life, he fail'd.
With the *priest's vestment* had he but put on
The *prelate's cruelty*, the crown had gone.

Tales, designed chiefly for the Young. By Christopher Von Schmid, Canon of Augsburg. Translated from the German. With numerous Illustrations. In three volumes. Dublin: Duffy.

Two Irish clergymen, Roman Catholics of course, have resolved to translate Canon Von Schmid's Tales at their intervals of leisure "from more laborious study;" and we doubt if they could perform a more useful office by any study in which they may engage. We have not yet had leisure to peruse all the tales already translated; but we think we may safely judge of the whole from large samples chosen at random, and pronounce these

* The girdle of a cassock; generally spelt *surcingle*.

stories, from their fascinating simplicity, their genuine piety and tenderness of spirit, admirably adapted to the purpose of the writer and the translators. That writer is a Canon of the Romish Church, but here none of the obnoxious or disputed doctrines of the Romish creed are obtruded. The leading lesson inculcated by each story is devout and child-like trust in God the Universal Father, meek submission to his will, unshaken faith in his promises and in the workings of his gracious Providence, and love for the merciful Redeemer. Some of the poetical embellishments of the incidents and details may be borrowed from the usages of Catholic Germany; but they are not of a kind in, for example, the beautiful tales of "The Easter Eggs," "The Christmas Eve," and "The Flower-Basket," or "The Wooden Cross," that the most rigid Protestant could object to, either as fond or superstitious. In another view, engaging tales proceeding from a suspicious source, may certainly appear more dangerous, in the eyes of bigoted Protestants, than the extravagant legends and miracles found in the Folk's-books of the Roman Catholics. A translation of "The Flower-Basket" was, it appears, published in some cheap periodical in Edinburgh, which the translator altered to suit—shall we say it?—Protestant prejudice. Reference to confession and the mass was left out; yet we do not fear to rest the vindication of our high opinion of these stories upon the most objectionable passages of this very tale. It is that of a virtuous and pious father and daughter, who are brought to poverty, and overwhelmed with distress, in consequence of unjust suspicion having fallen upon the honesty of Mary, an only and beloved child. But we must look back for a moment to their condition as the reader first sees them.

After several years of happy union, Jacob's wife, who was in every respect an excellent woman, was taken from him by death. His grief was indescribable. His years began visibly to tell upon his appearance, and his hair became gray. His only remaining pleasure in the world was his daughter, the sole survivor of his children, who was but five years of age at her mother's death. Like her mother, she was called Mary, and she was in every respect her exact image. Even when a child she was uncommonly pretty; as her years increased, her piety, innocence, modesty, and unaffected good nature, gave a peculiar grace to her beauty; and there beamed from her countenance something so indescribably good, that you would fancy it was one of the good angels that was looking at you. Before she had completed her fifteenth year, she was a perfect house-keeper;—not a speck of dust was to be seen in the pleasant little parlour; all the utensils in the kitchen shone as if they were new; the whole house was a pattern of order and neatness. Besides this, she was indefatigable in assisting her father in his labours in the garden; and the hours which she spent in these occupations were amongst the happiest of her life; for her father knew how to make labour a pleasure, by his cheerful and instructive conversation.

Growing up amongst plants and flowers, and knowing no world but their little garden, she had taken, from her very childhood, an extraordinary pleasure in the care of flowers. Her father used to send every year for seeds, bulbs, and slips of such flowers as she was previously unacquainted with, and permitted her to plant them along the borders of the beds;—thus constantly supplying her with an agreeable occupation for her leisure hours. For she tended the delicate plants most carefully, and would anxiously watch every strange bud as it appeared, trying to guess what kind of flower it contained. She could scarcely wait until it expanded, and felt indescribable pleasure when the long-expected flower presented itself in its full bloom.

"This is a pure and innocent pleasure," her father would say, with a smile. "Many a one expends more florins for gold and silk attire, than I do half-pence for flower seeds; and yet does not procure for his daughter half so much innocent enjoyment thereby." Indeed, every month, nay, every week, brought new pleasures to Mary. She would often rapturously exclaim, that "Paradise could scarce be more beautiful than their garden;" and, in truth, few could pass by without stopping to admire the beautiful flowers. The children of the village peeped daily through the railing, and Mary always handed out a few flowers to them.

Her wise father, however, knew how to turn to a higher object the enjoyment which the flowers afforded his daughter. . . . . In the fine spring and summer mornings, therefore he would bring Mary with him into the arbour, where amid the pleasant song of the birds, they could survey the blooming dew-spangled garden, and the rich and fertile landscape, bathed in the golden rays of the morning sun. Here he would tell her of God, who causes the sun to shine so genially, sends the dew and rain, feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the flowers of the field in their gorgeous apparel. Here he would teach her to know the Almighty as the loving Father of men, who reveals himself to us in his beloved Son, in an infinitely more loving and gracious manner than in the whole creation. Here he taught her to pray, by praying with her himself with all the fervour of his heart. These morning lessons contributed greatly to implant the most child-like piety in her tender heart.

This is exceedingly pretty, and not, we hope, in the least Papistical. But times changed with Mary and her pious father. They were poor and exiled, and Jacob was sick unto death; but still sustained by strong and lively faith. And now he was dying, and Mary watched whole nights together by his bed; and even when others offered to take her place, lest she should fall ill herself, and succeeded in persuading her to lie down for a little on the bench, she was seldom able to close her eyes. If her father only coughed, she was alarmed; if he but moved, she crept upon tiptoe to see what was the matter. She prepared the most delicate food for him, and served him with most loving tenderness. She smoothed his pillow, read for him, and prayed without intermission by his side. Times without number she stood by his bedside, when he was slumbering, wringing her hands and lifting up her streaming eyes to heaven. "O my God!" would she sob, "give him to me this once, if it be but for a few short years."

She had saved a little money by the labour of her hands, having often remained up half the night knitting, or employed at her needle;—and she now spent her last farthing in procuring him every thing that could afford him any little nourishment.

The pious old man, who, though he recovered a little, yet felt too well that this would be his last illness, was very calm and composed. He spoke with the greatest cheerfulness of his death. Mary burst into tears and said, "O, do not speak of it, dearest father; I dare not even think of it. What would then become of me! Ah, your poor Mary would then have no one left on earth!"

"Weep not, dear child," replied her father, affectionately reaching her his hand from the bed. "You have a kind Father in heaven. He will still remain to you, though your earthly father should be taken away. But your support and your success in this world are my smallest care. The birds find their food, and why should not you? God gives it to the sparrow on the house-top—how should He not give it to you also! Ah, it is a very different anxiety that troubles me. Remember, my only care is lest you should not always continue as pious, virtuous, and innocent as, thanks to God, you now are.

"Alas, my dear daughter, you do not yet know how wicked and corrupt is the world, and what wicked people there are in it. . . . . My eyes will soon be closed for ever, and I shall no longer be able to watch. But reflect that your Heavenly Father

sees you every where, and that, at every moment, your heart is open to His sight. You would shrink from giving pain, by improper conduct, to your father on earth,—and will you not shrink with infinitely more horror from displeasing your loving Father in heaven?"

He turned earnestly towards her.

"Look me once more in the face, Mary," said he. "Oh, should you ever be tempted to evil, think of this pale face, of these tears, which flow down my blanched cheeks. Come, let me take your hand in this cold and shrivelled hand of mine, which will soon moulder in the dust. Promise me, that you will never forget my words, and that, in the hour of temptation, it shall be to you as if this cold hand held you back from the abyss!"

She burst into tears.

. . . . . Be ever pious, dear Mary; delight in thinking of God: walk ever in His presence; bear Him ever in your heart. In Him I have found my sweetest joys; and, in all my sufferings, my best, my only consolation. Believe me, Mary, I speak the truth. If it were otherwise, I would say so. I have seen my share of the world, when I was with the Count on his travels. Wherever there was any thing great or splendid to be seen in great cities, I always accompanied him. I have spent whole weeks in the midst of gaiety. For the brilliant feasts, the gay masquerades, the exquisite music, the merry speeches and jests, I saw and heard as well as my young master himself; and of the choice dainties and costly wines, there was always more left for me than I could consume. But these noisy enjoyments always left my heart empty; and I can solemnly aver that one hour of quiet devotion in an arbour at Eichburg, or here under this straw roof, nay, even on this my dying bed, always occasioned me more heartfelt pleasure than all those vain delights. Do you, therefore, ever seek your joy in God, and you will find it in most abundant measure.

"You know well, my dear child, that I have not been without sufferings in my time. . . . .

"Our good and faithful God will continne to turn your sufferings to your good.—Yes; I am confident that my prayers have been heard, and that, although I may not live to see it, he will yet bring your innocence to light, although this is not necessary for my peace, since I already know that you are innocent.

Jacob's pious dying exhortations were again and again interrupted by bursts of tears.

"You burst into tears afresh, dear child," he resumed, "the moment I speak of death. But weep not!—look not on death as so terrible—it is rather consoling. . . .

"The change I make is for the better. Weep not then, dear Mary! O, how I rejoice in the near prospect of going to my God! How happy shall we feel when we shall have laid aside this body which causes us so much suffering! You remember how indescribably happy we used to be in our blooming garden in the beautiful spring mornings. Ah, heaven is that beauteous garden of paradise, where an endless spring shall ever reign! 'Tis to that fair land I am now going. Be you ever pious and virtuous, that we may there meet again! Here we have shared in many sufferings and trials, and we part in tears; but there we shall dwell together in joy and felicity, never to separate more! There, too, I shall see your mother once again. O, how I rejoice at the thought! Oh, persevere then in virtue, Mary, and in the fear of God. Should you prosper in this world, forget not, in the enjoyment of fleeting pleasures, the eternal happiness which awaits us in heaven. Then will your mother and I come to meet you joyfully, and receive you into our arms. Weep not, therefore, my darling child, but rather rejoice, even now!"

With discourses such as these, the pious old man spent the last days of his life in comforting his daughter, whom he was about to leave alone in the world, and admonishing her to guard herself from the corruptions of the world. . . . . .

As soon as Jacob's illness had became serious, Mary went to Erlenbrunn, to which parish Pine-Farm belonged, and informed the parish priest, that her father was ill. The priest, a kind-hearted worthy man, frequently visited him, gave him many edifying instructions, and consoled Mary with great tenderness. One evening when he came to see him, he found the good old man evidently weaker; and Jacob told his daughter to leave him a little while, as he wished to speak with the parish priest. When she was called in again, her father said, "Dear Mary, I have now made my confession, and intend to receive the Bread of Life to-morrow morning from the hand of our dear parish priest."

Mary was alarmed, and the tears came into her eyes, when the thought of his approaching death was thus brought home to her; but she immediately recollected herself. "You are in the right, dear father," said she, "what can we do better than fly to God for refuge in our troubles and distresses?"

Jacob spent the rest of the day and the evening in silent prayer, constantly recollected, and speaking little; and the fervour with which he united himself the following morning with his Divine Redeemer in the holy Communion was beyond description. Faith and love, and the hope of eternal life, had as if illumined his venerable countenance; and the hot tears poured down his cheeks. Mary knelt at the foot of his bed, trembling, praying, and almost dissolved in tears. . . . .

The pious old man loved to hear Mary often read to him;—she read in a low tone, and with much devotion. In the last days of his illness, there was nothing he listened to with so much pleasure as the last words of Jesus and his last prayer. One night, she was watching by his bedside alone. The moon shone so brightly into the little room through the window, that the glimmer of the little night-lamp was scarcely observable.

"Mary," said her father, "read for me that beautiful prayer of Jesus once more." She lighted a taper and read it.

"Now give me the book," said he, "and hold the light for a moment." She handed him the book and held the taper towards him. "See," said he, "this shall be my last prayer for you." He pointed to the passage, and prayed with a broken voice, accommodating the words to himself and his daughter.

"Father, I am not in the world, but she is in the world for a time. I come, (as I trust,) to thee. Father, Most Holy! keep her in thy name from perdition. While I was with her in the world, I sought to keep her in thy name; but now I come to thee. I pray not that thou shouldst take her out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep her from evil. Sanctify her in truth; Thy word is truth. Father, grant that she whom thou hast given me, may at length reach that home where I hope now to come! Amen."

Mary stood by the bed, weeping and holding the candle with a trembling hand; and sobbingly repeated "Amen."

"Yes, dear daughter," continued her father, "we shall there see Jesus in his glory, the glory which God gave him before the foundation of the world; there, too, we shall meet again."

He laid himself down again on his pillow to rest a little. He held the book in his hand. It was the New Testament. The poor man had bought it with his first spare pence after his expulsion from Eichburg, and had stinted himself in food to procure it.

"Dear Mary," said he, after a pause, "I thank you once more for the affection you have shown me in this my last illness. You have truly and cheerfully fulfilled the fourth commandment; and mark my words, you will yet be rewarded for it, poor and helpless as I am obliged to leave you in this world. I can give you nothing but my blessing and this book. Persevere in virtue, and this blessing will not prove unavailing. The blessing of a father who trusts in God, is to good children more than the richest inheritance. Take this book as a remembrance of your old father. It cost, indeed, but a few halfpence; but if you read and follow it faithfully, I leave you in it, for the few pence I have spent upon it, an endless treasure;—though I could bequeath you more gold pieces than the spring produces flowers and leaves—you could not, for all that money,

purchase any thing better. For the word of God is contained in it, and it possesses the power to save all those who believe in it. Read every morning—you will always be able, however closely occupied, to find time—at least one text, and persevere and consider it in your heart, during the day. If any thing in it seems hard to be understood, ask your director to explain it for you, as I have always done. *The most important truths are clear to all.* Cleave to it—follow it—it will not be without a blessing for you. The single passage, 'Consider the lilies,' has taught me more wisdom than all the various books I read in my youth."

The parish priest was the warm and faithful friend, director, and comforter of all his flock, and of Jacob and Mary, in their temporal as well as in their spiritual interests; and the dying confession notwithstanding, we hope that this single passage will make the candid Protestant pause before he receives stories of the Roman Catholic laity not being allowed to read, and not valuing the Bible, and praying only to saints and the Virgin Mary. If the Catholic religion came always before us in the guise in which it is presented by the Canon of Augsburg, its diffusion need be no cause of apprehension.

NEW NOVELS.

Temper and Temperament; or, Varieties of Character. By Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England." 2 vols. London: Fisher, Son, & Co.

Perhaps we err in classing a series of moral tales, illustrative of character, under the above head. The object of Mrs. Ellis is to exhibit the mischiefs to the possessor, and all around him, that arise from unsubdued or ill-regulated temper, and the more teeming mischiefs which result from the union in wedlock of uncongenial minds and tempers. Correctives are pointed out, in early training, and in the exercise of that mental control to which every rational being is called. The tales as such are melancholy to weariness. The endurance of the ill-married and the unfortunate heroines, goes beyond common sympathies. One cannot see why one of them, Agnes Weston, should, save through mental weakness, have remained so devoted to a thoroughly worthless and heartless husband; or how the impetuous, violent, and unreasonable Louisa Temple should have undergone so sudden a transformation into the amiable, patient, and gentle, as well as the firm-minded energetic woman, which nature and temperament had made her. This last story, entitled *Imprisoned Mind*, is the best and longest of the series. With many inconsistencies—or indeed a total want of congruity in some instances—it displays power, and, what is better, superiority to those conventionalisms which have too much "imprisoned the mind" of the authoress in some of her previous works, and which is doubly to be regretted in one who, like her, shows a capacity for higher things. The Messrs. Fisher have embellished the volumes from their pictorial stores, but their greatest attraction lies within—in the one tale of "Imprisoned Mind." Our extract, recommended by unity of design, must be from another story.—The ill-married lady, driven to extreme poverty by her worthless husband, who is dunning her for money, applies for a situation in some charitable Institution. It is said:—

Had Agnes been able to appear in person before the individuals whose advertisements she answered, it is probable she would not have had to wait long for a favourable acceptance of her services; for the calm of her sweet countenance, with its open clear expression, would have been a strong recommendation to all who wished to throw their burdens upon one whom they could implicitly trust; but her letters were no more than common letters on such subjects, and therefore it was that she wrote, and wrote again, frequently receiving no answer, and in cases where an answer was granted, receiving mostly, in connexion with it, some proposal of uncertain issue, involving an immediate expenditure beyond her power to meet. At last, however, there was one situation, respecting which so many letters passed, that Agnes began to hope, and even calculated her means with a view to ascertaining, whether a journey to London might not be undertaken, in order to meet face to face the committee of ladies with whom she was in correspondence. . . . . .

Nothing had been said about the age of the assistant required, and therefore the youthful appearance of Agnes seemed likely at once to settle the business against her; for the ladies drew up astonished, looked at each other, nodded, and then shook their heads.

"It is useless to occupy the time of the committee with this application," said one.

"We might inquire the age of the party," said another, struck with the agreeable countenance and manner of the applicant.

"I find," said a third, "we have been labouring under a misunderstanding with regard to your qualifications." And in making this explanation she looked directly at Agnes, without asking her to sit down. "We did not expect to see, so young a person. We have a great deal of business to occupy us this morning. You are quite at liberty to withdraw."

"Age was not specified in any of your letters," observed Agnes, with so gentle and yet so sweet a tone of remonstrance, that more than one of the ladies began to feel something more was due than just a blunt dismissal; and indeed, if the objection specified could by any means be overcome, there were hopeful signs in the manner and appearance of the young person before them, which it was evident the ladies were beginning to be impressed with.

"Perhaps," said one of the party, "you are not really so young as we suppose."

Agnes told her age, and instead of being more, it was less than they had anticipated; for early cares, added to a naturally delicate constitution, had given to her countenance a thoughtfulness that was far beyond her years.

Encouraged by the evident desire of the ladies to think favourably of her, Agnes ventured to observe, in her own behalf, that she had always been accustomed to an active and useful life, and that she believed if the ladies could make up their minds to trust her with the duties of the situation in question, they would find her more experienced than many who were twice her age.

One lady, the most commanding of the party, shook her head. "We want stability," she said, "even more than talent."

Agnes raised her clear blue eyes, and absolutely smiled with hope, for stability was exactly what she knew herself to possess. "In that respect," said she, "I do not think you would be disappointed."

"Don't be too confident," said the lady, frowning her down, and quenching the little ray of hope which had just begun to dawn.

In another moment those clear blue eyes were suffused with tears, for Agnes was not accustomed to be too confident; and looking fixedly upon the ground, she awaited in patient resignation the sentence of her doom.

"You are a widow, I suppose," said the commanding lady, with as much composure as if she had said—"You live at number three;" and while a shock like electric fire ran through the delicate frame of poor Agnes, she answered audibly—"No."

There was a great deal of whispering amongst the ladies after this; some pleading, and others putting down, with all their might, as if assured there must be something wrong behind the scenes.

"Where is your husband?" asked the managing lady.

"Is that of consequence to the committee?" inquired Agnes, with a simplicity which it was impossible to construe into impertinence.

"It is of the utmost importance," replied the lady.

"Thus far, I can assure you," said Agnes, "that he is very far off."

"And not at all likely to return?" asked the lady.

"Not at all," was the faintly uttered reply.

"Perhaps he might be wishing you to join him?" continued the lady.

Agnes shook her head.

"But would you go to him if he did?" said another lady, peering up into the face of the poor wife, and evidently asking from sheer curiosity, without any other motive.

"Of course I would," replied Agnes, more boldly than before.

The ladies exchanged looks of great disapprobation.

"Has he ever expressed that wish to you?" asked the curious lady, with the same peering manner.

This was going too far. It was probing too deeply that ever-aching wound which Agnes could bear, and bear almost with cheerfulness, so long as she kept its hidden pangs entirely to herself. Unable to make any definite reply, from being so entirely taken by surprise, she burst into tears; at which the ladies again nodded their disapprobation, more assured than ever that something must be very wrong in the case of a young wife thus separated from her husband. The commanding lady, however, who had more kindness of heart than her manner seemed to indicate, thought it best to put an end to an investigation which could not possibly result in any practical good to either party.

"I perceive," said she, "that you do not understand us. The ladies of the committee have nothing but your interest at heart, next to the interest of this institution. Your age and circumstances altogether place it out of their power to do any thing for you, as regards the situation in question. This committee therefore considers you entirely at liberty to withdraw. Is it not so, ladies?"

The question being answered by nods, and looks of a most decided character, and the unanimous opinion of the committee being in favour of proceeding immediately to other, and to them more important business, Agnes was considered to have withdrawn herself, even before the last gentle and respectful courtesy with which she turned away from the door.

This was transacting business. Amongst other minutes made upon the books that day, there stood one relating to an ineligible application for a vacant matronship, and this was all; and the subject passed away from the mind of each member of that committee, except that the curious lady, who had but recently been married, wondered exceedingly, after she went home, how matters stood between that young wife and her husband, and for what cause he could have left her so early.

It is needless to say, that Agnes returned home with a wounded, as well as a disappointed spirit; perhaps the more so, that the institution in whose kind offices she had hoped to take a part, was one of pure benevolence—one whose tender mercies were expressly called forth on behalf of the weakest and most helpless portion of the community. She knew not, in her little experience with the world, how hardening a process is that of sitting in judgment upon the deserving and the undeserving in their application for shelter and for kindness; nor, on the other hand, how often it happens that the really benevolent are incapable of sympathy; while the sympathizing, too frequently shrinking from the duties of active benevolence, will rest satisfied with offering the tribute of a few tears, and tears only, to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

Walter Hamilton, a Novel. By Mrs. C. D. Burdett, author of "English Fashionables Abroad," &c. 3 vols. London: Newby.

Every body says that the Minerva press productions of this generation are a decided improvement on those of the last; and if so, Walter Hamilton, which is of the fair average merit, may be presumed superior to the staple commodities of the library shelves forty years since. Farther we cannot go: the story is commonplace in character, incident, and conclusion, but if it does never fully attract, it never repels young and patient novel readers. The scene is Ireland, the personages English absentees, and all sorts of natives of the Emerald Isle, from the "quality" and squires, to the wonted and hackneyed rascally law agents, fosterers, and gossoons. Romance writers who choose Ireland for their *locals*, are unfortunate in Banim, Carleton, and Lever, having so lately gone before them.

Mr. James's Republished Romances. Vol. X. "The Brigand." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

The White Stone Canoe; or, the Better Land. By Percy St. John, author of "The Trapper's Bride," &c. London: Lewis.

This is, as the name purports, an Indian tale, yet not all Indian. It is highly romantic, poetical, and wild, and somewhat youthful withal.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1847.

We delay our usual yearly report on these gorgeous or handsome Annual Volumes until the 1st of January, that we may have the means of giving a more satisfactory account of them. As yet few have reached the North,—few of the comparatively few that still appear on the stage, sustained by their innate vitality, whether in literature, typography, or picture. An exception must be made for the Juvenile Annuals, as children are naturally impatient for the gifts and rewards awarded to them at Christmas-tide. And first among them is,—

The Boy's Summer-Book; Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life, and Country Amusements. By Thomas Miller, author of "The Country," "Rural Sketches," &c. &c., with thirty-six Illustrations, Engraved on Wood, by Henry Vizetelly. London: Chapman & Hall.

We have here a charming little volume of rural and humanizing sketches, written in a style peculiar to England, and which never fails to fascinate English readers of all ages, from the urchin, to whom they open up a new world of beauty and delight, to the grandsire, before whom they conjure back the joys of his boyhood and youth. We find the *Mowers at work*, the *Hay-makers rolling among the new-mown hay*, the first angling and boating exploits; *Sheep-washing*, the *Water-hen*, the *Cuckoo*, and a hundred more charming pictures; the still life relieved by portraits of old soldiers, eccentric village patriarchs, and old-world dames, and the whole embosomed in choice rural bits, analogous to Gainsboro' or Wilson, or in highly-finished landscapes. The wood-cuts are true in character, and as engaging as the pen-and-ink sketches.

At the close of this pretty volume, a "Boy's Own Library" is announced, which, if it come up to promise, will be a rare acquisition.

The Recreation; a Gift-Book for Young Readers, with Engravings. Edinburgh: Menzies. London: Orr & Co.

Several volumes of this small annual have now appeared. That for the present year maintains the character of the series. It consists of a good selection of relations of those perils, adventures, enterprises, and

marvels, which so powerfully interest the juvenile reader. Among others drawn upon, is the modern *Sinbad*, Herman Melville, the lively and inventive American adventurer.

The Juvenile Scrap-Book. By Mrs. Ellis. London: Fisher, Son, & Co.

The outside garniture, the union-flower in gold, embossed upon a cover of rich pale amber, renders the Juvenile Scrap-Book, for 1847, at first sight, very attractive; nor do its intrinsic merits fall short of its trappings. Some of the plates are first-rate—the frontispiece, Poole's *Mountain Stream*, being of the number. The Vignette, a portrait entitled *Woman's Lot*, is one of those juvenile, equivocal faces, expressive of a future history. Most of the plates are either choice English landscapes or rich scenic or architectural pictures. The literature is, so far as it goes, pleasant and instructive. To a portrait of the late Pope Gregory XVI., Mrs. Ellis has appended a short biographical notice, remarkable for its liberality. One does like to see a strictly Protestant lady telling the youth of England that a Pope is not always some nondescript monster with horns, hoofs, and tail.

New Year's Day. By Mrs. Gore. London: Fisher, & Co.

Last year, Mrs. Gore, the brilliant and indefatigable, whose genius possesses all the powers of that pretty toy, the Kaleidoscope,—so rapidly does it vary and combine in new and glittering forms the limited number of its gaily-tinted elements,—last year Mrs. Gore gave us the Christmas-gift of "The Snow-Storm," a genial English sketch and story. This she has followed up with "New Year's day," a little work of the self-same character and appearance; a prettily done-up book, with a few illustrations, and just such as one likes to see among the green-house plants of a drawing room at this season, or with its pale, delicate green, contrasting the rich gloss of the Christmas evergreens of every snug and comfortable English family-parlour. It is now many years since we said, and again earnestly repeat,—how much superior, as a little gift of the season, or as a token of remembrance, affection, and good-will, is any book of harmless entertainment, no matter how slight, to the ancient interchange of country turkeys for town plum-cakes, caps, gloves, and ribbons; or for the school-boy's customary holiday half-crown and cross-bun. Such reflexions make one rejoice in the diffusion of little works like this of Mrs. Gore, although their authors were immeasurably inferior to that lady.

Punch's Pocket-Book.

Among the new periodicals of 1847, this must not be forgotten. Mr. Punch goes at every thing, and in every thing he is successful. Out he comes, in the gloomy month of November, with his Pocket-Book, to make his countrymen merry and wise, and to redeem them from the ancient national practice of hanging and drowning themselves. His abounding fun does not, however, make him forget that people need to know the day of the month, and occasionally to think of such sublunary matters as the lists, tables, and calendars, common to other pocket-books. Mr. Punch's wit may sometimes want salt, to make it keep for a whole year in good and pungent preservation. But for this no Pocket-Book maker can bargain,—every thing wears out. And the Pocket-Book is capital, at least on its first appearance, and the illustrations quite as clever as the text they illuminate.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

Letters to Lord Morpeth on the Education of the People. By Charles Mackay, LL.D.—Dr. Mackay contends for a National System, or rather a State System of Education, that to a great extent should be enforced by Statute; if not for the Prussian System *in toto*. The public mind upon this great question is not yet sufficiently informed and ripened; and non-legislation upon so important a subject, is certainly much better than hasty and crude legislation. After a struggle of centuries the rights of conscience have been fully established, and also the great right of popular representation; and we must pause before making over, in their stead, the power of the School, the formation of the national mind, to the State, or to any centralized body or Board whatever, under State control or patronage. The extent to which State interference might be of advantage, even at this stage, we conceive to be, granting similar powers to communities to establish and support Schools that are given them to supply themselves with good pavements, good water, or street lamps. But where all must contribute, all must have an active voice; and as all have a common interest in a proper organization and administration of Schools, we have no fear of the people not being found as fit to take care of the education of their children, and those of their community, as they are to the other public duties of citizens. We confess a peculiar jealousy of the State, even the free State of England, taking the education of the whole people into its paternal management. It seems as if, in breaking up the old monopolies of the Church and the Legislature, we were about, broadly and rashly, to lay the foundation of another, and a worse. Let the Legislature make the maintenance of the necessary number of Schools compulsory on localities; and their organization and administration may, we think, be very safely left to individual interest and intelligence. And why not try the experiment in a few towns, where the inhabitants, or the majority of householders are willing to tax themselves to support the schools where their children and those of their poorer neighbours are to be educated, and which they are directly, or by their representatives, to control!—which are neither State Schools, nor Church Schools, but People's Schools, Municipal Schools, self-supported, and managed by those who, being compelled to support them, will not be likely to see them mismanaged. We have been urging this for years past, we were the first to urge it, and now rejoice to see that the idea has been taken up in other and influential quarters. *The Examiner* thinks with us, and others will follow.

Who should Educate the Prince of Wales!—The answer to the question put in the title of this pamphlet is, "for the next five years, *a woman*." We can see no reasonable objection. A few ladies are suggested for governesses to his small Royal Highness, and we are surprised not to find among them, if not the first, Miss Edgeworth. But age may, in this instance, be a disqualification. Howsoever educated, our author would not have the future Sovereign educated by a clergyman; and common sense certainly points rather to a statesman than to a priest as the tutor of a Sovereign Prince of this age. There were very great errors in the education of the family of George III., strict and religious churchman as the King himself was. Indeed, it is to be feared that the young princes of that family, though educated by ecclesiastics, were little better than profligate spendthrifts and *roués*; very ill brought up. The in-